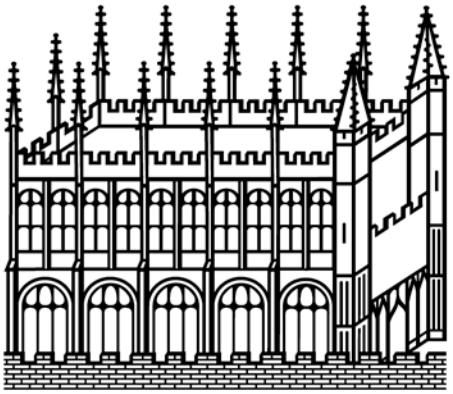

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Sno
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NOTES

UPON SOME OF THE OBSCURE PASSAGES

IN

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS;

WITH

REMARKS

UPON

THE EXPLANATIONS AND AMENDMENTS OF THE COMMENTATORS IN THE EDITIONS OF 1785, 1790, 1793.

BY THE LATE

RIGHT HON. JOHN LORD CHEDWORTH.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BULMER AND CO.

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THE following NOTES *of the late* LORD CHEDWORTH, *upon the various readings of the different commentators on* SHAKESPEARE, *seem to be the result of a critical and laborious investigation of the obscure passages of that inimitable Bard; intended either for his own private information and amusement, or (as it appears from some internal evidence) with a view to their being subsequently laid before the Public in a more corrected state. To amend or enlarge his Lordship's observations falls not within my province or ability; but as I have strong reason to suppose that a part of these Notes will be offered to the world in a different way, and less perfect form, I feel it a duty, which I owe to the memory of his Lordship, to edite them entire, in order to distribute copies to our respective friends, and to those readers of taste in similar studies, who may not deem such a trifle unworthy of their acceptance.*

T. PENRICE.

Yarmouth,
August, 1805.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Manuscript has been strictly followed, except in the instance of enlarging the quotations, so as to bring the disputed word or passage into view with the context.

The references to the pages of the three editions are arranged in the following order:

Johnson's and Steevens's, 1785.—Malone's, 1790.—
Johnson's and Steevens's, 1793.

THE

TEMPEST.

Dr. Farmer remarks that Ben Jonson, in the original *Every Man in his Humour*, had taught Shakespeare the true pronunciation of *Stephano*, which is always right in *The Tempest*, and always wrong in his earlier play, *The Merchant of Venice*: and this is urged as a proof of Shakespeare's want of learning. My opinion on that point is the same, or nearly so, with that which Mr. Colman has delivered in his *Terence*. The argument from Shakespeare's making false quantities in his names, I think, proves nothing: he thought himself (as other poets have done) at liberty to make a syllable long, or short, as it suited him. Thus we have *Posthŭmus*, and *Posthūmus*; *Arvirăgus*, and *Arvirāgus*. He makes the penult of *Barabbas* (a word which he doubtless had frequently heard pronounced) short, omitting one of the *b*s, and writing *Barabas*. But a similar liberty has been taken by writers who certainly had a competent share of literature. Dryden has *Cleomĕnes*; and Fenton in *Mariamne*, *Salŏme* throughout the play. Other similar instances might easily be produced. Hughes, in *The Siege of Damascus*, calls one of his characters *Eumēnes*.

P. 4.—p. 4.—p. 5.

Speak to the mariners: fall to't *yarely*,

I take to mean—*quickly, soon*. I read—*a yare*

age—with Warburton, in *Cymbeline*, by which I understand an early, premature age.

P. 5.—5.—6.

——Blow, till thou burst *thy wind*, if room
Enough!

I think Mr. Steevens's conjecture extremely plausible, and strongly incline to read with him, —*Blow till thou burst thee, Wind.*

P. 9.—8.—11.

I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, *or e'er*
It should the good ship so have swallow'd,—

The use of—*or e'er*, (or which is the same,) *or ever*, for *before*, is very common in old writers. See *Daniel* vi. 24. *Psalm* lviii. 8, old version. *Acts* xxiii. 15. This explanation seems scarcely necessary.

P. 11.—8.—11.

Pros. There's no harm done.
Mira. O, woe the day!
Pro. *No harm.*
I have done nothing but in care of thee.

The arrangement proposed by Dr. Johnson appears to me probable.

P. 11.—8.—12.

Mira. More to know
Did never *meddle* with my thoughts.

I think the explanation given by the author of *the Remarks** (whose note Mr. Malone has omitted) is the true one. The quotation from Spenser proves that the word *meddle* is used in the sense of *mingle;* but the sense given by the Remarker seems to me easier.

* Mr. Ritson.

P. 11.—9.—12.

I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel,

Mr. Steevens's remark is certainly true. See an instance of the change of the structure of the sentence (as I think happily used) in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv. Sc. 2.

I doubt whether Mr. Malone rightly understands the passage in *The Winter's Tale*, which he has quoted (in the Appendix) in confirmation of Steevens's explanation. Though there may be a harshness in saying that a dream is awake, yet it is not greater than what frequently occurs in Shakespeare——I now, on reconsideration at a distance of time, am disposed to think that Dr. Johnson's emendation ought not to be received.

P. 13 and 14.—11.—15.

Thy false uncle—

\- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To *trash* for overtopping; new created
The creatures that were mine;

Though I think Mr. Warton has explained the word trash in *Othello* rightly, yet I think Mr. Steevens's explanation here is the true one. Perhaps the poet had in his mind the story of Tarquin's striking off the heads of the poppies. Livy, Lib. i. 54. I find in the edition of 1793 that Mr. M. Mason has concurred in this remark.

P. 15.—12.—18.

like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of *it*,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own *lie*.

Lie is certainly the correlative to which *it* refers. The use of the pronoun before the noun to which it relates, though a sort of ὑστερον πρότερον, and improper, is not very uncommon in conversation. The following is an instance of it in Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*. B. II. C. 4. S. 1. "The bodies which we daily handle, make us perceive, that whilst they remain between *them*, they do by an insurmountable force, hinder the approach of the parts of our hands that press them." The thought is something like the "*Fingebant, credebantque*" of Tacitus, Ann. 5. 10.

P. 16.—12.—18.

confederates
(So *dry* he was for sway) with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute.

Surely there was no need of a note to tell us that *dry* means *thirsty*, in which sense it is very commonly used. So Gay in his *Shepherd's Week:*

"Your herds for want of water stand *a-dry*."

P. 16.—13.—19.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how *I cried out* then,
Will cry it o'er again;

I think Mr. Steevens's conjecture (*cried on't*) is right.

P.—17.—13.—20.

it is a hint
That *wrings* mine eyes.
Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business.

I cannot agree with Dr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens, in thinking that the words *to't* should be omitted. I do not think that *Hear*, in this verse, is used as a dissyllable. I believe *wrings*

here means *forces;* and my answer to the question, *To what?* is, *To crying.* This, I admit, is not perfectly correct; but is not more licentious than multitudes of passages in Shakespeare.

P. 22.—17.—27.

Not a hair perish'd;
On their *sustaining* garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before:

I believe Mr. M. Mason's is the true interpretation of *sustaining.*

P. 28.—21.—33.

Pro. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea; be subject
To no sight but *thine and* mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else.

I know not whether we should not read thus:

Go make thyself like to a nymph o' th' sea:
Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else.

I find that Mr. Steevens, in the edition of 1793, has printed it thus:—The words *thine and* may very easily have crept in by the error of the transcriber.

P. 31.—23.—36.

urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee:

I believe *urchin* is used as synonymous with *elf.* I remember having heard children small of their age called *urchins.* So Prior:

"Pleas'd Cupid heard, and check'd his mother's pride,
And, who's blind now, mamma? the *urchin* cry'd."

P. 31.—24.—38.

Cursed be I that did so!

I would read thus with the 2d folio.

P. 38.—27.—43.

Ferd. The ditty does remember my drown'd father:—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth *owes:*

So *Acts* xxi. 2. "So shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that *oweth* this girdle." This, in the later impressions of the bible, is changed to *owneth.* The use of the verb *to owe,* in the sense of *to own,* is very common in Suffolk.

P. 39.—28.—45.

Ferd. My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be made, or no?
Mira. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a *maid.*

Maid is surely the right word.

P. 42.—31.—49.

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not *fearful.*

Malone's explanation of *fearful* is certainly right. I wonder that Mr. Steevens should think it may mean *timorous* in this passage.

P. 46.—34.—53.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian,
for a good wager, first begins to crow?
Seb. The old cock.
Ant. The cockrel.
Seb. Done: The wager?
Ant. A laughter.
Seb. A match.
Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—
Seb. Ha, ha, ha!
Ant. So, *you've pay'd.*

Mr. Malone's note appears to me ingeniously absurd. If *you're paid* be the true reading, the words must be given to *Sebastian.* This I think not improbable.

P. 46.—35.—55.

The king's fair daughter, *Claribel.*

Of what consequence is it whence Shakespeare had the name?

P. 56.—43.—66,

Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd,) hath here almost persuaded
(*For he's a spirit of persuasion only,*)
The king, his son's alive; 'tis as impossible
That he's undrown'd, as he that sleeps here, swims.

I conceive the meaning is simply, *He professes nothing else but to persuade; that is his only profession.* I see no difficulty, and wonder that Dr. Johnson and Steevens should puzzle so much about it. If the construction be harsh, it is a sort of construction common with Shakespeare and the writers of his time.

P. 59.—45.—71.

twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candy'd be they,
And melt, ere they molest!

I incline to think with Mr. Steevens that we should adopt the reading proposed in *The Edinburgh Magazine,—Or melt.*

Ibid.

Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like; whom I,
With this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever:

I incline to think that Dr. Farmer is right, and that the words *that's dead,* are properly ejected from the text.

P. 60.—46.—73.

Ariel. My master through his art foresees the danger
That these, his friends, are in; and sends me forth,
(For else his project dies,) to keep them living.

I can by no means agree to Mr. Malone's explanation. The difficulty seems to me to arise from the change of person; but perhaps Dr. Johnson is right. Warburton has certainly mistaken *Antonio* for *Gonzalo.*

P. 71.—55.—87.

Ferd. There be some sports are painful; *but* their labour
Delight in them sets off.

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 71.—55.—88.

This my mean task would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis *odious;* but
The mistress, &c. &c.

It seems as if Mr. Malone would not only read *odious* as a trissyllable, but would also make the penult long.

Ibid.

I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;
Most busy-less, when I do it.

I think Mr. Malone's first explanation is the right one. I cannot see that *and* or *for* would be more proper than *but*

P. 74.—57. (Vide Appendix, p. 549)—91.

Ferd. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
The flesh-fly *blow* my mouth.—

I do not think Mr. Malone has rightly explained the word *blow.* The passages which he cites do not appear to me to support the meaning which he attributes to it. Mr. M. does not seem to know what a *fly-blow* is. Every good housewife would wish herself equally ignorant of it.

P. 57. (vide App. p. 549)—91.

Than I would suffer.

The metre, no less than the grammar, is advantaged by what Mr. Malone calls his incaution.

P. 75.—59.—93.

Mira. My husband then?
Ferd. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my *hand.*
Mira. And mine, with my heart in't:

I thought it had been a common custom to join hands on making a bargain. So in the *Winter's Tale*, "take *hands*, a bargain." By notes of this sort, a book may be swelled to any size that may suit the editor's purpose.

P. 78.—59.—93.

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd with all;

I by no means approve the transposition proposed by Mr. Steevens.

P. 79.—62.—97.

Cal. What a *py'd* ninny's this? Thou scurvy patch!

Mr. Steevens is right. Mr. Malone's remark is true, but there is no occasion to have recourse to it in the present instance: it is going out of the way to fix an impropriety on the poet, who has improprieties enough to answer for, without being loaded with those which are made by the ingenuity of his commentators.

P. 82.—64.—101.

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by *the picture of No-body.*
Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

A ridiculous note of Mr. Malone's. He certainly means not by such a figure as is sometimes

represented on signs; but by an invisible agent, whom he quaintly and facetiously calls, *the picture of No-body*. This is evident from the next speech.

P. 83.—65.—102.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

I think the author of the *Revisal* has explained this rightly, and consequently dissent from Mr. Malone, and from Mr. Ritson.

P. 88.—69.—109.

Ariel. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One *dowle* that's in my plume.

The modern editions have *down.*

Sed neque vim plumis ullam, nec vulnera tergo
Accipiunt VIRG. ÆN. iii.

P. 90.—70.—111.

So, with good life,
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done.

So with good life, is, I think, rightly explained by Dr. Johnson.

Ibid.—112.

Young Ferdinand (*whom* they suppose is drown'd).

The grammar requires *who;* but this may be the author's mistake.

P. 92.—71.—114.

Pro. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a *thread* of mine own life,
Or that for which I live.

Thread is certainly what is meant. I believe

the old way of spelling it was *thrid*, and that the *r* and the *i* were frequently transposed by the inattention of the compositor of the press.

P. 95.—74.—118.

Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with *stover*, them to keep,

Is *now* used in Suffolk for fodder for cattle.

P. 97.—76.—122.

Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this *short-grass'd* green?

I see no reason for changing *short-graz'd* to *short-grass'd*.

P. 98.—76.—123.

Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Modern editions have *High queen*.

P. 99.—77.—124.

This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly.

Some editions have *Harmonious charming lays*. It is so cited by Hurd in his *Dissertation on the Marks of Imitation*, where he highly commends this mask.

P. 100.—78.—125.

You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the *wand'ring* brooks.

Why is not *winding* as probable a reading as *wand'ring*?

P. 103.—79.—128.

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a *rack* behind.

I am inclined to think that *rack* is a mis-spelling for *wrack*, i. e. *wreck*.

P. 104.—81.—130.

Ferd. Mira. We wish your peace.
Pro. Come with a thought:—I thank *you*:—Ariel, come.

I think Mr. Steevens has done rightly in changing *thee* to *you.* Theobald made the same alteration.

P. 82.—132.

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains
Humanely taken, *all*, all lost, quite lost.

I think it very probable that Mr. Malone is right.

P. 114.—88.—141.

and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(*Weak masters* though ye be,) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide sun, &c.

Blackstone has mistaken the meaning of this, which is rightly explained by Steevens

P. 115.—89.—142.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy's cure! Thy brains,
Now useless, boil within thy scull.
(Malone's reading).

I think the reading of Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors much preferable to Mr. Malone's, whose meaning I confess I do not understand. The passage in the modern editions, preceding Mr. Malone's, stood thus:

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull!

This I understand, or at least fancy I do. Of the passage, as regulated by Mr. Malone, I can make nothing.

P. 116.—90.—143.

Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood.

I think Theobald's pointing is right:

Thour't pinch'd for't now, Sebastian, flesh and blood.

P. 117.—91.—144.

On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily.

I think this is rightly explained by Mr. Steevens.

P. 121.—95.—151.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms, you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

I think the punctuation recommended by Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 128.—100.—160.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace: What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool?

Dr. Warton in his elegant critique on this play, (*Adventurer*, Nos. 93, 97,) thinks Shakespeare injudicious in putting into the mouth of *Caliban* this speech, which implies repentance and understanding; whereas he thinks he ought to have preserved the fierce and implacable spirit of *Caliban* to the end. I doubt whether this censure is just, and suspect it would not have been passed, had not Dr. W. thought it necessary to point out some defect in the piece on which he was commenting, in order to escape the charge of an indiscriminating admiration of his author, too frequently imputable to commentators. *Caliban* was struck with the splendid

appearance of *Prospero* and the other princes, whose magnificent habits far exceeded any thing he had ever seen before (for their "Garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, held, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water"): and he considered them as beings of a superior order to the drunkards with whom he had lately conversed:

> O, Setebos! these be brave spirits indeed!
> How fine my master is!

It is natural to a savage to be immediately delighted with novelty, and to over-rate that with which he is captivated; and, accordingly, *Caliban*, in his first encounter with *Stephano* and *Trinculo*, is represented (with great propriety, I think,) as treating his new friends with a superstitious respect:

> That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor!
> I'll kneel to him.

He had, besides, just had painful experience of *Prospero's* power, the farther effects of which he still dreaded ("I fear he will chastise me," and "I shall be pinch'd to death,"); and his extravagant admiration co-operating with his fears, it seems natural for him to promise amendment, and to engage obedience to those, whom his astonished imagination conceived to be of transcendent dignity and power.

ADDITIONAL REMARKS.

P. 23.

Pro. *Now I arise:—*
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.

I confess I cannot acquiesce in either of the explanations given of these words, though I do not know that I am able to give any very satisfactory account of them. With the regulation proposed by Sir William Blackstone (to which I can hardly believe that many readers will yield assent) Mr. Steevens seems dissatisfied, from his not adopting it, and proposing an explanation of the words as they now stand. But I cannot think that Mr. S. has given the true meaning; for I do not perceive that *Prospero* now rises in his narration, which had from the beginning been extremely interesting, as *Miranda* confesses ("Your story would cure deafness."). I am strongly inclined to think, the words mean no more than that *Prospero* rises from his seat, which he does because he was just now concluding his narration, all that remains for him to relate being that they arrived in the island, in which he had been tutor to his daughter, which account he dispatches in the compass of four lines. What farther he says to *Miranda* is in answer to a question put by her, and is no part of his narrative. I do not contend that the words understood in this sense are absolutely necessary, but neither are they so in the sense attributed to them by Mr. Steevens or Sir William Blackstone. I confess I think those gentlemen have gone too

deep for the meaning. Warner appears (by a a subsequent note) to understand the words as I do.

P. 25.

Ariel. to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his *quality*.

I am much inclined to think that *quality* is here put for *power*.

THE

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

P. 139.—109.—172.

At Milan, let me hear from thee by letters.

The emendation appears to me necessary.

P. 142.—110.—175.

Pro. Nay, in that you are *astray;* 'twere best pound you.

I do not think Mr. Henley's supposition (Malone's Appendix, p. 552.) is well founded.

P. 151.—117.—187.

To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great *impeachment* to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

The explanation of the word given by Mr. M. Mason (Malone's Appendix, p. 553.) is the true one.

P. 165.—128.—203.

I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself: ay, so, so.

Did not Shakespeare mean to make Launce blunder and confuse himself?

P. 176.—137.—216.

'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light.

Mr. Steevens is certainly right. Dr. Johnson's is a strange mistake.

P. 193.—152.—237.

Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of knave: but that's all one, *if he be but one knave.*

I think Dr. Farmer has very well supported Dr. Johnson's emendation.

P. 194.—152.—238.

Laun. Yet I am in love; but *a team of horse* shall not pluck that from me.

Dr. Johnson has explained this rightly. I am surprised at Mr. Steevens's note.

P. 197.—154.—241.

Speed. Item, *She hath a sweet mouth.*
Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

I cannot think that *she has a sweet mouth* means she sings sweetly. Dr. Johnson's explanation seems to me right. *Speed* is now got to the catalogue of vices, and a sweet mouth is one of them; but *Launce*, for the sake of the quibble, takes it in another sense, and opposes it as a good quality *to sour breath.*

P. 198.—155.—242.

Speed. Item, *She is too liberal.*
Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down she is slow of.

Seems to me to mean in this place bountiful. *Liberal* certainly has sometimes the sense which Dr. Johnson attributes to it.

P. 202.—158.—247.

Write, till your ink be dry: and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:—

I do not think with Mr. Malone that a line is lost. I believe the line is rightly explained by

Steevens (Johnson and Steevens's Shakespeare, Vol. i. p. 202.).

P. 205.—161.—251.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of *Robin Hood's fat friar*,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

I think with Malone, that Dr. Johnson has mistaken the meaning, which seems to be rightly explained by Steevens and Malone.

P. 206.—Ibid.—252.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of *awful men:*

May, perhaps, mean *men full of awe, men who have awe and respect for civil government.* There is no need of correction, for Dr. Johnson's sense will do.

P. 206.—162.—252.

Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

I think Theobald's correction is right.

P. 217.—171.—265.

Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of *Madam Silvia.*

I agree with Malone, that there is no need of the change.

P.—Ibid.—266.

The other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place.

Mr. Steevens's explanation is undoubtedly the true one.

P. 218.—172.—267.

It seems, you lov'd her not, *to leave her token.*

To leave is certainly *to part with.* It is common

for a seller, when he is bid what he thinks too little for his goods, to say, *I will not leave them for that money.*

P. 223.—175.—273.

I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects *my mistress' love* so much.

Malone is right; there is no occasion for changing *my* to *his.*

THE

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

P. 241.—191.—303.

Shall. Sir Hugh, persuade me not.

It is so likewise in the university of Oxford.

P. 241.—191.—304.

Shall. Ay, Cousin Slender, and *Cust-alorum.*

I agree with Dr. Johnson. How a mode of abbreviation "not authorised by any precedent," should be intended to be ridiculed, I do not conceive. If the intention had been to ridicule legal abbreviations it would have been *Cust. Rot.*

P. 246.—194.—310.

Shal. *Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?*
Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.
Shal. *I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.*

I think these two speeches are rightly assigned to *Shallow.*

P. 250.—197.—314.

Shal. The Council shall know this.
Fal. *'Twere better for you, if it were known in counsel:*
you'll be laugh'd at.

The modern editors read, *if 'twere not known in council,* and perhaps rightly.

P. 250.—198.—315.

Slen. *they carried me* to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards pick'd my pocket.

Falstaff might have heard before that *Slender* charged his followers with picking his pocket. I find by Mr. Steevens's note, in the edition of 1793, that he agrees with me.

P. 256.—202.—322.

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of *Songs and Sonnets* here:—

Mr. Malone's gratuitous supposition that Lord Surrey's Poems are here meant, reminds me of an old story in a jest book: "A student of Oxford shewing the Museum to some company, one of them enquired the history of an old rusty sword which was there. This, says the student, is the sword with which Balaam was going to kill his ass. I never knew, said the stranger, that Balaam had any sword; I understood that, not having one, he wished for one. You are right, replied the Oxonian, and this is the very sword he wished for."

P. 263.—207.—330.

Host. What says my *bully-rook?*

I incline to think with Mr. Whalley.

P. 264.—207.—332.

Host. let me see the *froth, and lime.*

I see no necessity for the change from *live* to *lime.*

P. 267.—209.—335.

Pist. He hath study'd her well, and translated her well; out of honesty into English.
Nym. *The anchor is deep:* Will that humour pass?

I believe Mr. Malone is right. The emendation proposed by Dr. Johnson is, however, very ingenious and plausible.

P. 273.—213.—343.

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little *wee face*

Is certainly right. I find by Mr. Ritson's note in the edition of 1793, that he agrees with me.

P. 280.—219.—351.

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his *precisian*, he admits him not for his counsellor.

I incline to Dr. Johnson's reading. There seems an opposition intended between *physician* and *counsellor*.

P. 282.—220.—353.

Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the Parliament for the putting down of *fat* men.

Theobald is certainly right.

P. 283.—221.—355.

Mrs. Page. *What?—thou liest!*—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy *gentry*.

The meaning undoubtedly is, These knights will become so common, that by being knighted you will not be advanced in rank, you will gain nothing in point of precedence. The conjectures of Warburton and Johnson appear to me perfectly ridiculous.

P. 287.—223.—359.

O, *that* my husband saw this letter, it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

I think Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 295.—228.—367.

Host. *Will you go an-heirs?*

I know not what to make of this. I am not perfectly satisfied with any thing that is proposed.

P. 295.—228.—367.

Have with you, mine host.

This speech certainly belongs to *Shallow*. *Ford* did not go with them.

P. 298.—230.—371.

Fal. I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your *coach-fellow*, Nym.

I incline to *couch-fellow*, but either reading will do.

P. 303.—233.—377.

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a *canaries*, as 'tis wonderful.

By *canaries* Mrs. Quickly certainly means *quandaries*.

P. 314.—242.—389.

Eleven o'clock the hour.

Malone is right.

P. 317.—244.—394.

Host. A word, *monsieur Mock-water.*
Caius. *Mock-vater! vat is dat?*
Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

I have sometimes thought, that by *mock-water* the *Host* (availing himself, as Mr. Malone says, of the *Doctor's* ignorance of English) means to call *Dr. Caius* a *counterfeit;* that is, to insinuate that he is an empiric, and not a regular physician. The colour or complexion of a diamond is called

its water, and a counterfeit stone may very well be said to have a *mock*-water, that is, false lustre. Or the *Host* may mean, that notwithstanding all *Dr. Caius's* vapouring, his courage is counterfeited. In the scene where *Prince Henry* acquaints *Falstaff* with the detection of his cowardice, *Falstaff* says, *Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit.* The *Host's* reply to the *Doctor's* enquiry after the meaning of *mock-water*, seems to countenance the latter explanation. I am not pleased with the emendation proposed by Dr Farmer, *muck-water;* still less do I like Mr. Malone's, *make-water.*

P. 326.—248.—404.

Shal. I have lived *fourscore* years, and upward;

I think Ritson is right, and that we should read *threescore.* I do not think Shallow was intended to be represented as in such extreme old age as the present reading would make him.

P. 330.—252.—409.

Shal. We have *linger'd* about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

There is no reason for altering the word *linger'd,* which is rightly explained by Steevens.

P. 331.—252.—410.

He writes verses, he speaks *holiday.*

I believe Ritson's is the true explanation of *holiday.*

P. 335.—255.—415.

Fal. *Have I caught* thee, *my heavenly jewel?*
Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough.

I see no profaneness nor indecency in this passage. I do not believe Shakespeare intended

the allusion Mr. Steevens supposes. It seems a natural and common expression of joy. A similar sentiment occurs in Terence:

> Proh Jupiter!
> Nunc tempus profecto est, cum perpeti me possum interfici,
> Ne hoc gaudium contaminet vita ægritudine aliquâ.
> EUNUCH. Act III. Sc. v.

I wonder Mr. Steevens did not give us the important information that the words, *I have lived long enough,* occur again in the 5th Act of Macbeth.

P. 342.—260.—424.

> I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox:—
> Let me stop this way first:—So, now *uncape.*

Mr. Steevens's retort on Mr. M. Mason is just. I think *uncape* is the right word.

P. 353.—269.—437.

> *Fal.* As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's *distraction,* they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

I am persuaded that Mr. M. Mason's correction is right; we ought to read *direction.*

P. 354.—269.—438.

> But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffer'd the pangs of *three several deaths.*

I incline to prefer the reading of the first quarto.

P. 354.—269.—439.

> next, to be compass'd, like a good bilbo, *in the circumference of a peck,* hilt to point, heel to head.

Falstaff speaks hyperbolically.

P. 358.—273.—443.

Quick. he teaches him to *hick and to hack*, which they'll do fast enough of themselves.

I think Blackstone's explanation of these words is the true one.

P. 359.—273.—444.

Eva. He is a good *sprag* memory.

I have often heard in Wiltshire, *he has a good sprack wit*. *Sprag* is Sir Hugh's corrupt Welsh pronunciation of this word.

P. 363.—277.—449.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.
2 *Serv.* Pray heaven it be not full of *the* Knight again.

I incline to adopt the reading of the first folio, omitting the article. There seems to me to be a degree of humour in the suppression of the article, which perhaps may be more easily conceived than explained. Had the basket been made heavy by an inanimate substance, as lead, the article would have of course been omitted in this wish; and by the omission of the article the knight appears to be considered merely as a ponderous body. There is an instance of a contemptuous suppression of the article in Otway, where *Pierre*, who was displeased at *Aqualina's* admission of *Antonio's* visits, says to her:

" ———No; there's fool,
There's fool about thee."

P. 367.—280.—454.

Eva. I spy a great peard under her *muffler*.

Certainly her *muffler*.

P. 370.—282.—458.

Ford. I rather will suspect the sun with *cold*,
Than thee with wantonness.

Cold is surely the true word.

P. 371.—283,—460.

and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed *eld*
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale, of Herne the hunter, for a truth.

Eld means *old age*, i. e. *old people.*

P. 372.—284.—461.

Mrs. Page. upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once,
With some diffused song.

I incline to think that Mr. Malone is right.

P. 380.—290.—470.

Fal. but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the *action of an old woman*, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i'the stocks, i'the common stocks, for a witch.

I think with Dr. Johnson that Theobald's emendation is reasonable.

P. 384.—294.—475.

Act 5, *Scene* 1. A Room in the Garter Inn.
Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly.

I would conclude the 4th Act with the scene between *Falstaff* and *Ford*, as Theobald does, and begin the 5th Act with *Page*, *Shallow*, and *Slender* in the Park. In representation, it is indeed convenient to begin the 5th Act with *Falstaff* and *Mrs. Quickly*, because, as the scene between *Fenton* and the *Host* is omitted, no time would otherwise be allowed for the conversation which is supposed to pass between *Falstaff* and *Mrs. Quickly* in *Falstaff's* chamber.

P. 390.—299.—484.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white.
You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,
You *orphan-heirs* of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.

I think Malone has rightly explained *heirs.* We may easily suppose that Shakespeare did not advert to the maxim, *nemo est hæres viventis.*

P. 392.—300.—486.

Eva. Where's Bede?—Go you, and where you find a maid
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy.

Warburton's emendation appears to me (as to Mr. Steevens) highly plausible; but I think it not improbable that Malone is right.

P. 398.—303.—493.

Mrs. Page. Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? *do not these fair yokes*
Become the forest better than the town.

I do not well understand why *horns* should be called *yoaks;* if they are called *yoaks* in the sense of marks of servitude, the expression appears to me very harsh. Neither do I see why *yoaks* should become the forest better than the town, though I can conceive why *oaks* should. For these reasons I am inclined to retain *oaks,* understanding the expression as Mr. Steevens has explained it, in which (though there seems to be a harshness in it) I must necessarily acquiesce, as no other meaning recurs to me. I find by Mr. M. Mason's note in the edition of 1793, that he is of the same opinion.

P. 400.—395.—496.

Fal. *ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me.*

I do not think any alteration necessary; believing the passage to be rightly explained by Dr. Johnson.

When the foregoing note was written, I had not seen Mr. Henley's explanation, which perhaps is preferable to Dr. Johnson's.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

P. 4.—4.—179.

Since *I am put to know* that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you.

I would read *not to know* with Theobald.

P. 4.—4.—180.

Then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work.

This passage is undoubtedly corrupt. As it stands here I can make nothing of it. I think it is *highly* probable that some words have dropt out, which it is impossible to recover: the sense of them seems to be well enough explained by Tyrwhitt.

P. 5.—6.—181.

The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and *the terms*
For common justice, you are pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember.

I think the word *terms* means here either (as Warburton explains it) *bounds, limits;* or else, *conditions, prescribed rules.* I can by no means admit Dr. Johnson's explanation. I would read *Of* common justice, with the modern editors, instead of *For.*

P. 9.—7.—186.

Hold therefore, Angelo.

I incline to believe that Mr. Steevens is right,

P. 10.—8.—188.

Duke. I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to your eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it.

I cannot doubt but that Tyrwhitt and Malone are right (post. p. 49—64, and Malone's attempt to ascertain the chronological order of the plays) in supposing that this passage was intended as an apology for King James's ungracious demeanour. Vide the notes of Messrs. Tyrwhitt and Steevens in the edition of 1793, p. 257.

P. 16.—12.—194.

Clo. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?
Bawd. What proclamation, man?
Clo. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

I think with Tyrwhitt that we should read *all houses of resort in the suburbs.*

P. 17, 18.—13, 14.—196.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of Heaven; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

I incline to think Mr. Henley is right.

P. 19.—15.—198.

Clad. Thus stands it with me:—upon a true contráct,
I got possession of Julietta's bed;
You know the lady.

The impropriety complained of is, I think, best removed by what is proposed by the Author of the Remarks, viz. by supposing that when *Claudio* stops to speak to *Lucio*, the *Provost's officers* depart with Julietta.

P. 20.—15.—199.

Claud. And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the *fault and glimpse of newness.*

I think Malone is right.

P. 21.—17.—201.

Claud. for in her youth
There is a *prone* and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men.

Prone is, I think, rightly explained by Malone.

P. 26.—19.—206.

Duke. For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment.

Qui non prohibet, cum prohibere potest, jubet.

P. 28.—21.—209.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.
Lucio. It is true.

I am by no means satisfied that Mr. Malone's emendation (to which he has given a place in his text) is the true reading. I incline to think that Mr. Steevens's first explanation is the true one.

P. 30.—23.—211.

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:
As those that feed grow full; *as* blossoming time,
That from the seeding the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison; even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

I believe *as* is here used in the sense of *like.*

P. 31.—24.—214.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?
Lucio. *Has censur'd him*
Already;——

Malone is right.

P. 31.—27.—218.

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from *brakes of vice*, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Brakes of vice certainly means *thickets of vice.* All the learning about the Duke of Exeter's daughter might have been spared. For *from* I would read *through*, which reading seems to be countenanced by the passage cited from *Henry the Eighth.*

P. 46.—36.—234.

Enter LUCIO *and* ISABELLA.

Prov. Save your honour! [*offering to retire.*
Ang. *Stay a little while.* [*to Isab.*] You are welcome.

I think Malone and the Author of the Remarks are right.

P. 49.—38.—237.

And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Malone is right.

P. 50.—39.—239.

Ang. and like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,)
Are now to have no súccessive degrees,
But, where they live, to end.

I think this reading (which was before proposed by Mr. Tyrrwhitt) is right.

P. 51.—40.—240.

Merciful heaven!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle;—But man, proud man!
Dress'd, &c.

As a word is manifestly wanted, I would receive

the reading of the second folio (*O but man, proud man*) nothing better being proposed.

P. 52.—40.—241.

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with *ourself:*
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

I incline to read *yourself*, with Warburton. Sed Q.

P. 53.—41.—242.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that *my sense breeds with it.*——

I think Dr. Johnson's is the true explanation.

P. 54.—42,—244.

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!
Ang. Amen: for I [*aside.*
Am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

This I do not yet understand.

P. 58.—46.—249.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.
Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: *But lest you do repent,*
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always towards ourselves, not heaven;
Showing, we'd not spare heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,——
Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

I do not see that it is necessary to suppose that any thing is wanting. We may suppose that *Julietta*, perceiving the drift of what the *Duke* was saying, interrupts him; and then all is right.

P. 59.—46.—250.

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

I think Mr. Tollett's explanation is clearly

right. I agree with Mr. Steevens that *Julietta's* life was in no danger, as the law extended only to the seducer.

P. 61.—47.—252.

Ang. Yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain.

I cannot think that the emendation proposed by Mr. Malone is right; though I am unable to find any meaning in the passage with which I am satisfied.—Since writing the foregoing note, I have read Mr. Steevens's note in the edition of 1793. I cannot acquiesce in his explanation.

P. 65.—51.—258.

Ang. 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put *mettle* in restrained means,
To make a false one.

I think *metal* the right word.

P. 68.—53.—262.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: as *these black masks*
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could displayed.

I am persuaded that the word *these* is here redundant, and that *these black masks* means only *black masks.*

P. 69.—54.—263.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the *loss of question*,) that you, his sister,
Finding, &c.

I believe this is rightly explained by Mr. Steevens. Dr. Johnson proposes *toss of question;* if *toss* be the right word, the corruption is easily imagined, for the cross of the *t* being omitted,

toss becomes *loss:* but I do not think a change necessary.

P. 70.—55.—264.

Isab. Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

I do not think the correction proposed by Dr. Johnson necessary.

P. 71.—55.—265.

Ang. We are all frail.
Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed by weakness.

This passage I do not understand. Mr. Malone's conjecture of an omission appears to me by no means improbable.

P. 71.—56.—266.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.
Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.

I do not think the correction proposed by Dr. Johnson necessary.

P. 75.—59.—271.

Duke. Reason thus with life,—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep.

I believe this passage is rightly explained by Dr. Johnson.

P. 76.—59.—272.

a breath thou art,
(Servile to all the skiey influences,)
That *dost* this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict.

I think Porson is right.

P. 76.—60.—273.

Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nurs'd by *baseness.*

Dr. Johnson's explanation of *baseness* is clearly right.

P. 78.—60.—274.

Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more.

I think Malone (Appendix 564) is right.

P. 82.—62.—276.

Thou hast nor youth, nor age:
But, as it were an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both: for all thy *blessed* youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is right. I see no necessity for changing the word *blessed.*

P. 82.—64.—279.

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?
Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good *in deed.*

I believe the old reading is right. *Indeed* is here used intensively, and means really *in verity.*

P. 87.—67.—284.

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why, would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd?

Dr. Johnson's remark is very just.

P. 87.—67.—285.

And the *delighted* spirit
To bathe in fiery floods.

Warburton is right.

P. 88.—68.—286.

The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach penury, a d imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

"When *Claudio*, in *Measure for Measure*, pleads "for his life, in that famous speech,

Aye, but to die, &c.

"it is plain that these are not the sentiments, "which any man entertained of death, in the wri- "ter's age, or in that of the speaker. We see in "this passage a mixture of Christian and Pagan "ideas; all of them very susceptible of poetical "ornament, and conducive to the argument of "the scene; but such as Shakespeare had never "dreamt of, but for Virgil's Platonic hell, where, "as we read,

"Aliæ panduntur inanes
Suspensæ ad ventos: aliis sub gurgite vasto
Infectum eluitur scelus, aut exuritur igni."

HURD on the Marks of Imitation.

P. 93.—71.—291.

—— in few, bestowed her on her own lamentations, which she yet wears for his sake.

This I take to be right. The sense is rightly given by Mr. Steevens.

P. 96.—73.—295.

Elb. Bless you, good father friar.
Duke. And you, good *brother father.*

I think Tyrwhitt is right.

P. 97.—74.—296.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

The *free* at the beginning of the line is certainly necessary: I would read with Hanmer *free from all faults.*

P. 102.—78.—302.

Lucio. — and he is a motion *generative* that's infallible.

I think we should read *ungenerative*, which I conceive is confirmed by *Lucio's* afterwards calling the *Duke* this ungenitur'd agent.

P. 103.—78.—303.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much *detected* for women.

Detected of felony, though not the usual mode of construction at present, means, I believe, the same as *detected* in felony.

P. 108.—83.—311.

Duke. He who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know
Grace to stand, and virtue go.

I believe Malone has explained this rightly.

P. 109.—83.—312.

Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed *my vice*, and let his grow!

Malone is clearly right.

Ibid.

How may likeness, made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
Draw with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things!

I very much doubt whether *mocking* be the right word.

P. 117.—88.—321.

Duke. Our corn's to reap, for yet our *tithe's* to sow.

I incline to prefer *tilth* to *tithe.*

P. 124.—93.—330.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.
Prov. *And here comes Claudio's pardon.*

This speech is rightly given to the *Provost* for the reason assigned by Dr. Johnson.

P. 126.—95.—332.

Prov. —— A man————
insensible of mortality, and *desperately mortal.*

I rather incline to think that Dr. Johnson's last explanation is the true one.

P. 129.—97.—335.

Clo. First, here's young master *Rash.*

I do not think there is any allusion in this name to the stuff called *rash,* but to the common signification of the word, *hasty, violent, precipitate.*

P. 131.—98.—339.

All great doers in our trade, and are now for *the Lord's sake.*

I prefer Dr. Warburton's explanation to Dr. Johnson's.

P. 133.—100.—341.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel heart!—
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

I agree with Tyrwhitt. It is clear that the *Provost* did not wish that *Barnardine* should be immediately executed, as the accident of *Ragozine's* death had removed the occasion for it.

P. 134.—101.—343.

Duke. Ere twice
The sun hath made his journal greeting to
The *under generation.*

I would read *yonder generations,* as in former editions. Some editors seem extremely fond of mangling the verse.

P. 134.—102.—344.

Duke. ——— from thence
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

I heartily concur in the opinion of Heath and Hanmer.

P. 139.—105.—349.

Ang. How might she tongue me? Yet reason dares her?—no.

I incline to think that this is rightly explained by Mr. Malone.

P. 141.—107.—353.

Isab. —— Yet I am advis'd to do it;
He says to *veil full purpose.*

I agree to Dr. Johnson's explanation; but I am not quite sure that Theobald is not right. I have since read Mr. M. Mason's note: I prefer his reading (*vailful*) to Theobald's.

P. 146.—110.—358.

Duke. Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As *e'er* I heard in madness.

Surely we should read *ne'er.*

P. 146.—111.—358.

Isab. ——— do not banish reason
For *inequality.*

I think Malone's is the right explanation of *inequality.*

P. 146.—111.—359.

——— but let your reason serve,
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid;
And hide the false seems true.

This I do not understand.

P. 148.—112.—361.

Isab. O, that it were as *like,* as it is true!

Like here clearly means probable. (In some of

the western counties a *likely* man is commonly used for a *well-looking* man.)

P. 149.—113.—362.

——— and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance.

I prefer Mr. M. Mason's explanation, which is not very dissimilar to Mr. Malone's.

P. 150.—114.—363.

F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy,
Not scurvy, nor a *temporary meddler.*

Before I had read Malone's note, I had supposed that a *temporary meddler* might mean, *one who meddles with the occurrences of the times, as they present themselves.* I am rather surprised to find Mr. Malone's note omitted in the edition of 1793.

P. 151.—114.—364.

To justify this worthy nobleman,
So *vulgarly* and personally accus'd.

Vulgarly, I believe in this place means *grossly.*

Ibid.—365.

Duke. —— Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be *impartial;* be you judge
Of your own cause.

If *partial* and *impartial* may have the same meaning (which the passages produced seem to prove) *impartial* may stand; if not, Theobald is incontrovertibly right.

P. 160.—122.—375.

Lucio. —— show your sheep-biting face, and *be hang'd an hour!*

Mr. Henley is certainly wrong. *An hour* is the time that criminals when executed usually remain hanging.

P. 163.—125.—379.

Duke. Although by *confiscation* they are ours.

I concur with Mr. Steevens.

P. 164.—126.—381.

Isab. ——— I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deed,
Till he did look on me.

I doubt whether the poet meant all that Dr. Johnson supposes. Since writing the above, I have read Mr. Ritson's note, with whom I agree.

P. 166.—128.—383.

Duke. By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks I see a quick'ning in his eye:
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well.

It is passing strange; but Shakespeare shews here, as he does in other places, that he was in a hurry to get to the end of his work.

P. 168.—129.—386.

Duke. Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There's more behind, that is *more gratulate.*

Malone appears to me to be right: his note should, I think, have been inserted in the edition of 1793.

Dr. Johnson's judgment of the serious part of this play appears rather a harsh one. Mr. Harris (the Author of *Hermes*) once spoke of it to me as a great favourite of his.

THE

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Vol. II. Vol. II. Vol. VII.

P. 175. — 136. — 212.

Yet, that the world may witness, that my end
Was wrought *by nature, not by vile offence,*
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

The meaning of this (which has been mistaken by Warburton) is rightly explained by Malone. A similar explanation is given by Mr. M. Mason, in the edition of 1793.

P. 178.—140.—217.

Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy *help*, by beneficial help.

I would read *life* with Mr. Pope, &c.

P. 179.—141.—219.

Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards *consort you* till bed-time.

Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 183.—144.—224.

They say, this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like *liberties* of sin.

I incline to think with Dr. Johnson, that Sir Thomas Hanmer's reading *libertines* is right;

but Mr. Steevens's explanation of *liberties of sin* may be right, and then the old reading will stand.

P. 185.—145.—226.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.
Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.
Adr. How if your husband *start some other where?*
Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

I am half inclined to Dr. Johnson's conjecture; but the present reading may be right.

P. 186.—146.—227.

So thou, who hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me:
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This *fool-begg'd patience* in thee will be left.

In Congreve's *Way of the World*, on *Witwoud's* asking what he should do with the fool, (his brother,) *Petulant* replies, "Beg him for his estate, that I may beg you afterwards, and so have but one trouble with you both."

P. 187.—146.—228.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?
Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce *understand* them.

This poor quibble is used by Milton in *Belial's* speech P. L. B. VI. 621 et seq:

P. 191.—149.—232.

I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold: and no man, that hath a name,
But falshood and corruption doth it shame.

I do not think *wear* is used as a dissyllable, and therefore would read, *and so no man*, &c. Some commentators seem to have no ear. This

reading is adopted by Mr. Steevens, in the edition of 1793.

P. 197.—154.—240.

Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live *dis-tain'd*, thou undishonoured.

Dis-tain'd, as Theobald rightly observes, here means unstained.

P. 198.—155.—241.

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine.

Ergo aut adultâ vitium propagine
Altas *maritat* populos.
HOR. Epod. 2.

P. 198.—156.—242.

Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain *the offer'd fallacy*.

Is I think more likely to be the true reading than *favor'd fallacy*.

P. 198.—156.—242.

This is the fairy land;—O, spite of spites!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and *elvish* sprites.

Mr. Malone has himself raised in me a great respect for the second folio.

P. 202.—158.—246.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.
Dro. E. Marry, *so it doth* appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.

I think this (which is the old) reading is right.

P. 206.—162.—252.

Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,——Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown.

I think Steevens is right.

P. 208.—164.—255.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus, hate,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?

I incline to read Antipho*lus* and ruin*ous*.

P. 210.—165.—257.

Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being *compact of credit*, that you love us;

So in *As you like it*.

If he compact of jars grow musical
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.

P. 211.—166.—258.

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And *as a bed I'll take thee*, and there lie.

I rather incline to think Mr. Edwards is right.

P. 212.—167.—260.

Ant. S. No;
It is thy self, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and *my heaven's claim.*

I do not understand *my heaven's claim*, but suppose Dr. Johnson's explanation may be right.

Ibid.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I *aim thee.*

Aim thee is clearly right.

P. 215.—169.—263.

Ant. S. Where France?
Dro. S. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted,
making war against her *hair.*

I agree with Malone.

P. 228.—179.—280.

Dro S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for: What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?

I am in Mr. Theobald's case, and do not understand the passage as it now stands. I think Theobald's emendation happy.

P. 231.—181.—283.

Court. Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.
Dro. S. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, *or* bespeak a long spoon.

I think we should read, either

Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, bespeak a long spoon.

or,

Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, and bespeak a long spoon.

P. 142.—191.—297.

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
(*Kinsman* to grim and comfortless despair;)
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?

I think with the Author of the *Revisal* that a dissyllable has dropt out, which he has very well supplied. I incline to read *their*, though perhaps (as has been observed) *kinsman* may here be used for *near relation.*

P. 245.—193.—301.

Anon, I wot not by what *strong* escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him.

I think with Malone that we should read *strange*; the corruption is easy.

P. 246.—194.—302.

My master and his man have both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire.

Should not ανθραμι (in the note, Malone's ed.) be ανθρακες? It is printed ανθρακες in the edition of 1793.

P. 247.—195.—303.

He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To *scorch* your face, and to disfigure you,

I think *scorch* is right.

P. 251.—198.—309.

Æge. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,
Have written strange *defeatures* in my face.

I think Malone's is the right explanation of *defeatures*. I have, since writing the above, seen Mr. Ritson's explanation, which may be the true one.

P. 253.—200.—311.

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia;

The transposition here made is clearly right.

P. 254.—200.—312.

Duke. These two Antipholus's, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at *sea*,—
These are the parents to these children
Which accidentally are met together.

I think Malone's conjecture is highly probable.

P. 256.—202.—315.

Abb. The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me;
After so long a grief, such *nativity*.

I incline to think with Dr. Johnson, that we should read *festivity*.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Vol. II. Vol. II. Vol. IV.

P. 270. — 212. — 405.

You embrace *your charge* too willingly.

I think that Douce is wrong, and that Dr. Johnson's explanation of *your charge* is right.

P. 272.—214.—408.

Bene. Or do you play the flouting Jack; to tell us Cupid is a good *hare-finder*, and Vulcan a rare carpenter?

I believe Collins is right.

P. 283.—222.—420.

Don John. I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge, than a rose in his grace.

I think Malone is right.

P. 289.—226.—428.

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.
Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry, *amen.*

I think it extremely probable that the regulation proposed by Theobald, and the Author of the *Revisal*, is right. So Malone once thought; but it appears he thinks otherwise now, for he has omitted his own note, as well as that of Theobald: for what reason, as he has not informed us, I cannot guess.

P. 291.—227.—430.

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising *impossible slanders.*

Impossible is, I think, clearly right, and rightly explained by Dr. Johnson.

P. 293.—230.—433.

Bene. I am not so reputed: it is the base, *the* bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out.

I am not sure that Dr. Johnson's emendation is necessary.

P. 224.—230.—433.

Re-enter Don Pedro, Hero, and Leonato.

I do not think *Hero* and *Leonato* should enter here. I think they should enter afterwards with *Claudio* and *Beatrice.*

P. 295.—231.—435.

Bene. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such *impossible conveyance*, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me.

Of the several interpretations given of *impossible conveyance*, I prefer Malone's; but I have some doubt whether *impossible* be the right word.

P. 300.—235.—441.

D. Pedro. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior Benedick, and the lady Beatrice into a *mountain of affection*, one with the other.

Mountain of affection is I think rightly explained by Steevens.

P. 302.—237.—444.

Bora. —— offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me *Claudio.*

I incline (as at present advised) to adopt Mr. Theobald's emendation.

P. 312.—244.—457.

D. Pedro. She doth well; if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a *contemptible* spirit.

Dr. Johnson is right.

P. 318.—249.—464.

Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister:
If *black*, why, nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, *an agate very vilely cut.*

Malone is right.

P. 323.—253.—470.

D. Pedro. What? sigh for the tooth-ach?
Leon. *Where is but* a humour, or a worm?

Modern editions have *which is but*, &c. which I think is right. Sed Q.

P. 324.—254.—473.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.
D. Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.
Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.
D. Pedro. *She shall be buried with her face upwards.*

Though Theobald's emendation is very plausibly supported by Dr. Johnson, I doubt (with Warburton) whether any change be necessary: *Don Pedro* may mean no more, than if she dies, as you say, she shall be buried as other people are buried.

Scene II.

P.—256.

This should be Scene III. I note this to show that this edition is not free from errors.

P. .—260.—481.

Dogb. Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: *keep your fellows' counsels and your own*, and good night.

It does not prove it.

P. 333,4.—261.—483.

Bora. ——— like the *shaven Hercules* in the smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 340.—265—491.

Marg. Get you some of this distill'd Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.
Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.
Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some *moral* in this Benedictus.
Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of *moral* is indubitably the true one. What Steevens means by his note I cannot discover.

P. 342.—267.—494.

Dogb. ——— as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! *it is a world to see!*

So in *the Taming of the Shrew,*

Oh, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.

Ibid. 495.

An two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.

"The note on this passage, (Mr. Steevens's,) in-
" forming us that Shakespeare may have caught
" this idea from the common seal of the Knights
" Templars, the device of which was two riding
" upon one horse, is truly in the spirit of a man,

"who has lost his own ideas in the pursuit of "those of antiquity; for the sentence in the text, "which seems proverbial, must have arisen to the "meanest peasant, from an object almost every "day before his eyes." HERON's *Letters of Literature*, p. 107.

The justice of this animadversion I think no sane person can deny.

P. 346.—270.—499.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?
Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write against it:
You *seem* to me as Dian in her orb.

I think clearly we should read *seem'd.*

P. 349.—272.—502.

Leon. ——— Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's *frame?*
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?

I think Steevens's is the right explanation.

P. 350.—273.—503.

But mine, *and* mine I lov'd, *and* mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on.

Dr. Johnson seems clearly right.

P. 351.—505.

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Warburton's note appears to me very just.

P. 353.—275.—507.

Friar. ——— For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us.

Virtutem incolumen odimus;
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.—HOR.

P. 354.—276.—508.

Leon. ——— Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Dr. Johnson's remark is very just.

P. 356.—277.—510.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.
Beat. *I am gone, though I am here.*

Is not the meaning rather, *my thoughts are absent though my person is present.*

P. 358.—279.—513.

Scene II.

I am for admitting Mr. Tyrwhitt's regulation, which appears to me very judicious.

P. 362.—281.—517.

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.
Verg. Let them be in *band.*
Con. *Off*, coxcomb!

I incline to Mr. Malone's regulation of this passage.

P. 363,4.—282.—520.

Leon. If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
Cry—sorrow, wag! and hem, when he should groan;
Patch grief with proverbs;

This appears to me a very difficult passage.

P. 363.—283.—521.

make misfortune drunk
With *candle-wasters;* bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.

I incline to believe that Steevens's first explanation of *candle-wasters* is the true one.

P. 368.—285.—522.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
However they have writ the *style of gods,*
And make a pish at chance and sufferance.

Steevens is right.

P. 371.—288.—526.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not *wake* your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

I am almost inclined to admit Warburton's emendation, Dr. Johnson's explanation not being to me perfectly satisfactory. Sed Q.

P. 373.—289.—529.

D. Pedro. I think, he be angry indeed.
Claud. If he be, he knows how to *turn his girdle.*

I incline to think Mr. Steevens has explained this rightly.

P. 375.—291.—531.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit.

I incline to think Mr. Steevens's explanation is the true one.

P. 379.—295.—537.

Dogb. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears *a key in his ear,* and *a lock hanging by it.*

Malone is right.

P. 384.—299.—545.

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?
Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee *to thy uncle's.*

In former editions *to thy uncle;* I think rightly.

P. 386.—301.—548.

Claud. And, Hymen, now with luckier issue *speeds*;
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!

I do not think Dr. Thirlby's emendation necessary. The contraction is very harsh. Claudio speaks as he hopes and trusts.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

P. 396.—310.—182.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified;
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves;
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die,
With all these living in philosophy.

I think Dr. Johnson is right.

P. 398.—312.—184.

Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

Dr. Johnson is clearly right.

P. 399.—312.—185.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!
Dum. *Proceeded* well, to stop all good proceeding!

I much doubt whether Shakespeare had the academical sense of *proceeded* in his mind. I find Mr. M. Mason has made the same remark.

P. 404.—316.—192.

Dull. Which is the *duke's* own person?

I incline to admit Theobald's regulation.—Sed Q.

Ibid.—193.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.
Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.—
Long. A high hope for a low *having.*

I think Theobald is right.

Ibid.

God grant us patience!
Biron. To hear? or forbear *hearing*.—

I think from the following speech that the proposed emendation is right.

P. 414.—325.—205.

Arm. ——— Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the *rational hind* Costard.

I incline to think we should read *irrational*, with Tyrwhitt and Farmer. I do not think the passages produced by Mr. Steevens prove that for which they are cited. I do not see why *hind*, in the passages quoted from *Henry the Fourth*, does not mean *peasant*, used as a term of contempt, as when *Petruchio* calls *Grumio*, *peasant swain*.

P. 418.—328.—211.

A man of sovereign *parts* he is esteem'd.

I heartily dissent from Mr. Malone. I think the reading of the folio is right.

P. 424.—333,4.—218.

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: *What lady is that same?*
Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Malone is certainly right.

P. 425.—334.—219.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?
Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.
Long. *God's blessing on your beard!*
Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.

I think no such meaning as Dr. Johnson supposes was intended.

P. 431.—348.—226.

Moth. ——————These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches——that would be betray'd without these; and make *them* men of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.

I think this is rightly explained by Malone. There is no need of Theobald's correction.

P. 432.—349.—228.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.
Moth. *You are too swift, sir, to say so:*
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

I think Malone's is the right explanation of *You are too swift, sir, to say so.*

P. 445.—358.—244.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, *good my glass*, take this for telling true.
[*giving him money.*
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

Mr. Steevens is certainly right.

P. 446.—359.—245.

When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart.

"Upon this couplet is this wonderful note,
"which I need not tell you is by Warburton:
"THE HARMONY OF THE MEASURE, THE EASINESS
"OF THE EXPRESSION, AND THE GOOD SENSE IN
"THE THOUGHT, ALL CONCUR TO RECOMMEND
"THESE TWO LINES TO THE READER'S NOTICE."
"The lines will, I doubt not, strike you, and every
"man of common sense, as utterly destitute of
"every quality this Apostolical alchymist recom-
"mends: who in his dream tries to convert the
"very dirt of Shakespeare into gold. The preser-
"vation of such nonsensical comments much ar-
"raigns the taste of his variorum editors."
HERON'S *Letters of Literature*, p. 108.

P. 448.—360.—248.

More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal.

The double comparison is not very uncommon in Shakespeare. So in *the Tempest, Nor that I am more better.*

P. 456.—366.—257.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *in sanguis*,—blood.

I think Steevens is right.

P. 459.—367.—261.

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be
(Which we *of* taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

I think Mr. Tyrwhitt is right.

P. 462.—370.—265.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master person.
Hol. *Master person,—quasi pers-on.* And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

I think we should read *master parson,—quasi person.*

P. 463.—371.—265.

Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ
Ruminat,—and so forth.

Some of the editors seem dreadfully alarmed lest the reader should think Shakespeare more learned than they choose he should be.

P. 468.—374.—271.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, *before repast*, it shall please you to Gratify the table with a grace, &c.

Before repast is intelligible. *Being repast* I do not at all understand.

P. 472.—377.—276.

Dum. O most divine Kate!
Biron. O most profane coxcomb! [*aside.*
Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!
Biron. By earth, she is *but* corporal; there you lie. [*aside.*

I incline to think that Theobald's emendation is right.

P. 476.—380.—280.

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
A faith infring'd, which such a zeal did swear.

Mr. Malone can have no ear.

P. 477.—381.—281.

O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a *gnat.*

I think *gnat* is the true reading.

P. 478.—381.—283.

I am betray'd, by keeping company
With *moon-like men,* of strange inconstancy.

As these words may have the meaning assigned them by Dr. Johnson, no change is necessary: but Mr. Mason's emendation is extremely ingenious, and perhaps is the true reading.

P. 486.—388.—293.

A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of *theft* is stopp'd.

Warburton is right.

P. 492.—393.—302.

His general behaviour vain, ridiculous, und *thrasonical.*

I agree that Shakespeare's use of the word *thrasonical* does not prove that he had read Terence.

P. 494.—303.

Hol. This is abhominable, (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth *me* of insanie.

I rather incline to admit Dr. Farmer's correction. Sed Q.

P. 497.—396.—308.

Arm. I do beseech thee, *remember thy courtesy;*—I beseech thee, apparel thy head.

I think the words are clearly addressed to Holofernes. Either way the negative appears to me necessary.

P. 512.—409.—328.

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain *statute-caps.*

I think Steevens's is the true explanation.

P. 514.—410.—330.

Boyet. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are *angels vailing clouds*, or roses blown.

I incline to think Dr. Johnson's the best of the interpretations offered.

P. 520.—414.—339.

Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.

The whole of this verse, and the correspondent rhyme, show that we should read *affectation.* I pity Mr. Malone's want of ear. He would, in return, pity my ignorance of Shakespeare's versification.

P. 542.—431.—367-8.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast, and as lining to the time:
But more devout than *this*, *in* our respects,
Have we not been.

I think Sir Thomas Hanmer's reading is right.

P. 544.—432.—369.

If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and *last love;*

I think Malone's conjecture very probable. If the present be the right reading, it is rightly explained by Malone.

A

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Vol. III. Vol. II. Vol. II.

P. 7. — 444. — 9.

But *earthlier happy* is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

I wish to read with Mr. Steevens, *earthly happier.*

P. 11.—447.—14.

Lys. I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house *remote* seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.

There seems to me no necessity for the regulation proposed by Dr. Johnson. Whether we are to read *remote*, or *removed*, is surely not worth spending half a line upon.

P. 11.—448.—15.

Herm. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

I see no occasion for Warburton's emendation; nor do I perceive that *Hermia* appears nauseously coming, *Lysander* being before acquainted with her passion for him.

P. 13.—449.—16.

Hel. Sickness is catching; O, were *favour* so!
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go.

I think Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 15.—450.—18.

Her. And in the wood, were often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds, were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel *sweet;*
There my Lysander and myself shall meet.

I think Theobald's emendation is right.

P. 16.—451.—20.

Things base and vile, holding no *quantity,*
Love can transpose to form and dignity.

I wish to read *quality,* as Dr. Johnson suggests.

P. 20.—453.—24.

" The raging rocks,
" *With* shivering shocks,
" Shall break the locks
" Of prison-gates.

I do not think the emendation proposed by Dr. Farmer is necessary.

P. 30.—461.—37.

The *wisest aunt,* telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me.

" The note on this passage, that the *wisest* " *aunt* here means the most *sentimental bawd,* is " truly Warburtonian, as the expression taken in " its direct sense is much more humourous. " Such notes make one sick. We shall by and " by be informed, when *Hamlet* says *mother,* he " means *capital bawd,* because Mother Needham's " character is well known." HERON'S *Letters of Literature,* p. 109.

Steevens's note seems to merit the severity of this reprehension.

P. 34. 462.—41.

By *paved* fountain, or by rushy brook.

I incline to think that Mr. Henley's explanation of *paved* fountain is right.

P. 35.—463.—42.

The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the *murrain* flock.

Should we not read *murrain'd* flock?

P. 36.—464.—44.

Human mortals.

"Of the information in the note that fairies "were subject to *mortality*, I will venture to say "there is no evidence in any creed of popular "superstition." HERON, p. 112.

The passage produced by Mr. Reed completely refutes Heron's assertion.

P. 36.—464.—45.

The human mortals want their winter *here.*

I am for reading *cheer*, with Theobald and Sir Thomas Hanmer.

P. 42.—468.—51.

Tita. His mother was a vot'ress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind:
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
(*Following* her womb, then rich with my young 'squire,)
Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles,——

Following is, I think rightly explained by Dr. Johnson. I can by no means acquiesce in the explanation given by Dr. Farmer and Mr. Kenrick. I think Malone's remark is very just.

P. 51.—473.—61.

I know a bank *where* the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows.

I should like to hear Mr. Malone pronounce some of the lines which contain his dissyllables.

P. 55.—476.—67.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.

Dr. Johnson appears to me to have given the right explanation of this. I do not see any necessity for Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation.

P. 57.—477.—68.

Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.

I would read, *Near to this lack-love, this kill-courtesy,* taking it for a sort of alexandrine, or hypermetrical verse.

P. 71.—489.—87.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well.

I incline to think that Mr. Reed's is the right explanation.

P. 72.—489.—87.

Tie up my *love's* tongue, bring him silently.

I have no conception how *lover* is to be pronounced as a monosyllable.

P. 73.—490.—89.

Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my *mimick* comes.

I incline to believe *mimick* is the right word.

P. 81.—495.—98.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join, *in souls,* to mock me too.

I can hardly think Mr. Tyrwhitt is right.

P. 85.—500.—105.

If you *have* any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.

We should read, *If you* had *any pity.*

P. 86.—500.—106.

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?
Lys. Away, you Ethiop!
Dem. *No, no, sir:*—he will
Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!

This passage appears to me to be corrupt.

P. 91.—508.—118.

When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye.

I would read, *Then thou tak'st.*

P. 96.—509.—120.

I would be loth to have you *over-flown* with a honey bag, signior.

Vide Newton's note on P. L. b. i. 502. Swift has the same mistake.

P. 97.—509.—120.

Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero *Cobweb* to scratch.

Grey is certainly right.

P. 97.—510.—121.

Fairies, be gone, and be *all ways* away.

I think Theobald is right. Mr. Heath's conjecture is very ingenious.

P. 98.—510.—121.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,
Gently entwist,—the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

I incline to think Steevens's explanation is right.

P. 102.—513.—127.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;—
For now our observation is perform'd:

Dr. Farmer seems to have forgotten that the action of the *Winter's Tale* is extended to more that sixteen years.

P. 106.—517.—133.

Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye;
When every thing seems double.
Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius *like a jewel,*
Mine own, and not mine own.

I incline to believe that Malone's explanation is right.

P. 108.—519.—136.

Bot. Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it *at her* death.

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 113.—522.—142.

The. What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.
Philost. Here, mighty Theseus.
The. Say, what *abridgment* have you for this evening?
What mask? what musick?

The passages quoted in the note do not convince me that *abridgment* means a dramatic performance. In this place it appears to me to mean that which shortens time. I find Mr. Henley is of the same opinion.

P. 114.—523.—144.

Merry and tragical? tedious and brief?
That is, hot ice, and wonderous *strange snow.*

A word seems to have been omitted; as *snow* appears to want the attribute of some quality that is opposite to its nature, such as is supposed by Mr. Upton and Sir Thomas Hanmer. I prefer Mr. Upton's word. I cannot think Mr. Mason's reading is right.

P. 116.—525.—146.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do.

The defect in the metre is supplied with probability by Theobald.

Ibid.—147.

Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.

I incline to Mr. Malone's explanation.

P. 123—530.—155.

Here come two noble beasts in, a *moon* and a lion.

I do not see that any change is necessary.

P. 126.—532.—159.

Dem. And *then came* Pyramus,
Lys. And so the *lion* vanished.

I do not see the necessity of Dr. Farmer's emendation. I should, however, prefer *vanishes* to *vanished.*

P.131.—536.—166.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf *behowls* the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.

I think Warburton's reading, *behowls*, is right. It reminds me of a passage in Lee's *Theodosius* :

> Lean *wolves* forget to *howl* at night's pale noon:
> No wakeful dogs bark *at the* silent *moon*.

THE

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

VOL. III. MALONE.

Dramatis Personæ.

Salerio.

I see no occasion for the insertion of this name. *Gratiano* calls the bringer of the letter his old Venetian friend, which exactly suits *Salanio*, who had appeared before to be the friend both of *Gratiano* and *Lorenzo*.

P. 142.—5.—397.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your *argosies* with portly sail,—
Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood, &c.

I rather incline to believe with Pope that *argosy* is from Jason's ship *Argo*, which being employed to fetch the golden fleece, merchant-ships, which brought home rich freights, were called *argosies*.

Ibid.

burghers *of* the flood.

I approve Mr. Steevens's correction of *on* to *of*.

P. 145.—7.—401.

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you: but, at dinner time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

I rather incline to give this speech to *Salarino*, who, with *Salanio*, was to be of the party to supper.

P. —8.—401.

You have too much respect upon the world:
They *loose* it, that do buy it with much care.

Loose should be *lose.*

P. 147.—9.—403.

Lor. I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.
Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.
Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this *gear.*

As anciently, when less precision was observed in orthography, *g* and *j* were often used indiscriminately, having, in many instances, the same power, I would read, *I'll grow a talker for this* jeer (supposing it to have been originally written *geer*), that is, for this bantering expostulation. I cannot think that *year* is the right reading. Of this conjecture, however, I am not confident.

Ibid.—404.

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.
[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*
Ant. Is that any thing *now?*
Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice.

The old reading, *now*, is certainly right.

P. 149.—10.—406.

Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done
And I am *prest* unto it.

I do not assent to Mr. Steevens's explanation.

P. 150.—11.—407.

Ant. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea,
Nor have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum.

Mr. Malone has changed *nor* for *neither*, not much to the advantage of the verse. He is always careful to provide a sufficient number of discords.

P. 156.—18.—414.

Shy. If I can catch him once upon *the hip*,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

I cannot agree with Mr. Henley.

P. 157.—18.—415.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the *ripe* wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom.

Ripe is the true reading.

P. 166.—25.—426.

Laun. My conscience says,—*no; take heed honest Launcelot; take heed honest Gobbo; or*, as aforesaid, *honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run, scorn running* with thy heels.

I heartily agree with Mr. Malone.

Ibid.—427.

Away! says the fiend, *for the heavens; rouse up a brave mind*, says the fiend, *and run.*

Might we not point thus? *Away says the fiend; for the heavens* (i. e. for heaven's sake) *rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run.*

P. 167.—26.—428.

Laun. [*aside*] O heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not.—I will *try conclusions* with him.

I do not see why we should not read *try conclusions.*

P. 168.—26.—428.

Laun. ——— marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.
Gob. *By God's sonties,* 'twill be a hand way to hit.

I take *God's sonties* to be *God's innoeents, santes.*

P. 168.—27.—429.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young *master* Launcelot.
Gob. Your worship's friend, *and Launcelot,* sir.

This is rightly explained by Malone.

P. 169.—27.—430.

Laun. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: *Give me your blessing.*

I cannot discover the frequent references that Mr. Henley speaks of.

P. 176.—33.—438.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—Most beautiful Pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian *do* not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived.

I am very strongly of opinion with the *ignorant editor* of the 2d folio, that we ought to read, *did.* In this I am confirmed by the passage in the 3d Act, to which Mr. Malone refers. I shall patiently submit to whatever imputation of folly and absurdity the avowal of this opinion may expose me.

P. 177.—34.—439.

Enter Launcelot, with a letter.

Lor. Friend Launcelot, what's the news?
Laun. An it shall please you *to break up this,* it shall seem to signify.

I do not perceive here any allusion to carving. Every one knows what it is to break up a letter. So in the *Winter's Tale: Break up the seals, and read.*

P. 180.—36.—442.

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the *wry-neck'd* fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then.

I would read, actively, the *wry-neck fife*, i. e. *the fife that wries the neck of him, who plays on it.*

P. 187.—42.—451.

Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgement old,
Your answer had not been inscrol'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

I would read *this answer* for the reasons given by Dr. Johnson, which appear to me unanswerable.

P. 193.—48.—459.

There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So begone, *sir*, you are sped.

I wonder Mr. Malone did not omit the word *sir*, as it was supplied by the editor of the 2d folio, and inform us that *gone* is here a dissyllable. Shakespeare certainly sometimes makes words which are now pronounced as one syllable (as your, hour, &c.) dissyllables: but I think not so frequently as Mr. Malone supposes.

P. 200.—54.—468.

O! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not *I*.

Mr. Heath has explained this rightly, and Warburton has mistaken it. Grammar certainly requires that we should read *me* for *I*, according to the correction of the Oxford Editor; but we know that Shakespeare is frequently ungramma-

tical, and that an error of this kind is no proof of a corruption.

P. 204.—57.—472.

Thus ornament is but the *guiled* shore
To a most dangerous sea.

Guiled means *possessing guile.*

P. 205.—58.—472.

But thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threat'nest, than dost promise aught,
Thy *plainness* moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I.

I think Warburton has altered the right word.

Ibid.—473.

O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure *rain* thy joy, scant this excess.

I think *rain* is clearly the right word.

P. 211.—64.—481.

Bass. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper *as* the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.

I do not believe the Author wrote *is the body.* I think Mr. Steevens is clearly right.

P. 213.—66.—483.

Shy. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so *fond*
To come abroad with him at his request.

I am not clear that *fond* in this place means *foolish*, I rather take it to signify *desirous*, in the sense in which we use it when being requested to do a thing we dislike, we say we are not fond of it. If it be objected that this sense requires a different construction, and that it should be so fond of going, it may be answered, that a much later and more correct writer than Shakespeare has used this form of construction; which I admit to be improper: "Should such a one, too

fond to rule alone," for too fond of ruling. Shylock means to censure the gaoler's facility, in being so ready and willing to comply with the prisoner's request.

P. 214.—66.—484.

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations.

This passage (which had much perplexed me) may be rightly explained by Mr. Malone; but I do not yet understand the construction.

P. 217.—68.—488.

Por. What notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with *imagin'd* speed.

Imagin'd speed means, I think, with speed that may he more easily imagined than expressed,—with all imaginable speed. The expression, so understood, is, I admit, licentious. I cannot think Mr. Steevens's is the true explanation.

P. 217.—68.—488.

Unto the *tranect*, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice.

I incline to read *traject*, with the modern editors.

P. 219.—70.—490.

Laun. Truly then I *fear you* are damn'd both by father and mother.

I do not suspect that *for* has been inadvertently omitted.

P. 221.—72.—493.

Lor. *Goodly lord*, what a wit-snapper are you!

Mr. Tyrwhitt is certainly right. I wonder the editors continue so manifest an error.

P. 221.—72.—494.

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are *suited!*
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words.

I think Mr. M. Mason is clearly right.

P 225.—75.—499.

And others, when the bag-pipe sings i'the nose,
Cannot contain their urine; *For affection,*
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths.

For affection is, I think, rightly explained by Mr. Malone. In the next line I incline to read *masterless passion,* with Mr. Rowe, &c.

I have always considered this as a very difficult passage.

P. 227.—76.—501.

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a *swollen* bag-pipe.

I think *woollen bag-pipe* is the true reading; it seems to me to be rightly explained by Mr. R. G. Robinson in the edition of 1793.

P. 233.—81.—510.

Por. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

Blackstone thinks it is out of character that *Portia* should refer the Jew to the Christian doctrine of salvation, and the Lord's Prayer; but besides that, it is supposed that the Lord's Prayer consists of expressions in use among the Jews, their Scriptures abound with passages

recommending mercy, particularly Ecclus xxviii. ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

The foregoing observation was suggested by a friend, and his assertion respecting the Lord's Prayer and the Jewish Scriptures is certainly true; but yet I cannot help thinking that so direct a reference to the Lord's Prayer was more likely to irritate than conciliate the Jew.

P. 241.—91.—523.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

I do not think this conclusive evidence that Shakespeare was no reader of the classics.

P. 246.—92.—524.

Jes. And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo *swear* he lov'd her well.

I cannot help expressing my admiration of Mr. Malone's ears.

P. 256.—200.—538.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to *contain* the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.

I think we should read *retain* with the modern editors.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

J. and S. 1785. Vol. III. | Malone. Vol. III. | J. and S. 1793. Vol. VI.

P. 279.—119.—5.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness.

This is a very awkward sentence; the construction of it has puzzled me much. I now believe that we should understand the words *it was* to be repeated before the word *charged*; it was bequeathed me by will, but a poor thousand crowns, and it was charged my brother (likewise by the will) to breed me well.

P. 281.—120.—7.

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.
Oliv. Marry, sir, be better employ'd, and *be naught awhile.*

I think Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 282.—121.—9.

Oliv. Know you where you are, sir?
Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.
Oliv. Know you before whom, sir?
Orl. Ay, better than *him* I am before knows me.

Mr. Malone's scrupulous reverence for the old copies is admirable. This note shews his own fallibility, for the line quoted is not in Macbeth, but is spoken by *Camillo* to *Polixenes* in the

Winter's Tale. This error is corrected in the Appendix, which I had not observed when this note was written.

P. 283.—121.—9.

I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his *reverence.*

I think there is no occasion for the emendation proposed by Warburton.

P. 289.—127.—17.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?
Touch. One that old *Frederick, your father,* loves.
Cel. *My father's* love is enough to honour him.

I think Theobald is right.

P. 290.—128.—19.

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.
Cel. Sport? Of what colour?
Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?
Ros. As wit and fortune will.
Touch. Or as the destinies decree.
Cel. Well said; that was *laid on with a trowel.*

Laid on with a trowel I believe means laid on thick.

P. 304.—141.—36.

Cel. Now go *we in content,*
To liberty, and not to banishment.

I think the transposition made by the editor of the 2d folio is necessary, and that *content* is not an adjective.

P. 307.—145.—41.

Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life.

I would read, with former editors, *the body of the country.* Country, in the passage quoted from *Twelfth Night,* is certainly used as a

trisyllable. I differ much from Mr. Malone about the editor of the 2d folio.

P. 308.—146.—42.

Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'er-heard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the *wrestler*
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles.

Wrestler is here a trisyllable.

P. 309.—146.—44.

Why would you be so fond to overcome
The *bony* priser of the humourous duke?

I read *bony* with Warburton.

P. 314.—151.—49.

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd.

I am for reading *wearying*.

Ibid.—50.

Touch. And I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took *two cods*, and giving her them again, said with weeping tears, *Wear these for my sake.*

This passage I do not yet understand. I think with Dr. Johnson that it would be more like sense to read *two peas*. This, however, I now doubt.

P. 315.—152.—51.

We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love *mortal* in folly.

This is rightly explained by Dr. Johnson.

P. 317.—154.—54.

Ami. My voice is *ragged*; I know I cannot please you.

I would read *rugged*. It is very easy to mistake a *u* for an *a* in a MS.

P. 322.—158.—60.

Jaq. O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.
Duke S. Thou shalt have one.
Jaq. It is my only *suit*.

I believe Steevens is right.

P. 323.—159.—62.

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the *brutish sting* itself.

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 328.—163.—68.

The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd *pantaloon*.

In *the Taming of the Shrew*, *Lucentio* translates *celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old *pantaloon*.

P. 329.—164.—70.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art *not seen*,
Although thy breath be rude.

Not seen is, I think, rightly explained by Dr. Johnson.

P. 334.—168.—77.

Cor. He, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may *complain of good breeding*, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Complain of good breeding is, I think, rightly explained by Dr. Johnson.

P. 335.—168.—77.

Touch. Wast ever in court, shepherd?
Cor. No, truly.
Touch. Then thou art damn'd.
Cor. Nay, I hope,——
Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd; *like an ill-roasted egg*, all on one side.

I do not understand this jest. Perhaps Malone is right.

P. 336.—169.—79.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me. I'll rest.
Touch. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! *God make incision in thee!* thou art raw.

I still doubt the meaning of this. Perhaps Mr. Steevens's explanation is just.

P. 337.—170.—80.

All the pictures, fairest *limn'd*,
Are but black to Rosalind.

I take the true reading to be *lin'd*, which I think means *having the fairest lines, lineaments*, or *features;* or, rather (as I find, since writing the above, Mr. Steevens in his edition of 1793 explains it), *most fairly delineated.*

P. Ibid.—80.

Let no face be kept in mind,
But the *fair* of Rosalind.

I think Pope's correction (*face* for *fair*) is clearly right.

P. 339.—172.—82.

Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.

I do not think Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation at all necessary. The Poet means that when there were many tongues shewing *civil* sayings in the place, it would no longer be a desert. Dr. Johnson has rightly explained the passage in his note on the word *civil.*

P. 344.—176.—89.

One inch of delay more is a *South-sea-off discovery.* I pr'ythee tell me, who is it?

A South-sea-off discovery is, I think, the true reading, and means as far as the extent of the South sea distant from discovery.

P. 347.—179.—93.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings.
Orl. Not so; but I answer you *right painted cloth*, from whence you have studied your questions.

There is no need of Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation. Malone is right.

P. 351.—183.—99.

Orl. What were his marks?
Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye, and sunken; which you have not: *an unquestionable spirit:* which you have not.

Chamier is certainly right.

P. 352.—184.—101.

Ros. I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness.

I do not understand this. I cannot think Malone is right.

P. 354.—186.—103.

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great *reckoning* in a little room.

The alteration of the Oxford editor appears to me so strange as to warrant Warburton's censure of it.

P. 357.—187.—105.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.
Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am *foul.*

I think Mason is right.

P.—188.—106.

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

The title *Sir*, is given to Bachelors of Arts at Oxford.

P. 358.—189.—108.

Not. O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behi' thee;
But—*Wind* away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding wi' thee.

I believe Mr. Steevens is right. I would read *wend*, with Dr. Johnson.

P. 364.—193.—115.

Sil. Will you sterner be
Than he that *dies* and *lives* by bloody drops?

I believe Tollet and Musgrave are right.

P. 366.—195.—118.

Ros. *What though you have more beauty*,
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?

I would read, *What though you have beauty.*

P. 374.—203.—128.

Ros. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the foolish *chroniclers* of that age *found* it was—Hero of Sestos.

I believe *chroniclers* is the right word, though I agree that *found* is used here in the forensic sense.

Ibid.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.
Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

After the Reformation, and the abolition of the Romish fasts, political fasts were ordered upon Fridays and Saturdays for the purpose of promoting the fisheries upon the coast of England.

ANDERSON's *History of Commerce.*

P. 381.—208.—136.

Ros. How say you now? is it not past two o'clock? and *here* much Orlando!

Surely it should be *here's.*

P. 387.—214.—144.

Oliv. He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in *this* blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

I would read, *Dy'd in his blood.*

P. 391.—218.—150.

Ros. God save you, brother.
Oliv. And you, fair sister.

Chamier is right.

P. 394.—220.—153.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and *observance,*
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all *observance;*
And so am I for Phebe.

I think Malone is right.

P. 395.—222.—155.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.
Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a *woman of the world.*

I do not think there is such an allusion as the anonymous writer in the Appendix supposes.

P. 396.—222.—156.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty *rank* time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.

I incline to the reading of Mr. Pope, and the three subsequent editors.

P. 397.—223.—158.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?
Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

I think this line is clearly corrupted: how it should be corrected I do not pretend to determine.

P. 401.—227.—164.

Touch. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is called the *Counter-check quarrelsome:* and so to the *Lie circumstantial,* and the *Lie direct.*

I never could understand how *the lie circumstantial* and the *lie direct* are to be distinguished from the *counter-check quarrelsome.*

THE

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

J. and S. 1793.
VOL. VI.

P. 419.—244.—388.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the *third-borough.* [*Exit.*
Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law.

Theobald's correction appears to me absolutely necessary.

P. 421.—245.—389.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd,
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.

If there be no such verb as *brach* (and I do not know such an one) I think with Malone that *brach* is a corruption, as the structure of the sentence seems clearly to require that this line should begin with a verb.

P. 424.—247.—394.

Persuade him, that he hath been lunatick;
And, *when he says he is*——, say, that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.

I incline to admit Mr. Steevens's reading.

P. 438.—257.—411.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arriv'd *for* fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy.

To arrive *for* a place is a construction which I do not remember to have met with. I do not know what it means.

P. 439.—258.—412.

Vincentio his son, brought up in Florence.

Vincentio is certainly used here as a quadrisyllable; but still the syllable *his* is necessary to the verse, as any ear but Mr. Malone's must perceive.

P. 443.—261.—416.

Gre. *Their* love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out.

I think Mr. Malone's conjecture is probable.

P. 449.—268.—425.

Gru. Nay tis no matter what he *'leges* in Latin.

I think Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 452.—270.—429.

Gru. Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, *though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses.*

I see no reason for supposing this passage to be corrupt.

P. 458.—275.—436.

Pet. And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half so great a blow *to the ear,*
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?

I believe *to hear* to be the right reading.

P. 464.—281.—444.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

Of the meaning of *baccare*, notwithstanding the notes and quotations, I am yet ignorant.

P. 466.—284.—448.

Pet. What dowry shall I have with her to wife?
Bap. After my death the one half of my lands;
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.
Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her *of*
Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.

Assure her of is right.

P. 480.—295.—466.

Tra. fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my *cunning*.

I think Mr. Steevens's conjecture is probable.

P. 481.—466.

Sly. Sim, when will the fool come again?

Sly, having never seen a play, could hardly expect a character, that had not been introduced; I cannot therefore agree with Dr. Johnson in thinking that the word *again* should be omitted.

P. 487.—300.—474.

Bion. Why Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, &c. &c. an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt and chapeless; *with two broken points.*

I think something is wrong here, but know not how it should be corrected.

P. 488.—301.—475.

His horse,———full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; sway'd in the back, and shoulder-shotten; *ne'er legg'd before*, and with a half-check'd bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather.

I believe the old reading, *near-legg'd*, is right. The near leg of a horse is the left, and to set off with that leg first is an imperfection. This horse had (as Dryden describes old Jacob Tonson) two left legs, *i. e.* he was awkward in the use of them, he used his right leg like the left. Mr. Malone's reading and interpretation appear to me very harsh.

P. 498.—308.—488.

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so *ray'd*?

Tollet is right.

P. 504.—313.—497.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at *door*,
To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!

Admit that *door* is a dissyllable here, the verse will then be most discordantly harsh, unless Mr. Malone would accent doör on the last syllable.

P. 506.—314.—498.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—
[*Exeunt some of the servants.*
Where is the life that late I led. [Sings.
Where are those——sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

May not *soud* be a corruption of *chaud?* Ignoramus, when heated, exclaims, *O chaud, chaud, precor Deum non meltavi meum pingue.*

P. 543.—343.—546.

Pet. Since you have begun,
Have at you for a *bitter* jest or two.

I think with Mr. Malone that *bitter* is right.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

J. and S. 1785.	MALONE.	J. and S. 1793.
Vol. IV.	Vol. III.	Vol. VI.

P. 3.—353.—185.

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

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

I think Dr. Johnson is right.

P. 4.—354.—186.

Laf. ——— He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than *lack* it where there is such abundance.

I think we should read *slack* with Warburton.

Ibid.—187.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how sad a *passage* 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so *far*, *would* have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work.

I agree with Dr. Johnson. An *it* seems wanting in Malone's edition, and in the edition of 1793. It should stand thus: *had it stretch'd so far, it would have made*, &c. This *it* is in the edition of 1785.

P. 6.—355.—188.

Count. ——— where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpleness.

I think with Dr. Johnson, that the emendation proposed by Warburton is unnecessary.

P. 8.—356.—190.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.
Count. *If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.*

Dr. Johnson is right.

P. 9.—357.—192.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu.*
Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more,
Than those I shed for him.

I believe M. Mason's and Malone's explanation is the true one.

P. 11.—360.—196.

Par. It is not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is *rational* increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost.

I believe *rational* is right.

P. 12.—Ibid.—197.

Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by't: Out with't: within ten years it will make itself *ten*, which is goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse.

I believe Sir T. Hanmer's emendation is right. I am as ignorant as Mr. Steevens of the well-known observation of the noble Earl mentioned by Mr. Henley.

P. 15.—363.—200.

Hel. There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a *traitress*, and a dear.

I entirely agree with Mr. Tyrwhitt, and a greatly surprised at the conjectures of the oth commentators.

P. 18.—365.—204.

Hel. The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been cannot be.

I believe Mr. Malone has explained this rightly. There seems to me no occasion to read *what han't been*, for *what hath been:* the meaning is, *and suppose even things that have already been cannot be*, which not having fallen within their observation, are beyond their conception.

P. 24.—370.—211.

——— let me not live, quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgements are
Mere *fathers* of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions.

The old reading is right, and is rightly explained by Dr. Johnson.

P. 28.—373.—215.

Clo. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.
Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.
Clo. You are shallow, madam; *e'en* great friends.

I think Malone is right.

P. 30.—374.—218.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
[*Singing.*
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this king Priam's joy.

I think Warburton's conjecture very probable.

P. 32.—376.—220.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you.
Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—though honesty be *no* puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.

I incline to think Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture is right.

P. 34.—378.—223.

Count. It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—*or* then we thought them none.

I agree with Malone.

P. 36.—378.—225.

Count. What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: now I see
The mystery of your *loneliness*, and find
Your salt tears' head.

I think Theobald's correction is right.

P. 38.—381.—227.

Hel. I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this *captious* and *intenible* sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still.

I believe Malone is right.

Ibid.

And lack not to *lose* still.

I believe Malone is right.

P. 41.—383.—230.

Count. I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing *into* thy attempt.

I think with Mr. Steevens.

P. 42.—384.—231.

King. Farewell, young *lord*, these warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my *lord*, farewell:—
Share the advice betwixt you.

I incline to agree with Mr. Tyrwhitt.

Ibid.—232.

King. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,) see, that you come
Not to woo honour but to wed it.

This passage I do not yet understand.

P. 44.—386.—235.

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

As I cannot discover the meaning of this passage, as it stands at present, I incline to admit Dr. Johnson's reading. So I once thought. I now think the old reading, as explained by Malone and M. Mason, though harsh, perhaps is right.

P. 45.—380.—236.

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrain'd yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, *there do muster true gait*, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be follow'd.

I incline to Dr. Johnson's reading, for the same reason as in the last instance.

P. 46.—387.—238.

Laf. I would, you
Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.
King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.
Laf. Good faith, *across:*
But, my good lord, 'tis thus.——

Mr. Davies's explanation of *across* is right. Mr. Malone's note, in which Mr. Davies's explanation is contained, is omitted in the edition of 1793.

P. 47.—388.—239.

Laf. I have spoke
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness.

I think Mr. M. Mason's is the true interpretation.

P. 50.—390.—243.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?
Hel. *The greatest grace lending grace,*
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring.

As the verse has a syllable too much if *grace* be repeated, I think we should reject the first *grace*, and read, *The greatest lending grace.*

P. 51.—391.—244.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?
Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

This passage, as it stands at present, I do not

understand. Mr. Steevens's explanation seems very hard and far-fetched. I incline, at present, to read with Dr. Johnson, *to worst of worst extended.* I am not enlightened by Henley's note.

P. 52.—392.—245.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak:
His powerful sound, within an organ weak.

The meaning is, *His powerful sound,* being *within a weak organ.*

Ibid.—245.

Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and *prime* can happy call.

(If *prime* be the trueword) it is certainly used here as a substantive: its meaning in this place, I cannot take on me to determine.

Ibid.—246.

Sweet practiser, thy physick I will try;
That ministers thine own death, if I die.
Hel. If I break time, or flinch in *property*
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die.

I agree with Malone.

P. 60.—399.—257.

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

This is rightly explained by Mason.

P. 61.—399.—258.

Hel. The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
We blush, that thou should'st choose; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again.

I incline to think that Malone is right.

P. 64.—402.—261.

King. Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: *good alone*
Is good, without a name.

Mr. Malone appears to be clearly right.

P. 77.—413.—277.

Laf. Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil.

I incline to think with Malone, that some word has dropt out here; if not, the word *to* must be omitted (as it is in some former editions), and then the passage, though inaccurate, will be intelligible.

P. 84.—418.—285.

Count. Parolles, was't not?
1 *Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.
Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his *inducement.*

I do not understand the meaning of the word *inducement* in this passage: perhaps it means through his *enticement.*

Ibid.

1 *Gent.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which *holds* him much to have.

I do not understand the meaning of *holds.* I wish to substitute Hanmer's word, *hoves*, but omitting the negative, which Hanmer has added. I would then adopt Warburton's explanation. I do not see how *holds* can convey that meaning.

P. 85.—419.—286.

Hel. O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the *still-piecing* air,
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!

Still-piecing is, I think the right word. There is the same idea in the 5th chapter of the Wisdom of Solomon, v. xii. "Or like as when an arrow "is shot at a mark, it parteth the air, *which im-* "*mediately cometh together again*, so that a man "cannot know where it went through."

P. 92.—425.—294.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.
Wid. A *right* good creature: wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly.

Mr. Malone's emendation is surely right.

P. 93.—425.—295.

Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest: Yond's that same knave,
That leads him to *these places;* were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

I agree with Mr. Steevens that there is no need of Theobald's emendation.

P. 117.—445.—325.

1 *Sold.* Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that?
Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to *live this* present hour, I will tell true.

I think we should insert *but.*

P. 120.—448.—330.

And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell with, boys are *not* to kiss.

I incline to read *but to kiss,* with Theobald.

P. 135.—459.—349.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's *moat,* and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Surely Warburton's correction of *mood* to *moat* is right. I do not see how the expressions mentioned by Warburton agree sufficiently well with the text without any alteration.

P. 136.—460.—352.

Clo. I do pity his distress in my *smiles* of comfort, and leave him to your lordship.

I incline to think *smiles* is right.

P. 142.—462.—353.

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

Esteem may, I think, stand. I prefer M. Mason's explanation of it to Dr. Johnson's.

Ibid.—354.

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

I incline to read *blaze of youth* with Warburton. Our author uses *flaming* youth in *Hamlet.*

P. 143.—466.—359, 60.

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

I incline to think Dr. Johnson is right.

P. 147.—469.—364.

King. I wonder, sir, *since* wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation of *since* for *sir* is, as Mr. Malone justly remarks, indisputable.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

J. and S. 1785. Vol. IV. | MALONE. Vol. IV. | J. and S. 1793. Vol. IV.

P. 162.—5.—8.

The element itself, till seven years *heat*,
Shall not behold her face at ample view.

I think we should read *hence.*

P. 163.—10.—15.

Sir To. What wench? Castiliano *vulgo;* for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

I think we should read *volto* as Warburton proposes.

P. 169.—11.—16, 17.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?
Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew!
Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.
Mar. And you too, sir.
Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew, *accost.*
Sir And. What's that?
Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.
Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.
Mary. My name is Mary, sir.
Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost,———
Sir To You mistake, knight: *accost*, is, front her, *board* her, woo her, assail her.
Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of *accost?*

The notes on *accost* and *board* might, I think, have been spared. *Board* is surely the naval term.

P. 176.—16.—25.

Vio. I'll do my best,
To woo your lady: yet, [*aside*] a *barrful* strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

I would read *baneful*, which in manuscript comes very near the traces of the word which now stands in the text.

P. 177.—17.—26.

Mar. 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.
Mar. Make that good.
Clo. He shall see none to fear.
Mar. A good *lenten answer*.

Steevens's explanation of *lenten answer* is the right one.

P. 178.—11.—28.

Clo. Bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: Any thing, that is mended, is but *patch'd:* virtue, that transgresses, is but *patch'd* with sin; and sin, that amends, is but *patch'd* with virtue.

I see no such allusion as Malone supposes.

P. 183.—22.—34.

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 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 *comptible*, even to the least sinister usage.

Steevens certainly states *Viola's* meaning rightly, and Warburton is clearly wrong; but the meaning of *comptible* I do not understand. I suspect the word is corrupted.

P. 185.—24.—37.

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.
Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate 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.*

This passage I do not understand. Some correction appears to be necessary.

P. 187.—25.—39.

Vio. Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.
Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle and utensil, label'd to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to *'praise* me?

I incline to Mr. M. Mason's opinion

P. 187.—25.—40.

Oli. How does he love me?
Vio. With adorations, *with fertile tears,*
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

The first part of Mr. Malone's note might have been spared. I think Pope was right in supplying *with.* I heartily agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 192.—30.—46.

Vio. She took the ring of me; I'll none of it.

I think Mr. Steevens is right.

Ibid.—47.

Mal. ——— if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

Here Malvolio's exit should be marked, which is omitted in Johnson and Steevens's edition of 1785.

P. 197.—35.—54.

Sir And. 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 ——
Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a *song of good life?*

"*A song of good life* means a pious ditty. The clown's question is ironical." HERON'S *Letters of Literature,*

I think Heron is right.

P. 210.—45.—69.

Duke. 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.

I incline to read *won* with Sir Thomas Hanmer. I have, however, some doubt.

P. 211.—45.—70.

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 *free* maids, that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chaunt it.

I incline to think that Mr. Henley's is the true explanation of *free.*

P. 211.—45.—71.

it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

"Every boy knows this means, *it is silly* in *sooth.*" HERON.

P. 212.—46.—72.

A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,
To weep there.

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 208.—47.—73.

Duke. 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 in, attracts my soul.

Dr. Johnson is right.

P. 216.—47.—76.

Vio. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

I concur with Mr. Steevens in thinking that the Homeric elucidation of this passage is the true one.

P. 218.—51.—80.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:——How now, my *nettleof India?*

I think *nettle of India* is the right reading.

P. 224.—55.—88.

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's.*

The notes on *great P's, &c.* might well have been spared. I am afraid Blackstone is right, but I do not see any necessity for proclaiming it in the notes, lest it should chance to scape some reader's observation.

P. 224.—55.—88.

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.

I think Mr. Steevens is clearly right.

P. 226.—57.—91.

Mal. *A* should follow, but *O* does.
Fab. *And O shall end, I hope.*

Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 231.—60.—97.

Vio. Dost thou live by thy tabor?
Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.
Vio. Art thou a churchman?
Clo. 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 beggar, if a beggar dwell near him: or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

This *lies* should, I think, be *lives*; it is so printed in Johnson and Steevens's edition of 1773. It is the counterpart of the preceding speech, in which the verbs employed are *lives* and *stands.*

P. 233.—63.—100.

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
——— This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men, *folly-fallen*, quite taint their wit.

I incline (as at present advised) to adopt Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation.

P. 234.—64.—102.

Sir To. *Taste your legs*, sir, 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.

Mr. Dunster has remarked the similarity of this expression to γευσαι της θυρας in *the Frogs* of Aristophanes. *Taste your legs*, Mr. Dunster rightly observes, is said in ridicule of the effeminate appearance of Viola, and means *to use lightly or delicately.*

P. 235.—64.—102.

Vio. 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 ear.
Sir And. *Odours, pregnant,* and *vouchsafed:*—I'll get 'em *all three ready.*

Mr. Malone's note does not convince me that we ought not to read *all three ready.*

P. 235.—65.—103.

Oli. Give me leave, *I beseech* you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you.

How the insertion of *I* before *beseech you* hurts the metre, I cannot perceive.

P. 236.—66.—105.

To one of your receiving
Enough is shewn; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my *poor* heart: So let me hear you speak.

I think we should read *poor heart,* according to the 2d folio. Mr. Malone seems to have a very strange ear.

P. 238.—67.—107.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, *save I alone.*
And so adieu, good madam.

I see no reason for giving these words to

Olivia (Vide note in Johnson and Steevens's Shakespeare).

P. 241.—69.—111.

Sir And. Where shall I find you!
Sir To. We'll call thee at *the* cubiculo: Go.

Certainly *at* thy *cubiculo.*

P. 243.—71.—113.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks: Often good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay.

I am for adopting the reading proposed by Theobald.

P. 254.—80.—126.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?
Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with *unhack'd* rapier, and on carpet consideration.

I would read *unhack'd rapier*, understanding it as explained by Dr. Johnson. Falstaff, after his exploits on Gadshill, says, his sword was *hack'd like a handsaw.*

P. 263.—87.—136.

Seb. I pr'ythee, *foolish Greek*, depart from me.

How Mr. Steevens came to suppose that Shakespeare meant to allude to the passage he cites from St. Paul, I cannot conceive.

P. 265.—89.—138.

Oli. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath *botch'd up*, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this.

Dr. Johnson is right.

P. 267.—92.—141.

Clo. Say'st thou, that house is dark?
Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.
Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the *clear stones* towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Here Mr. Malone is constrained to admit a correction of the 2d folio.

P. 271.—95.—145.

Mal. I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.
Clo. Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!
Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.
Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, *are you not mad indeed?* or do you but counterfeit?

"It is strange to see how the commentators "have here mistaken the clown's character, who "says to Malvolio, *are you not mad indeed, or do "you but counterfeit?* They would fain make "him talk sense. Shakespeare made him talk "nonsense in character. The question means, "*are you really in your senses, or do you but act as "though you were?* As though a madman could "counterfeit a wise man! Absurd, but highly in "character! Praises equally applicable to the "annotators." HERON.

Mr. M. Mason understands the passage as Heron does.

P. 272.—95.—147.

Clo. I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
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.*

I am for receiving the common reading, *goodman drivel.*

P. 273.—98.—150.

Oli. He shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note.

I have frequently heard *while* used corruptly for *till*, particularly at Harrow, in Middlesex. I find it is used in this sense in the trial of Spencer Cowper and others at Hertford, 5 State Trials, 195. "*Mr. Jones.* My Lord, then we should keep you "here *while* to-morrow morning." *While* is also used in this sense by Sir John Freind at his trial. On his applying to the court to have a witness sent for who was a prisoner in the Gatehouse, the Lord Chief Justice Holt asks: "Sir John, "why did you not send, and desire this before?" to which Freind answers: "My Lord, I did "not hear of him *while* last night." So too Ben Jonson:

I am born a gentleman,
A younger brother, but in some disgrace
Now with my friends; and want some little means
To keep me upright, *while* things be reconciled.
Devil is an Ass, Act I. Sc. 3d.

P. 282.—105.—159.

Sir To. Sot, did'st see Dick surgeon, sot?
Clo. O he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i'the morning.
Sir To. Then he's a rogue. After *a passy-measure, or a pavin*, I hate a drunken rogue.

I incline to agree with Malone.

P. 286.—108.—164.

Vio. All the *occurrence* of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

I think Malone is right.

P. 287.—109.—166.

Oli. Open it, and read it.
Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman.—*By the Lord, madam,*—
Oli. How now! art thou mad?
Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox.*

Malone is certainly right. Mr. Steevens's misconception of the meaning seems to me very strange.

P. 291.—113.—170.

Clo. Why *some are born great, some atchieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.* I was one, sir, in this interlude; one sir Topas, sir; but that's all one:—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;*—But do you remember? *Madam, 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.

I think the regulation proposed by Mr. Tyrwhit is very judicious.

P. Ibid.—171.

Duke. He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time *convents,*
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls.

There is no need of any change: *convents* means *suits, convenient.*

THE WINTER'S TALE.

WARBURTON's remark on the merit of this play is perfectly just. I have always been astonished at the judgment pronounced on it by Mr. Pope. I entirely agree with Dr. Farmer with respect to Sir Thomas Hanmer's alteration of Bohemia to Bithynia.

J. and S. 1785. Vol. IV. Malone. Vol. IV. J. and S. 1793. Vol. VII.

P. 303.—125.—11.

Her. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give *him* my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the gest
Prefix'd for his parting.

I incline to read *you* with Warburton.

P. 304.—125.—12.

——— yet, *good-deed*, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o'the clock behind
What lady she her lord.

Good-deed is right.

P. 305.—126.—14.

Pol. We knew not
The *doctrine* of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did.

I think the reading of the 2d folio is right. Taking *doctrine* for a trisyllable, the verse would be one of the harshest ever written.

P. 307.—130.—20.

Leon. But were they false
As *o'er-died blacks*, as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say, this boy were like me.

I think Sir Thomas Hanmer understands this expression *(o'er-died blacks)* rightly.

P. 311.—132.—21.

Leon. Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may't be?
Affection! thy *intention* stabs the center.

Intention is here used for *intenseness*.

P. 310.—131.—23.

Pol. How, my lord?
What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 313.—134.—26.

Leon. I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
[*Aside. Observing Polixenes and Hermione.*
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her *allowing* husband.

I cannot think that *allowing* here means *approving*. Every word *Leontes* utters shews he does not approve *Hermione's* conduct. *Allowing* means the same as he before expresses by *giving line*, permitting unrestrained conversation between *Polixenes* and *Hermione*.

P. 317.—137.—31.

Cam. 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, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest.

I think Dr. Johnson has given the true meaning of this obscure expression in the latter part of his note, which Mr. Malone (for what reason I do not conceive) has thought fit to suppress.

P. 320.—141.—36.

Cam. But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,——
Leon. Make't thy question, and go rot!

I rather incline with Theobald to give these words to *Leontes*, but I am by no means confident.

P. 323.—144.—41.

Pol. Camillo,——
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerklike, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose *success* we are gentle.

Success here means *succession.*

P. 324.—145.—42.

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't,——that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Mr. Steevens's explanation (the first of those in the edition of Johnson and Steevens) is, I believe, the true one.

P. 325.—145.—43.

Cam. *Swear his thought over*
By each particular star in heaven,——

I incline to admit Theobald's emendation, *swear this though over*. Possibly we should read *swear this thought over*.

P. 326.—146.—44.

Pol. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy *places* shall
Still neighbour mine.

The old reading is right, and means the offices or places which thou shalt fill shall be of the highest degree, next to my own place, *i. e.* that of the king.

P. 327.—147.—45.

Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion.

I wish to read *the gracious queen's* with Warburton; but I know not what to do with the following words, which I cannot understand. I now incline to Malone's explanation, but with hesitation.

P. 330.—149.—49.

Leon. that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a *pinch'd thing;* yea, a very trick
For them to play at will.

I cannot think the sense proposed by the author of the Revisal the true one. I prefer that given by Warburton.

P. 335.—154.—56.

Ant. 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* him.

I cannot think Sir Thomas Hanmer's the true interpretation of *land-damn.* Dr. Farmer's strange emendation cannot surely be right.

P. 338.—156.—60.

Leon. 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* truth, like us; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice.

I would read, with the late editors, *relish as truth.*

P. 344.—162.—68.

Paul. 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! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!

I incline to believe with Mr. Henley that *mankind* means *masculine.*

P. 354.—172.—82.

Herm. I appeal
To your own conscience, 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 thus: if one jot beyond
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, fie upon my grave.

This is rightly explained by Mr. Malone.

P. 355.—173.—84.

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices *wanted*
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

I dissent from Dr. Johnson, and think the anonymous remarker (whose note Mr. Malone has suppressed) is right. (Mr. Seymour's explanation I now take to be the true one).

P. 357.—175.—86.

Leon. As you were past all shame,
(Those of your *fact* are so,) so past all truth.

I take *fact* to be the right word, and to be rightly explained by Steevens.

P. 371.—187.—101.

Time. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth *untried*
Of that wide *gap*.

Dr. Johnson is right.

P. 372.—189.—103.

imagine *me*,
Gentle spectators, that *I* now may be
In fair Bohemia

There is no need of the correction proposed by Dr. Johnson. We may suppose Shakespeare not to be so philosophically accurate as Dr. Johnson would have him. He wished to inform his audience that the scene was now to be laid in Bohemia, and made use of *Time* as chorus for this and other purposes, without constantly attending to the strict preservation of the character of *Time* personified. He thought nothing about *Time's* being every where alike.

P. 373.—190.—105.

Pol. ——— 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 study; and my profit therein, the heaping *friendships*.

I incline to believe Mr. Malone is right.

P. 347.—190.—106.

Cam. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, *missingly*, noted, he is of late much retired from court.

I am not sure that *missingly* is rightly explained by Mr. Steevens. I doubt whether it does not mean *missing him, discovering him not to be present.* This, it may be said, is tautology; but into tautology Shakespeare sometimes falls.

P. 374.—191.—106.

Pol. But, I fear the *angle* that plucks our son thither.

Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 375.—191.—107.

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 pale.

I would read with Sir Thomas Hanmer.

P. 377.—193.—110.

Aut. My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds look to lesser linen.

Mason is right.

Ibid.

When the kite builds look to lesser linen.

When poor people, in solitary cottages near woods, where kites build, miss any of their lesser linen, as it hangs to dry on the hedge in spring, they conclude that the kite has been marauding, for a lining to her nest, and there it is frequently found.—*Gent. Mag. for Jan.* 1787, *p.* 45.

P. 378.—194.—112.

Clown. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields——pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,——What comes the wool to?

This passage is rightly understood by Dr. Farmer; the meaning is, the wool of every 11 wethers amounts to a tod, (in which sense the verb *to tod* is used in Gloucestershire and elsewhere,) every tod yields a pound and an odd shilling; but the clown feeling himself puzzled in endeavouring to find what sum would be produced by 1500 sheep at this rate, gives up the computation, declaring that he cannot do it without counters.

P. 383.—198.—118.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your *extremes*, it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddesslike prank'd up.

Mason is right.

P. 384.—199.—119.

But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.

I think Malone is right.

P. 386.—200.—122.

Flo. since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.
Per. O but, *dear* sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o' the king.

Whether *dear* be an interpolation or not, Mr. Malone's note appears to me passing strange. I should like to hear how he would read the verse making *burn* a dissyllable.

P. 395.—207.—132.

Shep. 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 kiss to choose,
Who loves *another* best.

I think Mr. M. Mason is clearly right.

P. 408.—218.—150.

Pol. 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?*

Malone is right. Mr. M. Mason concurs in this explanation.

P. 413.—222.—155.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know *your* father's temper.

Here Mr. Malone does allow a correction of the second folio to be right.

P. 420.—230.—166.

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 furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know *(not)* how much an ounce.

I think the correction proposed by Sir Thomas Hanmer, and approved by Mr. Malone, should be admitted.

P. 422.—232.—169.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Here Shakspeare seems to have forgotten that

Florizel's dress was that of a shepherd, that he had obscured himself with a swain's wearing.

P. 427.—237.—176.

Leon. No more such wives; therefore, no wife; one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corps; and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear,) soul-vex'd,
Begin, *And why to me?*

I incline to concur with Mr. Malone, though not without some doubt.

P. 428.—238.—178.

Cleo. Good madam,—
Paul. *I have done.*

Mr. Steevens's regulation is certainly right.

P. 432.—241.—182.

Flor. Good my lord,
She came from Lybia.
Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?
Flor. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, *whose daughter*
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her.

Steevens is right.

P. 438.—247.—190.

3 *Gent.* ——— till, from one sign of dolour 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 there, changed colour.*

Malone is right.

P 445.—253.—199.

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 show'd it.

I agree with Dr. Johnson, and can by no means admit Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation.

P. 448.—256.—203.

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!

This expression seems to be taken from the custom of pouring a phial of oil on the head of a person anointed king.

MACBETH.

P. 457.—266.—328.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

I think this rightly understood by Dr. Johnson.

P. 459.—267.—331.

Sold. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned *quarrel* smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore.

I cannot help entertaining a doubt whether Dr. Johnson's substitution of *quarrel* for the old reading *quarry* be right. Quarry seems sometimes to have a different meaning from that which the commentators have assigned it. I am not quite satisfied with the explanation given of it in the note on the following passage, in the fourth Act of this play; where Rosse, having informed Macduff of the murder of his wife and children, adds,

——————" to relate the manner,
Were on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you."

Mr. Steevens tells us that quarry "means the "game after it is killed." I think that does not make very good sense in this place. May not quarry be used licentiously, by Shakspeare, for sport?

P. 464.—270.—337.

Dun. Go, get him surgeons.
[*Exit* Soldier, *attended.*

Enter Rosse.

Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.

I think, with Mr. Steevens, that we should read, *But who comes here?* But I cannot agree with him as to Angus; I think it is clear that he should enter here with Rosse.

P. 469.—274.—344.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.
1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.
3 *Witch.* And I another.
1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.

This passage I do not understand, and much wish for an explanation of it. I do not know what the construction of it is.

P. 479.—282.—354.

Rosse. As thick as *tale,*
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

I incline to admit Mr. Rowe's correction, *hail.*

P. 483.—287.—362.

Macb. Let us toward the king.——
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

I think Malone is right.

P. 491.—294.—372.

Lady M. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And châstise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

I agree with Mr. Steevens. The passage is rightly explained by Warburton, but there is no need of any change. Sir William Davenant seems to have understood it as Warburton did, for his alteration is,

Which supernatural assistance seems
To crown thee with.

P. 492.—295.—373.

Lady M. The raven himself *is* hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements.

The present reading is right. But it is observable that Sir William Davenant appears to have supposed that the true reading was that which is proposed by Warburton, for his alteration stands thus:

" There would be musick in a raven's voice,
Which should but croak the entrance of the king
Under my battlements."

P. 495.—296.—376.

Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on *nature's mischief!*

Dr. Johnson's is the true explanation.

P. 496.—298.—377.

Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the *dunnest* smoke of hell!
That my keen *knife* see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, Hold, hold!

I think the objections in the Rambler to the words *knife* and *dun* are ill founded.

P. 504.—301.—383.

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love.

I rather take the meaning to be, the attention that is paid us is sometimes troublesome to us. So Sir William Davenant appears to have understood it; his alteration is,

By loving us, some persons cause our trouble.

P. 504.—304.—387.

Macb. If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With *his* surcease, success.

I think *his* refers to *assassination.*

P. 504.—305.—388.

that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and *shoal* of time,——
We'd jump the life to come.

Shoal is indisputably right.

P. 508.—309.—394.

Lady M. I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, *had I so sworn,* as you
Have done to this.

I think the reading of the second folio is right.

Ibid.

Macb. If we should fail,—
Lady M. *We fail!*

Mr. Steevens's note is very ingenious; but I think the old punctuation is right.

P. 511.—314.—398.

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.

Those who regard the waverings of Macbeth, as unnatural and contradictory, are not worthy the name of criticks. In my opinion, they constitute one of the greatest excellencies of this play. Such tasteless objections deserved not the answer which Mr. Steevens has condescended to give them.

P. 513.—316.—401.

Ban. The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your *offices*.

I believe *officers* is the right word. The officers of Macbeth's household are here meant, not the military commanders, who served under him. Sir William Davenant's alteration is this:

He to your servants has been bountiful.

P. 519.—322.—408.

and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing *sides*, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.

I believe *strides* is the right word.

P. 522.—324.—412.

Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And *take* the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.

Take is the right word, and is rightly explained by Mr. Steevens.

P. 526.—329.—418.

Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleeep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath.

Steevens is right.

P. 529.—331.—421.

Macb. No; this my hand will rather
The *multitudinous seas* incarnardine,
Making the green—one red.

By this epithet I conceive the poet intended to denote the immensity of the sea, the waves of which are certainly multitudinous, and by this hyperbolically to express the extreme difficulty of washing the blood from his hand. Mr. Steevens is right, and I think the criticism of the rhetorical commentator, and that of Mr. Malone, both fall to the ground. I entirely and heartily agree with Mr. Malone as to the modern regulation of "the green—one red."

P. 535.—340.—431.

Len. Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;
And *prophecying*, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night.

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 536.—342.—434.

Macd. Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror! *Ring the bell.*

Ring the bell I take to be only a marginal direction, for the reasons given by Mr. Malone.

P. 538.—344.—437.

Macb. The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His *silver* skin *lac'd* with his *golden* blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance.

I am afraid the opinion delivered in Warburton's note, and in the latter part of that of Dr. Johnson, is a refinement of their own. I fear Shakspeare has here no claim to the praise of judgment. I do not think the idea started by these annotators ever entered his mind.

P. 539.—345.—438.

there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly *breech'd* with gore.

I think Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 542.—347.—441.

Ban. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd *pretence* I fight
Of treasonous malice.

I think Steevens is right.

P. 543.—348.—442.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim.

Steevens's explanation is right.

P.—352.—448.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And *I'll* request your presence.

There is no need of the change proposed by Mr. Malone. This is a very common mode of speech.

P. 547.—353.—448.

Ban. *Let* your highness
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

I incline to the reading of the modern editors.

P. —352.—449.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,)
In this day's council; but *we'll take to-morrow.*

Mr. Malone's emendation is certainly wrong. Shakspeare would not have written *we'll take't to-morrow;* he did not mean we'll take your advice to-morrow, but, we'll take to-morrow for our purpose, that of holding the council. I find (in the edition of 1793,) that Mr. Steevens is of the same opinion.

P. 549.—355.—452.

Macb. There is none, but he,
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; *as, it is said,*
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar.

I think the words are genuine; but there is a pretty obvious reason why Mr. Malone has suppress'd Dr. Johnson's note.

P. 553.—357.—456.

Macb. Are you so *gospell'd,*
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever.

I think Mr. Steevens's explanation of *gospell'd* is the true one.

P. 553.—358.—457.

Macb. *The valued file*
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd.

Steevens is right.

P. 556.—360.—460.

Macb. Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time,
The moment on't.

The meaning of these words I still doubt.

P. 558.—361.—464.

Macb. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless *ecstacy*.

Steevens is right. Sir W. Davenant has, *In restless agony.*

P. 559.—362.—465.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.
Lady M. But in them *nature's copy's* not eterne.

I believe Mason is right, that *nature's copy* means only *the human form divine.*

Ibid.—466.

Macb. ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The *shard-borne beetle*, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

I think Mr. Steevens is right. The passage in *Cymbeline* confirms me strongly in this opinion.

P. 562.—364.—470.

Macb. Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the *rooky* wood.

Rooky, I believe, means abounding with *rooks.*

P. 564.—367.—473.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down: *at first,*
And last, the hearty welcome.

"Can any one misunderstand this? Sure no-"body but the commentator. Need I add, that "it means, *at the beginning and at the end of the* "*feast, an hearty welcome?*" HERON's Letters of Literature, p. 167.

P. 566.—368.—476.

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the *feast is sold,*
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome.

Dr. Johnson explains this rightly.

P. 568.—370.—478.

Lady M. O, these flaws, and starts,
(*Impostors to true fear,*) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam.

I believe this is rightly explained by Mr. M. Mason.

P. 569.—370.—480.

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the *gentle weal.*

I think Mr. M. Mason is right.

P. 570.—372.—482.

Macb. Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling *I inhibit thee,* protest me
The baby of a girl.

Inhibit has been explained to me by a gentleman of great learning and ingenuity, to mean, in this place to *stop.* He observed that *inhibit* was the word intended by *Launcelot,* when he says: "*Tears*

exhibit my tongue;" and added, that Shakespeare very commonly made his fools blunder in the use of prepositions in compound words. Whether there be any other authority for the use of *inhibit* in this sense I know not; if there be, this explanation may be admitted: but I incline to think Mr. Steevens's emendation should be received: I admit that it is *possible*, after all, that *inhibit* may be the right word: if so, it is rightly explained by Mr. Henley.

P. 571.—372.—483.

Macb. Can such things be,
And *overcome* us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?

Dr. Johnson is right.

P. 572.—372.—483.

Macb. You make me *strange*
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Malone is right.

P. 573.—374.—486.

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and *understood relations*, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.

Sir W. Davenant understood *relations* in the same sense that Warburton did, for his alteration is:

Augurs well read in languages of birds.

I am not sure that we ought not to read with the modern editors, *augurs* that *understood, &c.* Sir W. D. seems to have read so.

P. 580.—380.—495.

Lord. —— by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives.

I wish to adopt the transposition proposed by Malone.

ACT IV.—497.

It may be amusing to compare Shakespeare's charms with those of other authors, particularly with the witches of Ben Jonson and the Canidia of Horace. I think Shakespeare will lose nothing by the comparison.

P. 583.—383.—500.

Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.—
Toad, that under *coldest* stone,
Days and nights hast thirty one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i'the charmed pot!

I incline to read with Mr. Pope.

P. 592.—391.—511.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown doth sear mine eye-balls:—and thy *hair*,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:
A third is like the former.

I am not convinced of the necessity of changing *hair* to *air*. I think either word may do. I prefer *hair*.

P. 599.—397.—520.

Mess. If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person.

I believe Mr. Edwards's is the right explanation.

P. 604.—401.—525.

Mal. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me; *and wisdom*
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.

I believe the old reading is right. I take the expression to be elliptical, and to be rightly explained by Mr. Heath.

P. 604.—402.—526.

Mal. That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

I think this is rightly explained by Dr. Johnson.

P. 605.—402.—527.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,
Thy title is *affeer'd!*

I incline to Mr. Steevens's explanation; but I think Mr. Malone's may possibly be the true reading.

P. 606.—403.—529.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name.

Dr. Johnson is right.

P. 608.—404.—530.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than *summer-seeding* lust.

I agree with Malone. The emendation proposed by Mr. Justice Blackstone deserves the praise of great ingenuity.

P. 608.—405.—531.

Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All these are *portable*
With other graces weigh'd.

Steevens is right.

Ibid.

Mal. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

I take Malone's second interpretation to be the true one.

P. 610.—407.—533.

Mal. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at *a point*, was setting forth.

Dr. Johnson is right.

P. 612.—409.—537.

Rosse. Alas poor country;
- - - - - - - - - -
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that *rent* the air
Are made, not mark'd.

So, "*Rent* your heart and not your garments." Joel ii. 13. "And a strong wind shall *rent* it." Ezekiel xiii. 2. and other parts of the Bible.

P. 613.—410.—539.

Rosse. But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not *latch* them.

Latch and *catch* are words so very much alike in manuscript, that I incline to the easier word *catch*.

P. 614.—412.—541.

Macd. My wife kill'd too?
Rosse. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. *He has no children.*—All my pretty ones?
Did you say all?

Steevens's latter explanation is the right one. I know of no passage in the play from which it appears that Macbeth had children alive.

P. 616.—413.—543.

Macd. front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself,
Within my sword's length set him: *if he 'scape,*
Heaven forgive him too.

I do not think Mr. Malone has explained this rightly: I take the meaning to be this: All I ask of heaven is to set him within my sword's length; if then I do not execute due vengeance on him, if I do not so exert myself as to render it impossible for him to escape, then may heaven forgive him too. He afterwards utters a sentiment somewhat similar:

Let me find him, fortune,
And more I beg not.

P. 616.—413.—543.

Mal. This *tune* goes manly.

Tune is right.

Ibid.—544.

Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers above
Put on their *instruments.*

Instruments, I believe, means gird on their swords. So Psalm vii. 13, 14. "If a man will not turn, he "will whet his sword: he hath bent

" his bow and made it ready.—He hath prepared " for him the instruments of death: he ordaineth " his arrows against the persecutors."

P. 624.—420.—555.

Macb. Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or *disseat* me now.

Disseat is certainly right.

P. 625.—420.—556.

I have liv'd long enough: my *way* of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf.

I prefer *May* to *way*.

P. 630.—425.—564.

Mal. For where there is *advantage to be given*,
Both more and less have given him the revolt.

I agree with Malone, and incline to read *advantage to be gone*.

P. 632.—427.—567.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have *cool'd*
To hear a night-shriek.

Cool'd is the right word.

P. 635.—429.—572.

I *pull* in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth.

I agree with Steevens and Malone, that there is no need of change.

P. 638.—431.—575.

Macd. I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; *either thou, Macbeth*,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheath again undeeded.

I do not suspect that a line has been lost. The sentence is meant to be left imperfect, to be

mentally supplied in the manner Malone recommends. It is natural for Macduff, amid the hurry and agitation of the battle, when his thoughts, full of the loss of his wife and children, and of his revenge on Macbeth, are crowding rapidly upon him, to leave the sentence incomplete. Such imperfect sentences, finished differently from the original intention of the speaker, are not uncommon in real life, and sometimes occur in Shakespeare.

KING JOHN.

J. and S. 1785. Vol. v. | MALONE. Vol. iv. | J. and S. 1793. Vol. viii.

P. 4.—446.—5.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?
Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,
In *my behaviour*, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Malone is right.

P. 5.—446.—6.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?
Chat. The proud *control* of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

Mason is right.

P. 6.—447.—7.

K. John. Be thou as *lightning* in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.

Dr. Johnson's censure of this simile appears to me hypercritical, for the reasons given by Mason, and the Author of the Remarks.

P. 10.—451.—13.

Rob. Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and *took it*, on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his.

I do not think Mr. Steevens has explained this expression rightly. The words *I take it*, in the passage produced from *Hamlet*, are used in a different sense; they there mean *I suppose*, as an example of which sense of the verb *to take* that passage is quoted in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. The meaning here is, "he asseverated when he was dying," at a time "where, as it is "well expressed by Lord Chief Justice Eyre, "every hope of this world is gone, every mo-"tive to falsehood is silenced, and the mind is "induced by the most powerful considerations "to speak the truth." (Vide Melun's dying declaration in the fifth act of this play.) "A "situation so solemn and so awful, that it is "considered by the law as creating an obliga-"tion equal to that which is imposed by a "positive oath administered by a court of jus-"tice." In precisely the same sense the expression is used in the fifth act of *the First Part of King Henry IV.* where Falstaff says, "*I'll* "*take it upon my death*, I gave him this wound "in the thigh." In this last quoted passage surely, "I'll take it upon my death," does not mean, "I'll entertain it as my fixed opinion, "when I am dying." Millamant, in *the Way of the World*, Act iii. sc. 10, says, "I'll take my "death, Marwood, you are more censorious "than a decay'd beauty, or a discarded toast;" and again in the next scene, "I'll take my "death, I think you are handsomer, and within "a year or two as young." These expressions I suppose to be elliptical, and to mean, "I'll take my death on the truth of what I "assert."

P. 12.—452.—14.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?
Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, *Sir Robert his*, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes!
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob in any case.

I doubt whether Dr. Johnson understood the construction. I rather incline to believe that, *Sir Robert his*, is not here used for Sir Robert's, (like "he Ulysses his bow,) but that the meaning is, "if Sir Robert had his (my brother's) shape." To this I am aware it may be objected that the bastard ought rather to have said, "if "he had Sir Robert's (shape);" I admit that it would have been more exact, but the expression here used is of the same amount, and suiting the metre, which the other did not, Shakespeare did not scruple using it; he has numberless expressions more harsh than his.

P. 13.—453.—16.

And *to* his shape, &c.

Mr. Steevens is clearly right.

P. 14.—454.—17.

K. John. Kneel thou down Philip, but *arise* more great;
Arise, Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

I am in Mr. Steevens's case; I cannot concur in Mr. Malone's opinion.

P. 21.—459.—25.

Bast. Sir Robert could do well; Marry, (*to* confess!)
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it.

I incline to Mr. Mason's opinion. The verse is rendered more smooth, and the sense is, I think, improved by the rejection of the adverb *to*.

P. 30.—468.—38.

K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.
Lew. Women and fools break off your conference.

I am by no means satisfied with what Mr. Malone says. I think the modern editors have regulated the passage rightly. In the first line, which should be given to Austria, we should read "King Philip determine," &c; and King Philip should begin his speech with "Women "and fools," I think the king, and not the dauphin, should make the claim of King John.

P. 30.—469.—39.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.
Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r *she* does, or no!

I think Ritson is right.

P. 34.—472.—40.

Cons. I have but this to say,
That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague, her sin; his injury,
Her injury,—the beadle to her sin;
All punish'd in the person of this child;
And all for her; a plague upon her!

This passage, notwithstanding the pains bestowed on it by the commentators, I do not yet understand. I believe the nut is hardly worth the cracking.

P. 34.—472.—43.

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
K. John. For our advantage;—Therefore, hear us first.

I do not think the change proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt is necessary.

P. 38.—476.—50.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right *run* on?

I heartily agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 39.—477.—51.

Bast. O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings.

I think Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 41.—478.—52.

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?
1 *Cit.* The king of England, when we know the king.
K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.
K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.
1 *Cit.* A greater power than *we* denies all this;

I would read *ye*, understanding *a greater power*, as Tollet does.

Ibid.

And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong barr'd gates:
King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

I still doubt how the expression *king'd of our fears*, is to explain'd, and what is the true reading.

P. 45.—482.—58.

Bast. Here's a *stay*,
That shakes the rotten carcase of old death
Out of his rags!

I believe *stay* is right: I incline to Mr. Malone's last explanation.

P. 46.—484.—60.

Eli. Urge them, while their souls
Are capable of this ambition;
Lest *zeal*, now melted, by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

I believe Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 54.—492.—71.

Sal. I may not go without you to the king's.
Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner *stout*.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[*She throws herself on the ground.*

I think with Mr. Malone, that the old reading *stoop* (which he has rightly explained) is the true one.

P. 54.—493.—73.

here I and *sorrow* sit.

Surely we should read *sorrow* in the singular number. In Mr. Malone's edition it is printed *sorrows*.

P. 59.—497.—79.

Const. Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a *calf's-skin* on those recreant limbs.

It is, I think, obvious that Constance means to call Austria not fool but coward, as the Author of the Remarks had observed before Mr. Malone, though Mr. Malone has thought fit silently to suppress his note.

P. 62.—498.—81.

K. John. What earthly *name* to interrogatories,
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?

Name here signifies (as it frequently does) person. There is no need of recurring to the idea of the subscription of a name to interrogatories exhibited in writing, as Mr. Malone, by his mode of expression, appears to suppose. Theobald's emendation is clearly right.

P. 66.—501.—85.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new *untrimmed* bride.

We should surely adopt Theobald's emendation, *and trimmed.* Besides the passage cited by Mr. Malone in his Appendix from *Romeo and Juliet:*

Go waken Juliet; go and *trim* her up;
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already.

which is extremely apposite, Sternhold's version of the 5th verse of the 19th Psalm may be alleged:

In them the Lord made for the sun
A place of great renown;
Who like a *bridegroom ready trimm'd*
Comes from his chamber down.

P. 67.—503.—88.

Pand. France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A *cased* lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

I think *chafed,* the reading of the modern editors, is the true reading. I prefer *chased to cased.*

P. 73.—508.—96.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy —Philip, make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent.

I would read *keep* thou *this boy,* with Mr. Tyrwhitt.

P. 74.—509.—97.

K. John. ——— see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry *now* be fed upon.

I believe the text is uncorrupt. I incline to Mr. Steevens's explanation.

P. 76.—511.—100.

K. John. If the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound *one* unto the drowsy race of night.

Surely, we should read sound *one.*

P. 78.—512.—102.

Then, in despite of *brooded* watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.

I am by no means satisfied with the explanation of *brooded* given by Mr. Steevens and Mr. Malone. I wish to receive Mr. Pope's emendation.

P. 81.—515.—106.

Enter Constance.

K. Phi. Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted *breath.*

I think Mr. M. Mason and Mr. Malone (whose explanations are nearly the same) are clearly right.

P. 85.—519.—113.

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet *world's* taste,
That it yields naught, but shame, and bitterness.

I concur with Mr. Steevens in preferring Mr. Pope's reading.

P. 86.—520.—114.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you:
For he, that steeps his safety in *true* blood,
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.

I believe *true* blood, means the blood of a true (*i. e.* innocent) person; so the Author of the Remarks understands it.

P. 88.—522.—116.

Lew. Strong reasons make *strange* actions: Let us go;
If you say, ay, the king will not say, no.

I think the true reading is, *strong reasons make strong actions.*

P. 93.—527.—123.

Arth. There is no malice in this *burning* coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

I incline to think Dr. Gray's reading is right. The coal had ceased to burn, at least Arthur supposed so.

Ibid.—124.

Hub. Well, *see* to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes.

I think Malone is right in his note here, though he retracts it in his Appendix.

P. 96.—530.—127.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong, *(when lesser is my fear,)*
I shall indue you with.

When lesser is my fear is without doubt the true reading.

Ibid.—128.

Pemb. If, what in *rest* you have, in right you hold,
Why *then* your fears, (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong,) *should* move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise.

I incline to think that this is rightly explained by Mr. Malone. If Mr. Steevens's reading, *wrest*, be the true one, I think Mr. Ritson's explanation of it, and not Mr. Steevens's should be adopted; the meaning would be rendered more obvious by making *then* and *should* change place.

P. 110.—542.—145.

Sal. a holy vow;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this *hand*,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

There is no occasion to change *hand* into *head.*

P. 111.—543.—147.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not *prove* me so;
Yet, I am none: Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

"I rather believe (says Mr. Davies) *do not* "*prove me so*, is as much as to say, do not bring "me to a trial, or to the proof of it, for the con- "sequence will be, that yourself will be found "a slanderer and a liar." I incline to think that Davies is right.

P. 116.—549.—155.

Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

I cannot help wondering that Dr. Johnson should so strangely mistake the meaning of this passage, which clearly is, "I know that our party "is still able to cope with a more powerful enemy "than that which it is now to encounter."

P. 125.—558.—167.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude *eye* of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.

Theobald's reading seems to receive some countenance from what Salisbury says afterwards in this scene, "we will untread the steps of "damned flight." He is telling Melun that they would follow his advice, and therefore it is natural for him to use Melun's expression. I do not however state this with perfect confidence.

P. 128.—561.—171.

Lew. And wound our *tatter'd* colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it.

I think *tatter'd* is the true reading.

P. 129.—562.—173.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and *eyeless* night,
Have done me shame.

I think *eyeless* is the true reading.

P. 130.—564.—175.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?
Hub. Why, know you *not? the* lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company.

Malone's pointing is certainly right.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

J. and S. 1785. Vol. IV. | Malone. Vol. V. | J. and S. 1793. Vol. VIII.

P. 159.—19.—214.

K. Rich. The *fly-slow* hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile.

I think Mr. Pope's reading, *fly-slow* hours, is right.

P. 164.—23.—221.

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

Mr. Davies observes that these lines are evidently borrowed from Ovid:

"Omne viro forti solum patria." FAST. lib. 1. 493.

which is likewise imitated by Ben Jonson in *the Fox*,

"Sir, to a wise man all the world's his soil."

So too Euripides:

Απασα δε χθων ανδρι γενναιω πατρις.

and Seneca:

Excelso vir animo contristari exsilio non debet.

The magnanimous words of Sir Humphrey Gilbert when his ship was sinking are extremely remarkable. That gallant officer was seen sitting in the stern of the ship with a book in his hand, and was often heard to say with a loud voice, "Courage, my lads! we are as near heaven at "sea as at land."

P. 169.—27.—228.

Gaunt. Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As praises of his state: then, there are found
Lascivious *meeters;* to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen.

Possibly *meeters* may be here used for writers of metre.

P. 170.—28.—229.

Gaunt. *This precious stone set in the silver sea,*
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this England,
&c.

This thought (as Bishop Newton has observed) is imitated by Milton in *Comus:*

all the sea-girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep.

But Milton (says Mr. Warton, I think justly) has heightened the comparison, omitting Shakespeare's petty conceit of the *silver* sea, the conception of a jeweller, and substituting another and a more striking piece of imagery. This *rich inlay*, to use an expression in the *Paradise Lost*, gives beauty to the bosom of the deep, else unadorned. It has its effect on a simple ground.

P. 171.—28.—230.

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky *blots*, and rotten parchment bonds.

I believe *blots* is the right word; its propriety I will not undertake to defend.

P. 172.—30.—233.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.
Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself *to see*, and in thee seeing ill.

I think with Mr. Steevens that the words *to see* should be omitted.

P. 174.—30.—235.

K. Rich. ——— a lunatick *lean-witted* fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek.

I cannot help expressing my astonishment at Dr. Farmer's observation. I can by no means think the expressions similar; the leanness spoken of in the 106th Psalm is surely not exility of wit.

P. 174.—31.—235.

Gaunt. Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.

I do not see any need of altering the text: Mr. Davies says, "I cannot help thinking that "the meaning of the text as it stands is very "clear:" Do thou forget all proximity of blood, and become a confederate with my present sickness and *the many infirmities of old age*, to deprive me at once of life.

P. 179.—35.—241.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

I think Mr. Steevens is right in ejecting *quite* from the second line of Ross's speech.

P. 182.—38.—246.

Queen. Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With *nothing* trembles.

This is rightly explained by Mr. M. Mason in the edition of 1793. It appears to have been misunderstood (as he remarks) by Warburton and Johnson; it is not well explained by Steevens.

P. 184.—39.—249.

For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve.

This line, notwithstanding the pains taken with the passage by Dr. Johnson, I do not yet understand.

P. 184.—40.—250.

'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known.

This is rightly explained by Mr. M. Mason.

P. 185.—41.—251.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my *sorrow's dismal heir.*

This passage, misapprehended by Dr. Johnson, is rightly explained by Mr. M. Mason.

P. 189.—44.—256.

North. And hope *to joy*, is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd.

Joy is certainly a verb here.

P. 192.—46.—260.

Berk. I come, ——— to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the *absent time*,
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

The absent time (which Warburton understood to mean *unprepared*) is rightly explained by Dr. Johnson.

P. 193.—47.—261.

York. Why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And *ostentation of despised arms?*

I think this is rightly understood by Dr. Johnson and Mr. M. Mason. Mr. Davies thinks despised here means detested, abhorred—

P. 193.—47.—262.

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

I agree with Mr. Malone.

P. 200.—53.—270.

K. Rich. As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and *smiles in meeting.*

I do not think *smiles* is a substantive here; nor do I see any need to change *meeting* to *weeping.*

P. 201.—53.—271.

K. Rich. This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul *rebellion's arms.*

I prefer *rebellion's arms,* the reading of the first quarto, to *rebellious arms,* the reading of the folio.

P. 211.—61.—284.

York. The heavens are o'er your head.
Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not
Myself against their will. But who comes here?

Why Mr. Steevens regards *myself* as an interpolation I do not perceive.

P. 213.—64.—287.

K. Rich. Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,)
That every stride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treason: *He is come to ope*
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons,
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,

I incline to believe Malone was right in supposing that the sacred book (which is often bound in purple leather) is meant, but think the epithet *purple* was meant to include also a reference to the future effusion of blood. I can hardly persuade myself that *testament* is here used in its legal sense. It is possible that an allusion to the old practice of divination by opening a book (called *the Sortes*) may be intended: but of this I much doubt.

P. 214.—64.—287.

——————— the *flower* of England's face.

I think Steevens's is the right explanation of this expression.

P. 223.—71.—298.

Queen. Thou, old Adam's likeness,
Set to dress this garden, how dares
Thy harsh-rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?

I would read,

Set *here* to dress this garden, say, how dares.

P. 228.—75.—304.

Per. Aumerle, thou liest: his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Lord. *I take the earth* to the like, forsworn Aumerle;

Whether we read *take* or *task*, the passage is equally unintelligible to me. I cannot suppose *task thy heart* to be the true reading.

Ibid.

And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From *sun to sun.*

I think *from sun to sun* is the true reading. I understand it as Malone does.

P. 240.—86.—320.

Queen. Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;
Thou map of honour; thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou most *beauteous inn,*
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-house guest.

Mr. M. Mason is right. *Inn* here means a house of entertainment of the superior kind, and is opposed to *ale-house*, which occurs in the next line but one.

P. 251.—95.—334.

Boling. O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages,
Hath held his current, and defiled himself!
Thy over-flow of good *converts to bad.*

Converts to bad is right.

P. 260.—103.—345.

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?
Grooom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground.
K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did usurp his back?

This reminds us of Mezentius's address to his horse Phœbus:

——————— aperit si nulla viam vis,
Occumbes pariter; neque enim, fortissime, credo,
Jussa aliena pati et dominos dignabere Teucros.

Æn. X.

THE FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

J. and S. 1785.	MALONE.	J. and S. 1793.
VOL. V.	VOL. V.	VOL. VIII.

P. 208.—110.—357.

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty *Erinnys* of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces.

I have seldom been more surprised than when, in the edition of 1793, I saw *Erinnys* advanced into the text in the place where I used to read *entrance.* I could hardly persuade myself that it was not "the very error of my eyes." This appears to me as bold an emendation as I ever met with, and to be outdone by no achievement of Bentley or Warburton. Mr. Steevens, fully aware that this reading would not be generally acquiesced in, seems desirous of deterring opposition, by hurling defiance in the teeth of all who should dare to object to its reception. I confess myself obnoxious to all the censure which is denounced against those timid critics who cannot approve this gallant effort of Mr.

M. Mason, though sanctioned by the deliberate approbation of Dr. Farmer. Why Shakespeare was less likely to be obscure in the fifth line of a play than in any other I do not perceive. The passage as it stands is certainly difficult; but I incline to think it is rightly explained by Malone to mean, "No more shall this soil have "the lips of her thirsty entrance, or mouth, "daubed with the blood of her own children." The expression, thus understood, is, I admit, harsh and licentious. I agree with Malone that *her lips* refers to *soil* and not to *peace*. I incline to prefer *damp* to *daub*. *Damb* is the reading of the folios of 1632 and 1664; the p at the end of the word, being reversed, a common error in printing, dam*p* becomes dam*b*.

P. 270.—111.—360.

Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulcher of Christ,
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,)
Forthwith a power of English shall we *levy;*
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase the pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.

"If the reader will turn to *the first scene of* "*the first Part of Henry IV.* he will see in the "text of Shakespeare the natural feelings of "enthusiasm; and in the notes of Dr. Johnson, "the workings of a bigotted though vigorous "mind, greedy of every pretence to hate and "persecute those who dissent from his creed."

Gibbon's Hist. of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, c. 58. 4to. 1788. Vol. VI. p. 9.

I think Douce misunderstands this expression. I see no need of changing *levy* to *lead*, as Mr. Steevens proposes: the expression is elliptical.

P. 271.—112.—361.

Then let me hear
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.
West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many *limits* of the charge set down
But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales.

I do not think *limits* means regulated and appointed times.

P. 273.—114.—364.

Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake *the* Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas.

I know not how to pronounce Earl as a dissyllable, as Mr. Malone would have it.

P. 277.—117.—368.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's *beauty*.

I have some doubt whether Theobald is not right.

P. 278.—118.—369.

P. Hen. ——— A purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning: got with swearing—*lay by;*—and spent with crying—bring in.

May not the meaning be, *Lay by your money.*

P. .— .—377.

The drone of a Lincolnshire bag-pipe.

That by *the drone of a Lincolnshire bag-pipe* is meant the dull croak of a frog, is, I think, one of the pleasantest conceits that I have met with.

P. 285.—125.—379.

Fal. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I mark'd him not: and yet he talk'd very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.
P. Hen. Thou did'st well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.
Fal. O, thou hast damnable *iteration;* and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint.

I believe *iteration* is rightly explained by Malone.

P. 293.—131.—389.

K. Hen. But, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my *condition.*

I understand that *condition* here means temper or disposition; but the construction I do not understand.

P. 294.— .—391.

his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land *at harvest-home.*

I cannot forbear expressing my astonishment at Dr. Johnson's note on *at harvest-home.* The ground of the comparison is rightly explained by Tyrwhitt: had it not been for Dr. Johnson's note, I should have thought it difficult to miss it.

P. 298.—134.—395.

K. Hen. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and *indent with fears,*
When they have lost and forfeited themselves.

Dr. Johnson's emendation of *peers* is certainly inadmissible.

P. 298.—135.—396.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war.

This is rightly explained by Dr. Johnson.

P. 299.—135.—396.

To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took—

I wish I could believe with Dr. Johnson that this is a broken sentence, for the thought of putting tongues in the mouths of the wounds is certainly a very poor conceit; but such as it is, Shakespeare appears to have been fond of it; and the passages produced by Mr. M. Mason from *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar* prove incontestibly that this is the true meaning of it.

P. 300.—136.—398.

Never did *bare* and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds.

I concur with Mr. M. Mason, in preferring *base* to *bare.*

P. 300—137.—399.

Speak of Mortimer?
Zounds, I will speak of him.

The editions of 1773 and of 1785 read *Yes, I will speak of him.* Why, in the editions of 1790 (Malone's) and 1793, (Steevens's) *Zounds* is substituted for *Yes,* the editors have not informed us.

P. .—137.—400.

And on my face he turn'd *an eye of death*,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

I perfectly agree with Malone.

P. 305.—141.—405.

Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities:
But out upon this *half-fac'd fellowship!*

"The image appears to me to be borrowed "from coins, in which only half the counte- "nance appears. Now countenance implies pro- "tection, personal friendship and assistance, as "well as the face. Shakespeare uses half-faced "for half-countenanced: a fellowship to which "the parties gave but half their genuine friend- "ship and concurrence."

HERON'S *Letters of Literature*, p. 169.

P. .—141.—406.

Wor. He apprehends a world of *figures* here,
But not the form of what he should attend.

Figures is rightly explained by Mr. Edwards.

P. 307.—142.—408.

North. Why, what a *wasp-stung* and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood.

"*Wasp-tongued* (says Heron) is a metaphor "nothing like so hard as many used by Shake- "speare, and implies with a tongue poisonous and "keen as the sting of a wasp. Let us, with due "gratitude, return thanks to Mr. Steevens for "his skilful quotation to prove that Shakespeare "knew where the sting of a wasp lies; not in "its mouth, but in its tail."—I think wasp-tongued the true reading, and heartily agree with Heron.

P. 309.—145.—412.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head:
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt;
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Mrs. Montagu, in her Essay on the Writings

and Genius of Shakespeare, has made the following judicious remark: "Shakespeare, with the "sagacity of a Tacitus, observes the jealousies, "which must necessarily arise between a family "that have conferred a crown, and the king "who has received it, who will always think the "presence of such benefactors too bold and "peremptory." Mrs. Montagu appears to have adverted to the following passage in Tacitus: "Beneficia eo usque læta sunt dum videntur ex-"solvi posse: ubi multum antevenere, pro gratia "odium redditur." *Ann.* iv. 18.

"It is not easy (says Gibbon) to settle be-"tween a subject and a despot the debt of gra-"titude, which the former is tempted to claim, "and the latter to discharge by an execution." Vol. V. 4to. p. 63.

P. 317.—151.—420.

Gads. I am join'd with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, six-penny strikers; none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hued malt-worms: but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great *oneyers;* such as can hold in.

I incline to admit Mr. Hardinge's correction adopted by Theobald, *moneyers.* I cannot think with Dr. Johnson that *great oneyers* means great ones: nor do I think it very probable that Shakespeare formed the word oneyers from the practice of onying in the Exchequer.

P. 324.—154.—420.

Fal. Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll *rob* a foot further.

Steevens is certainly right; *rob* (not rub) *a foot further* is the true reading.

P. 330.—162.—439.

Hot. Away,
Away, you, trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate.

I perfectly agree with Malone.

P. 331.—162.—439.

——— this is no world,
To play with *mammets*, and to tilt with lips.

"*Mammet* (says Heron) is from the French "mamelle, a woman's breast. The connexion of "the text calls for this interpretation." I agree with Heron.

P. 340.—169.—451.

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the *son!* if thou didst, then behold that compound.

I rather incline to think Theobald's emendation is right.

P. 341.—170.—453.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this *sack* too.

I incline to believe that the information mentioned by Mr. Ritson (that Falstaff's *sack* was a liquor compounded of sherry, cyder, and sugar) may be true. In the Second Part of *Henry the Fourth*, Falstaff speaks of a good sherris sack.

P. 347.—174.—459.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.
Fal. *In buckram.*
Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits
Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

If we place a note of interrogation after these words, as Mr. Whalley proposes, all is right. I prefer this regulation to that proposed by Mr. Malone.

P. 371.—194.—491.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

I think Mr. Pope's regulation is probably right.

P. 374.—196.—494.

Glend. I can speak English, Lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court:
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a *helpful ornament*.

I believe Glendower means that he adorn'd the English language by the elegance of his metrical compositions.

P. 383.—204.—507.

K. Hen. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate, and low desires,
Such poor, such *bare*, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

I suspect that for *bare* we should read *base*.

P. 384.—206.—509.

K. Hen. By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
That men would tell their children, This is he;
Others would say,—Where? which is Bolingbroke?
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts.

I rather incline to understand this passage as Warburton does. Mr. Davies remarks (I think justly) that Mr. Malone explains our author to

mean "more than he intended." *Courtesy* for devotion is surely somewhat strained. The progress from *courtesy* to *humility* is natural enough. That Prometheus's stealing fire from heaven was not unfamiliar to Shakespeare can be proved from a similar expression in *Othello:*

——— But once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relumine.

P. 386.—208.—512.

The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd: carded his state;
Mingled his royalty with *capering* fools.

Either *capering* or *carping* may stand; I incline to think *carping* is the right word.

P. 388.—210.—516.

And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now by my scepter, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest *to* the state,
Than thou, the shadow of succession.

This is rightly explained by Malone.

P. 389.—210.—517.

Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us, and are up.

Capitulate is rightly explained by Ritson and Malone.

P. 389.—211.—518.

P. Hen. I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my *favours* in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.

Favours is rightly explained by Steevens. Heron says, "Favours are a common expression "for white cockades, worn in the hat at mar- "riages, and the like gifts from brides, &c. &c." And Mr. Davies refers to the following passage in *Richard the Second*, where it is said that the prince declared—

> He would unto the stews,
> And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
> And wear it as a favour, and with that
> He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

P. 392.—213.—521.

> *Fal.* An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse: *the inside of a church.*

I am astonished to find so many commentators so ingeniously wrong. Falstaff certainly does not mean to say that if he had not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, he is the inside of a church; but having said that if he has not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, he is a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse, he reiterates the words, *the inside of a church*, after which a note of exclamation should be placed. "Do I pretend to talk of the inside of "a church! Alas! I am an utter stranger to it! "It is absurd in me to pretend to speak of it. "Company, villainous company, hath been the "spoil of me." Mr. Davies understands the passage as I do; his words are these: "it re- "quires no sagacity to see that the inside of a "church is not one of his vile comparisons, as "prince Henry term'd the knight's similes in a "former scene; it is certainly a repetition of "his confessing that he was utterly unac- "quainted with any place of devotion. This

seems to me so plain, that I think it requires no small degree of ingenuity to mistake it.

P. 402.—222.—533.

P. Hen. ——— if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other *injuries* but these, I am a villain.

I am by no means satisfied with Mr. Steevens's explanation of *injuries.*

P. 405.—224.—537.

Mess. These letters come from your father,———
Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?
Mess. He cannot come, my lord: he's grievous sick.
Hot. Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?
Mess. *His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.*

I think the regulation proposed by Warburton is clearly wrong.

Ibid.—538.

Hot. He writes me here,—*that inward sickness*—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn.

Steevens is certainly right.

P. 406.—225.—539.

Were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good: for therein should we *read*
The very bottom, and the soul of hope;
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

I agree with Mr. Steevens in thinking that the old reading is right.

P. 406.—225.—540.

Doug. 'Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in.

I think Ritson is right. Theobald exhibits the passage so.

P. 408.—227.—541.

Wor. For, well you know, *we of the offering side*
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement.

Dr. Johnson's last explanation is certainly the true one.

P. 410.—228.—543.

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges, that wing the wind.

I think there is no need of change, and that the passage is rightly explained by Mr. Steevens in his second note. I cannot help remarking that some words in this note, which appear to me very material, are omitted in Mr. Malone's edition.

P. 414.—232.—550.

Fal. ——————— such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a *struck fowl*, or a hurt wild-duck.

Struck fowl is, I believe, right; and is rightly explained by Mr. Steevens.

P. 415.—233.—551.

——————— the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an *old faced ancient*.

Old faced ancient is rightly explained by Mr. Steevens.

P. 415.—233.—554.

West. The king, I can tell you, looks
for us all; *we must away all night.*

This is rightly explained by Mr. Steevens. There is no need of the change proposed by Mr. M. Mason.

P. 420.—238.—558.

Hot. Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee.

I am satisfied that Mr. M. Mason is right in supposing that we should read, *They, more and less, came in,* &c.

P. 421.—239.—560.

To make that worse, suffered his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king,) to be *incag'd* in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited.

I incline to think that Douce is right.

P. 427.—243.—566.

West. And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that ungentle *gull,* the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head.

I do not know the meaning of *gull* in this place.

Ibid.—568.

K. Hen. *No,* good Worcester, *no,*
We love our people well.

I can by no means agree with Mr. M. Mason.

P. 429.—245.—568.

So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do.

Some word appears to have dropt out of this line.

P. 432.—248.—573.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his *tasking?* seem'd it in contempt.

I think *talking* is the right word.

P. 438.—253.—580.

Fal. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him *sure.*
P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.

Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 439.—254.—581.

Fal. Well if Percy be alive, I'll *pierce* him.

Warburton and Dr. Johnson are clearly wrong; Mr. Steevens's explanation is the true one.

P. 444.—258.—587.

P. Hen. Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough.

I think the two following lines (the last of an epitaph said to be on the tomb of Scipio) are more similar to this passage than those produced as parallel by Dr. Johnson:

Cui non Europa, non obstitit Africa quondam,
Respice res hominum, quam brevis urna premit!

P. 444.—258.—588.

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:—
But let my *favours* hide thy mangled face.

Dr. Johnson's is the right explanation.

THE SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

J. and S. 1785.	Malone.	J. and S. 1793.
Vol. v.	Vol. v.	Vol. IX.

P. 469.—281.—11.

Tra. With that he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the *rowel-head.*

"The *rowel*, every reader of a single book of "Heraldry knows, was always a minute wheel "radiated like a star. *Up to the rowel-head* im- "plies, up to the head of one of the spikes with "which the rowel was radiated." HERON.

P. 472.—283.—14.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear, or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

I cannot think the distribution proposed by Dr. Johnson right; it does not seem to me so commodious as the present.

P. 475.—285.—18.

And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with *grief*, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves.

I agree with Mr. Steevens. So Falstaff in the last act of the preceding play; "or take away "the grief of the wound." So too Benedick, complaining of the tooth-ach; "Every man can "master a grief, but he that hath it."

P. 476.—286.—19.

Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The *ragged'st* hour that time and spite dare bring,
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland.

I believe *ragged* here is much the same as *rugged*. The crest of the Earl of Warwick was the bear and ragged staff, and "the tops of the "ragged rocks" are mentioned in Isaiah, c. 2, v. 21.

P. 478.—287.—20.

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

I incline to give this line to Travers, with Mr. Steevens.

P. 485.—294.—30.

Fal. You *hunt-counter*, hence, avaunt!

By *hunt-counter* (as Mr. Davies rightly observes) "Falstaff alludes to the business of "tipstaff."

P. 490.—298.—36.

Ch. Just. Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit *single?* and every part about you blasted with antiquity?

Dr. Johnson misconceived this; Steevens, Malone, and M. Mason are right.

P. 495.—302.—42.

Hast. Bút by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.
Bard. *Yes, in this present quality of war;*
Indeed the instant action, (a cause on foot,)
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,
That frosts will bite them.

I think this passage is corrupt; I incline to prefer Dr. Johnson's emendation.

P. 497.—305.—46.

Arch. And being now trimm'd in thine own *desires*,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.

Mr. Malone's notion that *desires* is here used as a trisyllable, is a proof that a man may persuade himself of any thing (however ridiculous) which he fancies may tend to support a favourite hypothesis.

P. 502.—308.—52.

Host. he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o'nights, like the mare.
Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the *mare*, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

I think Malone is right.

P. 512.—317.—65.

Poins. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap.

I think Warburton's correction is right.

P. 516.—320.—70.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did *long* in vain.

I wish to read *look* with Theobald.

P. 521.—325.—77.

Fal. How now, mistress Doll?
Host. Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.
Fal. So is all her *sect;* an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

I think with Steevens that *sect* is right.

P. 539.—339.—98.

Doll. Why does the prince love him so then?
Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel: and drinks off candles' ends for flapdragon; and rides the *wild mare* with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools.

Malone is certainly wrong.

P. 541.—341.—101.

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not *lisping* to his master's old tables; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Malone is right.

P. 546.—346.—111.

K. Hen. O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome bed; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A *watch-case*, or a common 'larum bell?

I incline to think that Holt White is right.

P. 547.—347.—111.

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
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.

I prefer *shrouds* to *clouds.* "Shakespeare's "idea of a tempest hanging the waves in the "shrouds, (says Heron) was certainly strong

" enough without his annotators pushing it to " bombast. Mr. Steevens must have a bold " heart, and certainly deserves to be made an " admiral for his notion, that a tempest that " hangs waves in the top shrouds of a vessel is " a moderate tempest. Pray do turn poet, Mr. " Steevens, and give us an immoderate tempest " by all means, that we may know what it is to " joke and be in earnest."

P. 548.—348.—113.

K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

Though the French use the phrase à tous deux, I cannot think that Shakespeare made the king speak thus to two persons; I think, therefore, that Theobald's correction ought to be received.

P. 549.—349.—115.

K. Hen. O heaven! that one might read the book of fate;
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean,
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.

The author of Douglas seems to have had this passage in his mind, when he wrote the following lines:

O! had I died when my lov'd husband fell!
Had some good angel op'd to me the book
Of providence, and let me read my life,
My heart had broke, when I beheld the sum
Of ills, which one by one I have endured.

P. 551.—351.—118.

K. Hen. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like *necessities*:
And that same word even now cries out on us;
They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

I agree with Mr. M. Mason that Dr. Johnson's explanation is manifestly wrong.

P. 560.—361.—134.

Shal. And is Jane Night-work alive?
Fal. She lives, master Shallow.
Shal. *She never could away with me.*
Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

"*I cannot away with* is a phrase of dislike "used in the common prose translation of the "psalms, and other places of the Bible more "than once." HERON.

It occurs Isaiah c. i. v. 13. Falstaff explains its meaning in the next speech; "Never, never; "she would always say she could not abide "master Shallow."

P. 362.—363.—136.

Fal. For you, Mouldy, stay at home *still*; you are past service.

I incline to agree with Malone.

P. 569.—368.—146.

Fal. he was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him, mandrake: he came ever in the rearward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the *over-scutch'd* huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware—they were his fancies, or his good-nights.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of *over-scutch'd*, seems to me to be most suitable here.

P. 574.—373.—153.

West. You, lord archbishop,
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whose *white investments* figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?

I do not agree with Mr. Tollet in supposing that the theatrical archbishop should be habited in his rochet. Westmoreland refers to that which was the proper habit of his office, not to what he then had on. He should be in armour; he is afterwards called by Lancaster "an iron "man." I know it may be urged that Lancaster there speaks metaphorically; but on considering all that is said, I think the archbishop ought to appear on the stage in armour. See too Steevens's note on "iron men" from Holinshed.

P. 575.—373.—153.

Turning your books to *graves*, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

I am persuaded that *greaves* is the right word.

P. 577.—374.—156.

Arch. The dangers of the days but newly gone,
(Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples
Of every *minute's instance*, (present now,)
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms.

I believe Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 578.—375.—157.

Arch. My brother general, the common wealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

This passage (notwithstanding the pains bestowed on it by the commentators) I do not yet understand.

P. 581.—379.—162.

Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this schedule;
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form;
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our *purposes, consigned;*
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

This passage too still remains unintelligible to me. I now incline to agree with Mr. M. Mason.

P. 582.—379.—163.

We come within our *awful* banks again.

I think we should read *lawful* with Warburton. Mr. Steevens was once of that opinion, though he appears to have relinquished it. If *awful* be the right word, Malone's is the true explanation.

P. —382.—168.

P. John. Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us, the speaker in his parliament;
To us, the *imagin'd* voice of God himself.

I am quite of Mr. Steevens's mind.

P. 597.—393.—184.

K. Hen. For he is gracious if he be observ'd;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humourous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

I think Mr. Malone's remark is quaint, and

that Dr. Johnson has rightly explained this expression.

P. 600.—396.—188.

West. The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here, at more leisure, may your highness read;
With every course, in *his* particular.

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 606.—402.—197.

K. Hen. When, like the bee, *tolling* from every flower
The virtuous sweets;
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains.

I prefer *culling*, the reading of the folio, to *tolling* the reading of the quarto.

P. 609.—405.—200.

O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do, when riot is thy *care?*

This is rightly explained by Mr. Malone.

P. 610.—405.—201.

P. Hen. There is your crown;
And he that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
(Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
Teacheth,) this prostrate and exterior bending!

Mr. M. Mason's is the true explanation. Mr. Malone's explanation appears to be the same.

P. 612.—407.—203.

K. Hen. all these bold fears,
Thou see'st, with peril I have answered:
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mode: for what in me was *purchas'd,*
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort.

Malone is right.

P. 613.—408.—204.

Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all *thy* friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out.

I incline to admit Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation. Mr. Seymour, of the Theatre Royal, Norwich, thus explains this passage: "all those capable "or likely to assist you, and whom it is incum-"bent on you to conciliate and attach to your "cause." If this be the true explanation (which I am rather inclined to think) Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation is inadmissible.

Ibid.

——————— and had a purpose now
To lead *out* many to the holy land;
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my state.

I think Dr. Johnson is right.

P. 616.—411.—208.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:
Yea, marry, *William cook*, bid him come hither.

It may be true that anciently the lower orders of the people had no surnames, but this passage does not tend to prove it. Mr. Steevens's note might be well spared. "The note upon *William* "*cook* (says Heron) is in the true antiquarian "style, and as such I leave it. Coke, I have no "doubt, was a proper name as well as Canning." By *William cook*, Shallow certainly means, *William the cook*. Of this I should have thought no one could have doubted.

P. 620.—415.—214.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see, that I will beg
A ragged and *fore-stall'd* remission.

I believe Malone is right.

P. 639.—431.—238.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a *censer!* I will have you as soundly swinged for this, you blue-bottle-rogue!

Petruchio speaks of *a censer* in a barber's shop.

P. 641.—433.—240.

Host. Thou atomy thou!
Dol. Come, you thin thing: come, you *rascal!*
1 *Bead.* Very well.

Rascal, it is true, does sometimes mean lean deer, but I cannot think it does here. Mr. Steevens's note seems to me to merit Heron's animadversion.

P. 642.—434.—242.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est:*
'Tis all in every part.

I agree with Mr. Steevens that "this speech "accords but little with the phraseology of "Falstaff; and, on the contrary, agrees well "with that of Pistol."

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

J. and S. 1785.	MALONE.	J. and S. 1793.
Vol. VI.	Vol. V.	Vol. IX.

P. 3.—447.—263.

Chorus. O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!

"Shakespeare (says Heron) knew nothing of "the allusions pointed out by his commentators. "What absurdity to imagine that Shakespeare, "whose learning they utterly deny, should be "skill'd in all the systems of philosophy!

"——— A muse of fire is a fiery, ardent vein of poetry."
Letters of Literature, p. 175.

P. 4.—447.—264.

Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram,
Within this wooden *O*, the very casques,
That did affright the air at Agincourt?

Mr. M. Mason is indisputably right. Dr. Johnson's criticism on this expression is injudicious in the extreme. It was certainly (as Mr. M. Mason observes) the poet's intention to represent the circle in which they acted in as contemptible a light as he could. He speaks in the same strain in the chorus to the fourth act.

"And so our scene must to the battle fly;
"Where (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace,
"With four or five most vile and ragged foils
"Right ill disposed, in brawl ridiculous,
"The name of Agincourt."

P. 4.—447.—264.

The very *casques*
That did affright the air at Agincourt.

The word is spelt *casks* in some of the editions. I have doubted whether Shakespeare did not mean barrels of gunpowder, which I think may more properly be said to affright the air than the helmets. So understood, it reminds us of the following passage in Milton:

Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscured with smoke, all heav'n appear'd,
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar
Embowell'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, &c.

P. L. Book 6, 584.

It is no objection to this explanation to say that no gunpowder was used at the battle of Agincourt. Shakespeare frequently falls into such mistakes. Hotspur talks of gunpowder in *the First Part of Henry the Fourth;* and afterwards in this play he speaks of "devilish cannon."

P. 5.—448.—265.

Suppose, within the girdle of these walls,
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The *perilous, narrow* ocean parts asunder.

Mr. Steevens is certainly wrong; there should be a comma between *perilous* and *narrow,* as Mr. M. Mason has clearly shewn.

P. 5.—449.—266.

Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i'the receiving earth.
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times;
Turning the accomplishments of many years
Into an hourglass.

Dr. Johnson's observation is not just. The passage is rightly explained by Steevens and Monk Mason.

P. 10.—453.—271.

Cant. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.
Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.
Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too.

The character of Henry V. reminds us of what Tacitus says of Titus: "Lætam voluptatibus "adolescentiam egit, suo quam patris imperio "modestior." *Hist.* II. 2.

P. 13.—454.—274.

Ely. And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

This reminds us of the following passage:

Non liquidi gregibus fontes, non gramina desunt;
Et quantum longis carpent armenta diebus,
Exiguâ tantum gelidus ros nocte reponet.

Georg. II. 200.

P. 16.—457.—277.

K. Hen. For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to:
Therefore take heed how you *impawn* our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of war.

Impawn is, I believe, rightly explained by Warburton.

P. 18.—459.—280.

Cant. Hugh Capet also,—that usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the Duke of Lorain, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,
To *fine* his title with some show of truth,
(Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,)
Convey'd himself as heir to the lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain.

To fine his title is, I think, rightly explained by Mr. Steevens. I cannot think that *find* is the right word.

P. 19.—460.—282.

All appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
To bar your highness claiming from the female;
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Than amply to *imbare* their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

I am satisfied that *imbare* is the right word.

P. 21.—461.—284.

O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France;
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and *cold* for action!

I see no reason to suspect that *cold* is not the right word, which is rightly explained by Mr. Malone himself, and by Mr. Steevens. I cannot suppose that Shakespeare thought of the more recondite meaning mentioned by Mr. Steevens.

P. 21.—461.—285.

West. They know, your grace hath cause, and means, and might;
So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects.

I incline to Mr. Malone's explanation.

P. 24.—464.—289.

Exe. It follows then, the cat must stay at home:
Yet this is but a *curs'd* necessity;
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.

I at present incline to agree with Malone.

P. 31.—470.—299.

K. Hen. We never valu'd this poor seat of England;
And therefore, *living hence*, did give ourself
To barbarous licence; As 'tis ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.

I believe *living hence* is rightly explained by Mr. Steevens.

P. 38.—476.—307.

Nym. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: It is a simple one: but what though? *it will toast cheese;* and it will endure cold as another man's sword will.

Butler perhaps remembered Nym's sword in his description of Hudibras's dagger:

"It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread,
Toast cheese and bacon; though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care."

P. 42.—479.—313.

Pist. I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels:
For I can *take*, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

I believe *take* is right, and rightly explained by Mr. M. Mason.

Ibid.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale.

Exhale is, I believe, rightly explained by Mr. Steevens.

P. 45.—481.—317.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; *for, lambkins, we will live.*

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 48.—484.—320.

K. Hen. If little faults, proceeding on *distemper*,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us?

Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 55.—490.—329.

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a *finer* end.

I think Mr. M. Mason is right.

P. 56.—490.—329.

——— and went away, an it had been any *christom* child.

I agree with Whalley and Malone.

P. 58—492.—331.

his nose was as sharp as a pen, and *'a babbled of green fields.*

I think Theobald's emendation uncommonly happy.

P. 61.—495.—336.

Pist. *Go, clear thy chrystals.*

Dr. Johnson's first explanation of these words is the true one. I am astonished at finding him preferring his second explanation.

P. 62.—495.—336.

Pist. Let housewifery appear; *keep close,*
I thee command.

Notwithstanding all that is said, I think these words may very well mean *keep within doors*, and I do not see why we may not so understand them.

P. 62.—496.—337.

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us;
And *more than carefully* it us concerns,
To answer royally in our defences.

Dr. Johnson is right.

P. 65.—498.—340.

Dauph. In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting
A little cloth.

I agree with Mr. Steevens that *which* refers to the word *defence* only, and not to proportions of defence.

P. 66.—499.—341.

Fr. King. Witness our too much memorable shame,
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales;
Whiles that his *mountain sire*,—on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made.

Mountain sire is, I think, rightly explained by Mr. Steevens.

P. 72.—504.—349.

Chorus. and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish *cannon* touches,
And down goes all before them.

Milton calls the cannon of the rebellious angels, "devilish enginry." *P. L.* vi. 553.

P. 75.—507.—353.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!
Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay.

I agree with Mr. Malone.

P. 75.—507.—353.

the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not *a case of lives.*

I think with Mr. Malone that Whalley's is the true explanation.

P. 76.—508.—355.

Flu. Got's plood!—Up to the preaches, you rascals! will you not up to the preaches?

[*Driving them forward.*

Pist. Be merciful, *great duke*, to men of mould!
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!
Abate thy rage, great duke!

Great duke is, I believe, a fantastical compellation of Pistol. The pains some of the editors take to translate Pistol's bombast into sober sense appear to me very curious.

P. 96.—525.—382.

Flu. Hark you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge.

I think Theobald is right.

P. 110.—537.—399.

Chorus. The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning *name.*

I do not see the necessity of Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation of *name* for *named;* nor of Sir T. Hanmer's.

P. 111.—537.—400.

The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts.

I agree with Mr. Malone

P. 117.—544.—408.

K. Hen. Methinks, I could not die any where so contented, as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.
Will. That's more than we know.
Bates. *Ay, or more than we should seek after.*

I incline to think Mr. Malone is right.

P. 119.—545.—411.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer for it.

I incline to think Mr. Malone is right.

P. 123.—548.—415.

K. Hen. No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour, to his grave.

Lee seems to have had this passage in his thoughts when he wrote the following lines in Theodosius:

" We'll fly to some far distant lonely village,
Forget our former state, and breed with slaves;
Sweat in the eye of day, and when night comes,
With bodies coarsely *fill'd, and vacant souls*,
Sleep like the labour'd hinds, and never think."

P. 126.—551.—420.

Daup. Montez à cheval:—my horse! valet! lacquay! ha!
Orl. O brave spirit!
Daup. *Via!*

So Launcelot in *the Merchant of Venice.* "Via, "says the fiend, for the heavens rouse up a "brave mind, and run."

P. 127.—552.—421.

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.
Daup. Mount them, and make incision in their hides;
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And *dout* them with superfluous courage: ha!

I think *dout* is the right word.

P. 129.—554.—425.

Grand. Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand: and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips;
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes;
And in their pale dull mouths the *gimmal* bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless.

Gimmal, in some of the western counties, is used for a hinge, and the common people there usually speak of the *gimmals* of the door.

P. 135.—560.—435.

K. Hen. Mark then *a bounding* valour in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.

I incline to agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 135.—560.—436.

Killing in *relapse of mortality.*

I believe Mr. Steevens is right in supposing that *relapse of mortality* is used here for *mortal rebound.*

P. 137.—563.—439.

Fr. Sol. Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.
Pist. *Quality, call you me?—Construe me, art thou a gentleman?*

I prefer Mr. Ritson's reading.

P. 138.—563.—441.

O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Congreve understood *fox* as Mr. Steevens does. Sir Wilful Witwoud says to Fainall, " 'S heart, " if you talk of an instrument, I have an old " fox by my thigh shall hack your ram vellum to " shreds, sir ?"

P. 143.—568.—447.

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame !
Let us die instant : once more back again.

I prefer Theobald's reading to Mr. Malone's.

P. 148.—573.—454.

Flu. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups: so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits, and his goot judgements, is turn away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet.

I am inclined to believe that Mr. Steevens's ingenious conjecture is well founded.

P. 149.—575.—458.

K. Hen. How now ! what means this, herald ? know'st thou not,
That I have *fin'd these bones of mine* for ransom ?
Com'st thou again for ransom.

This expression of *fining the bones for ransom* I do not understand. None of the commentators attempt to explain it, probably, because they thought it too plain to need explanation. I cannot, however, help adverting to a just remark of Mr. Wakefield's, " Nimis omnes proni sumus " dissimulare, atque silentio prætervehi, quæ " sunt supra nostrum acumen posita."

Vide Wakefield's note on Lucretius, Lib. 1. *v.* 89.

P. 170.—595.—486.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?
Alice. Ouy; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: *dat is de princess.*

Dat is de princess is surely right.

THE FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

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P. 184.—5.—506.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have *consented* unto Henry's death!

I agree with Mr. Malone in thinking that this word is used here in its ordinary sense.

P. 187.—7.—510.

Henry the fifth!—thy ghost I invocate:
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright——

I agree with Mr. Malone. Pope's conjecture appears to me ridiculous. Dr. Johnson's note is judicious.

Ibid.

Mess. *Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,*
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

I think the reason assign'd by Mr. Steevens is sufficient to authorise the completion of the verse by the insertion of *Roüen.*

P. 188.—8.—511.

Mess. A third *man* thinks, without expence at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.

Mr. Malone carries his dislike to the second folio so far, that he prefers an imperfect verse in the first folio to a perfect one in the second. He prefers a redundant verse in p. 15.

P. 190.—5.—513.

3 *Mess.* Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If *Sir John Fastolfe* had not play'd the coward.

I cannot perceive that Mr. Theobald's notion is refuted.

P. 193.—13.—519.

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them *to* be more eager.

I think Mr. Steevens is right.

Ibid.

Reig. I think, by some odd *gimmals* or device,
Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so, as they do.

Gimmals is a common word at Salisbury for hinges.

P. 194.—13.—520.

Bast. Methinks, your looks are sad, your *cheer* appall'd;
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?

Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 199.—18.—527.

Glos. Break *up* the gates, I'll be your warrantize.

Mr. Whalley is right.

P. 201.—20.—530.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;
Thou, that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou, that giv'st whores indulgencies to sin:
I'll *canvass* thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

I think Mr. Steevens's is the right explanation.

P. 206.—24.—537.

Tal. But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me;
Which I, disdaining, scorn'd: and craved death
Rather than I would be so *pil'd esteem'd.*

It is indeed difficult to forbear smiling at Mr. Steevens's conjecture. *So vile esteem'd* is, I think, a probable conjecture.

P. 211.—29.—545.

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescu'd is Orleans from the *English wolves.*

I heartily agree with Mr. Steevens.

Ibid.

Char. Divinest creature, *bright Astræa's* daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?

I heartily agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 223.—39.—561.

Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Et mihi res, non me rebus submittere conor.
Hor. Epist. I. *Lib.* I. 19.

P. 224.—40.—562.

Plant. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loath to speak,
In dumb *significants* proclaim your thoughts.

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 226.—41.—565.

Plant. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy *fashion,* peevish boy.

Mr. Malone has convinced me that Theobald's reading *faction* is the right one. I once inclined to admit Mr. Pope's correction ***passion.***

P. 227.—42.—567.

Som. Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
For treason *executed* in our late king's days?

I think Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 232.—48.—576.

Mor. Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his *nephew* Richard.

I know not that the word *nephew* is ever used for *cousin*. *Nephews* in *Othello* certainly mean grand-children, nepotes. I should like to read *cousin* here, if it be authorised by any of the old copies; if it be not, I suspect that the word *nephew* was used here by the poet in its common acceptation; he supposed (through an inadvertence not very uncommon in Shakespeare) that Henry was Richard's uncle.

P. 236.—56.—583.

Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?
Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.
Win. *Unreverent Gloster!*
Glo. *Thou art reverent*
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

I would read W. *Unreverent Gloster.* G. *Thou art reverend.*

P. 255.—69.—609.

Tal. I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg.

Whalley is right.

P. 260.—74.—615.

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.
York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.
War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.
York. *And, if I wist, he did,*——But let it rest,
Other affairs must now be managed.

I think Mr. Ritson is right. His explanation appears to me to be confirmed by the beginning of Exeter's speech, *Well didst thou,* &c.

P. 262.—76.—618.

Tal. But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of *their* love.

I think with Mr. Steevens that the reading of Sir Thomas Hanmer should be received.

P. 271.—85.—631.

Tal. If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain, an if I stay,
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day.

As Mr. Malone insists that this play bears no resemblance to Shakespeare's style and manner of thinking, except in a single instance, I cannot help remarking that this passage reminds me of one in the *Winter's Tale*:—"Thou old traitor, I'm sorry, that by hanging thee, I can but shorten thy life one week."

P. 276.—89.—637.

Lucy. Herald,
Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent; *to know*
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

I think for the reason assigned by Sir Thomas Hanmer, and because the metre is perfect without them, that the words *to know* should be omitted.

P. 286.—99.—652.

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to *be my*———
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 289.—101.—655.

Suf. Solicit Henry with her wond'rous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount;
Mad, natural graces that extinguish art.

I think the explanation given of *mad* by Mr. Steevens, and confirmed by Mr. Malone, is extremely harsh. I think with Mr. M. Mason that the passage is corrupt, and for *mad* would read with the modern editors *her*, or *and* with Mr. M. Mason. I incline to prefer the latter reading as nearest the letters of mad.

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P. 325.—134.—29.

Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She's *tickled* now; her fume can need no spurs,
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

I heartily agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 335.—144.—44.

Glo. Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?

The negative proposed by Warburton appears to me to be necessary to the sense; the verse will still remain defective.

P. 365.—173.—85.

Suf. No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;
As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.

I think the reading proposed by Sir Thomas Hanmer, and supported by Mr. M. Mason, should be received.

P. 371.—180.—94.

K. Hen. I thank thee, *Margaret;* these words content
me much.

I think Mr. Theobald's correction ought to be retained.

P. 386.—194.—115.

Q. Mar. Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?
But wherefore grieve I at *an hour's poor loss*,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?

I think Malone's is the right explanation.

P. 390.—199.—121.

Cap. The gaudy, *blabbing*, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea.

Perhaps Milton remembered this epithet in *Comus:*

" Ere the *blabbing* eastern scout,
The nice morn on the Indian steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,
And to the *tell-tale* sun descry
Our conceal'd solemnity.

P. 391.—200.—122.

And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragick melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead mens' graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

I do not understand the meaning of the verb *clip* in this place.

P. 425.—236.—176.

Iden. As for *more* words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

I say with Mr. Steevens, " How an unnecessary addition?"

P. 425.—237.—177.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, *when I am dead.*

I think there is not much in Mr. Steevens's objection: Iden means that he would direct the sword to be hung over his tomb, when he was dead. Shakespeare frequently uses expressions more harsh and licentious than this.

THE THIRD PART OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

J. and S. 1785.	MALONE.	J. and S. 1793.
Vol. VI.	Vol. VI.	Vol. X.

P. 450.—267.—219.

K. Hen. Why faint you, lords?
My title's good, and better far than his.
War. *But* prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 452.—268.—220.

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear *me* but one word.

I prefer the reading of the 3d folio, and the subsequent editors.

P. 453.—269.—222.

And neither by treason, nor hostility,
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

I am in the same ignorance that Mr. Steevens is. The word *and* should, I think, be omitted.

P. 456.—272.—226.

Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke;
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will *cost* my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh of me, and of my son!

I think *cost* is right, and rightly explained by Mr. Malone.

P. 458.—274.—229.

York. I took an oath, that he should quietly reign.
Edw. *But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken.*

Si violandum est jus, regnandi gratiâ violandum est: aliis rebus pietatem colas.
CIC. *de Officiis, L.* 3. § 21.

P. 459.—275.—231.

York. You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentish men will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.

I think we should read *witty* AND *courteous.*

P. 486.—281.—271.

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless *callet* know herself.

Shakespeare has likewise used the word *callet* again in *Othello* (Act. IV.)

He call'd her whore; a beggar in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his *callet.*

P. 496.—289.—283.

K. Hen. So many *years* ere I shall sheer the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, *months,* and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 510.—302.—305.

1 *Keep.* We charge you, in Gods' name, and *in* the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

I think Mr. Steevens has done rightly. I think the same of what he has afterwards done in this scene, P. 515.—308.—312. *She looks sad.*

P. 525.—316.—324.

War. Myself have often heard him say, and swear,
That this his love was an eternal plant;
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

These words I confess I do not yet understand.

P. 532.—323.—334.

K. Edw. I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.
Glo. And shall have your will, because our king:
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

I think we should read (as it is printed in the edition of 1785) *and you shall have your will.*

P. 536.—327.—340.

K. Edw. But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,
That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.
Clar. Belike, the *elder;* Clarence will have the *younger.*

I think Mr. Theobald did rightly.

P. 546.—358.—355.

War. And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods *be* confiscate.

I think the reading of the second folio should be received. It is in the edition of 1785.

P. 548.—360.—358.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, *lord* Hastings, and the rest;
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends.

I concur with Mr. Steevens. Mr. Malone has no title to say "Digitis callemus *et* aure;" provided he can by any means make out ten syllables, he is perfectly careless of the harmony of the

verse.* I think, however, that the word *lord* may possibly be permitted to stand in this verse, the *Richard* (and not *brother*, the difference being easily perceptible by any one who has an ear) being pronounc'd short, as equal in time to one long syllable.

P. 553.—364.—364.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.
Oxf. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Every reader must agree that this speech could not be given to the king by Shakespeare. I think Mr. Malone has regulated the passage properly, for the reason he assigns, though there is nothing in the first speech which may not very well come from the king.

P. 555.—367.—368.

K. Edw. The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for *hay*.

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 562.—374.—377.

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

Dr. Johnson, who censures this passage as diminishing the pathetic of the foregoing lines, seem'd to believe it not improbable that dying men should think on such things, when on Mr. Garrick's shewing him his elegant villa and

* Were Shakespeare alive, he might say to Mr. Malone (in the words of Orlando to Jaques), "I pray you mar no more of "my verses with reading them ill-favouredly."

splendid furniture at Hampton, he replied, "Ah! 'David, these are the things that make a death-"bed terrible."

P. 575.—388.—397.

K. Hen. Men for their sons, wives for their husband's fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death,
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

I highly approve of Mr. Steevens's restoring the word *and*, which Mr. Malone (with his usual rage against the corrections of the second folio) had ejected.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

J. and S. 1785. Vol. VII. | Malone. Vol. VI. | J. and S. 1793. Vol. X.

P. 5.—454.—460.

Glo. Now are our brows bound with victoriouss wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

"The cities of Italy resounded with the noise "of drinking and dancing; the spoils of victory "were wasted in sensual pleasures; and nothing "(says Agathias) remain'd unless to exchange "their shields and helmets for the soft lute and "the capacious hogshead.—Ελιπετο γαρ οιμαι, αυτοις "υπο αβελτεριας τας ασπιδας τυχον και τα κρανη αμφορεως "οινε και βαρβιτε αποδοσθαι. (Agathias, L. II. p. 48.) "In the *first scene of Richard the Third* our "English poet has beautifully enlarged on this "idea; for which, however, he was not indebt-"ed to the Byzantine historian."

Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Rom. Emp. c. 43. Vol. IV. *p.* 312. *4to edition* 1788.

P. 6.—455.—462.

I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by *dissembling* nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, &c.

I cannot help thinking Dr. Johnson's interpretation the true one. The lines in *the Old King John* do not appear to me prove the contrary.

P. 6.—455.—462.

Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And *descant* on mine own deformity.

I agree with Mr. Malone.

P. 9.—458.—467.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.
Glo. We are the queen's *abjects*, and must obey.

Dr. Johnson has mistaken the meaning of *abjects*, which is rightly explained by Mr. M. Mason.

P. 10.—459.—468.

Glo. Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,
Were it, to call king Edward's *widow*—sister,
I will perform it, to enfranchise you.

Mr. Steevens is certainly right. There clearly is no such meaning as Dr. Johnson supposes.

P. 15.—464.—475.

Anne. Vouchsafe, *diffus'd* infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance to curse thy cursed self.

I doubt whether the instances produced prove that *diffused* means *irregular*.

P. 61.—509.—538.

Glo. I hope the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.
Ric. And so in me; and so, I think, in all.

I agree with Mr. Malone that this speech does not belong to Rivers.

P. 63.—511.—541.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a child!
2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;
That, in his nonage, council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

This passage is to me wholly unintelligible.

P. 65.—513.—543.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at *Stony-Stratford;*
And at *Northampton* they do rest to night:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

I think the right reading is that of the quartos. The Archbishop is not supposed to know any thing of the arrest of the lords, or of the young king's being carried back: he would of course suppose that they would not lie at a place nearer London than that at which they had rested the preceding night. The puzzle seems to have arisen from the editors' knowledge; had they known nothing of the historical fact of young Edward's being carried back from Stony Stratford to Northampton, they would have found no difficulty in discovering which reading was to be preferred: had they considered that the Archbishop was ignorant of this fact, the difficulty (which their knowledge raised) would, I think, have been removed.

P. 72.—520.—553.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd;
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere *retail'd* to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

I think *retail'd* is rightly explained by Mr. Malone.

P. 72.—520.—554.

Glo. So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long [*Aside.*
Prince. What say you, uncle?
Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long.
Thus like the formal vice, iniquity,
I moralize two meanings *in one word.* [*Aside.*

Mr. M. Mason's explanation of these words appears to me most satisfactory.

P. 88.—535.—578.

Glo. My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

This circumstance was certainly mentioned by the historians, and used by the poet for the latter reason assigned by Mr. Steevens. That Shakespeare meant it so I think clearly appears from the next speech that Hastings speaks—

P. 114.—561.—615.

K. Rich. How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?
Stan. *Know*, my *loving* lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled.

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 133.—579.—642.

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?
K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.
Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?
K. Rich. *Madam*, with all my heart.

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 133.—580.—643.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her?
Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but *have* thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

I think Mr. Steevens has done rightly.

P. 139.—585.—650.

K. Rich. Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not *peevish* found in great designs.

I think Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 150.—597.—668.

K. Rich. Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a *watch:*
[*To Catesby.*
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.

I believe *watch* here means a *watch-light.*

P. 157.—603.—676.

Ghost. Harry, that prophecy'd thou should'st be king,
Doth comfort thee in *thy* sleep; live and flourish!

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 159.—605.—679.

Ghost of Buck. I died for *hope*, ere I could lend thee aid.
[*To Richmond.*
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd.

I think these words are rightly explained by Mr. Steevens. I can by no means assent to the emendation which he proposes.

P. 160.—605.—680.

K. Rich. O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue.—It is *not* dead midnight.

It is now dead midnight is, I think, the true reading.

P. 162.—607.—683.

K. Rich. Who's there?
Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn.

Surely we ought to read,

My lord, 'tis I. The early village cock.

P. 169.—615.—694.

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring *an* opposite to every danger.

I incline, with Mr. M. Mason, to adopt Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation. I cannot think Mr. Malone's explanation the true one.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

J. and S. 1785. Vol. VII. | MALONE. Vol. VII. | J. and S. 1793. Vol. XI.

P. —191.—14.

Nor. The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives *for* him, which buys
A place next to the king.

I incline (with Mr. M. Mason) to receive Dr. Johnson's correction.

P. 200.—19.—26.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts *on*,
By dark'ning my clear sun.

I concur with Sir William Blackstone.

P. 203.—21.—30.

Nor. for upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers.

Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 204.—23.—32.

Q. Kath. Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did: and it's come to pass,
That *tractable obedience* is a slave
To each incensed will.

Malone's is the right explanation.

P. 205.—23.—32.

I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no *primer* business.

I think Warburton's correction is right. Mr. Steevens has produced an authority from *Othello* for an acknowledged sense of the word *prime:* had he cited any instance to prove that *baseness* ever means *mischief*, I should have been more ready to concur with him in retaining that word.

P. 205.—24.—33.

Wol. If I am traduced *by tongues*, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through.

I think Mr. Steevens has done rightly.

P. 206.—24.—34.

What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
For our best *act*.

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 219.—35.—51.

Wol. Ladies you are not merry;—gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?
Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have them
Talk us to silence.
Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.
Sands. Yes, *if I make my play.*

Ritson's is the true explanation.

P. 237.—51.—74.

Anne. O, God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
Yet, if that *quarrel*, fortune, *do* divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.

I am satisfied that this is rightly explained by Mr. Steevens; but I am not sure that it is necessary to change *do* to *to*.

P. 238.—52.—75.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a *stranger now again.*

Dr. Johnson is right.

P. 239.—54.—77.

Old L. What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth.
Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little;
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.
Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an *emballing*.

Notwithstanding Mr. Tollet's remark (which I think is sufficiently answered by Mr. M. Mason) I believe Dr. Johnson's is the true explanation. The prurient sagacity of Mr. Ritson has, I think, found out a meaning never meant.

P. 247.—61.—88.

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice,) these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you *desire* the court.

I feel some inclination to admit the reading of the fourth folio, *defer*, with the modern editors.

P. 249.—63.—91.

Q. Kath. You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted,
Where *powers* are your retainers: and your *words*,
Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office.

Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 251.—65.—94.

K. Hen. You are excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd: *oft*
The passages made toward it:

I can by no means approve the punctuation and explanation proposed by Mr. Steevens.

P. 253.—66.—96.

Thus *hulling* in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together.

I do not think Mr. Steevens has rightly explained the word *hulling;* at least it seems to be used in another sense in *Richard the Third, Act* IV.

And there they *hull*, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them on shore.

P. 257.—70.—101.

Q. Kath. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am *wife* in,
Out with it boldly.

I incline to think with Mr. M. Mason, that we should adopt the reading of the modern editors, *and that way I am wise in.*

P. 258.—71.—103.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry, my integrity should breed,
(And service to his majesty and you,)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.

I think the conjecture of Mr. Malone and Mr. Edwards not improbable.

P. 266.—78.—113.

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?
Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom.

I cannot help thinking that the passage is greatly improved by Mr. Rowe's emendation, which I am not convinced is unnecessary.

P. 271.—83.—118.

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours:—my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fil'd with my abilities.

I incline to think Mr. Malone is right.

P. 275.—86.—124.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud, lord, thou liest;
Within these *forty* hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

I do not suspect that Shakespeare wrote, *within these four hours.*

P. 285.—95.—139.

2 Gent. The citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their *royal* minds;
As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants and sights of honour.

I feel some inclination to receive Mr. Pope's reading, *loyal.*

P. 291.—100.—146.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, *happily,*
For my example.

That *happily* is sometimes used for *peradventure, haply,* cannot be doubted, but I do not think it is in this place.

P. 295.—105.—153.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle,
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one.

I incline to Theobald's punctuation.

P. 310.—119.—172.

K. Hen. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.
Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless *her!*—'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter.

I think Mr. Malone is right.

P. 315.—124.—180.

Cran. nor is there living
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of *a* publick peace, than I do.

I think (with Mr. M. Mason) that we should read *the publick peace.* This reading is adopted by Theobald.

P. 317.—125.—182.

Chanc. Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner.

Mr. Malone has done rightly.

P. 319.—127.—184.

K. Hen. Good man, [*To Cranmer,*] sit down. Now let
me see the proudest
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think *his place* becomes thee not.

I think Mr. Rowe's reading *this place* is the right one.

P. 320.—128.—185.

My lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

I think we should read *there is,* with Mr. Rowe, and the subsequent editors.

P. 320.—129.—186.

Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your *spoons;* you shall have
Two noble partners with you; the old duchess of Norfolk,
And lady marquiss Dorset.

Apostle *spoons* are mentioned by Congreve in *Love for Love, Act* II. where Angelica says, "Nay, I'll declare how you prophesy'd Popery "was coming, only because the butler has mis- "laid some of the Apostle spoons, and thought "they were lost."

P. 334.—141.—206.

EPILOGUE.

I think the prologue and epilogue have something of Ben Jonson's manner; but I confess I do not perceive his hand in the dialogue, except perhaps in the scene of the *Porter* and the *Mob.* As to the tamperer with this play, supposed by Mr. Malone, I agree with Mr. Steevens, whose conjecture respecting the eulogium on King James appears to me not wholly devoid of probability, though I confess I think (to borrow an expression of Dr. Johnson's) that the atoms of probability are small.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

J. and S. 1785.	Malone.	J. and S. 1793.
Vol. ix.	Vol. viii.	Vol. xi.

P. 12.—148.—222.

Tro. her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, *and spirit* of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman.

Hanmer's emendation appears to me to be necessary.

P. 15.—151.—228.

Alex. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd;
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd *light*,
And to the field goes he.

By this expression the poet means that Hector was active in his *armour*. In like manner he describes the Prince of Wales in *the first Part of Henry the Fourth.*

I saw young Harry with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thigh, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury, &c.

On this passage Dr. Johnson has the following note—"The reason why his cuisses are so par-
"ticularly mention'd, I conceive to be, that his

"horsemanship is here praised, and the cuisses "are that part of armour which most hinders a "horseman's activity."

P. 34.—167.—251.

Ulyss. The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.

I incline to agree with Mr. M. Mason.

P. 38.—171.—257.

Ulyss. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing, and the *scaffoldage*,—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in.

The *scaffoldage* seems here to mean the stage.

P. 42.—174.—261.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and *Jove's accord*,
Nothing so full of heart.

I incline to think that Theobald is right.

P. 45.—178.—266.

Nest. What says Ulysses?
Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
Nest. What is't?

I believe T. C. is right.

P. 54.—188.—280.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.
Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' *brach* bids me, shall I?

I believe *brach* is the true reading.

P. —190.—284.

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at *reasons*,
You are so empty of them.

I concur with Mr. Steevens.

P. 58.—192.—285.

Hect. And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the *affected* merit.

Dr. Johnson is right.

P. 59.—193.—287.

Fro. And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness,
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes *pale* the morning.

I think *pale* the preferable reading.

Ibid.

why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune *never* did,
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land?

I incline to Mr. Malone's explanation.

P. 60.—194.—288.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled *elders*,
Soft infancy, that nothing can'st but cry,
Add to my clamours.

I strongly incline to think that *eld* is the true reading.

P. —200.—297.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool, to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.
Patr. Why am I a fool?
Ther. Make that demand of the *prover*.—It suffices me, thou art.

This I do not understand. Mr. Malone says there seems to be a prophane allusion in the last speech but one spoken by Thersites. What the prophane allusion is I have no guess; the speech referr'd to is this: "Agamemnon is a fool, "Achilles is a fool, Thersites is a fool, and, as "aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool."

P. 67.—201.—298.

Agam. Where is Achilles?
Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.
Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here.
He *shent* our messengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him.

I see no reason to doubt that *shent* is the true reading.

P. 68.—201.—299.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction: but it was a strong *composure*, a fool could disunite.
Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.

I think *composure* is the right word.

P. 68.—202.—300.

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this *noble state*,
To call upon him.

Mr. Steevens's explanation of *noble state* is the true one.

Ibid.—301.

Agam. And you shall not sin,
If you do say—we think him over-proud,
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater,
Than *in the* note of judgement; and worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on.

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 68.—202.—304.

Ulyss. What should I say?
He is so *plaguy* proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry—No recovery.

I think Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 84.—218.—323.

Pan. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you.
The faulcon *as* the tercel, for all the ducks in the river:
go to, go to.

I incline to think that the reading proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt is the right one.

P. 89.—223.—331.

Tro. when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tired with iteration,—
As true as steel, as *plantage* to the moon,
As sun to day, &c.

Dr. Johnson has certainly mistaken the meaning of *plantage*. The passage is rightly explained by Mr. Steevens, and is very well illustrated by Dr. Farmer.

Ibid.—340.

Ulyss. 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, *why turn'd* on him.

I think Mr. Steevens is clearly right.

P. 98.—232.—344.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves—
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others.

Scire tuum nihil est nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.
Pers.

P. 99.—233.—345.

To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy *shrinking*.

I agree with Mr. Steevens in preferring *shrinking*.

P. 102.—236.—350.

Ulyss. The providence that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.

I think the reading proposed by Sir T. Hanmer is very probable.

P. 110.—242.—359.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not *commend* what we intend *to* sell.

I think with Mr. Steevens that the sense seems to require that we should adopt the emendation proposed by Warburton.

P. 112.—245.—362.

Cres. My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile, and mock me, as *if* I meant naughtily.

I think Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 114.—246.—364.

Tro. and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.
Æne. Good, good, my lord; the *secrets of nature*
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

I incline to believe that Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 115.—248.—367.

Cress. I'll go in, and weep;—
Pan. Do, do.
Cress. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not *go* from Troy.

I incline to believe that Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 116.—248.—367.

Par. Good, my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.
Tro. *Walk* into her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently.

I incline to believe that Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 120.—252.—373.

Tro. The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're *loving*, well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise.

I incline to suspect that *loving* is an interpolation.

P. 123.—255.—377.

Par. Come, come, to field with him,
Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Mr. Malone has certainly done rightly.

P. 127.—259.—384.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?
Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.
Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprising
The knight oppos'd.

It seems to me scarcely possible to doubt that this speech should be given to *Achilles.*

P. 135.—266.—393.

Nest. Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.
Æne. *'Tis the old Nestor.*
Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle.

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 135.—267.—395.

Ulyss. Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.
Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, *thou!*

I cannot agree with Mr. Steevens, and think with Mr. M. Mason, that we ought to receive Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation.

P. 139.—270.—399.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty *batch* of nature, what's the news?

Batch is the right word, and means, I believe, the whole number of loaves bak'd at once.

P. 140.—271.—400.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?
Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.
Patr. Well said, *adversity!* and what need these tricks?

I think Mr. Steevens's explanation of *adversity* is a very probable one.

Ibid.

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male *varlet.*

Varlet is certainly the right word, for the reason assigned by Dr. Johnson.

P. 147.—277.—409.

Ulyss. Now, my good lord, go off:
You flow to great *destruction ;* come, my lord.

I think *destruction* is the right word.

P. 149.—281.—413.

Cress. O pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—*Nay, do not snatch it from me;*
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

I think Dr. Thirlby is right.

P. 150.—282.—414.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. *Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you, pleases me best.*

I think, with Sir Thomas Hanmer, that this speech should be given to Troilus.

P. 152.—283.—416.

Ulyss. Cressid was here but now.
Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn *criticks*—apt, without a theme,
For depravation,—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule.

Criticks here means *censurers.* Critical is used for satirical in the *Second Act of Othello.*

P. 156.—287.—422.

Hect. By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.
And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to *the* day.

I heartily agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 157.—288.—423.

And. O! be persuaded: do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to *use* violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

I think Mr. Malone is right in adopting the emendation proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

J. and S. 1785.	Malone.	J. and S. 1793.
Vol. viii.	Vol. viii.	Vol. xi.

P. 334.—4.—463.

Poet. How goes the world?
Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.
Poet. Ay, that's well known:
But what particular rarity? what *strange*,
Which manifold record not matches?

I agree with Monk Mason and Malone.

P. 336.—6.—465.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.
Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which *oozes*
From whence 'tis nourished.

I think *oozes* is the right word.

P. 338.—8.—468.

Poet. what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might *interpret.*

I think Mr. Steevens is clearly right.

P. 339.—8.—469.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; Is't good?
Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature: *artificial strife*
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

I think Dr. Johnson's explanation of *artificial strife* is the true one.

P. 339.—9.—470.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord's follow'd!
Poet. The senators of Athens;—happy *men!*
Pain. Look, more.

Certainly either reading will do, but I incline to prefer Theobald's.

P. 341.—10.—472.

——— Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: *even he drops down*
The knee before him, and returns in peace,
Most rich in Timon's nod.

I rather incline to believe that Ritson is right.

Ibid.—475.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he *must need* me.

If this be the true reading, it is rightly explained by Mr. Malone; but I cannot help suspecting that Theobald's is the true reading, *when he most needs me.*

P. 344.—14.—477.

Tim. The man is honest.
Old Ath. Therefore *he will be*, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

The passage is, I think, obscure; I can hardly think that the emendation proposed by Dr. Johnson is right, and am not quite satisfied with the explanation given of the text as it stands.

P. 348.—16.—481.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!
Apem. Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow;
When thou art *Timon's dog*, and these knaves honest.

Malone is right.

P. 349.—18.—484.

Apem. Heavens, that I were a lord!
Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?
Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.
Tim. What, thyself?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. Wherefore?
Apem. *That I had no angry wit to be a lord.*

This passage I cannot understand. I am not satisfied with any of the explanations; Mr. Malone's is ingenious, and I incline to prefer it to the others.

P. 351.—20.—486.

1 *Lord.* What time a day is't, Apemantus?
Apem. Time to be honest.
1 *Lord.* That time serves still.
Apem. The *most* accursed thou, that still omit'st it.

I think Ritson's emendation should be received.

P. 353.—21.—489.

Tim. I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; faults that are rich, are fair.

I think these lines should be altered as Dr. Johnson proposes. Dr. Warburton is clearly wrong.

P. 354.—23.—490.

Tim. Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.
Apem. Let me stay at thine *own peril*, Timon;
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

I agree with Mr. Ritson.

P. 355.—23.—491.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian, therefore welcome: *I myself would have no power: pr'ythee let my meat make thee silent.*

I think Malone is right.

P. 366.—32.—505.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not *enough to give;*
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.

I think Steevens has done rightly in displacing the words inserted by Sir T. Hanmer.

P. 369.—35.—508.

Sen. If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses.

I think there is some corruption here; I incline to receive Theobald's emendation above, and to read *ten* for *twenty*. Mr. Malone's emendation is ingenious, and by no means improbable. If there be no corruption, Malone's explanation must, I think, be admitted.

Ibid.

No porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by.

I agree with Dr. Farmer and Mr. M. Mason.

P. 371.—37.—511.

Sen. Get you gone.
Caph. I go, sir.
Sen. I go sir?—Take the bonds along with you.

I doubt whether the repetition of *I go, sir*, by the senator (the force of which I cannot perceive) should not be expunged; the omission renders the metre perfect.

P. 375.—40.—515.

Tim. How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of *date-broke* bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

I think *date-broke* is the right reading.

P. 376.—41.—517.

Caph. Where's the fool now?
Apem. He last ask'd the question.—*Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!*

I agree with Mr. M. Mason.

P. 384.—49.—528.

Flav. And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and *cold-moving* nods,
They froze me into silence.

I think Mr. Malone's explanation of *cold-moving nods* is the true one.

P. 385.—50.—530.

Tim. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.
Flav. I would I could not *think it;* that thought is bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so.

I heartily agree with Mr. Steevens, whose regulation of the metre I, *in general*, approve, particularly in some passages in this act, where I have not noted it.

P. 387.—52.—533.

Flam. Let *molten coin* be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!

I incline to think with Mr. M. Mason, that Flaminius alludes to the story of Crassus.

P. 388.—52.—533.

This slave
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turned to poison?

I concur with Mr. M. Mason and Mr. Ritson in preferring the modern reading *unto this hour.*

P. 388.—52.—534.

O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he is sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong *his* hour!

I agree with Mr. Malone.

P. 389.—53.—536.

Luc. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he *mistook him*, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

I incline to agree with Steevens and Malone.

P. 390.—54.—537.

Luc. And what has he sent now?
Serv. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with *so many* talents.
Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me;
He cannot want *fifty-five hundred* talents.

I once thought Mr. Malone right: but I now think that Lucius's answer warrants the reading adopted by the modern editors; so far (says he) is Timon from the possibility of wanting *fifty single talents*, that he cannot want *fifty times five hundred talents.* The hyphen should be placed, not between *fifty* and *five*, but between *five* and *hundred.*

P. 391.—55.—538.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable? how unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the day before for a little *part*, and undo a great deal of honour.

I think there is a corruption. Of the emendations proposed, I incline to prefer Theobald's.

P. 392.—56.—540.

1 *Strang.* Why this
Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every *flatterer's spirit.* Who can call him
His friend, that dips in the same dish?

I think *flatterer's spirit* is the true reading.

P. 392.—541.

He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, *in respect of his,*
What charitable men afford to beggars.

I do not understand these words. I am not satisfied with any of the explanations that are offered.

P. 393.—57.—541.

1 *Strang.* Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have *return'd* to him,
So much I love his heart.

I believe the meaning is, had Timon in his necessity applied to me, I would have made a donation of my wealth, and should have return'd to him (not an excuse, like these lords, but—) the best half of my wealth. The word *return'd,* which has occasioned the difficulty of the commentator, is used because the best half of the

speaker's wealth was to be sent to Timon in consequence of a message from him, to which, therefore, it was to be return'd as an answer.

P. 394.—58.—544.

Sem. Has Ventidius and Lucullus deny'd him?
And does he send to me? Three? humph?
It shows but little love or judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over; must I take the cure upon me?

I rather incline to think we should read *thriv'd*, understanding it with Theobald, to mean grown rich. With this sense I am not much pleased, but think it the best of the explanations offered.

P. 397.—61.—546.

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew *not* what he did, when he made man politick; he *cross'd* himself by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him *clear*.

I am in the same state with Mr. Steevens. I do not think this speech was originally written in verse.

P. 400.—63.—551.

Luc. Ser. Five thousand mine.
1 *Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

The explanation given by Ritson is the true one.

P. 404.—67.—556.

Tim. Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius, *Ullorxa;* all,
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Mr. Steevens's censure of Mr. Malone's restoration of *Ullorxa* seems to me to be merited.

P. 405.—68.—559.

Alcib. And with such sober and *unnoted passion*
He did *behave* his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

Unnoted passion is, I believe, rightly explained by Malone; and *behave* by Warburton and Steevens; it means here *to manage*. This explanation receives countenance from the passage quoted by Malone from Spenser.

P. 407.—70.—561.

Alcib. why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And th' ass, more *captain* than the lion; the *felon*,
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering.

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 408.—70.—562.

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest *gust*.

Gust is rightly explained by Mr. Steevens.

P. 408.—71.—563.

To kill, I grant, is sins extremest gust;
But, in defence, by *mercy*, 'tis most just.

I think Mr. Malone's is the true explanation.

P. —566.

Alcib. It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and *lay for hearts*.

I think *lay for hearts* is rightly explained by Mr. Tyrwhitt.

Ibid.

'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods.

I believe the meaning is, the conduct of the governments of most countries is such that it is an honour to be at odds with them.

P. 417.—78.—573.

4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

I believe by *stones* are meant the dishes, which Timon had used like stones, and had thrown them at his guests.

P. 417.—79.—574.

Tim. Maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is *o'*the brothel!

I think Sir T. Hanmer's reading *i'*the brothel is the true one. The passage alleged by Mr. Steevens from *King Lear* does not appear to me to be parallel.

P. 418.—79.—575.

piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And *yet* confusion live!

I incline to read *let* for *yet*, with Sir Thomas Hanmer. *Yet*, however, may be right; if it be, it is rightly explained by Dr. Johnson.

P. 419.—80.—576.

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let *me* be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

I think with Mr. Steevens that the word *me* should be omitted.

Ibid.

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars *to* his buried fortunes
Slink all away.

I rather incline to think that the text should be regulated as Mr. M. Mason proposes. The

correspondence of the simile seems to me to be most exactly preserved by this reading: as men turn their backs on their buried companions, so Timon's familiars slink away from his buried fortunes.

P. 420.—81.—578.

Flav. O, the *fierce* wretchedness that glory brings us!

I think *fierce* means violent.

Ibid.

Strange unusual *blood*,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!

I believe Mr. Malone is right.

P. 423.—82.—580.

Tim. Raise me this beggar, and *denude* that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.

I think with Mr. Steevens that the old reading, though irregular, may be the true one.

P. 423.—83.—581.

It is the *pasture* lards the *brother's* sides
The want that makes him *lean*.

I think this a very difficult passage; notwithstanding all that the commentators have written about it, I cannot understand it. I think with Mr. Malone, that no one can be satisfied with Dr. Johnson's far-fetched explication of Pastour, and that the first disputed word should be *pasture*, and the third, *lean:* concerning the second I have great doubt: I can hardly think that *breather* is the right word.

P. 424.—85.—584.

Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, *this* man's a flatterer? if one be,
So are they all.

Malone is clearly right.

P. 427.—88.—588.

this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sore
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again.

I rather incline to think that Malone is right.

P. 427.—89.—589.

this embalms and spices
To the *April day* again.

Tollet is clearly right.

P. 429.—90.—592.

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.
Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.
Alcib. I see them now; *then* was a blessed time.

Steevens is right; there certainly is no corruption.

P. 430.—91.—593.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths.

The transposition propos'd by Dr. Johnson, seems to me almost necessary.

Ibid.

bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet.

This reminds me of a beautiful passage in the *Syphilis* of Fracastorius:

Ipse ego Cænomanûm memini qua pinguia dives
Pascua Sebinâ præterfluit Ollius undâ,
Vidisse insignem juvenem, quo clarior alter
Non fuit, Ausoniâ nec fortunatior omni:
Vix pubescentis florebat vere juventæ,
Divitiis, proavisque potens, et corpore pulchro:
Cui studia, aut pernicis equi compescere cursum,
Aut galeam induere, et pictis splendescere in armis,
Aut juvenile gravi corpus durare palæstrâ,

Venatuque feras agere, et prævertere cervos:
Illum omnes Ollîque Deæ, Eridanique puellæ
Optarunt, nemorumque Deæ, rurisque puellæ;
Omnes optatos suspiravere hymenæos.
Forsan et ultores Superos neglecta vocavit
Non nequicquam aliqua, et votis pia Numina movit:
Nam nimium fidentem animis, nec tanta timentem,
Invasit miserum labes, quâ sævior usquam
Nulla fuit, nulla unquam aliis spectabitur annis.
Paulatim vir id nitidum, flos ille juventæ
Disperiit, vis illa animi; tum squalida tabes
Artus (horrendum!) miseros obduxit: et altè
Grandia turgebant fœdis abscessibus ossa.
Ulcera (proh Divûm pietatem!) informia pulchros
Pascebant oculos, et diæ lucis amorem,
Pascebantque acri corrosas vulnere nares.
Illum Alpes vicinæ, illum vaga flumina flerunt;
Illum omnes Ollîque Deæ, Eridanique puellæ
Fleverunt, nemorumque Deæ, rurisque puellæ;
Sebinusque alto gemitum lacus edidit amne.

P. 435.—95.—599.

Tim. Be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no *turn-coats.*

Mr. Steevens is certainly right: Henley's explanation of *turn-coats* directly militates against Timon's train of reasoning.

Ibid.

Yet may your *pains*, six months,
Be quite *contrary.*

I think Mr. M. Mason is right.

P. 439.—98.—605.

Common mother, thou, [*digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below *crisp* heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine.

I believe *crisp* is the right word.

P. 441.—100.—607.

Apem. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the *cunning of a carper.*

Mr. Steevens's explanation of *the cunning of a carper* is certainly the true one.

P. 244.—100.—608.

Apem. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these *moss'd* trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out?

I think *moss'd* is the true reading.

P. 443.—101.—608.

call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee.

These words I do not understand; I do not find myself at all assisted by Mr. Steevens's quotation from *King Lear.*

P. 446.—105.—613.

Tim. What hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor *rag,*
Must be thy subject; who in spite, put stuff
To some she beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue, hereditary.

Rag is the right word.

P. 448.—107.—616.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.
Apem. Dost hate a medlar?
Tim. Ay, *though* it look like thee.

Every one must, I think, admit the justice of Dr. Johnson's remark on the word *though;* with his emendation I am not satisfied. I wish for an

authority to read *for* for *though;* if there were any, nobody, I suppose, would feel any difficulty in supplying an *s* at the end of the word *look*.

P. 450.—109.—619.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.
Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

I think Theobald is right.

P. 453.—111.—622.

Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.
Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of *meat.*

I doubt how this passage is to be understood. I think Theobald's emendation not improbable.

P. 454.—113.—624.

Tim. The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears.

That Shakespeare knew that the moon is the cause of the tides appears likewise from the First Part of *Henry the Fourth*, Act I. scene 2, "being govern'd as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress, the moon." Shakespeare seems to have been thinking of the 19th ode of Anacreon [Η γῆ μελαινα πίνει] of which he had probably seen some translation, possibly that mentioned by Puttenham.

P. 460.—117.—630.

Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now
So comfortable? It almost turns
My dangerous nature *wild.*

The emendation proposed by Warburton is certainly ingenious, and, I think, improves the sense; but Dr. Johnson's explanation of the old reading may be admitted.

P. 461.—118.—631.

Tim. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

I think the words *if not* should be omitted.

P. 568.—123.—639.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.
Both. Do we, my lord?
Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,
That he's a *made-up* villain.

I think the explanation given by Mr. Malone and Mr. M. Mason is the true one.

P. 471.—126.—644.

2 *Sen.* And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram.

I think Mr. M. Mason's is the right explanation.

P. 473.—128.—646.

Tim. So I leave you
To the protection of the *prosperous gods*,
As thieves to keepers.

I am of Mr. Steevens's mind.

P. 474.—129.—649.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood:
Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover.

I think Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 475.—130.—650.

Mess. I met a courier, *one* mine ancient friend;—
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends.

I incline to adopt the reading *once*, proposed by Mr. Upton.

P. 476.—131.—652.

Sold. Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer? What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast *rear'd* this; there does not live a man.

I think Warburton's emendation is right.

P. 478.—132.—655.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd *means*.

I agree with Mr. Malone.

P. 479.—133.—656.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted *cunning*, in excess
Hath broke their hearts.

I perfectly concur with Mr. M. Mason.

P. 480.—134.—658.

Alcib. and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be *remedied*, to your publick laws
At heaviest answer.

I have thought that we should read

But shall be *render'd* to your publick laws, &c.

but in this conjecture I have not great confidence.

CORIOLANUS.

J. and S. 1785.	Malone.	J. and S. 1793.
Vol. VIII.	Vol. VII.	Vol. XII.

P. 341.—146.—7.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?
Cit. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

I think Mr. Malone is right.

P. 342.—147.—8.

1 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate.

I can see no reason to doubt of Malone's being right.

P. 342.—148.—9.

Men. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To *scale* 't a little more.

I think we should adopt Theobald's emendation, *stale't*. A story is not more dispersed by being repeated to those who had heard it before. Why are we to understand *you* (in, *it may be you have heard it*) to mean some of you? Had that been the poet's meaning, he might easily have written, "some of you may have heard it." *Stale't* differs from *scale't* but in a single letter, and the variation might be occasioned by a *c* getting into the box of *t*, a sort of accident

which those who are acquainted with printing know frequently happens. In the *first Act of Julius Cæsar*, Shakespeare has—

To stale with ordinary oaths my love.

Again in *Antony and Cleopatra, Act* II.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom *stale*
Her infinite variety.

P. 345.—150.—12.

Men. True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body: but if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—*to the seat o'the brain.*

I think with Malone that the old reading is right; but I cannot agree with him that *the seat o'the brain* is put in opposition with the *heart*, and is descriptive of it. That the brain is very commonly used in its secondary and figurative sense for the reason or understanding, no one will dispute; but if it be so used here, *when the heart*, &c. are used in their primary sense, it is extremely harsh. The belly is here instancing the different parts to which he sends the food through the rivers of the blood, and by *the seat o'the brain*, is meant, I think, the place where the *brain is seated*, viz. *the head.*

P. 346.—152.—14.

1 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?
Men. For that being one of the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to *run*
Lead'st first, to win some vantage.

I think the emendation proposed by Dr. Johnson is unnecessary.

P. 349.—154.—17.

Mar. Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a *quarry*
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

I believe the explanation of *quarry* given by Malone from Bullokar is the true one.

P. 351.—175.—21.

Tit. Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.
Com. Noble *Lartius!*

I think Theobald's change of *Martius* to *Lartius* is right.

P. 352.—157.—22.

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?
Sic. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.
Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.
Bru. *The present wars devour him: he is grown*
Too proud to be so valiant.

The present wars devour him, is certainly an imprecation. *He is grown too proud to be so valiant*, is, I think, rightly explain'd by Mr. Steevens.

P. 354—159.—25.

Auf. They have *press'd* a power, but it is not known
Whether for east, or west.

I think Malone is clearly right.

P. 357.—162.—28.

Vol. Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair.

This verse is extremely rugged: I think we should read either with Theobald—

I see him pluck Aufidius down by the hair.

Or, as it is printed in Johnson and Steevens's edition of 1785—

See him pluck down Aufidius by the hair.

P. 361.—165.—33.

Mar. Tullus Aufidius is he within your walls?
1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little.

I think Douce is right.

P. 363.—167.—36.

Lart. O noble fellow?
Who, *sensible*, *outdares* his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up!

I think Dr. Johnson has done rightly. It is observable that Johnson and Steevens's editions of 1785 and 1793 have made nonsense of Dr. Johnson's note, by omitting the word *half*: "he "is followed by the later editors, but I have "taken only [half] his correction."

P. 365.—169.—39.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their *hours*
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up.

I incline to adopt Pope's emendation, *honours;* but the old reading may be right.

P. 367.—171.—42.

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner *man's.*

I think Mr. Steevens is perfectly right.

P. 370.—173.—45.

Mar. If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report:
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life, &c.

I think Mr. Steevens has rightly corrected this passage; the old reading *lessen* cannot be right.

P. 370.—174.—46.

Please you to march;
And *four* shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

I believe Mr. M. Mason has explained this rightly; though I agree with Mr. Steevens that it is expressed with great obscurity.

P. 372.—175.—49.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me here.

I think Malone is right.

P. 373.—176.—49.

Auf. Officious and not valiant—you have sham'd me
In your *condemned* seconds.

I believe *condemned* is the right word.

P. 378.—180.—55.

Cor. I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition,
To the fairness of my power.

To the fairness of my power is rightly explained by Mr. M. Mason.

P. 386.—188.—66.

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.
Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?
Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.
Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—
Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Dr. Johnson is right.

P. 387.—188.—67.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.
Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.
Vol. On's brows, Menenius; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

I used to understand these words to mean that Coriolanus had *wounds on his brows,* and thought the passage similar to that in *Macbeth,* where old Siward, on being informed of the death of his son, asks, "had he his hurts before?" and is answered, "Ay, in the front." But I now think Menenius's subsequent enquiry, where Coriolanus was wounded, shews that this is not the sense of the words, which, I believe, are rightly explained by Mr. Malone.

P. 390.—192.—71.

Men. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.
Com. *Ever right.*
Cor. *Menenius, ever, ever.*

I think Malone is right.

P. 393.—195.—76.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, *and* end; but will
Lose those that he hath won.

Malone is right.

P. 394.—196.—78.

Bru. holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in *their war;* who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

I strongly incline to think with Steevens and Malone that we should read *in the war.*

P. 395.—196.—79.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall *teach* the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

I rather incline to retain *teach,* understanding it as it is explained by Steevens.

P. 396.—198.—81.

1 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, without any further deed to *heave* them at all into their estimation and report.

I incline to read *to heave them.*

P. 397.—199.—83.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length; *and make us think,*
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out.

I think Steevens's is the true explanation.

P. 400.—203.—87.

Com. As *waves* before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem.

I think with Mr. Steevens that *waves* is the right word.

P. 403.—205.—92.

Men. We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them ;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

I think this is rightly explained by Malone.

P. 405.—206.—94.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for *once*, *when* we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us—the many-headed multitude.

Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 410.—212.—102.

Cor. for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd ; battles thrice six
I have seen and heard of; for your voices, *have*
Done many things, some less, some more.

I think the sense would be much improved by adopting the reading proposed by Dr. Farmer.

P. 412.—213.—104.

3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could show in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be consul, says he: *aged custom,*
But by your voices, will not so permit me.

I cannot think the sense assigned by Malone to *aged custom* is the true one.

P. 420.—222.—115.

Cor. Shall remain !—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows ? mark you
His absolute *shall?*
Com. *'Twas from the canon.*

I think Dr. Johnson has misunderstood these words.

P. 421.—222.—116.

Cor. O *good*, but most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you, &c.

I think Theobald's correction is right.

P. 421.—223.—117.

You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs.

Of the meaning of this passage I doubt.

P. 425.—226.—121.

Cor. Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To *jump* a body with a dangerous physick
That's sure of death without it, at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison.

I think Mr. Malone's is the true explanation of *jump*.

P. 429.—230.—126.

1 *Sen.* I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.
Men. For 'tis a sore *upon us*,
You cannot tent yourself: begone, 'beseech you.

I think Mr. Steevens is right.

Ibid.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are not,
Though calv'd i'the porch o'the Capitol,)—
Men. Begone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue.

Mr. Tyrwhitt is clearly right.

P. 429.—230.—126.

One time will owe another.

I rather believe Malone's is the right explanation of this.

P. 431.—231.—128.

1 *Cit.* He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.
Cit. *He shall, sure on't.*

I think the correction proposed by Mr. Steevens ought to be received.

P. 433.—233.—131.

Bru. When he did love his country
It honour'd him.
Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was?

This speech certainly belongs to Menenius. It may be understood either according to Steevens's or Malone's explanation. I rather incline to prefer Malone's.

P. 437.—237.—138.

Cor. Why force you this?
Vol. Because that now it lies *you on* to speak
To the people;

I think we should read with Theobald, *it lies on you.*

Ibid.

not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart *prompts you* to,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.

I think the reading of the old copy *prompts you* is right. I cannot perceive that, without some additional syllable the metre is defective.

P. 437.—237.—138.

though but bastards, and syllables
Of no *allowance*, to your bosom's truth.

I believe Malone is right.

P. 437.—238.—139.

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,
I should do so in honour: *I am in this*,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general lowts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

I think Malone is right.

P. 443.—244.—148.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, it shall be so
I'the right and strength o'the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, Fine, cry fine; if Death, cry death;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power *i'the truth o'the cause.*
Æd. I shall inform them.

I cannot understand this passage as it stands. I cannot think that the regulation proposed by Mr. M. Mason is right.

P. 444.—245.—149.

Bru. Put him to choler straight: he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his *worth*
Of contradiction.

I think Malone is right.

P. 448.—248.—155.

Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show *from* Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me.

I think Theobald's correction is clearly right.

P. 456.—256.—165.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well *appear'd* by your tongue.

I concur with Mr. Malone.

P. 460.—257.—169.

Cor. My birth-place *hate* I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.

I think Mr. Steevens's emendation a very happy one.

Ibid.

This *enemy* town.

I see no need of change.

P. 465.—264.—177.

Auf. O, let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And *scar'd* the moon with splinters!

I think with Mr. Steevens that *scar'd* (not *scarr'd*) is the right word.

P. 469.—268.—182.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir,) show themselves (as we term it,) his friends, whilst he's in *directitude*.
1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

Mr. Malone is, perhaps, right.

P. 472.—269.—184.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame *i'* the present peace
And quietness o'the people, which before
Were in wild hurry.

I think Theobald has done rightly.

P. 481.—277.—197.

Auf. But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance.

I cannot think that Shakespeare meant to represent Coriolanus as his own eulogist, for the reason assigned by Mr. M. Mason, and therefore I think Dr. Johnson's explanation cannot be right.

P. 481.—278.—198.

So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb *so evident as a chair*
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths, do fail.

These passages I do not understand.

P. 485.—282.—204.

Com. So that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country:

I believe Malone is right.

P. 487.—283.—207.

Men. I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever *verify'd* my friends,
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that *verity*
Would without lapsing suffer.

I think this is rightly explained by Malone.

P. 493.—285.—212.

Men. I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*
1 *Guard.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.
2 *Guard.* The *worthy* fellow is our general: he is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

I think the sense would be improved by reading *worthier.*

P. 496.—289.—216.

Vol. Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!

I do not see why we may not read *curdled* with Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors; the reading of the old copy is *curdied*, and an *i* might by an easy and common errror be inserted by the printer for an *l*.

P. 496.—290.—217.

Vol. This is a poor epitome of *yours*,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

I think with Malone that there is no reason to suspect a corruption here.

P. 501.—294.—223.

Cor. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, *say*, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

I continue to read with the modern editors, for the reason assigned by Mr. Steevens.

P. 502.—295.—224.

The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.

Cor. Ay, by and by; [*To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.*
But we will *drink* together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.

I think *drink* is the right reading.

P. 509.—302.—233.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?
Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—
Cor. Ha!
Auf. *No more.*

I think Mr. Tyrwhitt is right.

P. 510.—303.—234.

2 Lord. His last offence to us
Shall have *judicious* hearing.

I think Mr. Steevens has rightly explained *judicious.*

JULIUS CÆSAR.

J. and S. 1785.	Malone.	J. and S. 1793.
Vol. VIII.	Vol. VII.	Vol. XIII.

P. 4.—308.—242.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?
2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.
Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

I think both these speeches should be given to the same person; I do not perceive that it signifies whether they are given to Flavius or Marullus.

P. 9.—313.—249.

Bru. Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe *you now* of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have.

I do not suspect any corruption here.

P. 14.—318.—255.

Cas. O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The *eternal* devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

I think *eternal* is the right reading.

P. 21.—324.—263.

Casca. Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who *glar'd* upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me.

I say with Mr. Steevens *glar'd* is certainly the right word. Mr. Malone's phlegmatic note well deserv'd to be perstringed in the manner Mr. Steevens has done it in his second note on this passage in the edition of 1793.

P. 25.—328.—269.

Cas. For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element,
Is favour'd, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

I think we may read either *is favour'd*, or *in favours*.

P. 28.—331.—273.

Bru. But 'tis a *common proof*,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the utmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.

Mr. M. Mason is right.

P. 29.—332.—274.

Brutus opens the Letter, and reads.

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, *&c.* Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake,—

The *&c.* is neither in Theobald's edition, in Johnson's and Steevens's of 1785, nor in Malone's, in all of which, after the word *Rome*, there is a break—which I think is right. There is no note to inform us why the *&c.* was inserted in the edition of 1793.

P. 36.—338.—284.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.
Cas. Then leave him out.

Tacitus says of Laco that he was—

Consilii quamvis egregii, quod non ipse adferret, inimicus.
Hist. Lib. I. 26.

P. 42.—344.—292.

Por. Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, *comfort* your bed,
And talk to you sometimes.

I incline to think that we should read *consort*, with Theobald; the passages quoted do not appear to me to make against it.

P. 44.—346.—295.

Bru. Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that, knocks?

I think we should read, *Lucius, who's that that knocks?*

P. 52.—352.—304.

Dec. Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

I doubt whether this is rightly explained by Dr. Johnson.

P. 55.—354.—308.

Enter Soothsayer.

I think with Mr. Tyrwhitt, that Artemidorus, and not the soothsayer, should enter here. Theobald has made this correction.

P. 58.—357.—313.

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,
Into the *law* of children.

I incline to think that Dr. Johnson's correction is right.

P. 60.—359.—315.

Cæs. So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his *rank*,
Unshak'd of motion.

I believe *rank* is right.

P. 60.—359.—316.

Dec. Great Cæsar,—
Cæs. *Doth* not Brutus bootless kneel?

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 62.—362.—320.

Cas. How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In *states* unborn, and accents yet unknown?

States is certainly right, and is rightly explained by Mr. Steevens.

P. 64.—364.—321.

Ant. I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is *rank*.

I agree with Mr. Steevens that Dr. Johnson's explanation of *rank* is the true one.

P. 68.—367.—327.

Ant. Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—
A curse shall light upon the *limbs* of men;
Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy.

I think *limbs* is right, and is rightly explained by Mr. Steevens.

P. 71.—370.—331.

Bru. Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for
my cause; and be silent, that you may hear, &c.

I heartily agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 80.—377.—340.

Ant. For I have neither *wit*, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood.

The reading of the second folio, *wit*, is certainly right; I am surprised that any one should doubt it, and still more astonished at the question at the end of Mr. Malone's note.

P. 91.—387.—355.

Bru. I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, *bay* not me,
I'll not endure it.

I think Mr. Steevens has clearly shown that *bay* is the right word.

P. 92.—388.—355.

I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

I doubt whether Dr. Johnson has rightly explained this expression. I rather think it means to make terms with the enemy.

P. 93.—389.—357.

Bru. By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the *hard hands* of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection.

Mr. Holt White is certainly right.

P. 94.—390.—359.

Cas. There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth.

Sir William Blackstone is right.

P. 110.—404.—378.

Cas. But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself;—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

I believe Monk Mason and Ritson are right.

P. 116.—410.—387.

Bru. The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

J. and S. 1785. Vol. VIII.	MALONE. Vol. VII.	J. and S. 1793. Vol. XII.

P. 134.—426.—411.

Cleo. I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.
Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of love, and *her* soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh.

Mr. Malone is clearly right.

P. 136.—428.—414.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must *change* his horns with garlands.

I think, with Malone, that Theobald's reading *charge* is the true one. If, however, *change* be the right word, I think it here signifies to variegate.

P. 138.—430.—418.

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a *fairer former fortune*
Than that which is to approach.
Char. Then, belike, my children *shall have no names.*

A fairer fortune is differently understood by the different speakers; the soothsayer uses it for a more prosperous one; Charmian takes it to mean a more reputable one.

P. 143.—434.—424.

Ant. taunt my faults
With such full license, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our *quick winds* lie still; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing.

Of the true reading and meaning of this passage I still doubt; but I feel some inclination to adopt Warburton's reading of "minds" for "winds."

P. 144.—436.—427.

Ant. What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By *revolution lowering*, does become
The *opposite* of itself.

I believe Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 145.—437.—429.

Eno. We cannot call *her winds and waters, sighs and tears;* they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report.

I believe Mr. Malone's emendation is the true one.

P. 146.—438.—431.

Ant. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her *love* to part.

I suspect, with Mr. Malone, that for "*love*," we should read *leave*. If the present reading be the true one, it is rightly explained by Messrs. Steevens and Malone.

P. 149.—441.—436.

Cleo. when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then;—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliss in our brows 'bent; none our parts so poor,
But was *a race of heaven.*

I am very strongly inclined to believe that Mr. Malone's is the true explanation of these words.

P. 151.—442.—437.

Ant. My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.
Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness:—*Can Fulvia die?*

I incline to think that Ritson is right.

P. 152.—443.—439.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and *well:*
So Antony loves.

I do not think Mr. Steevens is right. I am very strongly inclin'd to believe that the true meaning is that which Mr. Malone supposed before he had read Mr. Steevens's note.

P. 153.—444.—440.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
That you know well: something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

I think Mr. Steevens has explain'd this rightly.

P. 155.—445.—442.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor.

I think *our* great competitor is certainly right.

P. 155.—446.—443.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem *as the spots of heaven,*
More fiery by night's blackness.

I perfectly agree with Mr. Malone.

P. 157.—447.—444.

Cæs. say, this becomes him,
(*As* his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,)

I agree with Mr. Malone.

P. 157.—447.—445.

yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness.

I think Mr. Malone is right.

P. 164.—453.—454.

Alex. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount a *termagant* steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

If *arm-gaunt* be the true word, I think it means thin-shoulder'd; but this meaning does not appear to suit the passage; for Alexas seems to be describing a mettlesome courser.—Mr. M. Mason's emendation agrees with the sense, and may perhaps be right; but it is so bold a correction, that I confess I cannot help entertaining some doubt of it, though I wish to adopt it. —"We may reasonably suppose (says Mr. Davies, *Dramatick Miscell.* Vol. II. p. 342) "that the horse, which bore Marc Antony, was "remarkable for size and beauty. The Romans "were particularly attentive to the breed, as "well as management, of horses. *Arm-gaunt* "means *fine-shaped*, or, *thin-shouldered.* I must "suppose, says Bracken, *that every one is sensible* "*that thin-shouldered horses move the best. Arm-*"*gaunt*, I think, is a word compounded of the "Latin words *armus* and *gaunt;* the latter is an "old word well known; and *armus*, a shoulder, "originally signified that part of a man's body,

" but the Latin writers afterwards more frequently applied it to the animal."

Horace speaking of his mule says—

Mantica cui lumbos onere ulceret, atque eques armos.
Lib. I. *Sat.* VI. 106.

I incline to think that *arm-gaunt* is the right word, and that it is rightly explained by Mr. Davies.

P. 167.—456.—457.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise Powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Evertere domos totas optantibus ipsis
Dii faciles. *Juv.* X. 7.

P. 168.—456.—458.

Pom. I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony: but all charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy *wan'd* lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!

I think the true reading is *wann'd*, the contraction of the participle *wanned*.

P. 172.—460.—463.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.
Ant. Thank you.
Cæs. Sit.
Ant. *Sit, sir!*
Cæs. Nay,
Then—

I think Malone is right—Mr. Davies is of the same opinion. Antony (he justly observes) is through the whole scene modest and temperate, rather the apologist than the vindicator of his past conduct. *Dram. Miscell. Vol.* II. *p.* 346.

P. 173.—462.—465.

Cæs. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

I incline to agree with Malone.

P. 175.—463.—467.

Ant. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause?

I think Malone is right.

P. 175.—463.—468.

If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have *not* to make it with,
It must not be with this.

I agree with Malone.

P. 175.—464.—468.

Ant. I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with *graceful* eyes attend those wars
Which 'fronted mine own peace.

I think with Mr. Steevens that *graceful* is the right word.

P. 176.—465.—470.

Ant. No,
Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour's *sacred* which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it.

I think Malone is right, whose explanation is similar to what Dr. Johnson says seems to be Warburton's sense of it.

P. 178.—466.—472.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.
Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.
Eno. Go to, then; *your considerate stone.*

I think this is the true reading; it may be understood as explained either by Steevens or Tollet.—" Αγελαστος πέτρα (says Mr. Davies) *the* " *unlaughing stone*, is an old Greek proverb; *and* " *dumb* or *dead* as a stone is familiar, I should " think, to most languages. Mr. Steevens's " conceit of the marble statue is more ingenious " than solid." *Dram. Miscel.* II. *p.* 346.

P. 179.—467.—473.

Agr. great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.
Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, *your reproof*
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

This is rightly explained by Monk Mason.

P. 182.—470.—478.

Eno. on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling cupids,
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

I think Malone is right.

P. 182.—471.—479.

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends *adornings.*

I think there is no need of change, and agree with Mr. Malone that the interpretation given originally by Warburton is the true one.

P. 189.—476.—491.

Ant. His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, *inhoop'd*, at odds.

I am not sure that the reading of the modern editors, *inwhoop'd*, is wrong.

P. 190.—477.—492.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, *be at mount*
Before you, Lepidus.

Heron (in his *Letters of Literature*) says, *at mount* means ready to mount our horses. I incline to think he is right.

P. 191.—477.—492.

Cleo. Give me some musick; musick, *moody* food
Of us that trade in love.

Steevens is right.

P. 192.—479.—494.

Cleo. O! from Italy;—

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

I incline to think that we should read *rain*, as Mr. Steevens proposes.

P. 193.—480.—496.

Cleo. If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—Why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a *formal* man.

I incline to think Malone is right.

P. 194.—481.—497.

Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out *the* pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together.

I incline to think with Malone.

P. 197.—483.—500.

Mess. He is married to Octavia.
Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not!—*What thou'rt sure of't?* Get thee hence.

I think Mr. M. Mason is right.

P. 205.—490.—512.

1 *Serv.* To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

This is rightly explained by Malone and Monk Mason.

P. 200.—495.—518.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.
[*Pointing to the attendant who carries off Lepidus.*
Men. Why?
Eno. He bears
The third part of the world, man: see'st not?
Men. The third part then is drunk: 'would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!
Eno. Drink thou; increase the *reels.*

I see no reason to suspect that the text is corrupt.

Ibid.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.
Ant. It ripens towards it.—*Strike the vessels, ho!*
Here is to Cæsar.

I think Holt White is right. Menas, at the end of this scene, says—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: sound, and be hang'd, sound out.

P. 211.—495.—520.

Eno. Then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall *bear*, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

I think *bear* is certainly the right word.

P. 212.—496.—520.

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with *pink* eyne.

I think Dr. Johnson's explanation of *pink eyne* is wrong, and that Mr. Steevens has given the true explanation.

P. 217.—501.—528.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Holt White and Malone are right.

P. 222.—505.—534.

Cleo. Her hair, what colour?
Mess. Brown, madam: and her forehead is as low
As *she* would wish it.
Cleo. There is gold for thee.

I think Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 223.—506.—536.

Ant. when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or *did it from his teeth.*

That is, not heartily, *he did from the teeth outwardly* is a common expression, signifying that what is spoken does not come from the heart. *Macbeth* speaks of

Mouth-honour, breath
Which the poor heart would fain deny and dare not.

P. 224.—507.—537.

Ant. The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall *stain* your brother.

I think Mr. Malone's remark is just; his conjecture is, perhaps, right.

P. 230.—513.—546.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us, and those that love you. *Best of comfort;*
And ever welcome to us.

I think Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 240.—521.—559.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The *wounded chance* of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me.

I think the old reading is certainly the true one.

P. 241.—522.—561.

Ant. Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, *I have lost command,*
Therefore I pray you.

Mr. Steevens is certainly right.

P. 243.—523.—563.

Ant. He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on *lieutenantry,* and no practice had
In the brave squares of war.

Mr. Steevens has explained this rightly.

P. 243.—524.—564.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is *unqualitied* with very shame.

Steevens is right.

Ibid.

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; *but*
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Malone is right.

P. 247.—528.—570.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno. *Think*, and die.

I believe the old reading is right. Did not Lee think of this passage at the end of the third act of *Mithridates?*

Ziph. What shall we do, Semandra? *Sem.* Part, and die.

P. 249.—529.—572.

Eno. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The *mered* question.

I believe Malone and Monk Mason are right.

P. 251.—531.—575.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square. [*Aside.*
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly. Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i'the story.

I think Dr. Johnson is right.

P. 251.—531.—576.

Thyr. *Cæsar* intreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is *Cæsar.*

I think Dr. Johnson is right.

P. 253.—532.—578.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this, *in disputation*
I kiss his conqu'ring hand:

I think Warburton's correction is the true reading.

P. 253.—533.—578.

tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his *all-obeying* breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

I think Malone is right.

P. 268.—548.—602.

Ant. O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men.—*Eros, despatch.*

I think Steevens and Ritson are right, Mr. Ritson's opinion of the second folio appears to me to be just.

P. 276.—554.—613.

Ant. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven: *further on,*
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour.

That some words are necessary to complete the sense I should have thought could not have been doubted. The notes of Monk Mason and Malone must, I think, remove every doubt respecting it. Why Mr. Malone should prefer *let's seek a spot* to *further on,* I cannot discover.

P. 278.—556.—616.

Ant. *Triple-turn'd* whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice.

I think Mr. Steevens's vindication of Mr. Monk Mason's explanation is unanswerable.

P. 278.—557.—617.

All come to this? The hearts
That *spaniel'd* me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar.

Spaniel'd is indeed a very happy emendation, and is, I think, most justly received into the text by the late editors.

P. 284.—562.—624.

Ant. she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and *false play'd* my glory
Unto an enemy's *triumph*.

I think Malone is right.

P. 286.—563.—627.

Ant. I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All *length* is torture.

I do not see why *length* may not stand: I take it to mean here protraction of life.

P. 300.—577.—647.

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.
Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: the *round world* should have shook
Lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens.

I agree with Malone.

P. 309.—583.—658.

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can.

I incline to suspect with Malone and Ritson that a line is lost.

P. 309.—584.—659.

Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Sævis Liburnis scilicet invidens,
Privata deduci superbo
Non humilis mulier triumpho.

Hor. Lib. I. *Od.* xxx.

CYMBELINE.

J. and S. 1785. Vol. IX. | MALONE. Vol. VII. | J. and S. 1793. Vol. XIII.

P. 186.—311.—5.

1 *Gent.* You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;
Still seem, as does the king's.

This passage, notwithstanding all the commentators have written about it, I do not understand.

P. 187.—311.—8.

1 *Gent.* I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.
2 Gent. *You speak him far.*
1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself.

I am not satisfied that these words will bear the sense assigned to them by the explanation of Steevens and Malone. I think we should read *fair* with Theobald.

P. 189.—312.—10.

1 *Gent.* Liv'd in court,
(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd:
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
A glass that *feated* them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards.

Theobald reads *featur'd*, perhaps rightly.

P. 192.—316.—14.

Imo. take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.
Post. How! how! another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And *sear* up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!

I believe Malone is right.

P. 193.—316.—14.

Remain, remain thou here,
[*Putting on the ring.*
While sense can keep *it* on!

I think we should read *thee* with Mr. Pope, and the three subsequent editors, for the reasons assigned by Mr. Steevens.

P. 193.—317.—16.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth; thou heapest
A year's age on me!

I think with Mr. Steevens, that if Cymbeline meant to say that his daughter's conduct made him precisely *one year older*, it is a very poor conceit. I think we ought to adopt either Warburton's or Sir T. Hanmer's emendation.

P. 194.—317.—17.

Imo. I
Am senseless of your wrath; *a touch more rare*
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

A touch more rare is certainly explained rightly by Mr. Steevens.

P. 204.—326.—30.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; *rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard*, than *in my every action to be guided by others' experiences:* but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

Malone and Monk Mason have clearly shewn that Dr. Johnson has mistaken the meaning of this passage, which they have rightly explained.

P. 205.—327.—31.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; *though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.*

I see no reason for the transposition proposed by Mr. M. Mason, nor do I perceive any objection to Dr. Johnson's explanation.

P. 205.—327.—33.

Iach. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not *but* believe she excell'd many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

I think it is clear that some correction of the old copy is necessary, and that we should receive either Warburton's or Malone's emendation: they both give the same sense. I incline to prefer Malone's.

P. 208.—331.—35.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.
Iach. You are a *friend*, and therein the wiser.

I rather think that this is rightly explained by Dr. Johnson. Mr. Steevens's remark (in his note in the edition of 1793) is just.

P. 211.—334.—40.

Queen. Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work: he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.

I think we should read with Theobald, *he's for his master, an enemy to my son;* though I admit that if we read *and*, the words are explicable.

P. 215.—337.—44.

Imo. Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which *seasons comfort.*

Seasons here is clearly a verb, and *comfort* a substantive. I incline to Mr. M. Mason's explanation of the passage.

P. 216.—339.—46.

Imo. [*reads.*]—He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truest

LEONATUS.

Mr. M. Mason's emendation is ingenious, but I do not see that the change is necessary.

P. 217.—339.—47.

Iach. What! are men mad? hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach?

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

Ibid.

and the *twinn'd* stones
Upon the *number'd* beach?

Twinn'd is rightly explained by Mr. Steevens, and *number'd*, I believe, by Dr. Johnson.

P. 218.—340.—49.

Iach. Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

I agree with Mr. Malone.

P. 220.—341.—51.

Iach. 'Beseech, you, sir, desire
My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is *strange* and *peevish.*

I think *strange* is rightly explained by Dr. Johnson, and *peevish* by Steevens and Malone.

P. 220.—342.—51.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Mrs. Centlivre seems to have had this passage in her thoughts, when she wrote Violanti's enquiry after Don Felix, and Lissardo's reply. *Wonder, Act.* II. *sc.* 1.

P. 222.—343.—54.

Imo. 'Pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: for certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely *knowing*,
The *remedy* then born,) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

I agree with Malone in thinking we should read *known* and *remedy's.*

P. 233.—353.—67.

Iach. The flame o'the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows; *white and azure*, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design?

I incline to think that Malone is right.

P. 228.—358.—76.

Queen. Frame yourself
To orderly solicits; and *be friended*
With aptness of the season: make denials
Increase your services.

I incline to adopt Mr. M. Mason's reading *befriended.*

P. 239.—359.—77.

Clo. 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers *false* themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer.

I think with Mr. Steevens that *false* here is a verb.

P. 246.—365.—85.

Phil. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

That Mr. Steevens has done rightly in assigning this speech to Philario does not, I think, admit of a doubt.

P. 248.—367.—87.

Iach. A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was—
Post. This is true.

I think Mr. Monk Mason's correction is right.

P. 249.—368.—88.

Iach. Her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their *brands.*

I believe this is rightly explained by Mr. Steevens; I cannot think that Mr. Whalley is right.

P. 253.—371.—92.

Phil. Let's follow him, and *pervert* the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 254.—372.—94.

Post. Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: *did it* with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn.

I think with Mr. Malone that the more obvious meaning is clearly the true one.

P. 256.—374.—97.

Queen. Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks *unscaleable*, and roaring waters.

With rocks unscaleable is undoubtedly the true reading.

P. 257.—376.—99.

Cym. *Mulmutius*,
Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

I think Mr. Steevens's omission is clearly right.

P. 263.—383.—108.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through.

I incline to believe that Dr. Johnson is right.

P. 264.—383.—109.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! *stoop*, boys: this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To morning's holy office.

Some correction is clearly necessary. *Sleep*, the reading of the old copy, cannot be right. I incline to read *see boys*, with Mr. Rowe. It surely was not necessary for Belarius to caution the young men to stoop in order to come through the low entrance of the cave which they so frequently passed. I do not think *sweet* is the right word.

P. 265.—384.—110.

Bel. This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd.

I think we should read *that service*, with Theobald and Monk Mason.

P. 265.—384.—111.

And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The *sharded beetle* in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle.

Vide my note on *the shard-born beetle* in *Macbeth*, p. 137.

P. 266.—385.—111.

O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a *babe*.

I cannot conceive that *babe* is the true reading. I incline to read *bribe*, with Sir Thomas Hanmer.

P. 270.—387.—116.

Bel. This *Polydore*,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius.

I incline to read *Paladour;* but whether *Paladour* or *Polydore* be the right name is of little consequence. I cannot, however, agree with Mr. Steevens, that because Otway has denominated one of his characters in the *Orphan*, *Polydore*, and may, perhaps, have taken some hints for the conversation between Acasto and his sons from this scene, it is therefore evident that he thought *Polydore* the true reading, or that he thought at all about the matter.

P. 271.—389.—118.

Imo. Where is Posthúmus.

Mr. Malone is certainly right. Vide my first note on the *Tempest*, *p.* 1.

P. 273.—391.—121.

Imo. False to his bed! *What is it, to be false?*
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?

I rather incline to think that this should be pointed as Mr. M. Mason recommends.

P. 278.—395.—127.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.
Imo. *Where then?*
Hath Britain all the sun that shines?

I rather incline to read with Monk Mason, *what then?* but the old reading may stand, and the sense be what Mr. Malone supposes.

P. 281.—398.—132.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, *all joy befall your grace, and you!*

All joy befall your grace and you cannot, I think, be right: we should adopt either Malone's or Steevens's emendation.

P. 285.—401.—136.

Clot. Let's see't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.
Pis. *Or this, or perish.*
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger. [*Aside.*

I think Malone is clearly right.

P. 292.—407.—146.

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by
That nothing gift of *differing multitudes,*)
Could not out-peer these twain.

Differing multitudes is, I think, rightly explained by Monk Mason.

P. 297.—412.—153.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.
Bel. *And so shalt be ever.*

I approve of Mr. Monk Mason's amendment, though the passage according to the old distribution may certainly be explained in the manner Mr. Malone has done it.

P. 297.—413.—154.

Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.
Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, *untwine*
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

I can see no need of change.

P. 301.—416.—158.

Arv. I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for the *effect* of judgement
Is oft the cause of fear: but see, thy brother.

I incline to Theobald's reading.

P. 302.—418.—161.

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his *humour*
Was nothing but mutation.

I think Theobald's emendation is clearly right.

P. 304.—421.—164.

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine nature, *how* thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys.

This is certainly the true reading: the substitution of *how* for *thou* is claimed by Malone

and Monk Mason; it is so printed in Theobald's edition of 1740.

P. 306.—422.—166.

Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish *crare*
Might easiliest harbour in?

The old reading (which Warburton allows to be a plausible one) may possibly be right.

P. 310.—424.—169.

Arv. the ruddock would,
With charitable bill,—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To *winter-ground* thy corse.

I think the emendation proposed by Warburton is clearly wrong.

P. 320.—435.—184.

Pis. I *heard* no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain.

I rather incline to read *I've had no letter*, with Mr. Steevens.

P. 324.—439.—189.

Post. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, *each elder worse;*
And make them dread it to the doer's thrift.

I am not satisfied with any of the explications of this passage, and am inclined to suspect a corruption.

P. 325.—439.—189.

And make them *dread it* to the doer's thrift.

I am inclined to adopt Mr. M. Mason's explanation.

P. 334.—446.—200.

Post. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: *to satisfy,*
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.

This passage I do not understand.

P. 358.—467.—229.

Bel. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my *mere* offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did.

I think Mr. Tyrwhitt's correction is certainly right.

P. 360.—469.—231.

Imo. you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When *you* were so indeed.

I do not think that the old reading *we* is right. Theobald reads (with the change of a single letter from *we*) *ye*, which I think is right.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

J. and S. 1785.	Malone.	J. and S. 1793.
Vol. VIII.	Vol. X.	Vol. XIII.

P. 495.—384.—261.

Tit. Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

I incline to read *in fame's eternal date,* with Warburton and Theobald.

P. 508.—395.—276.

Aar. I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made emperess.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis;—this *queen,*
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.

I think Malone is right.

P. 510.—397.—279.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I *propose,* to achieve her whom I love.

I agree with Malone.

P. 511.—398.—280.

Dem. What, hast thou not full often *struck a doe,*
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Malone is right.

P. 513.—400.—283.

Scene II.

I agree with Dr. Johnson.

P. 520.—406.—292.

Dem. This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted *hope* braves your mightiness.

I think Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 521.—407.—293.

Lav. ——— the raven doth not hatch a lark.
nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam. *Hor.*

P. 534.—418.—309.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,
Writing destruction on the enemy's *castle?*

I incline to think that Mr. Theobald's reading, *casques,* is the true one.

P. 548.—430.—326.

Mar. Revenge *the* heavens for old Andronicus!

I incline to read *revenge then heavens,* with Mr. Tyrwhitt.

P. —344.

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause.

Mr. Steevens, in his note on these words, has very justly and successfully ridiculed Mr. Malone's strange notion that *arm* is a dissyllable.

P. 566.—446.—350.

Luc. *Get me a ladder.*
Aar. Lucius, save the child.

Mr. Theobald has certainly done rightly in giving these words to Lucius. I can hardly think that they are to be understood as Mr. Steevens explains them.

P. 567.—446.—350.

Aar. I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason; villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet *piteously* perform'd.

Mr. Steevens has certainly given the true meaning of *piteously* in this place.

P. 580.—459.—367.

Mar. O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.
Sen. Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself;
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.

I think this speech belongs to Marcus; if so we must read *lest*; if it be given to another person, we must retain the old reading *let*.

I see no reason for dissenting from the commentators, who suppose this horrid play not Shakespeare's.

KING LEAR.

J. and S. 1785. Vol. IX. | MALONE. Vol. VIII. | J. and S. 1793. Vol. XIV.

P. 382.—490.—10.

Lear. What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.
Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And *prize me at her worth.*

And prize me at her worth is, I think, rightly explained by Henley.

P. 382.—491.—10.

In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short,—*that* I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Monk Mason and Malone are right.

P. 382.—491.—11.

Which the most precious *square* of sense possesses.

I agree with Dr. Johnson that Warburton's note on these words is acute; but it strikes me as being extremely ridiculous.

P. 383.—491.—11.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than *my* tongue.

My tongue is certainly right.

P. 385.—494.—15.

Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!
[*To Cordelia.*
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!

Mr. Heath is clearly wrong in supposing that these words are spoken to Kent; they are spoken to Cordelia. Mr. Mason's remark is very just.

P. 389.—497.—19.

Lear. Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power;
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
Our *potency* made good, take thy reward.

I think Mr. Malone is right.

P. 390.—497.—20.

Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from *diseases* of the world.

I incline to prefer the reading of the folio, "Disasters." Mr. Steevens has clearly shown that there is nothing in Mr. Malone's objection to the last-mentioned word.

P. 391.—499.—22.

Lear. Sir,
Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?
Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes *not up* on such conditions.

I think Malone is right.

P. 392.—500.—24.

France. Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint.

I think Mr. M. Mason is right.

P. 395.—502.—27.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.
Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you.

I think Mr. Steevens has very well justified the reading "*Ye jewels,*" which I prefer to "*The jewels*;" though this last reading certainly affords sense.

P. 398.—505.—31.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound; wherefore should I
Stand in the *plague* of custom?

Plague is right.

P. 404.—510.—39.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.
Edm. Nor is not, sure.
Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom.

Mr. Steevens is right.

Ibid.

I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

The true explanation of these words is that given by Mr. M. Mason, in which Mr. Davies (*Dramatick Miscell.* Vol. II. p. 271.) concurs.

P. 411.—514.—46.

Edm. and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that *with* the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Malone is right.

P. 413.—516.—48.

Gon. Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be used
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen abus'd.

I am not satisfied with any of the explanations of this passage. I do not understand how Flattery (when used, as I suppose it to be here, for false praise) can ever be said to be abused, i. e. perverted from a good to an ill use.—Perhaps we should read "Flatterers," with Theobald, and understand the passage thus; Old men must be used with checks, like flatterers, who when they are seen, when their adulations are so gross and unskilful as to be apparent to the person to whom they are offered, are abused, i. e. rated, reprehended, treated with harsh language. This is a common sense of the word *abuse*, several instances of which may be seen in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. There is a thought somewhat similar to this in Horace, where he says of Augustus,

Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.
Lib. ii. *Sat.* 1. 20.

P. 427.—528.—65.

Lear. Who is it that can tell me who I am? Lear's shadow? I would learn that; *for by the marks* of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded that I had daughters.—

I incline to Mr. Malone's explanation.

P. 429.—528.—68.

Gon. This our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Makes it *more like a tavern, or a brothel,*
Than a *grac'd palace.*

"More resmbling a house of disorderly entertainment than the residence of a prince, where all things should be managed with order, grace, and decorum."—*Davies.*

I prefer this explanation to Warburton's.

P. 431.—530.—70.

Lear. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [*striking his head.*
And thy dear judgement out!—*Go, go, my people.*

Mr. Malone's last explanation is certainly the true one.

P. 431.—531.—71.

Lear. Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her *derogate* body never spring
A babe to honour her!

Mr. Steevens is right. Dr. Johnson's first explanation of *derogate* is the true one.

P. 437.—536.—79.

Fool. Yes, indeed; thou would'st make a good fool.
Lear. To take it again perforce! Monster ingratitude!

I think Mr. Henley is right.

P. 439.—537.—81.

Edm. My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a *queazy* question,
Which I must act:—

Mr. Henley's is the true explanation of *queazy.*

P. 441.—539.—84.

Glo. The noble duke, my master,
My worthy *arch* and patron, comes to-night.

I think it is possible that Mr. Theobald's reading, *my worthy and arch-patron*, may be right. Heron (p. 305) says, "*my worthy arch and patron*, is a "Latinism, in which the component parts of a "word are separated, for *my worthy and arch-* "*patron*. Horace has such separations. Or arch "may here mean support, as arches support an "edifice, as it evidently does in the passage quoted "from Heywood." If Heron has rightly explained the passage quoted from Heywood, I think it makes in favour of Theobald's reading, for I cannot be persuaded that *arch* is used here for support. I do not believe that Shakespeare intended a tmesis.

P. 445.—543.—89.

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend: Art of *the* house?
Kent. Ay.

I prefer the reading of the folio, "*of this house*," which stands in Theobald's edition, and in that of 1785.

P. 445.—543.—90, et seq.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury pinfold*, I would make thee care for me.
Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.
Kent. Fellow, I know thee.
Stew. What dost thou know me for?
Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, *three-suited*, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave; a whorson, *glass-gazing*, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave, &c. &c.

Lipsbury pinfold is, I think, rightly explained by Mr. Steevens. His first explanation of *three-suited knave* is the true one. He has rightly explained the other contumacious expressions mentioned in this note: *glass-gazing* certainly means what

Mr. Malone supposes, one who gazes often at his own person in the glass. Mr. Malone's quotation from Timon does not illustrate this expression.

P. 448.—545.—93.

Kent. Draw, you rogue: for though it be night, the moon shines; I'd make a sop o'the moonshine of you: draw, you whorson, cullionly *barber-monger*, draw.
[*Drawing his sword.*

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

I believe Mr. M. Mason's is the true explanation of *barber-monger.*

P. 449.—546.—94.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!
Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you *neat Slave*, strike. [*beating him.*
Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Mr. Steevens's is certainly the right explanation of *neat slave.*

P. 451.—547.—96.

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain,
Which are too intrinse t' unloose.

I think with Mr. Malone that Warburton has seen more in this passage than the poet intended, and that the word *holy* is an interpolation. I would read thus—

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues
As these, like rats, oft bite the cords in twain,
Which are, &c.

P. 453.—550.—99.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; *and constrains the garb,*
Quite from his nature; he cannot flatter, he!—

Garb means habit, and is, I incline to believe, used here, however licentiously, for the habitual behaviour.

P. 455.—551.—101.

Stew. And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here *again.*

I think Mr. Steevens has done rightly in omitting the word *again.*

P. 459.—554.—105.

Kent. I know, 'tis from Cordelia;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; *and shall find time*
From this enormous state,—seeking to give
Losses their remedies:—

I incline to believe that this is rightly explained by Mr. M. Mason. I cannot conceive that these words form any part of Cordelia's letter.

P. 462.—557.—111.

Scene IV.

Before Gloster's Castle.

Mr. Tyrrwhitt certainly assigns the true reason of Lear's coming to the Earl of Gloster's. I doubt whether his explanation of the words in the preceding act, *(Go you before to Gloster with these letters)* be right.

P. 465.—559.—113.

Lear. They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage.

I used to understand this line to mean—*To do such violent outrage deliberately, upon con-*

sideration, taking respect to be used here in the same sense as in *King John.*

More upon humour than advised respect.

After having inclined to give up my own explanation for Mr. Malone's, I now think mine the true one. Dr. Johnson's cannot be right.

P. 472.—565.—123.

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to *scant* her duty.

Mr. Steevens has certainly given the meaning that Shakespeare intended.

P. 474.—567.—126.

Lear. Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food. [*Kneeling.*

Mr. Steevens has given the true explanation of *age is unnecessary:* it certainly means *old people are useless.*

P. 475.—568.—127.

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To *fall and blast their pride.*

I rather incline to Mr. M. Mason's sense of these words.

P. 478.—570.—130.

Lear. Art not asham'd to look upon this beard? [*To Gon.*
O, Regan, will thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? how have I offended?
All's not offence, *that indiscretion finds,*
And dotage terms so.

Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 485.—575.—138.

Kent. Where's the king?
Gent. Contending with the fretful *element.*

I incline with Theobald to prefer the reading of the folio, *elements.*

P. 487.—577.—140.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my *art,*
Commend a dear thing to you.

I prefer the reading of the folio, *upon the warrant of my note,* because in so dark a night Kent could not very well exercise his skill in physiognomy. I understand *note* as Dr. Johnson does. *Note* is the reading of Theobald, and of the edition of 1785.

P. 499.—586.—153.

Lear. Let me alone.
Kent. Good my lord, enter here,
Lear. *Wilt break my heart?*
Kent. I'd rather break mine own: good my lord, enter.

I can by no means agree with Mr. Steevens that Lear addresses these words not to Kent, but to his own bosom.

P. 500.—587.—154.

Lear. O Regan, Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;

I heartily agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 514.—600.—174.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; *but a provoking merit,* set a work by a reproveable badness in himself.

I incline to Mr. M. Mason's explanation.

P. 522.—606.—184.

Edg. Do de, de de. Sessa. Come, march to wakes and fairs, and market towns:—*Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.*

I do not think these words are to be spoken aside, and understood as Mr. Steevens explains them.

P. 524.—609.—186.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps:
This rest might yet have balm'd *thy broken senses,*
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.

I think Theobald's reading *broken senses* is the true one.

P. 537.—619.—202.

Edg. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: bless *the* good man from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once.

I incline to read with Theobald, *bless thee, good man, from,* &c.

P. 539.—620.—203.

Glo. Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That *slaves your ordinance,* that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly.

I incline to understand *that slaves the ordinance of heaven,* as Mr. Steevens does.

P. 542.—623.—207.

Gon. *I have been worth the whistle.*
Alb. O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.

I think with Mr. Malone that Mr. Steevens's interpretation is the true one.

P. 544.—625.—210.

Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their *mischief*. Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
While thou a moral fool, sits still, and cry'st,
Alack, why does he so?
Alb. See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the *fiend*
So horrid as in woman.

This fiend, in Mr. Malone's note, clearly means Goneril. I think she means her father, and prefer the punctuation of the folio, viz. a full point after *mischief*.

Ibid.

Gon. O vain fool!
Alb. Thou chang'd and *self-cover'd thing*, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature.

I incline to Mr. Malone's interpretation of *self-cover'd thing*.

P. 549.—630.—218.

Gent. There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd: then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

I think Malone is right.

P. 553.—633.—222.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with *your lord* at home?
Stew. No, madam.

I think with Ritson and Malone, that *your lord* is the right reading.

P. 554.—634.—223.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.
Stew. Madam, I had rather—
Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband.

" Dr. Johnson wonders that Shakespeare " should represent the steward, who is a mere " agent of baseness, capable of fidelity! When " a man is amply rewarded for his iniquitous " compliances with the commands of his supe- " riors, it is but natural to imagine that he will " be true to his employers, especially as he will " have reason to dread the punishment which " would be inflicted for his disobedience. That " such a wretch should be anxious, when dying, " for the delivery of that letter which he would " not suffer to be unsealed, is not very sur- " prising; it was only the consequence of his " pursuing the track of his accustomed practice." *Davies's Dram. Miscel. Vol.* II. *p.* 310.

P. 556.—636.—226.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand still.—
How fearful!
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low, &c.

I think Mr. M. Mason's remark is just.

P. 558.—637.—228.

Edg. Give me your hand: you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

I incline to think that Malone is right. Heron explains it thus: " Edgar says he is " so near the precipice, that, for all beneath the " moon, he would not leap upright, for even in " doing so, the slight bend which his body " would make, would throw him over; or the " fallacious brink crumble beneath his feet." *Letters of Literature, p.* 307.

P. 559.—638.—229.

Glos. Now, fellow, fare thee well.
[*He leaps, and falls along.*
Edg. Gone, sir? farewell.

I incline to read *good sir*, with the second folio, and the modern editors.

P. 560.—639.—230.

Edg. Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;
Thy life's a miracle.

" Mr. Pope altered *at each* to *attach'd*; and " Dr. Johnson thinks it may stand, if the word " was known in our authors time. Minsheu, " who published his Dictionary of nine lan- " guages in 1617, a year after Shakespeare's " death, explains the word in the sense in which " it is applied by Mr. Pope, *attach, to tack or* " *fasten together.*" *Davies's Dramatic Miscel. p.* 311.

This is a contradiction of Mr. Malone's assertion, that the word was not used in the sense required here in Shakespeare's time.

P. 561.—641.—232.

Edg. But who comes here?
Enter Lear, fantastically dressed up with flowers.
The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 564.—642.—236.

Lear. *When the rain came to wet me once,* and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them out.

The probability of an allusion to the story of Canute had occurred to me before I read Mr. Steevens's note.

P. 564.—643.—237.

Lear. Behold yon' simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name.

Mr. Edwards is certainly right. I am surprised that the passage should ever have been understood otherwise.

P. 567.—646.—240.

Lear. Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. *Plate sin with gold,*
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

Ilia subter
Cœcum vulnus habes: sed lato balteus auro
Prætegit. *Pers.* IV. 43.

P. 573.—652.—249.

Edg. Let us see:
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful.

[Reads.] *Let our reciprocal vows be remember'd. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loath'd warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.*

Your wife, (so I would say,) and your affectionate servant,

GONERIL.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother.

I think Mr. Steevens is right. Mr. Davies (*Dram. Miscel. p.* 314.) says, "Edgar's reflection imports no more than that a vicious woman sets no bounds to her appetites; such an one he knew Goneril was, and to her it is applied."

P. 573.—652.—249.

Edg. Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up, *the post unsanctified*
Of murderous lechers.

The post unsanctified, I believe, means no more than *the wicked messenger*. I cannot acquiesce in Mr. Steevens's explanation of it, which appears to be a refinement.

P. 575.—654.—252.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this *child-changed father.*

I incline to believe that Mr. Malone's is the true explanation of *child-changed father.*

P. 580.—658.—258.

Phy. Be comforted, good madam; the great rage,
You see, is cur'd in him: [and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.]
Desire him to go in: trouble him no more
Till further settling.

I think Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 584.—661.—263.

Alb. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king; with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.
Edg. *Sir, you speak nobly.*

I doubt whether this speech is to be understood ironically, as Mr. Malone supposes. I rather think that Edmund means to express his approbation of Albany's conduct in joining to repel the invasion, though he disliked the measures which occasioned it, the treatment of Lear, respecting which he differed from Goneril,

Regan, and Edmund. The bastard commends him for not with-holding his aid against the common enemy, on account of those "domestic and particular broils," which the circumstances of the times rendered it improper to question then, and which were to be reserved for future discussion.

P. 591.—662.—264.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery.

I think *here* (not hard) *is the guess* the true reading.

P. 591.—668.—273.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes,
Which do command them.

I think Mr. Steevens's first explanation of *impress'd lances* the true one.

P. 591.—668.—274.

Reg. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which *immediacy* may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

I think Mr. Malone's is the true explanation of *immediacy*.

P. 592.—669.—275.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?
Alb. The *let-alone* lies not in your good will.
Edm. Nor in thine, lord.
Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

This, I think, is rightly explained by Mr. Malone.

P. 599.—676.—284.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow, but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.

I think this passage is very obscure. I incline to Mr. Malone's explanation of it.

P. 600.—677.—286.

Edg. Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; *threw him on my father*,
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear received.

Threw HIM *on my father* is, I think, the true reading. The old reading *me*, is indeed intelligible, but I think, with Mr. Steevens, that by that reading the beauty of the passage is in a great measure destroyed.

P. 602.—680.—290.

Lear. Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.
Kent. *Is this the promis'd end?*
Edg. Or image of that horror.

I can by no means bring myself to believe that Mr. M. Mason's explanation is the true one. I take the meaning to be, Is this the event which I promised myself. Mr. Davies concurs in this interpretation: he explains the words thus: "Do all my hopes of Lear's restoration end in his distraction, and the death of Cordelia?" The explanation given by Mr. Steevens in the edition of 1785 is similar: "Is this the conclusion which the present turn of affairs seemed to promise?"

P. 606.—684.—296.

Lear. And *my poor fool is hang'd!* No, no, no life:
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all?

Before I read Mr. Steevens's note, I did not suppose that it was doubted that the jester, and not Cordelia, was meant here. I still incline to that opinion, for the reasons assigned by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who appears to me to have shown much taste and judgment in his note on these words.

P. 609.—688.—301.

Alb. Friends of my soul, you twain
[*to Kent and Edgar.*
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.
Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go,
My master calls, and *I must not say, no.*

I cannot help thinking that the marginal direction of the 2d folio (which the modern editors have followed) is right, and that the poet intended that Kent should expire here. For this event we were prepared by what Edgar had related of him, that he

Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, *and the strings of life*
Began to crack.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

J. and S. 1785. Vol. x. | Malone. Vol. ix. | J. and S. 1793. Vol. xiv.

P. 14.—14.—335.

Mon. But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty *to the sun.*

I think we should receive Theobald's emendation *to the sun,* (instead of *to the same;*) it wonderfully improves the passage.

P. 17.—17.—339.

Rom. Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being *purg'd,* a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes.

I believe *purg'd* is the author's word.

The expression *urge the fire* was perhaps suggested to Akenside by Scaliger's reading of a passage of Horace:

——— dum graves Cyclopum
Vulcanus ardens urit officinas. Lib. I. Od. 4.

where for *urit* Scaliger reads *urget.*

P. 18.—17.—340.

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss; she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.

Perhaps Milton was thinking of this line, and another in Hamlet,

That thou, dead corse, thus *clad in complete steel,*

when he wrote the following line in *Comus:*

She that has that (chastity) is clad in complete steel.

P. 18.—18.—340.

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

These words, as they stand at present, I do not understand, notwithstanding the explanations given by the commentators. Theobald's correction is intelligible to me.

P. 19.—19.—342.

Rom. *These happy masks,* that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair.

I think Mr. Malone is right.

P. 20.—20.—345.

Cap. The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth.

I incline to believe that the explanation given by Mr. M. Mason and Mr. Malone is the true one.

P. 21.—22.—347.

Cap. Such comfort, as do *lusty young men* feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads.

I think, with Mr. Malone, that the present reading is right.

P. 22.—23.—348.

Cap. Hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be;
Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

This I do not understand. I am by no means satisfied with Mr. Steevens's emendation. Of the

corrections proposed, I prefer Mr. Monk Mason's. If we could suppose, that *such amongst view of many*, was used for *amongst view of many such*, the sense would be easily intelligible: *such* would mean such as I have already described, "ex- "quisite beauties, earth-treading stars." In this explanation I have no confidence, because I do not remember an instance of a similar collocation of words.

P. 26.—28.—355.

Nurse. But, as I said,
On Lammas eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since *the earthquake* now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,——I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day.

"*The earthquake* is a mere stroke of fancy; "and it is worthy of a right antiquary to find "it in history, and in England 1580." HERON, p. 308. I agree with Heron.

P. 48.—48.—384.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 56.—57.—398.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.

I think Dr. Johnson has mistaken: I do not believe that Shakespeare supposed Romeo to have overheard Mercutio, or to have him in his thoughts. I take this to be intended for a general position, like that quoted by Mr. Steevens from Sidney's *Arcadia*.

None can speak of a wound with skill, if he have not a wound felt.

Romeo only means to say, that before he was

in love he regarded the sufferings of lovers as objects rather of mirth than pity.

P. 58.—58.—399.

Rom. O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white upturn'd wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

I think we should adopt Theobald's correction, and read *sight*, for the reason candidly assigned by Mr. Steevens in the latter part of his note, which Mr. Malone has thought proper to suppress in his edition.

P. 58.—58.—400.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*
Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;——
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.

I rather think the old punctuation, which places the comma after *thyself*, and not after *though*, is right; and I take the meaning to be, Thou wouldst continue the same person, though thou shouldst "deny thy father and refuse thy name," and so cease to be a Montague.

P. 61.—63.—405.

Jul. Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; *at lovers' perjuries*,
They say, Jove laughs.

Jupiter ex alto perjuria ridet amantum,
Et jubet Æolios irrita ferre Notos.
Ov. de Arte Amandi, Lib. I. 633.

Nec jurare time. Veneris perjuria venti
Irrita per terras et freta summa ferunt.
Gratia magna Jovi. Vetuit pater ipse valere,
Jurasset cupide quicquid ineptus amor.
Tibull. Lib. I. *El.* 4. 21.

P. 65.—66.—410.

Jul. Romeo!
Rom. *My sweet!*
Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?
Rom. At the hour of nine.

Mr. Malone's perverse and tasteless rejection of *my sweet*, because it is the reading of the 2d folio, is a striking instance to what lengths a pertinacious adherence to a system will carry one who has formed an hypothesis.

P. 66.—67.—411.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Pope seems to have been thinking of this passage, when he wrote the following lines in his 2d pastoral.

Oh were I made by some transforming pow'r
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses, he receives, enjoy.

I never could agree with Dr. Warton in preferring the wish of the shepherd in Theocritus to become a buzzing bee to this passage of Pope. Surely a lover would feel less pleasure in creeping among the leaves of ivy and fern, which compose the chaplet on his mistress's head, than in receiving her caresses, of which a bee is incapable. The Οφις-μικρος πτερωλος (as Cupid in Anacreon calls a bee) must be rather an object of terror than of delight and affection. In the 19th

Idyllium Dr. W. must remember a bee is represented as inflicting a severe wound: Cupid is described as stamping with pain:

——— τᾶ δ' Αφροδίτα
Δειξεν τὰν ὀδυναν, καὶ μεμφετο, ὅτιγε τυτθον
Θηριον ενὶ μέλισσα, καὶ ἀλίκα τραυμάτα ποιεῖ.

I confess the bee in Theocritus reminds me of the humble bee in *the Rehearsal.*

P. 67.—66.—412.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels!

I think Mr. Steevens has taken the right reading, which is confirmed by Mr. Holt White's quotation. The reading chosen by Mr. Malone I cannot understand.

P. 68.—69.—415.

Fri. Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:
For this, being smelt, *with that part cheers each part;*
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.

I incline to suspect that the first *part* is a corruption, and wish to read *sense* with Theobald.

P. 75.—77.—425.

Mer. Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.
Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness.
Mer. *Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.*

This reminds me of a passage in Congreve.

Millamant. Mincing, stand between me and his wife.
Witwoud. Do, Mrs. Mincing, like a skreen before a great fire.

P. 83.—84.—435.

Nurse. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?
Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.
Nurse. Ah, mocker! that the dog's name. *R is for the dog.*

Sonat hic de nare canina
Litera. *Pers. Sat.* I. 109.

P. 88.—89.—444.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament;
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

——— Pauca cupit qui numerare potest.
Mart. Lib. 6. *Ep.* 34.

P. 96.—97.—454.

Ben. ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.
La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.

Benvolio (whom the author certainly intended for a good character) does not appear to me to be chargeable with any material deviation from the truth: if he mistakes the transaction at all, it is not in favour of Romeo, but by suppressing some circumstances in the conduct of Mercutio, the kinsman and favourite of the prince to whom the narrative is addressed, and whom we may suppose (I think without any great imputation on his integrity) he wished to conciliate. It is true that Romeo spoke Tybalt fair, that he urged the prince's displeasure, ("the prince expressly hath forbid this bandying in Verona streets,") that he interposed between Mercutio

and Tybalt, and that he did not attack Tybalt till Tybalt had killed Mercutio. Benvolio even suppresses a circumstance which makes considerably in favour of Romeo, viz. that Tybalt called Romeo a villain, before Romeo had spoken a single word, and that Romeo submitted peaceably to that insult, and did not retort the word villain till Tybalt had slain his friend Mercutio. For these reasons Dr. Johnson's censure of Benvolio appears to me unfounded, and to have been made for the sake of introducing the reflection that follows, which, without the assertion of Benvolio's falsehood, must have been lost.

P. 99.—99.—456.

Jul. Spread thy close curtain, love performing night,
That run-away's eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!

This I do not understand. I am not satisfied with any of the explanations.

P. 105.—106.—466.

Jul. Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me; I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;
That banished, that one word—banished,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.

I cannot but express my astonishment at Dr. Johnson's explanation of these words.

P. 116.—117.—482.

Rom. I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay, than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome. Juliet will it so—

The text is right, and is rightly explained by Mr. Malone.

P. 128.—129.—498.

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

This is rightly explained by Mr. Malone.

P. 135.—137.—509.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.
Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up:
This is as't should be.—Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound *to him.*

"For the sake of the grammar (says Warburton) "I would suspect that Shakespeare wrote *much* "*bound to hymn,* i. e. *praise, celebrate.*" Mr. Edwards, in his *Canons of Criticism,* has justly censured this emendation. I agree with Mr. Edwards that this is a place that wants no tinkering. Capulet changes the structure of the sentence from what he first intended it to be, which is very common in real life, especially when persons are agitated by any vehemence of passion, as Capulet was with joy at his daughter's return to her duty, and her compliance with his fondest wishes. This passage cannot, I think, be better illustrated than by the following judicious observations of bishop Lowth in his *fourteenth Prelection.* He is remarking on these words—*Job, ch.* iii. *v.* 6.

"Nox illa—occupet illam caligo"

In hoc vehementis affectus animique pertur-

bati indicium est. Erat ei nimirum in animo primum sententiam tali formâ efferre;

" Nox illa sit caligo!"

sed cum jam ingressus esset, id subito arripuit quod animosius et intentius videbatur. Quod nescio an possim melius illustrare, quam si adducerem Horatii locum, ubi poetæ similis excidit ἀναχολεθία.

Ille et—nefasto te posuit die
Quicumque primum et sacrilega manu
Produxit, arbos, in nepotum
Perniciem opprobriumque pagi—
Illum et parentis crediderim sui
Fregisse cervicem, et penetralia
Sparsisse nocturno cruore
Hospitis; ille venena Colchica,
Et quicquid usquam concipitur nefas,
Tractavit.

Nam proculdubio ita exorsus est poeta, ac si sententiam suam hâc formâ esset explicaturus: " Ille et parentis sui fregit cervicem, et sparsit " penetralia cruore hospitis; ille venena tractavit, " quicunque te posuit, arbos!"—Sed verborum ordinem et rationem penitus ei ex animo excussit iracundia et stomachus. Quod si hic nobis præsto esset officiosus aliquis Grammaticus, ut est genus hominum diligens, et interdum plus satis curiosum; et poetæ etiam, laboranti et impedito, subsidio veniens, loco suo integritatem scilicet et nitorem restitutum iret; periret protinus exordii pulcherrimi decor, omnis ille impetus atque ardor plane frigesceret et restingueretur."

When I observe how applicable this censure is to Warburton's note above cited, I am almost tempted to believe that Lowth meant to per-

stringe Warburton, when he reprobated the injudicious and tasteless emendation of an officious grammarian.* I think it is scarcely necessary to add that I prefer the reading in the text (from the folio, and the quarto of 1599 and 1609) to that of the oldest quarto; though the latter is certainly entitled to the praise of being more grammatical.

P. 141.—143.—518.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfeu bill hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:
Look to the bak'd meats, good *Angelica:*
Spare not for cost.

I never supposed that by *Angelica*, Capulet meant his wife.

* The *Prelections* were written before the controversy between Lowth and Warburton, which was, indeed, grounded on a note on the Thirty-second *Prelection*, which Warburton chose to consider as an attack on him. But it may, I think, be safely inferred that Lowth never was such an idolizer of Warburton as to be blind to the absurdity of the above-mentioned correction, which I cannot help thinking he had in his mind when he wrote the passage just quoted.

This conjecture concerning Lowth's intending this passage as a censure on Warburton, appears to me to be in some measure countenanced by the following passage in the letter on the Delicacy of Friendship: "This compliment of writing against a "great author may be conveyed with that address, that he shall "not appear, I mean to any but the more sagacious and "discerning, to be written against at all. This curious feat of "leger-de-main is performed by glancing at his arguments "without so much as naming the person - - -

P. 153.—154.—533.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

I am persuaded that *my bosom's lord* means the *heart*, and not the god of love.

P. 156.—158.—539.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression *starveth* in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery.

I think with Mr. Ritson that we should read *stareth.*

P. 163.—163.—548.

Rom. Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.
Par. *I do defy thy conjurations,*
And do attach thee as a felon here.

I think with Mr. Malone that Mr. Steevens's last explanation is the true one.

P. 174.—173.—561.

Cap. O, heavens!—O, wife, look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,
And *it* mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

I prefer the reading which Mr. Malone has adopted, *and is mis-sheathed;* the words *for lo,* &c. must then (as Mr. Malone observes) be considered as parenthetical.

" glances. If I single out one of these from all the rest, it is " only to gratify the admirers of *a certain eminent professor,* who, " as an Oxford friend writes me word, *hath many delightful* " *instances of this sort in his very edifying Discourses on the* " *Hebrew Poetry.*"

P. 178.—178.—566.

Prince. Go hence to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punish'd:
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

I incline to agree with Mr. Edwards.

HAMLET.

J. and S. 1785. Vol. x. | MALONE. Vol. ix. | J. and S. 1793. Vol. xv.

P. 258.—184.—6.

Ber. If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

I agree with Mr. Malone.

P. 260.—185.—7.

Ber. Say,
What, is Horatio there?
Hor. *A piece of him.*

Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 261.—186.—9.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
Hor. Most like:—it *harrows* me with fear and wonder.

I do not think that *harrows* here signifies subdues. Does Mr. Steevens suppose that to be the meaning of it in the following passage in the last scene of this act, on which there is no note?

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
&c.

If he does, what is the force of the particle *up* in this last quoted passage?

P. 262.—187.—11.

Hor. So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded *Polack* on the ice.

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 263.—187.—11.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and *jump* at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

I prefer the reading of the folio, *just*, and think with Dr. Johnson, that the correction was probably made by the author.

P. 265.—188.—13.

Hor. this Fortinbras, who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified *by law, and heraldry*,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror.

I think Mr. Malone is right.

P. 265.—189.—14.

Hor. Shark'd up a list of landless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath *a stomach* in't.

I am not satisfied with Dr. Johnson's explanation of these words, because taking the meaning of *stomach* here to be what Dr. Johnson says it is, it does not seem to me to make very good sense. I do not know how the words should be explained.

P. 266.—190.—16.

Hor. In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets,
* * * * *
As stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun.

I think with Mr. Steevens that it is highly probable that a verse has been lost.

P. 268.—192.—18.

Hor. And even the like precurse of *fierce* events,—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on,——
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.

I think *fierce* here means violent, terrible.

P. 269.—193.—20.

Hor. Stop it, Marcellus.
Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Mr. Steevens's remarks on the distribution of the speeches are very judicions.

P. 275.—198.—29.

King. But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—
Ham. *A little more than kin, and less than kind.*

I incline to Mr. Steevens's explanation. There is a jingle in *Macbeth* somewhat similar to this.

The near in blood
The nearer bloody.

P. 276.—199.—30.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so, my lord, I am *too much i' the sun.*

I doubt whether the commentators have not gone too deep for the meaning of this reply, which is founded on the metaphorical expression used by the king in the preceding speech.

P. 278.—201.—33.

King. for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And, with no less *nobility of love,*
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you.

Nobility of love is, I think rightly explained by Mr. Heath.

Ibid.

Do I impart toward you.

It is by no means clear to me that Shakespeare meant that the kingdom of Denmark should be understood in this play to be hereditary. I am aware of the passages cited in Mr. Justice

Blackstone's note. I suppose *impart* is rightly explained by Dr. Johnson, but with the use of this verb as a neuter I am unacquainted.

P. 280.—203.—35.

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His *canon* 'gainst self-slaughter!

I am not sure that the old reading is not the true one. To fix a law seems to me rather an uncouth expression in English. Will Mr. Steevens allow that Shakespeare adverted to the passage in Virgil? Either reading makes good sense.

P. 284.—208.—42.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the *dead waist* and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd.

I think *waste* is the right word. It appears to me much preferable to *waist*. We have *the vast of night* in the *Tempest*. Mr. Steevens's note on that expression is as follows: "*The vast of night* "means the night, which is naturally empty and "deserted, without action: or when all things "being in sleep and silence, make the world ap- "pear one great uninhabited *waste*. So in *Hamlet:*

In the dead *waste* and middle of the night.

"It has a meaning like that of *nox vasta.*"

P. 285.—208.—43.

Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.
Ham. *Did you not speak to it?*

Mr. Steevens's censure of the emphasis lately used on the stage is extremely just: the desire of novelty and the affectation of superior acute-

ness, frequently betrays the actor here alluded to into egregious errors. What Bishop Hurd says of writers may (mutatis mutandis) be applied to this actor's performances. "When a writer, who "as we have seen, is driven by so many power- "ful motives to the imitation of preceding mo- "dels, revolts against them all, and determines "at any rate, to be *original*, nothing can be "expected but an awkward straining in every "thing. Improper method, forced conceits, and "affected expression, are the certain issue of "such obstinacy. The business is to be unlike, "and this he may very possibly be, but at the "expense of graceful ease and true beauty. For "he puts himself at best into a forced, unnatural "state; and it is well if he be not forced beside "his purpose, to leave common sense, as well as "his model, behind him. Like one who would "break loose from an impediment, which holds "him fast; the very endeavour to get clear of "it, throws him into uneasy attitudes, and vio- "lent contortions; and if he gain his liberty at "last, it is by an effort which carries him much "further than the point he would wish to stop "at." *Discourse on poetical Imitation*, §.

Hurd's Horace, Vol. III. *p.* 107. *4to ed.* 1766.

This gentleman's first wish seems to have been to avoid the imputation of being the servile imitator of Mr. Garrick; but from all I have been able to learn of that great actor, (whom I had not the felicity of seeing more than once,) I am persuaded that

To copy nature is to copy him.

P. 287.—210. —46.

Ham. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be *tenable* in your silence still.

I prefer the reading of the folio *treble.* Theobald has taken that reading.

P. 288.—211.—47.

Lear. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The pérfume and *suppliance* of a minute,
No more.

I think *suppliance* is certainly the right word.

P. 292.—213.—51.

Pol. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.

This may remind us of the celebrated advice which Sir Henry Wotton, in his letter to Milton, says was given to Alberto Scipione, an old Roman courtier. "I pensieri stretti, ed il viso sciolto," that is (as Sir Henry Wotton translates it) "your "thoughts close, and your countenance loose, "will go all over the world."

P. 292.—214.—52.

Pol. Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.

I think we should read and point this line as Mr. Ritson recommends, adopting his explanation.

P. 295.—216.—55.

Pol. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wronging it thus) you'll tender me a fool.

I believe Mr. Malone may be right; but I am not quite free from a wish to read *wringing*, with Warburton.

P. 297.—218.—57.

Pol. In few Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers
Not of that die which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like *sanctified and pious bonds*,
The better to beguile.

I rather incline to receive Theobald's correction.

P. 306.—227.—72.

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, *confin'd to fast in fires*,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away.

Mr. M. Mason is right.

P. 311.—232.—78.

Ghost. Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment.

I think Mr. Steevens is clearly right.

P. 314.—233.—80.

Ghost. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his *uneffectual fire:*
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

I think Warburton's is the true explanation of *uneffectual.*

P. 315.—234.—81.

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What
else
And shall I couple hell?—*O fie!*—Hold, hold, my heart.

I think with Mr. Steevens that *O fie!* should be ejected from the text.

P. 332.—241.—92.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift,
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant.

"I think it a very justifiable mode of enquiring "into my son's conduct." *Davies.*

P. 335.—253.—107.

Pol. no, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus did I bespeak;
Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere;
This must not be: and then I *precepts* gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort.

I prefer the reading of the folio *precepts.*

P. 336.—254.—109.

King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know, sometimes he walks *four hours* together
Here in the lobby.
Queen. So he does indeed.———

I incline to read *for hours together* with Mr. Tyrwhitt.

P. 338.—256.—111.

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

I think Warburton has corrected this passage rightly, but I think with Mr. Malone that Shakespeare had not any of that profound meaning, which Warburton has ascribed to him. Mr. Malone has, in my opinion, produced sufficient reason why his own emendation should not be admitted.

P. 343.—261.—118.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are *too dear, a halfpenny.*

It seems to me that we ought to read with the modern editors, *too dear at a halfpenny.*

P. 346.—263.—121.

Ham. The clown shall make those laugh, *whose lungs are tickled o' the sere.*

This passage I do not understand.

Ibid.—122.

and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.

The meaning of this I doubt.

P. 346.—264.—122.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.
Ros. *I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.*

This passage, notwithstanding the pains bestowed on it by the commentators, I do not understand.

P. 348.—266.—125.

Ros. But there is, sir, an aiery of children, little eyases, *that cry out on the top of question*, and are most tyrannically clapp'd for it.

The meaning of this expression I still doubt.

P. 351.—270.—131.

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.
Ham. *Buz, buz.*
Pol. Upon my honour,——

I believe *buz* is rightly explained by Sir William Blackstone and Mr. M. Mason.

P. 352.—271.—132.

Pol. For the law of *writ*, and the liberty, these are the only men.

I confess I incline to read *wit*, with the modern editors.

P. 353.—272.—134.

Ham. The first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, *my abridgment* comes——

I think *my abridgment* is rightly explained by Dr. Johnson.

P. 354.—272.—135.

Ham. O, old friend! Why, thy face is *valanced* since I saw thee last; Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark.

Valanced (not valiant) is surely the right reading.

P. 356.—274.—138.

Ham. ——— but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters, *cried in the top of mine*) an excellent play.

I think Mr. Warburton's is the right explanation of this.

P. 357.—275.—140.

Ham. The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal, &c.

I have sometimes fancied that Shakespeare has made these lines elaborately tumid for the purpose of marking a distinction between the diction of this supposed tragedy and that of the personages of the drama, whose language he would have taken to be that of real life, and by this artifice, to give the greater appearance of reality to his play. He is fond of comparing the actions of his characters to a theatrical exhibition.

P. 364.—279.—147.

Ham. Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his visage *wann'd.*

I prefer *warm'd*, the reading of the folio, to *wann'd*, the reading of the quarto.

P. 367.—282.—151.

Ham. That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh! *About my brains!*

About my brains is, I think, rightly explained by Mr. M. Mason.

P. 368.—284.—153.

Queen. Did he receive you well?
Ros. Most like a gentleman.
Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Ros. *Niggard* of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

I incline to agree with Mr. Malone.

P. 369.—285.—154.

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

I incline to adhere to the quartos, and omit *lawful espials,* as Mr. Malone and Mr. Theobald have done.

P. 370.—286.—156.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them.

I always thought Dr. Johnson's explanation of the first four lines and a half of this speech wrong. They are rightly explained by Mr. Malone.

P. 372.—288.—158.

there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the *whips and scorns* of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, &c.

I think the present reading is right.

P. 375.—289.—160.

When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare *bodkin*.

I incline to think that Mr. Malone is right.

P. 376.—292.—163.

thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprizes of great *pith* and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

I prefer *pith* to *pitch*..

P. 377.—292.—164.

Oph. What means your lordship?
Ham. *That if you be honest, and fair, you should admit no discourse to your beauty.*

I incline to adopt Dr. Johnson's reading.

P. 385.—300.—174.

Ham. to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and *the very age and body of the time*, his form and pressure.

The meaning of this I doubt. Mr. Davies thinks that *the age and body of the time* means the particular view and follies of the age we live in.

P. 385.—300.—175.

now this over-done, *or come tardy off*, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve.

I read, with Theobald, *or come tardy of.*

P. 410.—322.—208.

Ham. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on.

I concur with Theobald in preferring the reading of the folio.

Though *bitter business* is now a vulgar phrase, I think with Mr. Steevens that it might not have been such in Shakespeare's time.

P. 414.—326.—213.

King. O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder!—pray can I not,
Though *inclination* be as sharp as *will.*

As I do not understand the distinction between *inclination* and *will* in this place, I incline to read *as 'twill,* with Theobald, who has not printed this emendation in his edition of 1740. I cannot think that Mr. Steevens's explanation of *will* is the true one. Mr. M. Mason's explanation reminds me of Mrs. Johnson's interpretation of the first couplet uttered by Drawcansir; "That is, Mr. Bayes, as much as to say, "that though he would rather die than not "drink, yet he would fain drink for all that "too."

P. 416.—327.—215.

Ham. A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.

Mr. Harris, in his *Philological Enquiries,* gives an instance (from William of Malmesbury, p. 96. edit. London. fol. 1596) of a similar sentiment in William count of Poictou, who being about to dispatch the bishop of Poictou, who had offended him, suddenly stopped, saying, "Nec cœlum unquam intrabis meæ manus "ministerio."

P. 417.—328.—216.

Ham. And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black
As hell, whereto it goes.

This horrid sentiment cannot be too strongly reprobated. There is no passage in our author's writings at which I am so much offended as at this.

P. 422.—332.—223.

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; *takes off the rose*
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there.

I incline to think that Mr. Malone's explanation is the true one.

P. 423.—333.—224.

Ham. Heaven's face doth glow,
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

I once thought we might read with only the transposition of one line, thus:—

Heaven's face doth glow
With tristful visage, as against the doom;
Yea this solidity and compound mass
Is thought-sick at the act.

I am not sure, however, that any change is necessary. I prefer *tristful* to *heated.* I now think that there should be no transposition.

P. 424.—334.—226.

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

These pictures should certainly be whole lengths hanging in the queen's closet.

P. 424.—335.—227.

Ham. See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.

Bishop Newton has remarked that this passage may have suggested Raphael's graceful posture in standing:

like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. *P. L.* B. V. 285.

Hic paribus primum nitens Cyllenius alis
Constitit. *Æn.* IV. 253.

P. 428.—338.—231.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an *enseam'd bed;*
Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love
Over the nasty stye.

I prefer the reading of the quarto 1611, *incestuous*, as Mr. Steevens has done in his edition of 1785.

P. 432.—342.—237.

Ham. *I must be cruel, only to be kind:*
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

The Emperor Septimius Severus having put to death forty-one senators, lamented that to be mild it was necessary that he should first be cruel. *Gibbon's Roman History, c.* v. *Vol.* I. *(p.* 124, 1*st. edit.)*

P. 454.—363.—266.

King. Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear.

This expression I do not understand.

P. 461.—364.—268.

Gent. The rabble call him, lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, &c.

I think with Mr. Malone that *ratifiers and props* refer not to the people, but to *custom* and *antiquity*. The meaning of *word* I do not guess. Perhaps it is a corruption.

P. 461.—368.—275.

There's *rosemary*, that's for remembrance;

P. 463.—369.—276.

There's *rue* for you; and here's some for me:—

So in the *Winter's Tale*:

Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long;
Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
And welcome to our shearing.

I do not think that Ophelia has so deep a meaning in giving the *rue* as Mr. Malone supposes.

P. 474.—380.—291.

King. So that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and, *in a pass of practice,*
Requite him for your father.

I think Dr. Johnson is right.

P. 481.—387.—301.

1 *Clo.* Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor.

Q. What is the meaning of *get thee to Yaughan?*

P. 492.—397.—316.

Ham. Zounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thyself?
Woul't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't.

I cannot determine what is the meaning of *Eisel* or *Esil.*

P. —404.—327.

Ham. As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm might flourish;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities;
And many such like *as's* of great charge.

Mr. Boswell in his *Life of Dr. Johnson* (*Vol.* II. *p.* 72, of the quarto edition) tells us that the Doctor, "talking of his *Notes on Shakespeare*, "said, I despise those who do not see that I am "right in the passage, where *as* is repeated, and "*asses of great charge* introduced. That on "To be or not to be is disputable." I am afraid I am in the predicament of those who incurred Dr. Johnson's contempt.

P. 503.—406.—329.

Ham. But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his; I'll *count* his favours.

I think we should read, with Mr. Rowe, *court his favour.*

P. 506.—408.—333.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.
Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?
Osc. Sir?
Hor. *Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? you will do't, sir, really.*

This speech I do not understand. The question is, I think, rightly explained by Dr. Johnson; but I know not what to make of *you will do't, sir, really.*

OTHELLO.

J. and S. 1785.	MALONE.	J. and S. 1793.
Vol. x.	Vol. ix.	Vol. xv.

P. 537.—441.—377.

Rod. *Tush*, never tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—should'st know of this.
Iago. *'Sblood*, but you will not hear me:—
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

I prefer the reading of the folio, which omits these words. The folio has been followed by Theobald and the edition of 1785.

Ibid.

Iago. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him.

I prefer the reading of the folio *off-capp'd*, which has been followed by Theobald and the edition of 1785. I do not think that we are to understand that these great men had often repeated their suit to Othello. I see no reason to suppose that they did not receive their answer, such as it was, on their first application.

P. 538.—442.—378.

And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife.

Nothwithstanding all that has been written on this difficult passage, I still doubt what is its true explanation.

P. 541.—446.—386.

Iago. For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For *daws* to peck at.

I concur with Mr. Steevens in preferring *daws*, the reading of the folio, to *doves*, that of the quarto.

P. 550.—456.—399.

Oth. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege.

I heartily concur with Mr. Steevens.

P. 551.—456.—400.

and my demerits
May speak, *unbonneted*, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd.

I do not think Mr. Steevens's explanation of *unbonneted* is the true one. There is, I think, much weight in the objection alleged against it by Mr. Malone. I rather incline to read *and bonneted* with Theobald. Perhaps Mr. Fuseli's is the true explanation.

P. 555.—461.—406.

Bra. Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy;
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,—
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as you; *to fear, not to delight.*

Mr. Malone's is the right explanation. *Fear* and *delight* are certainly substantives here.

P. 560.—461.—407.

Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou has practis'd on her with foul charms;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That waken motion.

I incline to adopt Theobald's reading, *that weaken notion*, which, I think, receives support from the passage cited by Mr. Malone from *King Lear*. I should prefer the reading of the old copy (which is adopted in the edition of 1785) to the present.

P. 561.—463.—410.

Bra. For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and *pagans*, shall our statesmen be.

I think *pagans* is the true reading.

P. 563.—465.—412.

1 *Sen.* And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile *question* bear it.

I think Mr. M. Mason's is the right explanation of *question*.

P. 573.—474.—425.

Oth. and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not *intentively*.

I prefer the reading of the 2d folio *distinctively*. How she, who, as Othello says, had "with a "greedy ear devour'd up his discourse," could be said not to be attentive, I do not understand.

P. 577.—477.—429.

Bra. I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was *pierc'd* through the ear.

Of this passage I doubt. I am not quite sure that we ought not to receive Warburton's emendation, *pieced*.

P. 580.—480.—433.

Des. That I did love the moor to live with him,
My downright violence and *storm of fortunes*
May trumpet to the world.

I rather incline to the reading of the quarto, *scorn of fortune.*

P. 582.—482.—436.

Oth. Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,
In my distinct and proper satisfaction.

I incline to read *distinct* with Theobald and Sir T. Hanmer; but I am not sure that, *in me defunct* (notwithstanding the objections to it) may not be the true reading. I doubt much.

P. 587.—488.—446.

Iago. it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable *sequestration.*

I believe Mr. Malone's is the true explanation of *sequestration.*

P. 587.—489.—447.

fill thy purse with money:
the food that to him now is *as luscious as locusts,* shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida.

On the locusts (ακριδες) which were the food of John the Baptist (Matth. iii. 4.) I find the following note: "Quidam per locustas volunt "intelligi arborum et herbarum summitates. "Victum non longe quæsitum, vel arte paratum, "sed quem Erernus ultro suppeditabat. Alii "locustas proprio et maxime recepto sensu esse "accipiendas statuunt, et has pro cibo Parthos, "Græcos, ipsosque etiam Hebræos, Bochartus et "alii luculentis testimoniis firmarunt; illorum "observationibus addere liceat quæ celeberri-"mus peregrinator Guil. Dampier in Supple-

" mento Descriptionis orbis de Regno Funchino, " quod Indiæ Orientalis pars est, inter alia refert, " nempe stupendas locustarum turmas, mensibus " Januario et Februario, e terræ recessibus ubi " gignantur et alantur prodire; et Funchinenses " eas vel igne tostas comedere, vel sale conditas " in futuros usus reponere; obesas illas esse, et " succi plenas, et ab opulentioribus æque ac ab " infima fæce plebis in pretio haberi." Dr. Shaw (p. 188) says that " when they are sprinkled with " salt, and fried, they are not unlike, in taste, " to our fresh-water cray-fish." (Vide Hanmer's Observations, Vol. I. p. 297, 298.) Whether we understand the fruit or the insect to be meant in this place, is of little consequence.

P. 592.—492.—452.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?
1 *Gent.* Nothing at all; it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt *the heaven* and the main,
Descry a sail.

I think *the heaven* is the true reading.

Ibid.

Mon. A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, *when mountains melt on them,*
Can hold the mortise.

Insequitur cumulo præruptus aquæ mons.—*Virg.*

I think *on them* is right.

P. 595.—495.—457.

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

I believe this passage (which I think a difficult one) is rightly explained by Mr. Malone.

P. 598.—497.—461.

Cas. Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures.

I confess I do not understand the meaning of *ensteep'd* here.

P. 604.—503.—468.

Iago. if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. *Very good; well kiss'd;* an excellent courtesy! 'tis so indeed.

I think Mr. Malone is right.

P. 604.—503.—469.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.
Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair *warrior.*

I believe, notwithstanding Mr. Steevens's quotation, that Othello calls his wife *a warrior*, because she had embarked with him on a warlike expedition.

P. 604.—503.—470.

Oth. If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy.

It is remarkable that in the passage quoted from *Terence* by Mr. Malone as a parallel to this, *interfeci* is printed for *interfici* in every one of these three editions. Theobald reads, *if* I *were now to die*, which is easier than the other reading, *it;* if, however, we continue to read *it*, the passage is sufficiently intelligible; it seems to me a Latinism; si jam moriendum fuerit. Si moriendum est pro te.—*Q. Curt.*

P. 605.—504.—470.

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll *set* down the pegs that make this musick,
As honest as I am.

I would read *let down*, with Mr. Pope and the modern editors.

P. 610.—508.—476.

Iago. *If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash*
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip.

I doubt what is the true reading and explanation of this line. I incline to think that there is a corruption.

P. 623.—520.—492.

Oth. What, in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimfull of fear,
To manage private and domestick quarrel,
In night, *and on the court and guard of safety!*
'Tis monstrous.

I approve of Mr. Malone's transposition, and would read with him, *on the court of guard and safety*. It is observable that Theobald has made the same transposition, and given his reason for it in a note.

P. 624.—521.—494.

Iago. Thus it is, general,
Montano, and myself, being in speech,
There's come a fellow, crying out for help;
And Cassio following *him*, with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him.

I think Malone is right.

P. 625.—522.—495.

Oth. Sir, for your hurts,
Myself will be your surgeon: *lead him off.*
[*To Montano, who is led off.*

I incline to think that Malone is right.

P. 638.—534.—512.

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! *and when I love thee not,*
Chaos is come again.

I think Mr. Malone is clearly right.

P. 641.—537.—516.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, *'would they might seem none.*

I think Dr. Johnson has explained this rightly.

P. 644.—540.—520.

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth *mock*
The meat it feeds on.

I would adopt Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation, *make,* which, I think, is very ably supported by Malone.

P. 647.—544.—526.

Oth. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, *these are more virtuous.*

This, I confess, notwithstanding the explanations, I do not understand: *more virtuous than what?* I therefore wish to read with the ignorant editor of the second folio, and the modern editors, *most virtuous.*

P. 650.—546.—529.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile *success,*
As my thoughts aim not at.

Mr. Steevens is right.

P. 653.—550.—534.

Oth. 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
Even then this *forked plague* is fated to us,
When we do quicken.

I agree with Mr. Malone, that Dr. Percy's explanation of *forked plague*, is the true one.

P. 663.—559.—545.

Oth. I'll have some proof: *her name*, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.

I agree with Mr. Steevens.

P. 664.—561.—549.

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.
Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion;
'Tis a shrewd doubt; tho' it be but a dream.

I agree with Dr. Johnson.

P. 668.—564.—553.

Iago. Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service; let him command
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soever.

Notwithstanding all that is said against it, I incline to adopt Theobald's reading, *nor*.

P. 673.—569.—558.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberal hand: the hearts, of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

I am not quite convinced that no satirical allusion to the order of baronets was intended in this place.

P. 677.—574.—565.

Emil. *'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:*
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us.

Mr. Steevens is clearly right.

P. 680.—577.—569.

Des. Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
For let our finger ach, and it *indues*
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense
Of pain.

Some correction appears to me necessary. We should either read *subdues* with Dr. Johnson, or adopt Theobald's reading—

and it indues
Our other healthful members with a sense
Of pain.

I incline to prefer Dr. Johnson's emendation.

P. 683.—580.—572.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here; but I'll see you soon.
Bian. 'Tis very good; *I must be circumstanc'd.*

I incline to Mr. M. Mason's explanation of *I must be circumstanc'd.*

P. 685.—582.—575.

Iago. As knaves be such abroad,
Who having by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or *supplied* them, cannot choose
But they must blab.

I believe *supplied* is right.

P. 686 —582.—576.

Oth. What hath he said?
Iago. 'Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.

I do not think this line should be pointed as Mr. M. Mason recommends: I think the common pointing is right.

P. 687.—582.—577.

Oth. Nature would not invest herself
in such shadowing passion, without some instruction.

I am not sure that I yet understand this passage, though we have the notes of no fewer than five commentators upon it.

P. 688.—584.—578.

Oth. It is not words, that shake me thus:—
Pish!—*Noses, ears, and lips:*—Is it possible?

Mr. Steevens's first explanation of these words is clearly the true one.

P. 698.—593.—591.

Oth. and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
Very obedient;—*Proceed you in your tears.*—

I agree with Mr. Malone.

Ibid.

Oth. Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!
I am commanded home:—Get you away;
I'll send for you anon.

I can by no means agree with Mr. Steevens. I think an abrupt sentence was intended.

P. 698.—594.—592.

Oth. Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice;—hence, avaunt!
[*Exit Desdemona.*
Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir, to-night,
I do intreat that we may sup together.

I cannot think with Mr. Steevens that this is addressed to Desdemona.

Ibid.

Oth. You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—*Goats and monkies!*
[*Exit.*

I heartily concur with Mr. Steevens.

P. 702.—597.—597.

Oth. but (alas!) to make me
A fixed figure, for the *time* of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at.

I wish to read *the hand of scorn*, with Mr. Rowe and the subsequent editors.

P. 703.—528.—598.

unmoving finger.

I prefer the reading of the folio, *and moving*.

P. 702.—604.—606.

Des. Here I kneel:—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in *discourse of thought*, or actual deed.

I think we should read *or thought*, with Mr. Pope; though the old reading is certainly explicable.

P. 711.—606.—610.

Iago. Sir, there is *especial* commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

I think with Mr. Malone that we should read *a special.* This reading is adopted in the edition of 1785.

P. 711.—607.—611.

Iago. It is now *high* supper-time,
and the night grows to waste.

Mr. Steevens is right.

Ibid.

grows to *waste.*

This is the right reading. I agree with Mr. Steevens that Mr. Malone's last explanation is the true one.

P. 720.—615.—622.

Lod. Two or three groans;—*it is a heavy night:*
These may be counterfeits; let's think't unsafe
To come in to the cry, without more help.

I doubt whether these words are rightly explained by Dr. Johnson. We have afterwards in this act, *O heavy hour!* where *heavy* certainly has not the sense attributed by Dr. Johnson to it in this place.

P. 723.—618.—626.

Iago. [*To Bian.*] What, look you pale?—O, bear him
out o' the air. [*Cas. and Rod. are borne off.*
Stay you, good *gentlemen*:—Look you pale, mistress?

I concur with Mr. Steevens and Mr. Reed in preferring the reading of the folio, *gentlemen,* to that of the quarto, *gentlewoman.*

P. 724.—619.—628.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.

I think Dr. Johnson has misapprehended the meaning of this passage, which is rightly explained by Mr. Steevens.

P. 725.—620.—629.

Oth. Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light.

I am persuaded that Dr. Farmer and Mr. Malone are right, and that it was not the author's intention that the line should be pointed in the manner suggested by Upton and Warburton. I do not agree with Mr. Malone in thinking that we should read *thy light.*

P. 726.—622.—633.

Oth. When I have pluck'd *thy* rose
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither.

I incline to prefer *the rose,* the reading of the folio, to that of the quarto, *thy rose.*

P. 727.—628.—633.

Des. Why I should fear, I know not,
Since *guiltiness* I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.

I think Messrs. Ritson and Steevens are clearly right.

P. 739.—634.—648.

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?

I think this is rightly explained by Mr. Malone.

P. 746.—640.—656.

Oth. one, whose hand,
Like the base *Jüdean,* threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe.

I think *Judean* is the right reading. I understand the *pearl* in the literal sense. I find it difficult to conceive that there is any allusion to the story of *Herod and Mariamne;* if there be, I think the allusion is extremely obscure. Mr. Steevens's explanation and illustration of this passage appear to me happy and highly probable.

P. 749.—642.—659.

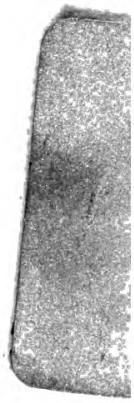
Oth. one, whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their *medicinal* gum.

I prefer *medicinal*, the reading of the quarto of 1622, to that of the folio, *medicinable.*

P. 752.—646.—663.

Lod. To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it!

Rymer's censure of the character of Iago is unfounded, and deserved no answer; but Warburton's answer to it is not just. Had there been no other soldier in the play but Iago, no solid objection would have lain against his character: it would not have been inferred thence that all soldiers are villains. In *the Eunuch* of Terence there is no soldier but Thraso; but who ever dreamt of concluding, on that account, that all soldiers are vain-glorious boasters? "Shakespeare (says Dr. Johnson) always makes "nature predominate over accident, and, if he "preserves the essential character, is not very "careful of distinctions superinduced and ad-"ventitious. His story requires Romans or "kings, but he thinks only on men. He knew

" that Rome, like every other city, had men of
" all dispositions; and wanting a buffoon, he
" went into the senate-house for that which the
" senate-house would certainly have afforded
" him. He was inclined to show an usurper and
" a murderer not only odious but despicable;
" he therefore added drunkenness to his other
" qualities; knowing that kings love wine like
" other men, and that wine exerts its natural
" power upon kings. These are the petty cavils
" of petty minds; a poet overlooks the casual
" distinctions of country and condition, as a
" painter, satisfied with the figure, neglects the
" drapery."

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