

selves, till they attain to their abhorr'd ends<sup>9</sup>; so he, in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself<sup>1</sup>.

1. Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us<sup>2</sup>, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

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

1. Lord. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company<sup>3</sup> anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgments<sup>4</sup>, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit<sup>5</sup>.

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

9 — till they attain to their abhorr'd ends;] This may mean—they are perpetually talking about the mischief they intend to do, till they have obtained an opportunity of doing it. STEEVENS.

1 — in his proper stream o'erflows himself.] That is, betrays his own secrets in his own talk. The reply shews that this is the meaning.

JOHNSON.

2 Is it not meant damnable in us,] I once thought that we ought to read—Is it not most damnable; but no change is necessary. Adjectives are often used as verbs by our author and his contemporaries. So, in the *Winter's Tale*:

“That did but shew thee, of a fool, inconstant,

“And damnable ungrateful.”

Again, in *Twelfth Night*: “—and as thou drawest, swear horrible—.”

Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound.”

Again, in Massinger's *Very Woman*:

“I'll beat thee damnable.” MALONE.

3 — his company—] i. e. his companion. The word is so used in *King Henry V.* See Vol. II. p. 450, n. 1. MALONE.

4 — he might take a measure of his own judgments,] This is a very just and moral reason. Bertram, by finding how erroneously he has judged, will be less confident, and more easily moved by admonition.

JOHNSON.

5 — wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.] Parolles is the person whom they are going to anatomize. *Counterfeit*, besides its ordinary signification,—[a person pretending to be what he is not,] signified also, in our author's time, a false coin, and a picture. The word set shews that it is here used in the first and the last of these senses. MALONE.

1. Lord.

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

2. *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1. *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2. *Lord.* What will count Rouffillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

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

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

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

2. *Lord.* How is this justified?

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

2. *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

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

2. *Lord.* I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1. *Lord.* How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

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

1. *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whip'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.—

*Enter a Servant.*

How now? where's your master?

*Serv.* He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath

hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

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

*Enter BERTRAM.*

1. *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

*Ber.* I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen businessses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

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

*Ber.* I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module<sup>6</sup>; he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2. *Lord.* Bring him forth: [*Exeunt soldiers.*] he has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

*Ber.* No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long\*. How does he carry himself?

<sup>6</sup> — bring forth this counterfeit module;] *Module* being the pattern of any thing, may be here used in that sense. Bring forth this fellow, who, by counterfeit virtue pretended to make himself a pattern.

JOHNSON.

It appears from Minshew that *module* and *model* were synonymous.

In *K. Richard II.* *model* signifies a thing fashioned after an archetype:

"Who was the *model* of thy father's life."

Again, in another play:

"The *model* of our chaste loves, my young daughter."

Our author, I believe, uses the word here in the same sense:—Bring forth this counterfeit representation of a soldier. MALONE.

\* — in usurping his spurs so long.] The punishment of a recreant or coward, was to have his spurs hacked off. MALONE.

1. *Lord.*

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

*Ber.* Nothing of me, has he ?

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

*Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.*

*Ber.* A plague upon him ! muffled ! he can say nothing of me ; hush ! hush !

1. *Lord.* Hoodman comes !—*Porto tartareffa.*

1. *Sold.* He calls for the tortures ; What will you say without 'em ?

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

1. *Sold.* *Bosko chimurcho.*

2. *Lord.* *Bolibindo chicurmurco.*

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

*Par.* And truly, as I hope to live.

1. *Sold.* *First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.* What say you to that ?

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

1. *Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so ?

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

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

1. *Lord.* You are deceived, my lord ; this is monsieur

7 *All's one to him.* ] In the old copy these words are given by mistake to Parolles. The present regulation, which is clearly right, was suggested by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.



Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) had the whole theorick<sup>s</sup> of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

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

1. Sold. Well, that's set down.

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

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

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't<sup>2</sup>, in the nature he delivers it<sup>1</sup>.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1. Sold. Well, that's set down.

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

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<sup>2</sup>, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not

<sup>8</sup> — *the whole theorick*] i. e. the whole theory. So, in Montaigne's *Essais* translated by J. Florio, 1603: "They know the *theorique* of all things, but you must seek who shall put it in practice." MALONE.

9 — *I con him no thanks for't*,—] To con thanks may exactly answer the French *savoir gré*. To con is to know. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *in the nature he delivers it*.] He has said truly that our numbers are about five or six thousand; but having described them as "weak and unserviceable," &c. I am not much obliged to him. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *if I were to live this present hour*, &c.] I do not understand this passage. Perhaps (as an anonymous correspondent observes) we should read "—if I were to live *but* this present hour." STEEVENS.

Perhaps he meant to say—if I were to die this present hour. But fear may be supposed to occasion the mistake, as poor frightened Scrub cries, "Spare all I have, and take my life." TOLLET.

446 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

shake the snow from off their cassocks<sup>3</sup>, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

*Ber.* What shall be done to him?

1. *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions<sup>4</sup>, and what credit I have with the duke.

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

*Par.* I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories<sup>5</sup>: Demand them singly.

1. *Sold.* Do you know this captain Dumain?

*Par.* I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whip'd for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay<sup>6</sup>. [*Dumain lifts up his hand in anger.*]

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

1. *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

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

1. *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship<sup>7</sup> anon.

3 — *off their cassocks,*] *Cassock* signifies a horseman's loose coat, and is used in that sense by the writers of the age of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

4 — *my conditions,*—] i. e. my disposition and character. See p. 136, n. 6. MALONE.

5 — *of the intergatories:*] i. e. *interrogatories*. The word was frequently so written in our author's time. MALONE.

6 — *he was whip'd for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.*] *Innocent* does not here signify a person without guilt or blame; but means, in the good-natured language of our ancestors, an idiot or natural fool. Agreeably to this sense of the word is the following entry of a burial in the parish Register of Charlewood in Surrey: "Thomas Sole, an innocent about the age of fifty years and upwards, buried 19th September, 1605." WHALLEY.

7 — *your lordship*—] The old copy has *Lord*. In the Mss. of our author's age they scarcely ever wrote *Lordship* at full length. MALONE.

1. *Sold.*

1. *Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

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

1. *Sold.* Marry, we'll search.

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

1. *Sold.* Here 'tis; here's a paper; Shall I read it to you?

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

*Ber.* Our interpreter does it well.

1. *Lord.* Excellently.

1. *Sold.* Dian, *The count's a fool, and full of gold*<sup>7</sup>,—

*Par.* That is not the duke's letter, fir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Roussillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, fir, put it up again.

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

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

*Ber.* Damnable, both sides rogue!

1. *Sold.* *When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;*

*After he scores, he never pays the score:*

*Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it*<sup>8</sup>;

*He never pays after-debts, take it before;*

<sup>7</sup> *Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold,*] After this line there is apparently a line lost, there being no rhyme that corresponds to *gold*.

JOHNSON.

I believe this line is incomplete. The poet might have written:  
Dian.

*The count's a fool, and full of golden store—or ore;*  
and this addition rhymes with the following alternate verses. STEEV.

May we not suppose the former part of the letter to have been prose, as the concluding words are? The sonnet intervenes. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it:]* Gain half of what he offers, and you are well off; if you yield to him, make your bargain secure. MALONE.

And

448 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

*And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this,  
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kifs:  
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,  
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.  
Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,*

PAROLLES.

*Ber.* He shall be whip'd through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2. *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, fir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent foldier.

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

1. *Sold.* I perceive, fir, by the general's looks<sup>1</sup>, we shall be fain to hang you.

*Par.* My life, fir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, fir, in a dungeon, i'the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1. *Sold.* We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have answer'd to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour; What is his honesty?

¶ *Men are to mell with, boys are not to kifs:*] Mr. Theobald and the subsequent editors read—"boys are *but* to kifs." I do not see any need of change, nor do I believe that any opposition was intended between the words *mell* and *kifs*. Parolles wishes to recommend himself to Diana, and for that purpose advises her to grant her favours to *men*, not to *boys*.—He himself calls his letter, "An advertisement to Diana to take heed of the allurements of one count Roussillon. . . . *Solish idle boy.*"

To *mell* is used by our author's contemporaries in the sense of *meddling*, without the indecent idea which Mr. Theobald supposed to be couched under the word in this place. So, in Hall's *Satires*, 1597:

"Hence, ye profane; *mell* not with holy things."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. 1:

"With holy father fits not with such things to *mell*."

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — *by the general's looks,*] The old copy has,—*by your*. The emendation was made by the editor of the third folio, and the misprint probably arose from *ye* in the Ms. being taken for *y<sup>e</sup>*. MALONE.

*Par.*

*Par.* He will steal, fir, an egg out of a cloister<sup>2</sup>; for rapes and ravishments be parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, fir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions\*, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, fir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1. *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

*Ber.* For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

1. *Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war?

*Par.* Faith, fir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd Mile-end<sup>3</sup>, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1. *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

*Ber.* A pox on him! he's a cat still<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> — *an egg out of a cloister*;] Perhaps the meaning is, *He will steal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy.* JOHNSON.

\* — *his conditions*,] See p. 446, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *at a place there call'd Mile-end*,] See a note on *K. Henry IV. P. II. ACT IV. sc. ii.* MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *he's a cat still*,] The count had said, that formerly a cat was the only thing in the world which he could not endure; but that now Parolles was as much the object of his aversion as that animal. After Parolles has gone through his next list of falsehoods, the count adds, "he's more and more a cat,"—still more and more the object of my aversion than he was. As Parolles proceeds still further, one of the Frenchmen observes, that the singularity of his impudence and villainy redeems his character.—Not at all, replies the count; "he's a cat still;" he is as hateful to me as ever. There cannot therefore, I think, be any doubt that Dr. Johnson's interpretation, "—throw him how you will, he lights upon his legs,"—is founded on a misapprehension. MALONE.

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

*Par.* Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*<sup>5</sup> he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the intail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1. *Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain Du-main?

2. *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me<sup>6</sup>?

1. *Sold.* What's he?

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

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

*Par.* Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Roussillon.

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

*Par.* I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition<sup>7</sup> of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*aside.*]

1. *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traiterously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve no world for no honest use; therefore you must die! Come, headsmen, off with his head.

<sup>5</sup> — *for a quart d'ecu*—] The fourth part of the smaller French crown; about eight pence of our money. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Why does he ask him of me?*] This is nature. Every man is on such occasions more willing to hear his neighbour's character than his own. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *to beguile the supposition*—] That is, to deceive the opinion, to make the count think me a man that deserves well. JOHNSON.

*Par.*

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. 451

*Par.* O Lord, fir; let me live, or let me see my death!

1. *Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [unbinding him.]

So, look about you; Know you any here?

*Ber.* Good-morrow, noble captain.

2. *Lord.* God blefs you, captain Parolles.

1. *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2. *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Iafeu? I am for France.

1. *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the fonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rouffillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[Exeunt BERTRAM, Lords, &c.]

1. *Sold.* You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

*Par.* Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

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

*Par.* Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,  
I would burft at this: Captain I'll be no more;  
But I will eat and drink, and fleep as foft  
As captain fhall: fimplly the thing I am  
Shall make me live. Who knows himfelf a braggart,  
Let him fear this; for it will come to pafs,  
That every braggart fhall be found an afs.  
Ruft, fword! cool, blufhes! and, Parolles, live  
Safeft in fhame: being fool'd, by foolery thrive!  
There's place, and means, for every man alive.  
I'll after them. [Exit.]

## SCENE IV.

Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

*Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.*

*Hel.* That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd  
you,

One of the greatest in the christian world  
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful,  
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:

\* Time was, I did him a desired office,  
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude  
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,  
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd,  
His grace is at Marseilles<sup>8</sup>; to which place  
We have convenient convoy. You must know,  
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,  
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,  
And by the leave of my good lord the king,  
We'll be, before our welcome.

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

*Hel.* Nor you\*, mistress,  
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour  
To recompence your love; doubt not, but heaven  
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,  
As it hath fated her to be my motive<sup>9</sup>  
And helper to a husband. But O strange men  
That can such sweet use make of what they love,

\* *His grace is at Marseilles; &c.*] From this line, and others, it appears that *Marseilles* was pronounced by our author as a word of three syllables. The old copy has here *Marcellæ*, and in the last scene of this act *Marcellus*. MALONE.

\* *Nor you,*] Old Copy—*Nor your*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.  
MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *my motive*] *Motive* for assistant. WARBURTON.  
Rather for *mover*. So, in the last act of this play:

“ — all impediments in fancy's course

“ *Are motives of more fancy.*” MALONE.



When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts  
Defiles the pitchy night<sup>1</sup>! so lust doth play  
With what it loaths, for that which is away:  
But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana,  
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer  
Something in my behalf.

*Dia.* Let death and honesty  
Go with your impositions<sup>2</sup>, I am yours  
Upon your will to suffer.

*Hel.* Yet, I pray you,—  
But with the word, the time will bring on summer<sup>3</sup>,  
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,  
And be as sweet as sharp<sup>4</sup>. We must away;  
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us<sup>5</sup>:  
*All's well that ends well*: still the fine's<sup>6</sup> the crown;  
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> *When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts  
Defiles the pitchy night!* *Saucy* may very properly signify *luxurious*, and by consequence *lascivious*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ ——— as to remit

“ Their *saucy* sweetness, that do coin heaven's image

“ In stamps that are forbid.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — your impositions,] i. e. your commands. See Vol. I. p. 168, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *But with the word, the time will bring on summer,*] *With the word*, i. e. in an instant of time. WARBURTON.

I would read:

“ Let I 'fray you

“ But with the word: the time will bring &c.

And then the sense will be, “ I only frighten you by mentioning the word *suffer*; a short time will bring on the season of happiness and delight.” BLACKSTONE.

<sup>4</sup> *When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,  
And be as sweet as sharp.*] The meaning of this observation is, that as *briars* have *sweetness* with their *prickles*, so shall these troubles be recompensed with joy. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us;*] *Time* revives us, may mean, it *rouses* us. So, in another play of our author:

“ ——— I would *revive* the soldiers' hearts,

“ Because I found them ever as myself.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — the fine's—] i. e. the end. So, in the *London Prodigal*, 1605:

“ Nature hath done the last for me, and there's the *fine*.”

MALONE.

## SCENE V.

Rouffillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace,*

*Enter Countess, LAFEU, and Clown.*

*Laf.* No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there; whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour<sup>7</sup>: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of.

*Count.* I would, I had not known him<sup>8</sup>! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

*Laf.* 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand fallads, ere we light on such another herb.

*Clown.* Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the falset, or, rather, the herb of grace.

*Laf.* They are not falset-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

*Clown.* I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grafs<sup>9</sup>.

<sup>7</sup> — *whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour:*] Whose evil qualities he is so deep a dye, as to be sufficient to corrupt the most innocent, and to render them of the same disposition with himself. Parolles is the person meant. Dr. Warburton thinks that there is an error here to Mrs. Turner, (the infamous accomplice of the Earl of Somerset, in the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury,) "who was hanged at Tyburn in 1613, in a yellow ruff of her own invention." But the play was probably written several years before that event. MALONE.

The general custom of that time, of colouring *paste* with saffron, is alluded to. So, in the *Winter's Tale*: "I must have saffron to colour the warden pyes." WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> *I would, I had not known him!*] This dialogue serves to connect the incidents of Parolles with the main plan of the play. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *in grafs.*] The old copy, by an evident error of the press, reads — *grace*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. The word *fallet* in the preceding speech was also supplied by him. MALONE.

*Laf,*

*Laf.* Whether dost thou profess thyself; a knave, or a fool?

*Clown.* A fool, fir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

*Laf.* Your distinction?

*Clown.* I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

*Laf.* So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

*Clown.* And I would give his wife my bauble, fir, to do her service<sup>1</sup>.

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

*Clown.* At your service.

*Laf.* No, no, no.

*Clown.* Why, fir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

*Laf.* Who's that? a Frenchman?

*Clown.* Faith, fir, he has an English name<sup>2</sup>; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there<sup>3</sup>.

*Laf.* What prince is that?

*Clown.* The black prince, fir, *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

*Laf.* Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee<sup>4</sup> from thy master thou talk'st of; serve him still.

<sup>1</sup> — *I would give, his wife my bauble, fir, to do her service.*] Part of the furniture of a fool was a *bauble*, which though it be generally taken to signify any thing of small value, has a precise and determinable meaning. It is, in short, a kind of truncheon with a head carved on it, which the fool anciently carried in his hand. SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

In the STUCCO-FERA NAVIS, 1497, are several representations of this instrument, as well as in *Cocke Lorelles Bote*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde. An ancient proverb in Ray's collection points out the materials of which these *baubles* were made: "If every fool should wear a *bauble*, fewel would be dear." See figure 12, in the plate at the end of the *Second Part of King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's explanation.

STEEVENS.  
<sup>2</sup> — *an English name;*] The old copy reads—*maine*. STEEVENS.  
Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there.*] The allusion is, in all probability, to the *Morbus Gallicus*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *to suggest thee—*] To suggest anciently signified to seduce. See Vol. I. p. 39, n. 6. STEEVENS.

*Clown.* I am a woodland fellow, fir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world<sup>5</sup>, let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

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

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

*Laf.* A shrewd knave, and an unhappy<sup>6</sup>.

*Count.* So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will<sup>7</sup>.

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

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

<sup>5</sup> — But, sure, he is the prince of the world,] I think we should read — But since he is &c. and thus Sir T. Hanmer. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — unhappy.] That is, mischievously waggish, unlucky. JOHNSON. See Vol. II. p. 234, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — he has no pace, but runs where he will.] Should not we read — no place, that is, no station, or office in the family. TYRWHITT.

A pace is a certain or prescribed walk; so we say of a man meanly obsequious, that he has learned his paces, and of a horse who moves irregularly, that he has no paces. JOHNSON.

*Laf.* His highness comes post from Marfeilles, of as able body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

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

*Laf.* Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

*Count.* You need but plead your honourable privilege.

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

*Re-enter Clown.*

*Clown.* O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

*Laf.* A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour: so, belike, is that\*.

*Clown.* But it is your carbonado'd face<sup>s</sup>.

*Laf.* Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

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

\* *Laf.* *A scar nobly got, &c.*] This speech in the second folio and the modern editions is given to the countess, and perhaps rightly. It is more probable that she should have spoken thus favourably of Bertram, than Lafeu. In the original copy, to each of the speeches of the countess *Lad.* or *La.* [i. e. *Lady*] is prefixed; so that the mistake was very easy. MALONE.

— *your carbonado'd face.*] *Carbonado'd* means scotched like a piece of meat for the gridiron. STEEVENS.

The word is again used in *King Lear*. Kent says to the Steward, "I'll carbonada your shanks for you." MALONE.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

Marfeilles. *A Street.*

*Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.*

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

*Enter a gentle Afringer*°.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,  
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

*Gent.* And you.

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

*Gent.* I have been sometimes there.

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

*Gent.* What's your will ?

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

° *Enter a gentle Afringer.* ] An *ostringer* or *ostringer* is a falconer, and such a character was probable to be met with about a court which was famous for the love of that diversion. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ We'll-e'en to it like French Falconers.”

A *gentle ostringer* is a *gentleman falconer*. The word is derived from *ostrercus* or *austercus*, a gohawk, [from the French *austour* ;] and thus, says Cowell in his *Law Dictionary* : “ We usually call a falconer who keeps that kind of hawk, an *ostringer*.” STEEVENS.

*Gent.* The king's not here.

*Hel.* Not here, sir?

*Gent.* Not, indeed:

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

*Wid.* Lord, how we lose our pains!

*Hel.* *All's well that ends well*, yet;  
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—  
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

*Gent.* Marry, as I take it, to Roussillon;  
Whither I am going.

*Hel.* I do beseech you, sir,  
Since you are like to see the king before me,  
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;  
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,  
But rather make you thank your pains for it:  
I will come after you, with what good speed  
Our means will make us means<sup>1</sup>.

*Gent.* This I'll do for you.

*Hel.* And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,  
What-e'er falls more.—We must to horse again;—  
Go, go, provide. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

Roussillon. *The inner Court of the Count's Palace.*

*Enter Clown and PAROLLES.*

*Par.* Good Mr. Lavatch, give my lord Lafew this  
letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you,  
when I have had familiarity with fresher clothes; but I  
am now, sir, muddy'd in fortune's mood, and smell  
somewhat strong of her strong displeasure<sup>2</sup>.

*Clown.*

<sup>1</sup> *Our means will make us means.*] Shakspeare delights much in this kind of reduplication, sometimes so as to obscure his meaning. Helena says, *they will follow with such speed as the means which they have will give them ability to exert.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *but I am now, sir, muddy'd in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.*] By the whimsical caprice of Fortune, I am fallen into the mud, and smell somewhat strong of her displeasure. In *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, we meet with the same phrase:

“ — but

460 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

*Clown.* Truly, fortune's displeasure is but flattish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind<sup>3</sup>.

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

*Clown.* Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

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

*Clown.* Foh! pr'ythee, stand away; A paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

*Enter LAFEU.*

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddy'd withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decay'd, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort<sup>4</sup>, and leave him to your lordship. *[Exit Clown.*

" ——— but *Fortune's mood*

" *Varies again.*"

*Mood* is again used for *resentment* or *caprice*, in *Othello*: "You are but now cast in his *mood*, a punishment more in policy than in malice." Again, for *anger*, in the old *Taming of a Shrew*, 1607:

" ——— This brain-sick man,

" That in his *mood* cares not to murder me."

Dr. Warburton in his edition changed *mood* to *moat*, and his emendation was adopted, I think, without necessity, by the subsequent editors. All the expressions enumerated by him,—"I will eat no fish,"—"he hath fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure," &c.—agree sufficiently well with the text, without any change. Parolles having talked metaphorically of being *muddy'd* by the displeasure of fortune, the clown, to render him ridiculous, supposes him to have actually fallen into a *fishpond*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — allow the wind.] i. e. stand to the windward of me, STEEV.

<sup>4</sup> I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort.] The meaning is, I testify my pity for his distress, by encouraging him with a gracious smile. The old reading [which Dr. Warburton changed to *fimiles*] may stand. HEATH.

*Par.*



*Par.* My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

*Laf.* And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her<sup>5</sup>? There's a *quart de'ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

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

*Laf.* You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word<sup>6</sup>.

*Par.* My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

*Laf.* You beg more than one word then<sup>7</sup>.—Cox' my passion! give me your hand:—How does your drum?

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

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

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

*Laf.* Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets found.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat<sup>8</sup>; go to, follow.

*Par.* I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>5</sup> — under her? ] *H.*, which is not in the first copy was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — save your word. ] i. e. you need not ask;—here it is. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> You beg more than one word then. ] A quibble is intended on the word *Paroles*, which in French is plural, and signifies words. One, which is not found in the old copy, was added, perhaps unnecessarily, by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — you shall eat; ] Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falstaff, and seems to be the character which Shakspeare delighted to draw, a fellow that had more wit than virtue. Though justice required that he should be detected and exposed, yet his vices fit so fit in him that he is not at last suffered to starve. JOHNSON.

## S C E N E III.

*The same. A Room in the Count's Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter King, Countess, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.*

*King.* We lost a jewel of her ; and our esteem<sup>9</sup>  
Was made much poorer by it : but your son,  
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know  
Her estimation home<sup>1</sup>.

*Count.* 'Tis past, my liege :  
And I beseech your majesty to make it  
Natural rebellion, done i'the blade of youth<sup>2</sup> ;  
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,  
O'erbears it, and burns on.

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

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

<sup>9</sup> — esteem] *Esteem* is here *reckoning* or *estimation*. Since the loss of Helen with her virtues and qualifications, our account is sunk ; what we have to reckon ourselves king of, is much poorer than before. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — home.] That is, completely, in its full extent. JOHNSON.  
So, in *Macbeth* : "That thrust home," &c. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — blade of youth ;] In the *spring of early life*, when the man is yet green. Oil and fire suit but ill with blade, and therefore Dr. Warburton reads—*blaze* of youth. JOHNSON.

This very probable emendation was first proposed by Mr. Theobald, who has produced these two passages in support of it :

" ————— I do know

" When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul

" Lends the tongue vows. These *blazes*" &c. *Hamlet*.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

" For Hector, in his *blaze* of wrath," &c. MALONE.

Of richest eyes<sup>3</sup>; whose words all ears took captive;  
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,  
Humbly call'd mistrefs.

*King.* Praising what is lost,  
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither;—  
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill  
All repetition<sup>4</sup>:—Let him not ask our pardon;  
The nature of his great offence is dead,  
And deeper than oblivion we do bury  
The incensing relicks of it: let him approach,  
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,  
So 'tis our will he should.

*Gent.* I shall, my liege. [Exit Gentleman.]

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

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

*King.* Then shall we have a match. I have letters  
sent me,  
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

*Laf.* He looks well on't.

*King.* I am not a day of season,  
For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail  
In me at once: But to the brightest beams  
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,

<sup>3</sup> *Of richest eyes*;] Shakspeare means that her beauty had astonished those, who, having seen the greatest number of fair women, might be said to be the *richest* in ideas of beauty. So, in *As you like it*:

“—to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have *rich eyes* and poor hands.” STEELES.

<sup>4</sup> — *the first view* shall kill

*All repetition*:] *The first interview shall put an end to all recollection of the past.* Shakspeare is now hastening to the end of the play, finds his matter sufficient to fill up his remaining scenes, and therefore, as on other such occasions, contracts his dialogue and precipitates his action. Decency required that Bertram's double crime of cruelty and disobedience, joined likewise with some hypocrisy, should raise more resentment; and that though his mother might easily forgive him, his king should more pertinaciously vindicate his own authority and Helen's merit. Of all this Shakspeare could not be ignorant, but Shakspeare wanted to conclude his play. JOHNSON.

The time is fair again.

*Ber.* My high-repented blames<sup>s</sup>,  
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

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

*Ber.* Admiringly, my liege: At first  
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart  
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:  
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,  
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,  
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;  
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;  
Extended or contracted all proportions,  
To a most hideous object: Thence it came,  
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,  
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye  
The dust that did offend it.

*King.* Well excus'd:  
That thou did'st love her, strikes some scores away  
From the great compt: But love, that comes too late,  
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,  
To the great sencer turns a four offence,  
Crying, That's good that's gone: our rash-faults  
Make trivial price of serious things we have,  
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:  
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,  
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:  
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,  
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon<sup>6</sup>.

Be

<sup>s</sup> *My high-repented blames,*] *High-repented blames*, are faults repented of to the height, to the utmost. Shakspeare has *high-fantastical* in *Twelfth Night*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Our own love waking cries to see what's done,*  
*While shameful hate &c.*] The meaning may be, that hatred still continues to sleep at ease, while love is weeping. JOHNSON.

I cannot

Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.  
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin :  
The main consents are had ; and here we'll stay  
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

*Count.* Which better than the first, O dear heaven  
bless !

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease ? !

*Laf.* Come on, my son, in whom my house's name  
Must be digested, give a favour from you,  
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,  
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,  
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,  
Was a sweet creature ; such a ring as this,  
The last that e'er I took her leave<sup>s</sup> at court,  
I saw upon her finger.

*Ber.* Hers it was not.

*King.* Now, pray you, let me see it ; for mine eye,  
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—  
This ring was mine ; and, when I gave it Helen,

I cannot comprehend this passage as it stands, and have no doubt that we should read—Our *old* love waking, &c. *Extinctus amabitur idem*.

Our *own* love can mean nothing but our self-love, which would not be sense in this place ; but *our old love waking* means, our former love being revived. *MASON.*

This conjecture appears to me extremely probable ; but *waking* will not, I think, here admit of Mr. Mason's interpretation, *being revived* ; nor indeed is it necessary to his emendation. It is clear from the subsequent line that *waking* is here used in its ordinary sense. Hate *sleeps* at ease, unmolested by any remembrance of the dead, while old love, reproaching itself for not having been sufficiently kind to a departed friend, "*wakes* and weeps ;" crying, " that's good that's gone."

*MALONE.*

<sup>7</sup> Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless !

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease !] These two lines in the old copy are attributed to the king. The present regulation, which is evidently right, was made by Mr. Theobald. *MALONE.*

<sup>8</sup> The last that e'er I took her leave—] The last time that I saw her, when she was leaving the court. Mr. Rowe and the subsequent editors read—that e'er *she* took &c. *MALONE.*

466 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood  
Necessity'd to help, that<sup>9</sup> by this token  
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave her  
Of what should stead her most?

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

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

• *Laf.* I am sure, I saw her wear it.

• *Ber.* You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it:  
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me<sup>1</sup>,  
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name  
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought  
I stood ingag'd<sup>2</sup>; but when I had subscrib'd  
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,  
I could not answer in that course of honour

<sup>9</sup> *I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood*

*Necessity'd to help, that—*] Our author here, as in many other places, seems to have forgotten in the close of the sentence how he began to construct it. See p. 356, n. 8. The meaning however is clear, and I do not suspect any corruption. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,*] Bertram still continues to have too little virtue to deserve Helen. He did not know indeed that it was Helen's ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *noble she was, and thought*

*I stood ingag'd;*] The first folio reads—*ingag'd*, which perhaps may be intended in the same sense with the reading proposed by Mr. Theobald, [*ungag'd*] i. e. *not engaged*; as Shakspeare in another place uses *gag'd* for *engaged*. *Merchant of Venice*, Act I. sc. i. TYRWHITT.

*Gaged* is used by other ancient writers, as well as by Shakspeare, for *engaged*. So, in a *Pastoral*, by Daniel, 1605:

“Not that the earth did gage

“Unto the husbandman

“Her voluntary fruits, free without fees.”

*Engaged* in the sense of *unengaged*, is a word of exactly the same formation as *inhabitable*, which is used by Shakspeare and the contemporary writers for *uninhabitable*. MALONE.

The plain meaning is, she saw me receive the ring, and thought me engaged to her. JOHNSON.

As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,  
In heavy satisfaction, and would never  
Receive the ring again.

*King.* Plutus himself,

That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine<sup>3</sup>,  
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,  
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,  
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know  
That you are well acquainted with yourself,  
Confess 'twas hers<sup>4</sup>, and by what rough enforcement  
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety,  
That she would never put it from her finger,  
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,  
(Where you have never come,) or sent it us  
Upon her great disaster.

*Ber.* She never saw it.

*King.* Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;

And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,  
Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove  
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—  
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,  
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close

<sup>3</sup> *Plutus himself,*

*That know the tinct and multiplying medicine,*] Plutus the grand alchemist, who knows the *tincture* which confers the properties of gold upon base metals, and the *matter* by which *gold* is *multiplied*, by which a small quantity of gold is made to communicate its qualities to a large mass of metal.

In the reign of Henry the Fourth, a law was made to forbid *all men thenceforth* to multiply *gold*, or use *any craft* of multiplication. Of which law, Mr. Boyle, when he was warm with the hope of transmutation, procured a repeal. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ———— *Then, if you know*

That you are well acquainted with yourself,

*Confess 'twas hers,*] i. e. confess the ring was hers, for you know it as well as you know that you are yourself. EDWARDS.

The true meaning of this expression is, *If you know that your faculties are so sound, as that you have the proper consciousness of your own actions*, and are able to recollect and relate what you have done, *tell me, &c.* JOHNSON.

468 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,  
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[*Guards seize Bertram.*]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,  
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,  
Having vainly fear'd too little<sup>5</sup>.—Away with him ;—  
We'll lift this matter further.

*Ber.* If you shall prove

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

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*King.* I am wrap'd in dismal thinkings.

*Gent.* Gracious sovereign,

Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not ;  
Here's a petition from a Florentine,  
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short  
To tender it herself<sup>6</sup>. I undertook it,  
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech  
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,  
Is here attending : her business looks in her  
With an importing visage ; and she told me,  
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern  
Your highness with herself.

*King.* [*reads.*].—Upon his many protestations to marry  
me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won  
me. Now is the count Roussillon a widower ; his vows are  
forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole

<sup>5</sup> *My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,*

*Shall tax my fears of little vanity,*

*Having vainly fear'd too little.] The proofs which I have already  
had, are sufficient to shew that my fears were not vain and irrational.  
I have rather been hitherto more easy than I ought, and have unreason-  
ably had too little fear. JOHNSON.*

<sup>6</sup> *Who hath, for four or five removes, come short &c.] Who hath  
missed the opportunity of presenting it in person to your majesty, either  
at Marseilles, or on the road from thence to Roussillon, in consequence  
of having been four or five removes behind you. MALONE.*

*Removes are journeys or post-stages. JOHNSON.*

*fr m*



from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: Grant it me, O king; in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPULET.

*Laf.* I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this<sup>7</sup>. I'll none of him.

*King.* The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu, To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:—Go, speedily, and bring again the count.—

[*Exeunt Gentleman, and some Attendants.*]

I am afraid, the life of Helen, lady,  
Was foully inatch'd.

*Count.* Now, justice on the doers!

*Enter BERTRAM, guarded.*

*King.* I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you<sup>8</sup>,  
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship<sup>9</sup>,  
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?

<sup>7</sup> *I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this.*] The meaning, I think, is I will purchase a son-in-law at a fair, and get rid of this worthless fellow, by *tolling* him out of it. To toll a person out of a fair was a phrase of the time. So, in Camden's *Remaines*, 1605: "At a Bartholomew Faire at London there was an escheator of the same city, that had arrested a clothier that was outlawed, and had seized his goods, which he had brought into the faire, *tolling him out of the faire*, by a traine."

And toll for this may however mean—and I will sell this fellow in a fair, as I would a horse, publickly entering in the toll-book the particulars of the sale. For the hint of this latter interpretation I am indebted to Dr. Percy. I incline, however, to the former exposition. MALONE.

The words seem to mean, I'll buy me a new son-in-law &c. and toll the bell for this, i. e. look upon him as a dead man. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *I wonder, sir, since wives &c.*] The old copy reads—I wonder, sir, sir, wives &c. The indisputable emendation, now adopted, was proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —as you swear them lordship,] I suppose *lordship* is put for that protection, which the husband in the marriage-ceremony promises to the wife. TYRWHITT.

*As*, I believe, here signifies *as soon as*. MALONE.

*Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow, and DIANA.*

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

*Wid.* I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour  
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,  
And both shall cease<sup>1</sup>, without your remedy.

*King.* Come hither, count; Do you know these women?

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

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

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

*Dia.* If you shall marry,  
You give away this hand, and that is mine;  
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;  
You give away myself, which is known mine;  
For I by vow am so embody'd yours,  
That she, which marries you, must marry me,  
Either both, or none.

*Laf.* Your reputation [*to Ber.*] comes too short for my  
daughter, you are no husband for her.

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

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

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

*King.* What say'st thou to her?

<sup>1</sup> — *shall cease,*] i. e. de cease, die. So, in *King Lear*: "Fall and  
cease." I think the word is used in the same sense in a former scene in  
this comedy. STEEVENS.

*Ber.* She's impudent, my lord;  
And was a common gamester to the camp<sup>2</sup>.

*Dia.* He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,  
He might have bought me at a common price:  
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,  
Whose high respect, and rich validity<sup>3</sup>,  
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,  
He gave it to a commoner o'the camp,  
If I be one.

*Count.* He blushes, and 'tis it<sup>4</sup>:  
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem  
Confer'd by testament to the sequent issue,  
Hath it been ow'd, and worn. This is his wife;  
That ring's a thousand proofs.

*King.* Methought, you said<sup>5</sup>,  
You saw one here in court could witness it.

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

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

*King.* Find him, and bring him hither.

*Ber.* What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave<sup>6</sup>,  
With all the spots o'the world tax'd and debosh'd<sup>7</sup>;  
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth<sup>8</sup>:

<sup>2</sup> — a common gamester to the camp.] A gamester was formerly used to signify a wanton. So, in *Pericles*, p. 125, edit. 1780, Lyfimachus asks Marina, Were you a gamester at five or at seven? MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Whose high respect, and rich validity,] Validity means value. So, in *King Lear*:

“No less in space, validity, and pleasure.”

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

“Of what validity and pitch soever.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — 'tis it:] The old copy has—'tis bit. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. In many of our old chronicles I have found bit printed instead of it. Hence probably the mistake here. Mr. Pope reads—and 'tis his. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Methought, you said,] The poet has here forgot himself. Diana has said no such thing. BLACKSTONE.

<sup>6</sup> He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,] Quoted has the same sense as noted. See Vol. II. p. 432, n. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — debosh'd;] See Vol. I. p. 61. n. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — but to speak a truth:] i. e. only to speak a truth, TYRWHITT.

472 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,  
That will speak any thing?

*King.* She hath that ring of yours.

*Ber.* I think, she has: certain it is, I lik'd her,  
And boarded her i'the wanton way of youth:  
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,  
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,  
As all impediments in fancy's course  
Are motives of more fancy<sup>9</sup>; and, in fine,  
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,  
• Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;  
• And I had that, which any inferior might  
At market-price have bought.

*Dia.* I must be patient;  
You, that turn'd off<sup>1</sup> a first so noble wife,  
May justly diet me<sup>2</sup>. I pray you yet,  
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)  
Send for your ring, I will return it home,  
And give me mine again.

<sup>9</sup> — all impediments in fancy's course

*Are motives of more fancy; &c.] Every thing that obstructs love is an occasion by which love is heightened. And, to conclude, her solicitation concurring with her fashionable appearance, she got the ring. I am not certain that I have attained the true meaning of the word modern, which, perhaps, signifies rather meanly pretty. JOHNSON.*

*I believe modern means common. The sense will then be this.—Her solicitation concurring with her appearance of being common, i. e. with the appearance of her being to be bad, as we say at present. Shakspeare uses the word modern frequently, and always in this sense. STEEVENS.*

*Dr. Johnson's last interpretation is certainly the true one. See p. 163, n. 5; and p. 396, n. 6. I think with Mr. Steevens that modern here, as almost every where in Shakspeare, means common, ordinary; but do not suppose that Bertram here means to call Diana a common gamester, though he has styled her so in a former passage. MALONE.*

<sup>1</sup> *You, that turn'd off—] The old copy reads—You that have &c. The latter word was probably caught by the compositor's eye from a preceding line. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.*

<sup>2</sup> *May justly diet me.] May justly loath or be weary of me, as people generally are of a regimen or prescribed diet. Such, I imagine, is the meaning. Mr. Collins thinks, she means, "May justly make me fast, by depriving me (as Desdemona says) of the rites for which I love you." MALONE.*

*Ber.*

*Ber.* I have it not.

*King.* What ring was yours, I pray you?

*Dia.* Sir, much like

The same upon your finger.

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

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

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

*Dia.* I have spoke the truth.

*Enter PAROLLES.*

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

*King.* You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.—  
Is this the man you speak of?

*Dia.* Ay, my lord.

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

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

*King.* Come, come, to the purpose; Did he love this  
woman?

*Par.* 'Faith, fir, he did love her; But how<sup>3</sup>?

*King.* How, I pray you?

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

*King.* How is that?

*Par.* He lov'd her, fir, and lov'd her not.

*King.* As thou art a knave, and no knave:—What an  
equivocal companion is this?

*Par.* I am a poor man, and at your majesty's com-  
mand.

<sup>3</sup> — *he did love her*; But how?] *But how* perhaps belongs to the  
king's next speech:

*But how*, how, I pray you?

This suits better with the king's apparent impatience and solicitude for  
Helena. MALONE.

*Laf.*

474 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

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

*Dia.* Do you know, he promised me marriage?

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

*King.* But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

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

*King.* Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are marry'd: But thou art too fine in thy evidence<sup>4</sup>; therefore stand aside.—This ring, you say was yours?

*Dia.* Ay, my good lord.

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

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

*King.* Who lent it you?

*Dia.* It was not lent me neither.

*King.* Where did you find it then?

*Dia.* I found it not.

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

*Dia.* I never gave it him.

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

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

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

*King.* Take her away, I do not like her now;  
To prison with her: and away with him.—

<sup>4</sup> But thou art too fine in thy evidence;] Too fine is, too full of finesse; too artful. A French expression;—*trop fine*. So, in Sir Henry Wotton's celebrated *Parallel*: "We may rate this one secret, as it was finely carried, at 4000*l*. in present money." MALONE.

Unless thou tell'st me where thou had'st this ring,  
Thou diest within this hour.

*Dia.* I'll never tell you.

*King.* Take her away.

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

*King.* I think thee now some common customer<sup>5</sup>.

*Dia.* By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

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

*Dia.* Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty;  
He knows, I am no maid, and he'll swear to't:  
I'll swear, I am a maid, and he knows not.  
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;  
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to LAFEU.*

*King.* She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

*Dia.* Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir;

[*Exit Widow.*

The jeweller, that owes the ring, is sent for,  
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,  
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,  
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:  
He knows himself, my bed he hath defil'd<sup>6</sup>;  
And at that time he got his wife with child:  
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick;  
So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick:  
And now behold the meaning.

*Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.*

*King.* Is there no exorcist<sup>7</sup>,  
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?  
Is't real, that I see?

*Hel.*

<sup>5</sup> — *customer.*] i. e. a common woman. So, in *Othello*:

"I marry her!—what?—a *customer*!" STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *He knows himself, &c.*] This dialogue is too long, since the audience already knew the whole transaction; nor is there any reason for puzzling the king and playing with his passions; but it was much easier than to make a pathetical interview between Helen and her husband, her mother, and the king. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *exorcist,*] This word is used, not very properly, for *enchanter*.

JOHNSON.

Shakspeare

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

*Ber.* Both, both ; O, pardon !

*Hel.* O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,  
I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring,  
And, look you, here's your letter ; This it says,

*When from my finger you can get this ring,*

*And are \* by me with child,—* This is done :

Will you be mine, now you are doubly won ?

*Ber.* If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,  
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

*Hel.* If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,  
Deadly divorce step between me and you !—

O, my dear mother, do I see you living ?

*Laf.* Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon :—  
Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief : So, I thank  
thee ; wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee : Let  
thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

*King.* Let us from point to point this story know,  
To make the even truth in pleasure flow :—

Shakspeare invariably uses the word *exorcist* to imply a person who  
can raise spirits, not in the usual sense of one that can lay them. So,  
Ligarius in *Julius Cæsar* says,

“ Thou, like an *exorcist*, hast conjur'd up

“ My mortified spirit.” MASON.

Such was the common acceptance of the word 'in our author's time.  
So Minshieu in his *Dict.* 1617 : “ An *Exorcist*, or *Conjurer*.”—So  
also, “ To conjure or *exorcise* a spirit.”

The difference between a *Conjurer*, a *Witch*, and an *Inchanter*, ac-  
cording to that writer, is as follows :

“ The *Conjurer* seemeth by prayers and invocations of God's power-  
full names, to compell the Divell to say or doe what he commandeth  
him. The *Witch* dealeth rather by a friendly and voluntarie confer-  
ence or agreement between him or her and the Divell or Familiar, to  
have his or her turne served, in lieu or stead of blood or other gift offer-  
ed unto him, especially of his or her soule :—And both these differ  
from *Inchanters* or *Sorcerers*, because the former two have personal  
conference with the Divell, and the other meddles but with medicines  
and ceremonial formes of words called *charmes*, without apparition.”

MALONE.

\* *And are—*] The old copy reads—And is. Mr. Rowe made the  
emendation, MALONE.



If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower, [to Diana.  
 Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;  
 For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,  
 Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—  
 Of that, and all the progress, more and less,  
 Resolvedly more leisure shall express:  
 All yet seems well; and, if it end so meet,  
 The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

*Advancing.*

*The king's a beggar, now the play is done*<sup>8</sup>:  
 All is well ended, if this suit be won,  
 That you express content; which we will pay,  
 With strife to please you, day exceeding day:  
 Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts<sup>9</sup>;  
 Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts<sup>1</sup>. [Exeunt.

<sup>8</sup> *The king's a beggar, now the play is done*:] Though these lines are sufficiently intelligible in their obvious sense, yet perhaps there is some allusion to the old tale of *The King and the Beggar*, which was the subject of a ballad, and, as it should seem from the following lines in *K. Richard II.* of some popular interlude also:

“Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,

“And now chang'd to—the beggar and the king.” MALONE:

<sup>9</sup> *Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts*;] The meaning is: Grant us then your patience; hear us without interruption. And take our parts; that is, support and defend us. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> This play has many delightful scenes, though not sufficiently probable, and some happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. Parolles is a boaster and a coward, such as has always been the sport of the stage, but perhaps never raised more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakspeare.

I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage; is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness.

The story of Bertram and Diana had been told before of Mariana and Angelo, and, to confess the truth, scarcely merited to be heard a second time. JOHNSON.

P E R I C L E S.

Vol. III.

H h 8

## Persons Represented.

Antiochus, *king of Antioch.*  
 Pericles, *prince of Tyre.*  
 Helicanus, } *two lords of Tyre.*  
 Escanes, }  
 Simonides, *king of Pentapolis\*.*  
 Cleon, *governour of Tharsus.*  
 Lysimachus, *governour of Mitylene.*  
 Cerimon, *a lord of Ephesus.*  
 Philemon, *servant to Cerimon.*  
 Thaliard, *servant to Antiochus.*  
 Leonine, *servant to Dionyza.*  
*Marshall.*  
*A Pandar, and his wife.*  
 Boulton, *their servant.*  
 Gower, *as chorus.*

*The daughter of Antiochus.*  
 Dionyza, *wife to Cleon.*  
 Thaisa, *daughter to Simonides.*  
 Marina, *daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*  
 Lychorida, *nurse to Marina.*  
 Diana.

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

S C E N E, *dispersedly in various countries.*

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

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

“PENTAPOLIN of the naked arm” is the hero of a romance alluded to by Cervantes. See Skelton’s *Don Quixote*, Vol. I, p. 144, 4to. 1612. MALONE.

# PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

---

## ACT I.

*Before the Palace of Antioch. Enter GOWER.*

To sing a song that old was sung<sup>2</sup>,  
From ashes ancient Gower is come;

Assuming

<sup>1</sup> The story on which this play is formed, is of great antiquity. It is found in a book, once very popular, entitled *Gesta Romanorum*, which is supposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, the learned editor of *The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, 1775, to have been written five hundred years ago. The earliest impression of that work (which I have seen) was printed in 1488; in that edition the history of *Appolonius King of Tyre* makes the 153d chapter. It is likewise related by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*, lib. viii. p. 175—185, edit. 1554. The Rev. Dr. Farmer has in his possession a fragment of a Mf. poem on the same subject, which appears, from the hand-writing and the metre, to be more ancient than Gower. The reader will find an extract from it at the end of the play. There is also an ancient romance on this subject, called *Kyng Appolyn of Tyre*, translated from the French by Robert Copland, and printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1510. In 1576 William Howe had a licence for printing “*The most excellent, pleasant, and variable historie of the strange adventures of Prince Appolonius, Lucine his wyfe, and Tharsia his daughter.*” The author of *Pericles* having introduced Gower in his piece, it is reasonable to suppose that he chiefly followed the work of that poet. It is observable, that the hero of this tale is, in Gower’s poem, as in the present play, called *prince of Tyre*; in the *Gesta Romanorum*, and Copland’s prose romance, he is entitled *king*. Most of the incidents of the play are found in the *Conf. Amant.* and a few of Gower’s expressions are occasionally borrowed. However, I think it is not unlikely, that there may have been (though I have not met with it) an early prose translation of this popular story, from the *Gest. Roman.* in which the name of Appolonius was changed to Pericles; to which, likewise, the author of this drama may have been indebted. In 1607 was published at London, by Valentine Sims, “*The patterne of painefull adventures, containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable historie of the strange accidents that befell unto Prince Appolonius, the lady Lucina his wife, and Tharsia his daughter, wherein the uncertaintie of this*

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

It world and the fickle state of man's life are lively described. Translated into English by T. Twine, Gent." I have never seen the book, but it was without doubt a re-publication of that published by W. Howe in 1576.

*Pericles* was entered on the Stationers' books, May 2, 1608, by Edward Blount, one of the printers of the first folio edition of Shakespeare's plays; but it did not appear in print till the following year, and then it was published not by Blount, but by Henry Goffon; who had probably anticipated the other, by getting a hasty transcript from a playhouse copy. There is, I believe, no play of our author's, perhaps I might say, in the English language, so incorrect as this. The most corrupt of Shakespeare's other dramas, compared with *Pericles*, is purity itself. The metre is seldom attended to; verse is frequently printed as prose, and the grossest errors abound in almost every page. I mention these circumstances, only as an apology to the reader for having taken somewhat more licence with this drama than would have been justifiable, if the copies of it now extant had been less disfigured by the negligence and ignorance of the printer or transcriber. The numerous corruptions that are found in the original edition in 1609, which have been carefully preserved and augmented in all the subsequent impressions, probably arose from its having been frequently exhibited on the stage. In the four quarto editions it is called *the much admired play of PERICLES PRINCE OF TYRE*; and it is mentioned by many ancient writers as a very popular performance; particularly, by the author of a metrical pamphlet, entitled *Pymlico or Run Redcap*, in which the following lines are found:

"Amaz'd I stood, to see a crowd  
"Of civil throats stretch'd out so loud:  
"As at a new play, all the rooms  
"Did swarm with gentles mix'd with grooms;  
"So that I truly thought all these  
"Came to see *Shore* or *Pericles*."

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

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

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

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

It hath been sung at festivals,  
On ember-eves, and holy ales<sup>3</sup>;

And

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

“ But Shakspeare, the plebeian driller, was

“ Founder'd in his *Pericles*, and must not pass.”

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

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

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

“ See him, whose tragick scenes Euripides

“ Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may

“ Compare great Shakspeare; Aristophanes

“ Never like him his fancy could display:

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

“ His sweet and his to be admired lay

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

“ Did understand the depth of poesie.”

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

The history of *Appollonius King of Tyre* was supposed by Mark Welser, when he printed it in 1595, to have been translated from the Greek a thousand years before. [Fabr. Bib. Gr. v. 6. p. 821.] It certainly bears strong marks of a Greek original, though it is not (that I know) now extant in that language. The rythmical poem, under the same title, in modern Greek, was re-translated (if I may so speak) from the Latin—*απο Λατινικης εις Ρωμαϊκην γλωσσαν*. Du Fresnoy, Index Author. ad *Gloss. Græc.* When Welser printed it, he probably did not know that it had been published already (perhaps more than once) among the *Gesta Romanorum*. In an edition, which I have, printed at Rouen in 1521, it makes the 154th chapter. Towards the latter end of the XIIth century *Godfrey of Viterbo*, in his *Pantheon* or Universal Chronicle, inserted this romance as part of the history of the third Antiochus, about 200 years before Christ. It begins thus [Ms. Reg. 14. C. xi.]:

Filia Seleuci regis stat clara decore,

Matreque defunctâ pater arsit in ejus amore.

Res habet effectum, pressa puella dolet.

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

Gower, by his own acknowledgement, took his story from the

And lords and ladies of their lives<sup>4</sup>  
 Have read it for restoratives.  
 The purpose is to make men glorious,  
*Et bonum, quo antiquius, eo melius*<sup>5</sup>.  
 If you, born in these latter times,  
 When wit's more ripe, accept my rhimes,  
 And that to hear an old man sing,  
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,  
 I life would wish, and that I might  
 Waste it for you, like taper-light.  
 This Antioch then, Antiochus the great  
 Built up; this city, for his chiefest seat;  
 The fairest in all Syria;  
 (I tell you what mine authors say<sup>6</sup> :)  
 This king unto him took a pheere<sup>7</sup>,  
 Who died and left a female heir,

So

*Pantheon*; as the author (whoever he was) of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, professes to have followed Gower. TYRWHITT.

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

To sing a song of old was sung,—

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

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

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *It hath been sung at festivals,  
 On Ember eves, and holy ales*;] i. e. says Dr. Farmer, by whom this emendation was made, *church-ales*. The old copy has—*holy days*. Gower's speeches were certainly intitled to rhyme throughout.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *of their lives*—] The old copies read—in their lives. The emendation was suggested by Dr. Farmer. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *The purpose is to make men glorious,  
 Et bonum, quo antiquius, eo melius*.] There is an irregularity of metre in this couplet. The same variation is observable in *Macbeth*:

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

“Unto a dismal and a fatal end.”

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

<sup>6</sup> (I tell you what mine authors say :)] This is added in imitation of Gower's manner, and that of Chaucer, Lydgate, &c. who often thus refer to the original of their tales. These choruses resemble Gower in few other particulars. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *unto him took a pheere*,] This word, which is frequently used by our old poets, signifies a mate or companion. The old copies have—

peer.

So buxom, blithe, and full of face<sup>8</sup>,  
 As heaven had lent her all his grace;  
 With whom the father liking took,  
 And her to incest did provoke:  
 Bad child, worse father! to entice his own  
 To evil, should be done by none.  
 By custom, what they did begin<sup>9</sup>,  
 Was, with long use, account no sin<sup>1</sup>.  
 The beauty of this sinful dame,  
 Made many princes thither frame<sup>2</sup>,  
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,  
 In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:  
 Which to prevent, he made a law,  
 (To keep her still, and men in awe<sup>3</sup>,)  
 That who so ask'd her for his wife,  
 His riddle told not, lost his life:  
 So for her many a wight<sup>\*</sup> did die,  
 As yon grim looks do testify<sup>4</sup>.

What

*peer.* For the emendation I am answerable. See Vol. X. p. 429, n. 3. Throughout this piece, the poet, though he has not closely copied the language of Gower's poem, has endeavoured to give his speeches somewhat of an antique air. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — full of face,] i. e. completely, exuberantly beautiful. A full fortune, in *Otello*, means a complete, a large one. See also Vol. VIII. p. 252, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> By custom what they did begin,] All the copies read unintelligibly, But custom, &c. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — account no sin.] Account for accounted. So, in *K. John*, waft for wasted:

“Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er. STEVENS.  
 Again, in Gaiscoine's *Complaint of Philomene*, 1575:

“And by the lawde of his pretence

“His lewdnes was acquit.”

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

<sup>2</sup> — thither frame,] i. e. shape or direct their course thither.

MALONE.

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

<sup>\*</sup> — many a wight —] The quarto, 1609, reads—many of wight. Corrected in the folio. MALONE.

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



## PERICLES,

What ensues \*, to the judgment of your eye  
I give, my cause who best can justify<sup>5</sup>. [Exit.

## SCENE I.

Antioch. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre<sup>6</sup>, you have at large received

The danger of the task you undertake.

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

Ant. Bring in our daughter clothed like a bride<sup>7</sup>,  
For

“ The fader, whan he understood  
“ That thei his daughter thus besought,  
“ With all his wit he cast and sought  
“ Howe that he mighte fynde a lette;  
“ And such a statute then he sette,  
“ And in this wise his lawe taxeth,  
“ That what man his daughter axeth,  
“ But if he couth his question  
“ Asswoie upon suggestion,  
“ Of certeyn things that befell,  
“ The which he wolde unto him tell,  
“ He shoulde in certeyn lese his hede:  
“ And thus there were many dede,  
“ Her beades stondinge on the gate;  
“ Till at last, long and late,  
“ For lack of answere in this wise,  
“ The remenant, that wexen wyse,  
“ Eschewden to make assaie.” MALONE.

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

<sup>5</sup> — *who best can justify.*] i. e. *which* (the judgment of your eye) best can justify, i. e. prove its resemblance to the ordinary course of nature. So afterwards:

When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge,—. STEEV.

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

<sup>7</sup> *Bring in our daughter clothed like a bride,*] All the copies read: Music, bring in our daughter clothed like a bride.

For embracements even of Jove himself;  
 At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd,  
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence<sup>8</sup>,)  
 The senate-house of planets all did sit,  
 To knit in her their best perfections<sup>9</sup>.

*Enter*

The metre proves decisively that the word *musick* was a marginal direction, inserted in the text by the mistake of the transcriber or printer. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *For embracements even of Jove himself;*

*At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd,*

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

“ Bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride,

“ For embracements even of Jove himself.

“ Nature this dowry gave to glad her presence—

“ At *her* conception, till Lucina reign'd,

“ The senate-house of planets all did sit

“ To knit in her their best perfections.”

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

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

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

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

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts *the spring*

Of every virtue, &c.

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

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

<sup>9</sup> *The senate-house of planets all did sit,*

*To knit in her their best perfections.]* We have here a sentiment expressed

*Enter the daughter of Antiochus.*

*Per.* See, where she comes, apparell'd like the spring;  
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king  
Of every virtue gives renown to men!  
Her face, the book of praises, where is read  
Nothing but curious pleasures<sup>1</sup>, as from thence  
Sorrow were ever ras'd<sup>2</sup>, and testy wrath  
Could never be her mild companion<sup>3</sup>.  
Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,  
That have inflam'd desire in my breast<sup>4</sup>,  
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,

expressed with less affectation in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ — the elements

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

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

<sup>1</sup> *Her face, the book of praises, where is read*

*Nothing but curious pleasures,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

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

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

Again in *Macbeth* :

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

“ May read strange matters.”

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

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

“ Where all those pleasures live, that art could comprehend.”

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

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

“ Rase out the written troubles of the brain.”

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

“ But I will take another order now,

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

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

<sup>3</sup> — *her mild companion*.] By her *mild companion* Shakspeare meant the companion of her mildness. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> *That have inflam'd desire in my breast*,] It should be remembered that *desire* was sometimes used as a trisyllable. See Vol. VIII. p. 340, n. 7. MALONE.

Or die in the adventure, be my helps,  
As I am son and servant to your will,  
To compass such a boundless happiness<sup>5</sup>!

*Ant.* Prince Pericles,—

*Per.* That would be son to great Antiochus.

*Ant.* Before thee stands this fair Hesperides<sup>6</sup>,  
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;  
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:  
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view  
Her countless glory<sup>7</sup>, which desert must gain;  
And which, without desert, because thine eye  
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die<sup>8</sup>.  
Yon sometimes famous princes<sup>9</sup>, like thyself,

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

MALONE.

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

“For valour, is not love a Hercules,

“Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides*?”

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

<sup>7</sup> *Her countless glory,*—] The *countless* glory of a face seems a harsh expression; but the poet, probably, was thinking of the stars, the *countless* eyes of heaven, as he calls them in page 492. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —*all thy whole heap must die.*] i. e. thy whole mass must be destroyed. There seems to have been an opposition intended. *Thy whole heap*, thy body, must suffer for the offence of a *part*, thine eye. The word *bulk*, like *heap* in the present passage, was used for *body* by Shakspeare and his contemporaries. See Vol. VI. p. 488, n. 3. MALONE.

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

<sup>9</sup> *Yon sometimes famous princes,*—] See before, p. 485, n. 4.

MALONE.

Drawn

Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,  
 Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,  
 That, without covering, save yon field of stars,  
 Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;  
 And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist  
 From going on death's net<sup>1</sup>, whom none resist.

*Per.* Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught  
 My frail mortality to know itself,  
 And by those fearful objects to prepare  
 This body, like to them, to what I must<sup>2</sup>:  
 For death remember'd should be like a mirror,  
 Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.  
 I'll make my will then; and as sick men do,  
 Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe<sup>3</sup>,  
 Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;  
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you,  
 And all good men, as every prince should do;  
 My riches to the earth from whence they came;  
 But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[To the daughter of Antiochus.]

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

*Ant.* Scorning advice.—Read the conclusion then<sup>4</sup>;  
 Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,  
 As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

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

I would read—in death's net. PERCY.

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

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

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

*Daugh.* Of all said yet, may'st thou prove prosperous!  
Of all said yet, I wish thee happiness<sup>5</sup>!

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

[He reads the Riddle<sup>6</sup>.]

*I am no viper, yet I feed  
On mother's flesh, which did me breed:  
I sought a husband, in which labour,  
I found that kindness in a father.  
He's father, son, and husband mild,  
I mother, wife, and yet his child.  
How they may be, and yet in two,  
As you will live, resolve it you<sup>7</sup>.*

<sup>5</sup> *Daugh.* Of all said yet, may'st thou prove prosperous!

[Of all said yet, I wish thee happiness!] As this lady utters so little, it is natural to wish that little were more easy to be understood. Perhaps we ought to read in both lines—For all said yet—.

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

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

PERCY.

<sup>6</sup> The riddle is thus described in Gower: *Questio regis Antiochi.—*  
*Scelere uebor, maternâ carne vescor, quero patrem meum, matris meæ*  
*uirum, uxoris meæ filium.*

“ With felonie I am upbore,  
“ I ete, and have it not forlore,  
“ My moders fleshe whose husbonde  
“ My fader for to seche I fonde,  
“ Which is the sonne eke of my wife,  
“ Hereof I am inquisitive.  
“ And who that can my tale save,  
“ All quite he shall my doughter have,  
“ Of his answere and if he faile,  
“ He shall be dead withouten faile.” MALONE.

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

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

Sharp

Sharp physick is the last<sup>2</sup>: but O you powers,  
 That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts<sup>3</sup>,  
 Why cloud they not<sup>1</sup> their fights perpetually,  
 If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?  
 Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,  
     *[takes hold of the hand of the Printess,*  
 Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:  
 But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;  
 For he's no man on whom perfections wait<sup>4</sup>,  
 That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.  
 You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;  
 Who, finger'd to make man his lawful musick<sup>5</sup>,  
 Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken;  
 But being play'd upon before your time,  
 Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:  
 Good sooth, I care not for you.

*Ant.* Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life<sup>6</sup>,  
 For that's an article within our law,  
 As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd;  
 Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

*Per.* Great king,  
 Few love to hear the sins they love to act;

<sup>2</sup> *Sharp physick is the last :*] i. e. the intimation in the last line of the riddle that his life depends on resolving it; which he properly enough calls *sharp physick*, or a bitter potion. PERCY.

<sup>3</sup> *That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,*] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“ ——— who more engilds the night, ”

“ Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— countless eyes—

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

“ ——— stars, bide your fires,

“ Let not light see,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *For he's no man on whom perfections wait,*] Means no more than — *he's no honest man*, that knowing, &c. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *to make man —*] i. e. to produce for man, &c. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,*] This is a stroke of nature. The incestuous king cannot bear to see a rival touch the hand of the woman he loves. His jealousy resembles that of Antony:

“ ——— to let him be familiar with

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

“ And plighter of high hearts.” STEEVENS.

“Twould

<sup>5</sup> "I would 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.  
 Who has a book of all that monarchs do,  
 He's more secure to keep it shut, than shewn;  
 For vice repeated is like the wand'ring wind,  
 Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself<sup>5</sup>;  
 And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,  
 The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear;  
 To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts  
 Copp'd hills<sup>6</sup> towards heaven, to tell, the earth is throng'd  
 By man's oppression<sup>7</sup>; and the poor worm doth die for't<sup>8</sup>.  
 Kings.

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

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

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

\* Mr. Mason is of opinion that there should be no point after the word *clear*, and that the meaning is this: "The breath is gone, and the eyes, though sore, see clear enough to stop for the future the air that would annoy them. "*The eyes, though sore,*" he thinks, relates to those princes, who feel themselves hurt by the publication of their shames, and will of course prevent a repetition of it, by destroying the person who divulged it."<sup>6</sup> MALONE.

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

<sup>7</sup> — *the earth is throng'd*

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

STEEVENS.

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

"*Poor worm! thou art infected.*"

The



Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their will;  
 And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill.  
 It is enough you know; and it is fit,  
 What being more known grows worse, to smother it.  
 All love the womb that their first being bred,  
 Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

*Ant.* Heaven, that I had thy head<sup>9</sup>! he has found the  
 meaning;—

But I will gloze with him<sup>1</sup>. Young prince of Tyre,  
 Though, by the tenour of our strict edict<sup>2</sup>,  
 Your exposition mis-interpreting<sup>3</sup>,  
 We might proceed to cancel of your days<sup>3</sup>;

Yet

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

<sup>9</sup> *Heaven, that I had thy head!*] The speaker may either mean to  
 say, *O, that I had thy ingenuity!* or, *O, that I had thy head, sever'd*  
*from thy body!* The latter, I believe is the meaning. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *But I will gloze with him.*] So Gower:

“The kinge was wondre sorie tho,

“And thought, if that he said it oute,

“Then were he shamed all aboute:

“*With flie wordes and with felle*

“He sayth: My sonne I shall thee telle,

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

\* —our *strict edict*,] The old copy has—*your strict edict*. Cor-  
 rected in the folio. MALONE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Again,

Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree  
 As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise :  
 Forty days longer we do respite you 4 ;  
 If by which time our secret be undone,  
 This mercy shews, we'll joy in such a son :  
 And until then, your entertain shall be,  
 As doth besit our honour, and your worth.

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

*Per.* How courtesy would seem to cover sin !

When what is done is like an hypocrite,  
 The which is good in nothing but in sight.  
 If it be true that I interpret false,  
 Then were it certain, you were not so bad,  
 As with foul incest to abuse your soul ;  
 Where now you are both a father and a son,  
 By your untimely claspings with your child,  
 (Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father ;)   
 And she an eater of her mother's flesh,  
 By the defiling of her parent's bed ;  
 And both like serpents are, who though they feed  
 On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.  
 Antioch, farewell ! for wisdom sees, those men  
 Blush not in actions blacker than the night,  
 Will shun no course to keep them from the light 5.

One

Again, in *K. Lear* :

" Hot questrists after him met him at gate." MALONE.

4 Forty days longer we do respite you ;] In the *Gesta Romanorum*, *Confessio Amantis*, and the History of *Kyng Appolyn*, thirty days only are allowed for the solution of this question. It is difficult to account for this minute variation, but by supposing that our author copied some translation of the *Gesta Romanorum* hitherto undiscovered. MALONE.

5 — for wisdom sees, those men

*Blush not in actions blacker than the night,*

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

" And what may make him blush in being known,

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

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

The

One sin, I know, another doth provoke;  
 Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.  
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin,  
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:  
 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear<sup>6</sup>,  
 By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [Exit.

*Re-enter* ANTIOCHUS.

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

*Enter* THALIARD.

*Thal.* Doth your highness call?

*Ant.* Thaliard, you are of our chamber, and our mind  
 Partakes her private actions<sup>7</sup> to your secrecy;  
 And for your faithfulness we will advance you.  
 Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;  
 We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;  
 It fits thee not to ask the reason why,  
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done\*?

*Thal.* My lord, 'tis done.

The expression is here, as in many places in this play, elliptical: *for wisdom sees that those who do not blush to commit actions blacker than the night, will not shun any course, in order to preserve them from being made publick.* MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — to keep you clear,] To prevent any suspicion falling on you.  
 So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— always thought, that I

“ Require a clearness.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Partakes her private actions —] Our author in *The Winter's Tale* uses the word *partake* in an active sense, for *participate*:

“ ——— your exultation

“ Partake to every one.” MALONE.

\* Say, is it done?] We might point differently:

It fits thee not to ask the reason why:

Because we bid it, say is it done? MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Ant.* Enough.—

Let your breath cool your self, telling your haste.

*Mes.* My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit Mes.*]

*Ant.* As thou

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

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

*Ant.* Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,  
My heart can lend no succour to my head<sup>s</sup>. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.

*Tyre. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.*

*Per.* Let none disturb us: why should this charge of  
thoughts<sup>9</sup>?

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

<sup>s</sup> *My heart can lend no succour to my head.*] So the king in *Hamlet* :

“ ——— till I know 'tis done,

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

<sup>9</sup> —why should this charge of thoughts? The quarto, 1609,  
reads—*chāge*. The emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens. The  
folio 1664, for *chāge* substituted *change*. *Change* is printed for *charge*  
in *As you like it*, 1623, Act I. sc. iii. and in *Coriolanus*, Act V.  
sc. iii.

*Thought* was formerly used in the sense of melancholy. See Vol. VII.  
p. 528, n. 2. MALONE.

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

“ Patience, good sir, even for this *charge*.”

The first copy reads *chāge*. STEEVENS.

The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy<sup>1</sup>,  
 By me so us'd a guest, as not an hour,  
 In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,  
 (The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me quiet?<sup>2</sup>  
 Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes thun them,  
 And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,  
 Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:  
 Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,  
 Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.  
 Then it is thus; the passions of the mind,  
 That have their first conception by mis-dread,  
 Have after-nourishment and life by care;  
 And what was first but fear what might be done<sup>3</sup>,  
 Grows elder now, and cares it be not done<sup>3</sup>.  
 And so with me;—the great Antiochus  
 ('Gainst whom I am too little to contend,  
 Since he's so great, can make his will his act,)  
 Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;  
 Nor boots it me to say, I honour him<sup>4</sup>,  
 If he suspect I may dishonour him:  
 And what may make him blush in being known,  
 He'll stop the course by which it might be known;  
 With hostile forces he'll o'er-spread the land,  
 And with the ostent of war will look so huge<sup>5</sup>,

Amazement

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

“ Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue

“ But moody and dull melancholy,

“ Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair?” MALONE.

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

“ I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —but fear what might be done,] But fear of what might happen.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —and cares it be not done.] And makes provision that it may not be done. MALONE.

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

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

“ Like

Amazement shall drive courage from the state;  
 Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,  
 And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence:  
 Which care of them, not pity of myself,  
 (Who wants no more<sup>6</sup>, but as the tops of trees,  
 Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,)  
 Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,  
 And punish that before, that he would punish.

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

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

*Hel.* Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.  
 They do abuse the king, that flatter him:  
 For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;  
 The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,  
 To which that breath<sup>7</sup> gives heat and stronger glowing;  
 Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,  
 Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.

"Like one well studied in a sad offence,

"To please his grandam."

Again, in *King Richard II.*:

"With ostentation of despised arms." MALONE,

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

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

He means to compare the head of a kingdom to the summit of a tree. As it is the office of the latter to screen each plant that grows beneath it from the injuries of weather, so it is the duty of the former to protect those who shelter themselves under his government.

STEEVENS.

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

When signior Sooth<sup>s</sup> here does proclaim a peace,  
 He flatters you, makes war upon your life :  
 Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please ;  
 I cannot be much lower than my knees.

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

*Hel.* An angry brow, dread lord.

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

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

They have their nourishment ?

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

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

*Per.* Rise, prythee rise ; sit down, thou art no flat-  
 terer :

I thank thee for it ; and heaven forbid,  
 That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid<sup>9</sup> !  
 Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,  
 Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,  
 What would'st thou have me do ?

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

*Per.* Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus ;  
 That minister'st a potion unto me, \*  
 That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.  
 Attend me then ; I went to Antioch,

<sup>s</sup> *When signior Sooth*—] A near kinsman of this gentleman is mentioned in the *Winter's Tale* : " — and his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by *sir Smile*, his neighbour." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *That kings should let their ears hear their faults bid !*] Heaven forbid, that kings should stop their ears, and so prevent them from hearing their secret faults !—To *let* formerly signified to *binder*. See Vol. IX. p. 227, n. 2. MALONE.

Where, as thou know'st<sup>1</sup>, against the face of death,  
 I fought the purchase of a glorious beauty,  
 From whence an issue I might propagate<sup>2</sup>,  
 Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.  
 Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;  
 The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest;  
 Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father  
 Seem'd not to strike, but smooth<sup>3</sup>: but thou know'st this,  
 'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.  
 Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,  
 Under the covering of a careful night,  
 Who seem'd my good protector: and being here,  
 Bethought me what was past, what might succeed:  
 I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears  
 Decrease not, but grow faster than the years;  
 And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth<sup>4</sup>),

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

<sup>2</sup> From whence an issue—] From whence I might propagate an issue, *that* are arms, &c. MALONE.

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

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

<sup>3</sup> Seem'd not to strike, but smooth:] To *smooth* formerly signified to flatter. See Vol. VIII. p. 548, n. 2. MALONE.

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

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

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



That I should open to the lift'ning air,  
 How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,  
 To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—  
 To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,  
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;  
 When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,  
 Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence<sup>5</sup> :  
 Which love to all (of which thyself art one,  
 Who now reprov'st me for it)—

*Hel.* Alas, sir!

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

Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts  
 How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;  
 And finding little comfort to relieve them,  
 I thought it princely charity to grieve them<sup>6</sup>.

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

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,  
 And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,  
 Who either by publick war, or private treason,  
 Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,  
 Till that his rage and anger be forgot;  
 Or till the destinies do cut his thread of life,  
 Your rule direct to any; if to me,  
 Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

*Per.* I do not doubt thy faith;

But should he wrong my liberties in my absence—

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

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

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

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

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;  
 And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.  
 The care I had and have of subjects' good,  
 On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it<sup>7</sup>.  
 I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;  
 Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both<sup>8</sup>:  
 But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe<sup>9</sup>,  
 That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince<sup>9</sup>;  
 Thou shewd'st a subject's shine<sup>9</sup>, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

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

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

<sup>7</sup> —whose wisdom's strength can bear it.] Pericles, transferring his authority to Helicanus during his absence, naturally brings the first scene of *Measure for Measure* to our mind. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Will sure crack both:] Thus the folio. The word *sure* is not found in the quarto. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,] The first quarto reads —will live. For the emendation I am answerable. The quarto of 1619 has—we live. The first copy may have been right, if, as I suspect, the preceding line has been lost. MALONE.

*But in our orbs, &c.]*

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

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —this truth shall ne'er convince;] Overcome. See Vol. IV. p. 310, n. 2. MALONE.

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

“Thou glorious sunne, from whence my lesser light

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

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

he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—  
Hush, here come the lords of Tyre. [retires.]

*Enter* HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

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

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

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

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

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

*Thal.* Well, I perceive [Aside.]  
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would<sup>2</sup>;  
But since he's gone, the king's seas must please<sup>3</sup>:  
He 'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.—  
I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

*Hel.* Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

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

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

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

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

So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"I will bring you gain, or perish on the seas." MALONE.

*Hel.*

*Hel.* We have no reason to desire it<sup>4</sup>,  
Commended to our master, not to us :  
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—  
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre<sup>5</sup>.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

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

*Enter* CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

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

*Dio.* That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it;  
For who digs hills, because they do aspire,  
Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.  
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are :  
Here they're but felt, unseen with mischief's eyes<sup>6</sup>,  
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

*Cle.*

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

We have no reason to desire it *told*—

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

<sup>5</sup> *Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—*

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

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

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

<sup>6</sup> *Here they're but felt, unseen with mischief's eyes, &c.*] The quarto, 1609, reads—*and seen*. The words *and seen*, and that which I have inserted in the text, are so near in sound, that they might easily have been confounded by a hasty pronunciation, or an inattentive transcriber. By *mischief's eyes*, I understand, “the eyes of those who would feel a malignant pleasure in our misfortunes, and add to them by their triumph over us.” The eye has been long described by poets as either propitious, or malignant and unlucky. Thus in a subsequent scene in this play:

“Now the good gods throw their *best eyes* upon it!”

MALONE.

—*unseen with mischief's eyes,*] i. e. the eyes of malignity, which render

*Cle.* O Dionyza,  
 Who wanteth food, and will not say, he wants it,  
 Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?  
 Our tongues and sorrows too \* found deep our woes  
 Into the air; our eyes too weep;  
 Till lungs<sup>7</sup> fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;  
 That, if heaven slumber, while their creatures want,  
 They may awake their helpers to comfort them<sup>8</sup>.  
 I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,  
 And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

*Dio.* I'll do my best, sir.

*Cle.* This Tharsus, o'er which I have the government,  
 A city, on whom plenty held full hand,

render sorrow or disgrace more bitter. I think the same kind of reasoning is discoverable in one of the songs in *As You Like it*:

"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."

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

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

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

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

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

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —*till lungs*—] The old copy has—*tongues*. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *They may awake their helpers to comfort them.*] Thus the old copy. Perhaps however we should read—*helps*. So before:

"————— be my *helps*,

"To compass such a boundless happiness!" MALONE.

For