Might yet enkindle you[9] unto the crown,
Beſides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis ſtrange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The inſtruments of darkneſs tell us truths;
Win us with honeſt trifles, to betray us
In deepeſt conſequence.—Couſins, a word I pray you.
Macb. Two truths are told*,

As

in the old copies of our author's plays aroſe from the tranſcriber's ear having deceived him. In Ireland where much of the pronunciation of the age of Queen Elizabeth is yet retained, the vulgar conſtantly pronounce the word *thruſt* as if it were written *truſt*; and hence probably the error in the text.

Mr. Steevens's original explanation, "*carried as far it will go*," agrees with this reading, but cannot in my apprehenſion be drawn by any chymiſtry from that which is exhibited in the old copy: for who ever talked of confiding *home* in a prediction. The change is ſo very ſlight, and I am ſo thoroughly perſuaded that the reading propoſed is the true one, that had it been ſuggeſted by any former editor, I ſhould without heſitation have given it a place in the text. MALONE.

[9] *Might yet* enkindle *you*—] *Enkindle*, for to *ſtimulate* you to ſeek. WARBURTON.

* Two truths *are told*, &c.] How the former of theſe truths has been fulfilled, we are yet to learn. Macbeth could not become Thane of Glamis, till after his father's deceaſe, of which there is no mention throughout the play. If the Hag only foretold what Macbeth already underſtood to have happened, her words could ſcarcely claim rank as a prediction. STEEVENS.

From the Scottiſh tranſlation of Boethius it ſhould ſeem that Sinel, the father of Macbeth, died after Macbeth's having been met by the weird ſiſters. "Makbeth (ſays the hiſtorian) revolvyt all thingis, as they wer ſaid be the weird ſiſteris, began to covat ye croun. And ſit he concludit to abide, quhil he ſaw ye tyme ganand thereto; fermelie believyng yt ye thrid weird ſuld cum *as the firſt two did afore*." This indeed is inconſiſtent with our author's words, "By Sinel's death, I know, *I am* thane of Glamis;"—but Holinſhed, who was his guide, in his abridgment of the hiſtory of Boethius, has particularly mentioned that Sinel died *before* Macbeth met the weird ſiſters: we may therefore be ſure that Shakſpeare meant it to be underſtood that Macbeth had already acceded to his paternal title. Belenden only ſays, "The firſt of thaim ſaid to Macbeth, Hale thane of Glammis. The ſecound ſaid," &c. But in Holinſhed the relation runs thus, conformably to the Latin original: "The firſt of them ſpake and ſaid, All haile Mackbeth, thane of Glammis (*for he had lateſie entered into that dignitie and office by the death of his father Sinell*). The ſecond of them ſaid," &c.

Still

As happy prologues to the ſwelling act [1]
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This ſupernatural ſoliciting [2]
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me earneſt of ſucceſs,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that ſuggeſtion [3]
Whoſe horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my ſeated heart knock at my ribs,
Againſt the uſe of nature? Preſent fears
Are leſs than horrible imaginings [4]:

Still however the objection made by Mr. Steevens remains in its full force; for ſince he knew that "by Sinel's death he was thane of Glamis," how can this ſalutation be conſidered as *prophetick*? Or why ſhould he afterwards ſay, with *admiration*, "GLAMIS, and thane of Cawdor;" &c? Perhaps we may ſuppoſe that the father of Macbeth died ſo recently before his interview with the weirds, that the news of it had not yet got abroad; in which caſe, though Macbeth himſelf knew it, he might conſider their giving him the title of Thane of Glamis as a proof of ſupernatural intelligence.

I ſuſpect our author was led to uſe the expreſſions which have occaſioned the preſent note, by the following words of Holinſhed: "The ſame night after, at ſupper, Banquho jeſted with him, and ſaid, Now Mackbeth, thou haſt obteined *thoſe things which the* TWO *former ſiſters* PROPHESIED: there remaineth onelie for thee to purchaſe that which the third ſaid ſhould come to paſſe." MALONE.

[1] —ſwelling *act*] *Swelling* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in the prologue to *K. Henry V*:

"—— princes to act,
"And monarchs to behold the *ſwelling* ſcene." STEEVENS.

[2] *This ſupernatural ſoliciting*] i. e. excitement. JOHNSON.

[3] —*why do I* yield *to that* ſuggeſtion] To *yield* is, *to give way to*. JOHNSON.

Suggeſtion is, *temptation*. See Vol. I. p. 139, n. 6. MALONE.

[4] —*Preſent* fears
Are leſs than horrible imaginings:] Preſent *fears* are *fears of things preſent*, which Macbeth declares, and every man has found, to be leſs than the *imagination* preſents them while the objects are yet diſtant. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Tragedy of Cræſus*, 1604, by lord Sterline:

"For as the ſhadow ſeems more monſtrous ſtill,
"Than doth the ſubſtance whence it hath the being,
"So *th' apprehenſion of approaching ill*
"*Seems greater than itſelf, whilſt fears are lying*." STEEVENS.

My

My thought, whoſe murder yet is but fantaſtical,
Shakes ſo my ſingle ſtate of man[5], that function
Is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe; and nothing is,
But what is not[6].

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my ſtir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our ſtrange garments; cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of uſe.

Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the rougheſt day[7].

5 — *ſingle ſtate of man,*] The *ſingle ſtate of man* ſeems to be uſed by Shakſpeare for an *individual*, in oppoſition to a *commonwealth*, or *conjunct body*. JOHNSON.

6 ——— *function*
Is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe; and nothing is,
But what is not.] All powers of action are oppreſſed and cruſhed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is preſent to me but that which is really future. Of things now about me I have no perception, being intent wholly on that which has yet no exiſtence. JOHNSON.

Surmiſe, is ſpeculation, conjecture concerning the future. MALONE.

7 Time and the hour *runs through the rougheſt day.*] "By this, I confeſs I do not with his two laſt commentators imagine is meant either the tautology of time and the hour, or an alluſion to time painted with an hour-glaſs, or an exhortation to time to haſten forward, but rather to ſay *tempus & hora*, time and occaſion, will carry the thing through, and bring it to ſome determined point and end, let its nature be what it will." This note is taken from an *Eſſay on the Writings and Genius of Shakſpeare*, &c. by Mrs. Montagu.

Such tautology is common to Shakſpeare.

"The very *head* and *front* of my offending,"

is little leſs reprehenſible. *Time and the hour*, is Time with his hours. STEEVENS.

The ſame expreſſion is uſed by a writer nearly contemporary with Shakſpeare: "Neither can there be any thing in the world more acceptable to me than death, whoſe *hower and time*, if they were as certayne, &c." Fenton's *Tragical Diſcourſes*, 1579. Again, in Daviſon's *Poems*, 1621:

"*Time's* young *howres* attend her ſtill—.

Again, in our author's 126th Sonnet:

"O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
"Doſt hold *Time's* fickle glaſs, his fickle, *hour*—". MALONE.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we ſtay upon your leiſure.
Macb. Give me your favour:—my dull brain was wrought[8]
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are regiſter'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them[9].—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it[10], let us ſpeak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *and Attendants.*

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not[11]
Thoſe in commiſſion yet return'd?
Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have ſpoke
With one that ſaw him die[12]: who did report,

[8] — *my dull brain was wrought*—] My head was *worked*, *agitated*, put into commotion. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *where every day I turn*
The leaf to read them.] He means, as Mr. Upton has obſerved, that they are regiſtered in the table-book of his heart. So Hamlet ſpeaks of the *table* of his *memory*. MALONE.

[10] *The* interim *having weigh'd it.*] This *intervening portion of time* is almoſt perſonified: it is repreſented as a cool impartial judge; as *the pauſer Reaſon*. STEEVENS.

I believe, *the interim* is uſed adverbially: "you having weighed it *in* the interim." MALONE.

[11] — Are *not*—] The old copy reads—*Or* not. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[12] *With one that ſaw him die.*] The behaviour of the *thane of Cawdor* correſponds in almoſt every circumſtance with that of the unfortunate earl of Eſſex, as related by Stowe, p. 793. His aſking the queen's forgiveneſs, his confeſſion, repentance, and concern about behaving with propriety on the ſcaffold, are minutely deſcribed by that hiſtorian. Such an alluſion could not fail of having the deſired effect on an audience, many of whom were eye witneſſes to the ſeverity of that juſtice which deprived the age of one of its greateſt ornaments, and Southampton, Shakſpeare's patron, of his deareſt friend. STEEVENS.

That

That very frankly he confeſs'd his treaſons;
Implor'd your highneſs' pardon; and ſet forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he dy'd
As one that had been ſtudied in his death[3],
To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careleſs trifle.

Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's conſtruction in the face[4]:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An abſolute truſt.—O worthieſt couſin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, *and* ANGUS.

The ſin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art ſo far before,
That ſwifteſt wing of recompence is ſlow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadſt leſs deſerv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to ſay,
More is thy due than more than all can pay[5].

Mach.

[3] —*ſtudied in his death*,] Inſtructed in the art of dying. It was uſual to ſay *ſtudied*, for *learned* in ſcience. JOHNSON.

His own profeſſion furniſhed our author with this phraſe. To be *ſtudied* in a part, or to have ſtudied it, is yet the technical term of the theatre. MALONE.

[4] *There's no art*
To find the mind's conſtruction *in the face:*] Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have underſtood the word *conſtruction* in this place, in the ſenſe of *frame* or *ſtructure*; but the ſchool-term was, I believe, intended by Shakſpeare. The meaning, I think, is—*He cannot* conſtrue *or diſcover the diſpoſition of the mind by the lineaments of the face.* So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

"*Conſtrue* the times to their neceſſities."

In *Hamlet* we meet with a kindred phraſe:

"—— Theſe profound heaves
"You muſt *tranſlate*; 'tis fit we underſtand them."

Our author again alludes to his grammar, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"I'll *decline* the whole queſtion."

In his 93d Sonnet, however, we find a contrary ſentiment aſſerted:

"In many's *looks* the *falſe heart's hiſtory*
"Is writ." MALONE.

[5] *More is thy due than* more than all *can pay.*] More is due to thee, than, I will not ſay *all*, but, *more* than all, i. e. the greateſt recompence, can pay. Thus, in *Plautus*: *Nihilo minus.*

There

Macb. The ſervice and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itſelf. Your highneſs' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and ſtate, children, and ſervants;
Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing [6]
Safe toward your love and honour [7].

Dun.

There is an obſcurity in this paſſage, ariſing from the word *all*, which is not uſed here perſonally, (more than all perſons can pay,) but for the whole wealth of the ſpeaker. So, more clearly, in *King Henry VIII.*

" *More* than *my all* is nothing."

This line appeared obſcure to Sir W. D'Avenant, for he altered it thus:

" I have only left to ſay,
" That thou deſerveſt *more than I have to pay.*" MALONE.

[6] —— *ſervants*;
Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing—] From Scripture: " So when ye ſhall have done all thoſe things which are commanded you, ſay, We are unprofitable ſervants: we have done that which was our duty to do." HENLEY.

[7] *Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing*
Safe toward your love and honour.] Mr. Upton gives the word *ſafe* as an inſtance of an adjective uſed adverbially. STEEVENS.

Read—" Safe (i. e. ſaved) toward *you* love and honour;" and then the ſenſe will be,—" Our duties are your children, and ſervants or vaſſals to your throne and ſtate; who do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing with a ſaving of their love and honour toward you." The whole is an alluſion to the forms of doing homage in the feodal times. The oath of allegiance, or *liege homage*, to the king was abſolute and without any exception; but *ſimple homage*, when done to a ſubject for lands holden of him, was always with a *ſaving* of the allegiance (the *love* and *honour*) due to the ſovereign. " *Sauf la foy que jeo doy a noſtre ſeignor le roy*," as it is in Lyttleton. And though the expreſſion be ſomewhat ſtiff and forced, it is not more ſo than many others in this play, and ſuits well with the ſituation of Macbeth, now beginning to waver in his allegiance. For, as our author elſewhere ſays,

" When love begins to ſicken and decay,
" It uſeth an enforced ceremony." BLACKSTONE.

A paſſage in *Cupid's Revenge*, a comedy by B. and Fletcher, adds ſome ſupport to Sir William Blackſtone's emendation:

" I'll ſpeak it freely, always my *obedience*
" *And love preſerved unto the prince.*"

So alſo the following words, ſpoken by Henry Duke of Lancaſter to K. Richard II. at their interview in the Caſtle of Flint (a paſſage that Shakſpeare had certainly read, and perhaps remembered): " My ſovereign lorde and kyng, the cauſe of my coming, at this preſent, is, (your

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing[8].—Noble Banquo,
That haſt no leſs deſerv'd, nor muſt be known
No leſs to have done ſo, let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harveſt is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves
In drops of ſorrow[9]. Sons, kinſmen, thanes,
And you whoſe places are the neareſt, know,
We will eſtabliſh our eſtate upon
Our eldeſt, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland: which honour muſt
Not, unaccompanied, inveſt him only,
But ſigns of nobleneſs, like ſtars, ſhall ſhine
On all deſervers.—From hence to Inverneſs,
And bind us further to you[1].

Macb.

honour ſaved,) to have againe reſtitution of my perſon, my landes, and heritage, through your favourable licence." Holinſhed's *Chron.* Vol. II. Our author himſelf alſo furniſhes us with a paſſage that likewiſe may ſerve to confirm this emendation. See the *Winter's Tale*, p. 233:

"Save him from danger; do HIM *love and honour.*" MALONE.

[8] —full *of growing*—] is, I believe, exuberant, perfect, complete in thy growth. So, in *Othello*:

"What a *full* fortune doth the thick-lips owe!" MALONE.

[9] *My plenteous joys,*
Wanton in fulneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves
In drops of ſorrow.]

——— lachrymas non ſponte cadentes
Effudit, gemituſque expreſſit pectore læto;
Non aliter manifeſta potens abſcondere mentis
Gaudia, quam lachrymis. *Lucan.* lib. ix.

There was no Engliſh tranſlation of Lucan before 1614.—We meet with the ſame ſentiment again in the *Winter's Tale*: "It ſeem'd ſorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears." It is likewiſe employed in the firſt ſcene of *Much ado about Nothing*. MALONE.

[1] *From hence to Inverneſs,*
And bind us further to you.] The circumſtance of Duncan's viſiting Macbeth, is ſupported by hiſtory. For, from the Scottiſh Chronicles it appears

Macb. The reſt is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myſelf the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The prince of Cumberland [2]!—That is a ſtep,
On which I muſt fall down, or elſe o'er-leap, [*Aſide.*
For

appears, that it was cuſtomary for the king to make a progreſs through his dominions every year. "Inerat ei [Duncano] laudabilis conſuetudo regni pertranſire regiones ſemel in anno." *Fordun. Scotichron.* lib. iv. c. 44.

"Singulis annis ad inopum querelas audiendas perluſtrabat provincias." Buchanan. lib. vii. MALONE.

Dr. Johnſon obſerves, in his *Journey to the Weſtern Iſles of Scotland*, that the walls of the caſtle of Macbeth at *Inverneſs* are yet ſtanding. STEEVENS.

[2] *The prince of* Cumberland!] So, Holinſhed, *Hiſt. of Scotland*, p. 171: "Duncan having two ſonnes, &c. he made the elder of them, called *Malcolme*, prince of *Cumberland*, as it were thereby to appoint him ſucceſſor in his kingdome immediatlie after his deceaſe. Macbeth ſorely troubled herewith, for that he ſaw by this meane his hope ſore hindered, (where, by the old laws of the realme the ordinance was, that if he that ſhould ſucceed were not of able age to take the charge upon himſelf, he that was next of bloud unto him ſhould be admitted,) he began to take counſel how he might uſurpe the kingdome by force, having a juſt quarrel ſo to doe, (as he tooke the matter,) for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claime, which he might, in time to come, pretend unto the crowne."

The crown of Scotland was originally not hereditary. When a ſucceſſor was declared in the life-time of a king, (as was often the caſe,) the title of *Prince of Cumberland* was immediately beſtowed on him as the mark of his deſignation. *Cumberland* was at that time held by Scotland of the crown of England, as a fief. STEEVENS.

The former part of Mr. Steevens's remark is ſupported by Bellenden's Tranſlation of *Hector Boethius*: "In the mene tyme Kyng Duncane maid his ſon Malcolme *Prince of Cumbir, to ſignifie yᵗ he ſuld regne eftir hym*, quhilk was gret diſpleſeir to Makbeth; for it maid plane derogatioun to the thrid weird promittit afore to hym be this weird ſiſteris. Nochthales he thocht gif Duncane wer ſlane, he had maiſt rycht to the croun, becauſe he was nereſt of blud yairto, be tenour of yᵉ auld lavis maid eftir the deith of King Fergus, quhen young children wer unabel to govern the croun, the nereſt of yair blude ſall regne." So alſo Buchanan, Rerum Scoticarum Hiſt. lib. vii.

"Duncanus e filia Sibardi reguli Northumbrorum, duos filios genuerat. Ex iis Malcolumbum, virdum puberem, Cumbriæ præfecit. Id

For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light ſee my black and deep deſires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to ſee. [*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full ſo valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whoſe care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerleſs kinſman. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

factum ejus Macbethus moleſtius, quam credi poterat, tulit, eam videlicet moram ſibi ratus injectam, ut, priores jam magiſtratus (juxta viſum nocturnum) adeptus, aut omnino a regno excluderetur, aut eo tardius potiretur, *cum præfectura Cumbriæ velut aditus ad ſupremum magiſtratum* SEMPER *eſſet habitus.*" It has been aſſerted by an anonymous writer that "the crown of Scotland was always hereditary, and that it ſhould ſeem from the play that Malcolm was the firſt who had the title of *Prince* of Cumberland." An extract or two from Hector Boethius will be ſufficient relative to theſe points. In the tenth chapter of the eleventh book of his Hiſtory we are informed, that ſome of the friends of Kenneth III. the eighteth king of Scotland, came among the nobles, deſiring them to chooſe Malcolm, the ſon of Kenneth, to be Lord of Cumbir, "*y^t be mycht be y^t way the better cum to y^t crown after his faderis deid.*" Two of the nobles ſaid, it was in the power of Kenneth to make whom he pleaſed Lord of Cumberland; and Malcolm was accordingly appointed. "Sic thingis done, king Kenneth, be adviſe of his nobles, *abrogat y^e auld lawis* concerning the creation of yair king, and made new lawis in manner as followes: 1. The king beand deceſſit, his eldeſt ſon or his eldeſt nepot, (notwithſtanding quhat ſumevir age he be of, and youcht he was born efter his faderis death, fal ſuccede y^e croun," &c. Notwithſtanding this precaution, Malcolm, the eldeſt ſon of Kenneth, did *not* ſucceed to the throne after the death of his father; for after Kenneth reigned Conſtantine, the ſon of king Culyne. To him ſucceeded Gryme, who was *not* the ſon of Conſtantine, but the grandſon of king Duffe. Gryme, ſays Boethius, came to Scone, "quhare he was crownit by the tenour of the auld lawis." After the death of Gryme, Malcolm, the ſon of king Kenneth, whom Boethius frequently calls *Prince* of Cumberland, became king of Scotland; and to him ſucceeded Duncan, the ſon of his eldeſt daughter.

Theſe breaches, however, in the ſucceſſion appear to have been occaſioned by violence in turbulent times; and though the eldeſt ſon could not ſucceed to the throne, if he happened to be a minor at the death of his father, yet, as by the ancient laws the *next of blood* was to reign, the Scottiſh monarchy may be ſaid to have been hereditary, ſubject however to peculiar regulations. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Inverneſs. *A Room in* Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Enter Lady MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady M.—*They met me in the day of ſucceſs; and I have learned by the perfecteſt report*[3], *they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burn'd in deſire to queſtion them further, they made themſelves—air, into which they vaniſh'd. Whiles I ſtood rapt in the wonder of it, came miſſives*[4] *from the king, who all-hail'd me,* Thane of Cawdor; *by which title, before, theſe weird ſiſters ſaluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with,* Hail, king that ſhalt be! *This have I thought good to deliver thee, my deareſt partner of greatneſs; that thou might'ſt not loſe the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatneſs is promiſed thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewel.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o'the milk of human kindneſs,
To catch the neareſt way; Thou would'ſt be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illneſs ſhould attend it. What thou would'ſt highly,
That would'ſt thou holily: would'ſt not play falſe,
And yet would'ſt wrongly win: thou'd'ſt have, great Glamis,
That which cries, *Thus thou muſt do, if thou have it*[5];
And that which rather thou doſt fear to do[6],

Than

3 — *by the perfecteſt report,*] By the beſt intelligence. JOHNSON.

4 — *miſſives*—] Perſons ſent; meſſengers. The word is frequently uſed by our old writers. MALONE.

5 *That which cries,* thus thou muſt do, if thou have *it*;] As the object of Macbeth's deſire is here introduced ſpeaking of itſelf, it is neceſſary to read—if thou have *me.* JOHNSON.

6 *And that which rather thou doſt fear to do,*] The conſtruction, perhaps, is, thou would'ſt have that, [i. e. the crown,] which cries unto thee, *thou muſt do thus, if thou would'ſt have it, and* thou muſt do *that which rather,* &c. Sir T. Hanmer without neceſſity reads—And that's

Than wiſheſt be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my ſpirits in thine ear[7];
And chaſtiſe with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphyſical aid doth ſeem
To have thee crown'd withal[8].—What is your tidings?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The king comes here to-night.
Lady M. Thou'rt mad to ſay it:
Is not thy maſter with him? who, wer't ſo,
Would have inform'd for preparation.
Atten. So pleaſe you, it is true; our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the ſpeed of him;
Who, almoſt dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
Than would make up his meſſage.
Lady M. Give him tending,

what rather—. The difficulty of this line and the ſucceeding hemiſtick ſeems to have ariſen from their not being conſidered as part of the ſpeech uttered by the object of Macbeth's ambition. As ſuch they appear to me, and I have therefore diſtinguiſhed them by Italicks. MALONE.

[7] *That I may* pour my ſpirits *in thine ear*;] I meet with the ſame expreſſion in lord Sterline's *Julius Cæſar*, 1607:

"Thou in my boſom us'd to *pour thy ſpright.*" MALONE.

[8] *Which fate and metaphyſical aid doth* ſeem
To have thee crown'd withal.] I do not concur with Dr. Warburton, in thinking that Shakſpeare meant to ſay, that fate and metaphyſical aid ſeem *to have* crowned Macbeth.—Lady Macbeth means to animate her huſband to the attainment of "the golden round," with which fate and ſupernatural agency ſeem to intend *to have him crowned*, on a *future* day. So, in *All's Well that ends Well*:

"——— Our deareſt friend
"Prejudicates the buſineſs, and would *ſeem*
"*To have* us make denial."

There is, in my opinion, a material difference between—"To have thee crown'd,"—and "To have crown'd thee;" of which the learned commentator does not appear to have been aware.

Metaphyſical, which Dr. Warburton has juſtly obſerved, means *ſupernatural*, ſeems in our author's time to have had no other meaning. In the *Engliſh Dictionary* by H. C. 1655, *Metaphyſicks* are thus explained: "Supernatural arts." The *golden round*, as Dr. Johnſon has obſerved, is the *diadem*. MALONE.

He

He brings great news. The raven himſelf is hoarſe[9],
[*Exit* Attendants.
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you ſpirits
That tend on mortal thoughts[1], unſex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direſt cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the acceſs and paſſage to remorſe[2];
That no compunctious viſitings of nature
Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it[3]! Come to my woman's breaſts,
And

[9] — *The raven himſelf is hoarſe*, &c.] The meſſenger, ſays the ſervant, had hardly breath *to make up his meſſage*; to which the lady anſwers mentally, that he may well want breath, ſuch a meſſage would add hoarſeneſs to the raven. That even the bird, whoſe harſh voice is accuſtomed to predict calamities, could not *croak the entrance of* Duncan but in a note of unwonted harſhneſs. JOHNSON.

[1] — *Come, you ſpirits*
That tend on mortal *thoughts*,] This expreſſion ſignifies not *the thoughts of mortals*, but *murtherous*, *deadly*, or *deſtructive deſigns*. So, in Act V:

" Hold faſt the *mortal* ſword."

and in another place:

" With twenty *mortal* murthers." JOHNSON.

In *Pierce Pennileſs his Supplication to the Devil*, by T. Naſhe, 1592, (a very popular pamphlet of that time,) our author might have found a particular deſcription of theſe ſpirits, and of their office:

" The ſecond kind of devils, which he moſt employeth, are thoſe northern Martii, called the *Spirits of revenge*, and the authors of maſſacres, and ſeedſmen of miſchief; for they have commiſſion to inceníe men to rapines, ſacrilege, theft, murder, wrath, fury, and all manner of cruelties: and they command certain of the ſouthern ſpirits to wait upon them, as alſo great Arioch, that is termed *the ſpirit of revenge*." MALONE.

[2] — *to* remorſe;] In all our ancient Engliſh books *remorſe* generally ſignifies *pity*. So, in Braithwaite's *Survey of Hiſtories*, 1614: " Their relations might move a kind of ſenſible pity and *remorſe* in the peruſer." MALONE.

[3] — *nor keep peace between*
The effect, and it!] Lady Macbeth's purpoſe was to be effected by action. To *keep peace between the effect and purpoſe*, means, to delay the execution of her purpoſe; to prevent its proceeding to *effect*. For as long as there ſhould be a peace between the effect and purpoſe, or in other words, till hoſtilities were commenced, till ſome bloody action ſhould be performed, her purpoſe [i. e. the murder of Duncan] could

And take my milk for gall[4], you murd'ring miniſters,
Wherever in your ſightleſs ſubſtances
You wait on nature's miſchief[5]! Come, thick night[6],

not be carried into execution. So, in the following paſſage in *King John*, in which a correſponding imagery may be traced:

" Nay, in the body of this fleſhly land,
" This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
" *Hoſtility* and civil tumult *reigns*
" *Between my conſcience* and my couſin's *death*."

A ſimilar expreſſion is found in a book which our author is known to have read, the *Tragicall Hyſtorie of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

" In abſence of her knight, the lady no way could
" *Keep truce between her griefs and her*, though ne'er ſo fayne
ſhe would."

Sir W. D'Avenant's ſtrange alteration of this play ſometimes affords a reaſonably good comment upon it. Thus, in the preſent inſtance:

" —— make thick
" My blood, ſtop all paſſage to remorſe;
" That no relapſe into mercy may
" *Shake my deſign, nor make it fall before*
" *'Tis ripen'd to effect*."

The old copy reads — between the effect and *bit*. The correction was made by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

4 — *take my milk for gall*,] *Take* away *my milk*, and put *gall* into the place. JOHNSON.

Her meaning is this: Come to my breaſts, you murdering miniſters, and ſuck my milk, which will have the effect of gall to ſtimulate and fit you for your bloody purpoſes. MASON.

I think Mr. Maſon's is the true interpretation; perhaps however it is a little too much dilated. I believe, Lady Macbeth only means to ſay, take my milk, which is of ſuch a quality that it will ſerve inſtead of gall, *your ordinary nutriment*. *For* here ſignifies *inſtead of*. So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

" And, *for* the raven, wake the morning lark." MALONE.

5 *You wait on* nature's miſchief!] *Nature's miſchief*, is miſchief done to nature, violation of nature's order committed by wickedneſs. JOHNSON.

6 — *Come, thick night*, &c.] A ſimilar invocation is found in *A Warning for fair Women*, 1599, a tragedy which was certainly prior to *Macbeth*:

" O ſable night, ſit on the eye of heaven,
" That it diſcern not this black deed of darkneſs!
" My guilty ſoul, burnt with luſt's hateful fire,
" Muſt wade through blood to obtain my vile deſires:
" Be then my *coverture*, thick ugly *night*!
" The light hates me, and I do hate the light." MALONE.

And

And pall thee[7] in the dunneſt ſmoke of hell!
That my keen knife ſee not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark[8],
To

[7] *And* pall *thee*—] i. e. wrap thyſelf in a *pall*. WARBURTON.
A *pall* is a robe of ſtate. So, in Milton's *Perſeroſe*:
" Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
" In ſcepter'd *pall* come ſweeping by."
Dr. Warburton ſeems to mean the covering which is thrown over the dead. STEEVENS.

[8] *That my keen* knife *ſee not the wound it makes*;
Nor heaven peep *through the* blanket *of the dark*,] The word *knife* has been objected to, as being connected with the moſt ſordid offices, and therefore unſuitable to the great occaſion on which it is employed. But, however mean it may ſound to our ears, it was formerly a word of ſufficient dignity, and is conſtantly uſed by Shakſpeare and his contemporaries as ſynonymous to *dagger*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" —— He is dead, Cæſar,
" Not by a hired *knife*—."
Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. II.
" — to keep your royal perſon
" From treaſon's ſecret *knife*."
Again, in this play of *Macbeth*:
" — That ſhould againſt his murderer ſhut the door,
" Not bear the *knife* myſelf."
Here it certainly was uſed for *dagger*, for it appears that Duncan was murdered with that inſtrument.—Again, in Seneca's *Hercules Oetæus*, tranſlated by John Studley, 1581:
" But treaſon black, pale envy, deep deceipt,
" With privie *knyfe* of murder, ſtep in ſtreight."
In *A Warning for fair Women*, 1599, TRAGEDY enters with a whip in one hand, " in the other hand a *knife*."
This term, however, appears to have loſt its ancient ſignification, and to have been debaſed in the time of Sir W. Davenant, for he has ſubſtituted another in its place:
" That my keen *ſteel* ſee not the wound it makes,
" Nor heaven peep through the *curtains* of the dark," &c.
I do not ſee that much is obtained by this laſt alteration. Sir W. Davenant ſeemed not willing to quit the bed. If we were at liberty to make any change, I ſhould prefer *mantle*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" —— Come civil *night*,
" With thy black *mantle*."
But *blanket* was without doubt the poet's word, and perhaps was ſuggeſted to him by the coarſe *woollen* curtain of his own theatre, through which probably, while the houſe was yet but half-lighted, he had himſelf often *peeped*.—In *K. Hen. VI.* P. III. we have—" night's *coverture*.

A kin-

To cry, *Hold, hold*[9]!—Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor![1]

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have tranſported me beyond

A kindred thought is found in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

" Were Tarquin night, (as he is but night's child,)
" The ſilver-ſhining queen he would diſtain;
" Her twinkling hand-maids too, [the ſtars] by him defil'd,
" Through *night's black boſom* ſhould not *peep* again."

MALONE.

— *the* blanket *of the dark*,] Drayton, in the 26th ſong of his *Polyolbion*, has an expreſſion reſembling this:

" Thick vapours, that, like rags, ſtill hang the troubled air."

STEEVENS.

[9] *To cry*, Hold, hold!] On this paſſage there is a long criticiſm in the *Rambler*. JOHNSON.

In this criticiſm the epithet *dun* is objected to as a mean one. Milton, however, appears to have been of a different opinion, and has repreſented Satan as flying " —in the *dun* air ſublime." STEEVENS.

To cry, Hold, hold!] The thought is taken from the old military laws, which inflicted capital puniſhment upon " whoſoever ſhall ſtrike ſtroke at his adverſary, either in the heat or otherwiſe, if a third do cry *hold*, to the intent to part them; except that they did fight a combat in a place incloſed: and then no man ſhall be ſo hardy as to bid *hold*, but the general." P. 264 of Mr. Bellay's *Inſtructions for the Wars*, tranſlated in 1589. TOLLET.

Mr. Tollet's note will likewiſe illuſtrate the laſt line in Macbeth's concluding ſpeech:

" And damn'd be him who firſt cries, *hold, enough!*"

STEEVENS.

[1] — *Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!*] Shakſpeare has ſupported the character of lady Macbeth, by repeated efforts, and never omits any opportunity of adding a trait of ferocity, or a mark of the want of human feelings, to this monſter of his own creation. The ſofter paſſions are more obliterated in her than in her huſband, in proportion as her ambition is greater. She meets him here on his arrival from an expedition of danger, with ſuch a ſalutation as would have become one of his friends or vaſſals; a ſalutation apparently fitted rather to raiſe his thoughts to a level with her own purpoſes, than to teſtify her joy at his return, or manifeſt an attachment to his perſon: nor does any ſentiment expreſſive of love or ſoftneſs fall from her throughout the play. While Macbeth himſelf, in the midſt of the horrors of his guilt, ſtill retains a character leſs fiend-like than that of his queen, talks to her with a degree of tenderneſs, and pours his complaints and fears into her boſom, accompanied with terms of endearment. STEEVENS.

This

This ignorant preſent [2], and I feel now
The future in the inſtant.
Macb. My deareſt love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow, as he purpoſes.
Lady M. O, never
Shall ſun that morrow ſee!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read ſtrange matters [3]:—To beguile the time,
Look like the time [4]; bear welcome in your eye,
Your

[2] *This ignorant preſent,*] i. e. this ignorant preſent *time.* The ſame phraſeology is found in many of our author's plays, and in the writings of his contemporaries. See p. 239, n. 7, l. ult. So, in the *Winter's Tale*

" —— and make his ſale
" The glift'ring of *this preſent.*"

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

" Shall I be charg'd no further than *this preſent?*" MALONE.

Again, in *Corinthians I.* ch. xv. v. 6: " —of whom the greater part remain unto *this preſent.*" STEEVENS.

Ignorant has here the ſignification of *unknowing*; that is, I feel by anticipation thoſe future hours, of which, according to the proceſs of nature, the preſent time would be *ignorant.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

" ——— his ſhipping,
" Poor *ignorant* baubles," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] *Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men*
May read ſtrange matters:] That is, thy looks are ſuch as will awaken men's curioſity, excite their attention, and make room for ſuſpicion. HEATH.

So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

" *Her face the book* of praiſes, *where is read*
" Nothing but curious pleaſures." STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

" Poor women's *faces* are their own faults' *books.*" MALONE.

[4] —*To beguile the time,*
Look like the time;] The ſame expreſſion occurs in the 8th book of Daniel's *Civil Wars*:

" He draws a traverſe 'twixt his grievances;
" *Looks like the time*: his eye made not report
" Of what he felt within; nor was he leſs
" Than uſually he was in every part;
" Wore a clear face upon a cloudy heart." STEEVENS.

The ſeventh and eighth books of Daniel's *Civil Wars* were not publiſhed

Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the ſerpent under it. He that's coming
Muſt be provided for: and you ſhall put
This night's great buſineſs into my diſpatch;
Which ſhall to all our nights and days to come
Give ſolely ſovereign ſway and maſterdom.
Macb. We will ſpeak further.
Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the reſt to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The ſame. Before the Caſtle.

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth *attending with torches.* *Enter* DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, *and Attendants.*

Dun. This caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat[5]; the air
Nimbly and ſweetly recommends itſelf

liſhed till the year 1609; [ſee the Epiſtle Dedicatorie to that edition:] ſo that, if either poet copied the other, Daniel muſt have been indebted to Shakſpeare; for there can be little doubt that *Macbeth* had been exhibited before that year. MALONE.

[5] *This caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat;*] This ſhort dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, whilſt they are approaching the gates of Macbeth's caſtle, has always appeared to me a ſtriking inſtance of what in painting is termed *repoſe*. Their converſation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its ſituation, and the pleaſantneſs of the air; and Banquo obſerving the martlet's neſts in every receſs of the cornice, remarks, that where thoſe birds moſt breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The ſubject of this quiet and eaſy converſation gives that repoſe ſo neceſſary to the mind after the tumultuous buſtle of the preceding ſcenes, and perfectly contraſts the ſcene of horror that immediately ſucceeds. It ſeems as if Shakſpeare aſked himſelf, What is a prince likely to ſay to his attendants on ſuch an occaſion. Whereas the modern writers ſeem, on the contrary, to be always ſearching for new thoughts, ſuch as would never occur to men in the ſituation which is repreſented.—This alſo is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midſt of battles and horrors, relieves and refreſhes the mind of the reader, by introducing ſome quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domeſtick life.
Sir J. REYNOLDS.

Unto

Unto our gentle ſenſes [5].

Ban. This gueſt of ſummer,
The temple-haunting martlet [6], does approve,
By his lov'd manſionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty frieze,
Buttreſs, nor coigne of vantage [7], but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they moſt breed [8] and haunt, I have obſerv'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, ſee! our honour'd hoſteſs!—
The love that follows us, ſometime is our trouble,
Which ſtill we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble [9].

Lady M.

[5] *Unto our* gentle ſenſes.] *Senſes* are nothing more *than each man's ſenſe. Gentle ſenſes* is very elegant, as it means *placid, calm, compoſed*, and intimates the peaceable delight of a fine day. JOHNSON.

[6] —*martlet*,] This bird is in the old edition called *barlet*. JOHNSON. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE. It is ſupported by the following paſſage in the *Merchant of Venice*:

" ——— like the *martlet*,
" Builds in the weather on the outward wall." STEEVENS.

[7] —*coigne of vantage*.] Convenient corner. JOHNSON.

[8] — moſt *breed*—] The folio,—*muſt* breed. STEEVENS. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[9] *The love that follows us, ſometime is our trouble,*
Which ſtill we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhall bid God yield *us* for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.] *The attention that is paid us* (ſays Duncan on ſeeing Lady Macbeth come to meet him,) *ſometimes gives us pain, when we reflect that we give trouble to others; yet ſtill we cannot but be pleaſed with ſuch attentions, becauſe they are a proof of affection.* So far is clear;—but of the following words, I confeſs, I have no very diſtinct conception, and ſuſpect them to be corrupt. Perhaps the meaning is,—*By being the occaſion of ſo much trouble I furniſh you with a motive to pray to heaven to reward me for the pain I give you*, inaſmuch as the having ſuch an opportunity of ſhewing your loyalty may hereafter prove beneficial to you; *and herein alſo I afford you a motive to thank me for the trouble I give you*, becauſe by ſhewing me ſo much

Lady M. All our ſervice
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and ſingle buſineſs, to contend
Againſt thoſe honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majeſty loads our houſe: For thoſe of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We reſt your hermits [1].

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpoſe
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, ſharp as his ſpur [2], hath holp him
To his home before us: Fair and noble hoſteſs,
We are your gueſt to-night.

Lady M. Your ſervants ever [3]
Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To

much attention, (however painful it may be to me to be the cauſe of it,) you have an opportunity of diſplaying an amiable character, and of ingratiating yourſelf with your ſovereign: which finally may bring you both profit and honour. MALONE.

To bid any one *God-yeld him*, i. e. *God-yield him*, was the ſame as God reward him. WARBURTON.

I believe *yield*, or, as it is in the folio of 1623, *eyld*, is a corrupted contraction of *ſhield*. The wiſh implores not *reward*, but *protection*. JOHNSON.

I rather believe it to be a corruption of *God-yield*, i. e. reward. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, we meet with it at length:

"And the *gods yield* you for't."

Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Eſau*, 1568:

"*God yelde you*, Eſau, with all my ſtomach."

God ſhield means *God forbid*, and could never be uſed as a form of returning thanks. So, in Chaucer's *Millerес Tale*:

"*God ſhilde* that he died ſodenly." v. 3427; late edit. STEEVENS.

[1] *We reſt your* hermits.] *Hermits*, for beadſmen. WARBURTON.

That is, we as *hermits* ſhall always pray for you. So, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

"I am your *beadſman*, bound to pray for you." STEEVENS.

[2] — *his great love, ſharp as his ſpur,*] So, in *Twelfth Night*, Act III. ſc. iii:

"——— my deſire,

"*More ſharp than filed ſteel*, did ſpur me forth." STEEVENS.

[3] *Your ſervants ever* &c.] The metaphor in this ſpeech is taken

from

To make their audit at your highneſs' pleaſure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine hoſt; we love him highly,
And ſhall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hoſteſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The ſame. A Room in the Caſtle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and paſs over the ſtage, a ſewer[4], *and divers ſervants with diſhes and ſervice. Then enter* MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done[5], when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: If the aſſaſſination[6]
Could

from the Steward's compting-houſe or audit-room. *In compt* means, *ſubject to account.* The ſenſe of the whole is:—*We, and all who belong to us, look upon our lives and fortunes not as our own properties, but as things we have received merely for your uſe, and for which we muſt be accountable whenever you pleaſe to call us to our audit; when, like faithful ſtewards, we ſhall be ready to anſwer your ſummons, by returning you what is your own.* STEEVENS.

4 *Enter—a* ſewer,] The office of a *ſewer* was to place the diſhes in order at a feaſt. His chief mark of diſtinction was a towel round his arm. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Silent Woman*:

" —clap me a clean *towel* about you, like a *ſewer*." STEEVENS.

5 *If it were done*, &c.] A ſentiment parallel to this occurs in *The Proceedings againſt Garnet* in the Powder Plot: " It would have been commendable, when it had been done, though not before." FARMER.

6 *If the aſſaſſination*, &c.] Of this ſoliloquy the meaning is not very clear; I have never found the readers of Shakſpeare agreeing about it. I underſtand it thus:

" If that which I am about to do, when it is once *done* and executed, were *done* and ended without any following effects, it would then be beſt *to do it quickly*: if the murder could terminate in itſelf, and reſtrain the regular courſe of conſequences, if *its ſucceſs* could ſecure *its ſucceſs*, if, being once done *ſucceſsfully*, without detection, it could *fix a period* to all vengeance and enquiry, ſo that *this blow* might be all that I have to do, and this anxiety all that I have to ſuffer; if this could be my condition, even *here* in *this world*, in this contracted period of tem-

Could trammel up the conſequence, and catch,
With his ſurceaſe, ſucceſs[7]; that but this blow

poral exiſtence, on this narrow *bank* in the ocean of eternity, *I would jump the life to come*, I would venture upon the deed without care of any future ſtate. But this is one of *thoſe caſes* in which judgment is pronounced and vengeance inflicted upon us *here* in our preſent life. We teach others to do as we have done, and are puniſhed by our own example." JOHNSON.

We are told by Dryden, that "Ben Jonſon on reading ſome bombaſt ſpeeches in *Macbeth*, which *are not to be underſtood*, uſed to ſay that it was *horrour*."—Perhaps the preſent paſſage was one of thoſe thus depretiated. Any perſon but this envious detractor would have dwelt with pleaſure on the tranſcendent beauties of this ſublime tragedy, which, after *Othello*, is perhaps our author's greateſt work; and would have been more apt to have been thrown "into ſtrong ſhudders," and blood-freezing "agues," by its intereſting and high-wrought ſcenes, than to have been offended by any imaginary hardneſs of its language; for ſuch, it appears from the context, is what he meant by *horrour*. That there are difficult paſſages in this tragedy, cannot be denied; but that there are "ſome *bombaſt* ſpeeches in it, *which are not to be underſtood*," as Dryden aſſerts, will not very readily be granted to him. From this aſſertion however, and the verbal alterations made by him and Sir W. D'Avenant in ſome of our author's plays, I think it clearly appears, that Dryden and the other poets of the time of Charles II. were not very deeply ſkilled in the language of their predeceſſors, and that Shakſpeare was not ſo well underſtood fifty years after his death, as he is at this day. MALONE.

[7] *Could* trammel *up the conſequence, and catch,*
With his ſurceaſe, ſucceſs;] I think the reaſoning requires that we ſhould read:
With its ſucceſs, ſurceaſe—, JOHNSON.

A *trammel* is a net in which either birds or fiſhes are caught. *Surceaſe* is ceſſation, ſtop. *His* is uſed inſtead of *its*, in many places. STEEVENS.

His certainly may refer to *aſſaſſination*, (as Dr. Johnſon by his propoſed alteration ſeems to have thought it did,) for Shakſpeare very frequently uſes *his* for *its*. But in this place perhaps *his* refers to Duncan; and the meaning may be, If the aſſaſſination, at the ſame time that it puts an end to the life of Duncan, could procure me unalloyed happineſs, promotion to the crown unmoleſted by the compunctious viſitings of conſcience, &c. To *ceaſe* often ſignifies in theſe plays, to *die*. So, in *All's Well that ends Well*:

"Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, *ceaſe*."

I think, however, it is more probable that *his* is uſed for *its*, and that it relates to *aſſaſſination*. MALONE.

Might

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and ſhoal of time[1],—
We'd jump the life to come[2].—But, in theſe caſes,
We ſtill have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody inſtructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor[3]: This even-handed juſtice
Commends the ingredients of our poiſon'd chalice
To our own lips[4]. He's here in double truſt:
Firſt, as I am his kinſman and his ſubject,
Strong both againſt the deed; then, as his hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his murderer ſhut the door,
Not bear the knife myſelf. Beſides, this Duncan

[1] —ſhoal *of time*,] This is Theobald's emendation, undoubtedly right. The old edition has *ſchool*, and Dr. Warburton *ſhelve*. JOHNSON.

[2] *We'd jump the life to come.*] So, in *Cymbeline*, Act V. ſc. iv:
" —or *jump the after-enquiry* on your own peril." STEEVENS.
Again, in our author's 44th Sonnet:
" For nimble thought can *jump* both ſea and land."
I ſuppoſe the meaning to be—We would over-leap, we would make no account of the life to come. So Autolycus in *The Winter's Tale*: " For *the life to come*, I ſleep out the thought of it." MALONE.

[3] — *we but teach*
Bloody inſtructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor:] So, in Bellenden's tranſlation of Hector Boethius: " He [Macbeth] was led be wod furyis, as ye nature of all tyrannis is, quhilks conqueiſis landis or kingdomes be wrangus titil, ay full of hevy thocht and dredour, and *traiſting ilk man to do ſclik cruelties to hym, as he did afore to othir*". MALONE.

[4] —— *This even-handed juſtice*
Commends the ingredients of our poiſon'd chalice
To our own lips.] We might more advantageouſly read—
Thus, even-handed juſtice, &c.
Our poet, *apis Matinæ more modoque*, would ſtoop to borrow a ſweet from any flower, however humble in its ſituation. " The pricke of conſcience (ſays Holinſhed) cauſed him ever to feare, leſt he ſhould be ſerved of the ſame cup as he had miniſter'd to his predeceſſor." STEEVENS.
The old reading I believe to be the true one, becauſe Shakſpeare has frequently uſed this mode of expreſſion. So, a little lower:—
" Beſides, *this* Duncan, &c." Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.
" That *this* ſame child of honour and renown,
" *This* gallant Hotſpur, *this* all-praiſed knight—." MALONE.

Hath borne his faculties ſo meek[5], hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, againſt
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blaſt, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the ſightleſs couriers of the air[6],
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears ſhall drown the wind[7].—I have no ſpur

[5] *Hath borne his* faculties *ſo meek,*] *Faculties*, for office, exerciſe of power, &c. WARBURTON.

" Duncan (ſays Holinſhed) was ſoft and gentle of nature."—And again: " Macbeth ſpoke much againſt the king's ſoftneſs, and overmuch ſlackneſs in puniſhing offendors." STEEVENS.

[6] — *like a naked new-born babe,*
Striding the blaſt, *or heaven's cherubin*, hors'd
Upon the ſightleſs couriers of the air,] So, in our author's 51ſt Sonnet:

" Then ſhould I ſpur, though *mounted on the wind.*"

Again, in the Prologue to *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

" I, from the orient to the drooping weſt,
" Making the *wind* my poſt-*horſe*—."

The thought of the *cherubin* (as has been ſomewhere obſerved) ſeems to have been borrowed from the eighteenth Pſalm: " He rode upon the *cherubins* and did fly; he came *flying upon the wings of the wind.*" Again, in *the Book of Job*, ch. xxx. v. 22: " Thou cauſeſt me to *ride upon the wind.*" MALONE.

Courier is only *runner*. *Couriers of air* are *winds*, air in motion. *Sightleſs* is *inviſible*. JOHNSON.

Again, in this play:

" Wherever in your *ſightleſs* ſubſtances," &c.

Again, in Warner's *Albions England*, 1602, b. ii. c. 11:

" The ſcouring winds that *ſightleſs* in the ſounding air do fly."
STEEVENS.

[7] *That tears ſhall drown the wind.*] Alluding to the remiſſion of the wind in a ſhower. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

" For raging wind blows up inceſſant ſhowers;
" And when the rage allays, the *rain* begins." STEEVENS.

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

" This *windy* tempeſt, till it blow up rain,
" Held back his *ſorrow's tide*, to make it more;
" At laſt it *rains*, and buſy winds give o'er."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" Where are my *tears*?—rain, *rain* to lay this *wind*."
MALONE.

To

To prick the ſides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition[8], which o'er-leaps itſelf,
And falls on the other—[9] How now! what news?

Enter Lady MACBETH[1].

Lady M. He has almoſt ſupp'd; Why have you left the chamber?

[8] —*I have no* ſpur
To prick *the ſides of my intent, but only*
Vaulting ambition,] So, in *The Tragedy of Cæſar and Pompey*, 1607:
"Why think you, lords, that 'tis *ambition's ſpur*
"That *pricketh* Cæſar to theſe high attempts?" MALONE.
The *ſpur of the occaſion* is a phraſe uſed by Lord Bacon. STEEVENS.

[9] *And falls on the other*—] Hanmer has on this occaſion added a word which every reader cannot fail to add for himſelf. He would give:
And falls on the other ſide.
But the ſtate of Macbeth's mind is more ſtrongly marked by this break in the ſpeech, than by any continuation of it which the moſt ſucceſsful critick can ſupply. STEEVENS.

[1] *Enter Lady M.*] The arguments by which lady Macbeth perſuades her huſband to commit the murder, afford a proof of Shakſpeare's knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage, a glittering idea which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated ſometimes the houſe-breaker, and ſometimes the conqueror; but this ſophiſm Macbeth has for ever deſtroyed, by diſtinguiſhing true from falſe fortitude, in a line and a half; of which it may almoſt be ſaid, that they ought to beſtow immortality on the author, though all his other productions had been loſt:
I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more, is none.
This topick, which has been always employed with too much ſucceſs, is uſed in this ſcene with peculiar propriety, to a ſoldier by a woman. Courage is the diſtinguiſhing virtue of a ſoldier, and the reproach of cowardice cannot be borne by any man from a woman, without great impatience.

She then urges the oaths by which he had bound himſelf to murder Duncan, another art of ſophiſtry by which men have ſometimes deluded their conſciences, and perſuaded themſelves that what would be criminal in others is virtuous in them: this argument Shakſpeare, whoſe plan obliged him to make Macbeth yield, has not confuted, though he might eaſily have ſhewn that a former obligation could not be vacated by a latter; that obligations laid on us by a high power, could not be over-ruled by obligations which we lay upon ourſelves. JOHNSON.

Part of Lady Macbeth's argument is derived from the tranſlation of Hector Boethius. See Dr. Farmer's note, p. 279. MALONE.

Macb. Hath he aſk'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this buſineſs:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all ſorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their neweſt gloſs,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dreſt yourſelf? hath it ſlept ſince[2]?
And wakes it now, to look ſo green and pale
At what it did ſo freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the ſame in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in deſire? Would'ſt thou have that
Which thou eſteem'ſt the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own eſteem;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would[3],
Like the poor cat i' the adage[4]?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace[5]:
I dare do all that may become a man;

[2] *Was the hope drunk*, &c.] The ſame expreſſion is found in *King John*:

"O, where hath our intelligence been *drunk*,
"Where hath it *ſlept*?" MALONE.

[3] *Would'ſt thou have that,*
Which thou eſteem'ſt the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own eſteem;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would, &c.] Do you wiſh to obtain the crown, and yet would you remain ſuch a coward in your own eyes all your life, as to ſuffer your paltry fears, which whiſper, "*I dare not*," to controul your noble ambition, which cries out, "*I would?*" STEEVENS.

[4] *Like the poor cat i' the adage:*] The adage alluded to is, *The cat loves fiſh, but dares not wet her feet:*

"*Catus amat piſces, ſed non vult tingere plantas.*" JOHNSON.

[5] *Pr'ythee, peace:* &c.] A paſſage ſimilar to this occurs in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act II. ſc. ii:

"——— be that you are,
"That is, a woman: if you're more, you're none."

The folio, inſtead of *do more*, reads *no more*, but the preſent reading is undoubtedly right. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Who

Who dares do more, is none.
Lady M. What beaſt was it then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durſt do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be ſo much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere[6], and yet you would make both:
They have made themſelves, and that their fitneſs now
Does unmake you. I have given ſuck; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was ſmiling in my face[7],
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneleſs gums,
And daſh'd the brains out, had I ſo ſworn[8]
As you have done to this.
Macb. If we ſhould fail,—
Lady M. We fail[9]!

But

6 — *Nor time, nor place*
Did then adhere,—] Dr. Warburton would read *cohere*, not improperly, but without neceſſity. In the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Mrs. Ford ſays of Falſtaff, that his words and actions "no more *adhere* and keep pace together than," &c. STEEVENS.
So, in a *Warning for fair Women*, 1599:
"——————— Neither time
"Nor place conſorted to my mind." MALONE.

7 *I would, while it was ſmiling in my face,*] Polyko, in the fifth book of Statius's Thebais, has a ſimilar ſentiment of ferocity:
"In gremio (licet amplexu lachrymiſque moretur)
"Tranſadigam ferro." STEEVENS.

8 — *had I ſo* ſworn] The latter word is here uſed as a diſſyllable. The editor of the ſecond folio, from his ignorance of our author's phraſeology and metre, ſuppoſed the line defective, and reads—had I *but* ſo ſworn; which has been followed by all the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

9 *We fail!*] I am by no means ſure that this punctuation is the true one.—"If we fail, we fail,"—is a colloquial phraſe ſtill in frequent uſe. Macbeth having caſually employed the former part of this ſentence, his wife deſignedly completes it. *We fail*, and thereby know the extent of our misfortune. *Let our ſucceſs is certain, if you are reſolute.*
Lady Macbeth is unwilling to afford her huſband time to ſtate any reaſons for his doubt, or to expatiate on the obvious conſequences of miſcarriage in his undertaking. Such an interval for reflection to act in, might have proved unfavourable to her purpoſes. She therefore cuts

But ſcrew your courage to the ſticking place[1],
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is aſleep,
(Whereto the rather ſhall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and waſſel ſo convince[2],

cuts him ſhort with the remaining part of a common ſaying, to which his own words had offered an apt though accidental introduction.

This reply, at once cool and determined, is ſufficiently characteriſtick of the ſpeaker;—according to the old punctuation, ſhe is repreſented as rejecting with contempt (of which ſhe had already manifeſted enough) the very idea of failure. According to the mode of pointing now ſuggeſted, ſhe admits a poſſibility of miſcarriage, but at the ſame inſtant ſhows herſelf not afraid of its reſult. Her anſwer therefore communicates no diſcouragement to her huſband.—*We fail!* is the haſty interruption of ſcornful impatience. *We fail.*—is the calm deduction of a mind which, having weighed all circumſtances, is prepared, without loſs of confidence in itſelf, for the worſt that can happen. So Hotſpur:

"If we fall in, good night;—or ſink, or ſwim." STEEVENS.

[1] *But ſcrew your courage to the ſticking place,*] This is a metaphor from an engine formed by mechanical complication. The *ſticking place* is the *ſtop* which ſuſpends its powers, till they are diſcharged on their proper object; as in driving piles, &c. So, in Sir W. Davenant's *Cruel Brother*, 1630:

"——There is an engine made,
"Which ſpends its ſtrength by force of nimble wheels;
"For they, once *ſcrewed up*, in their return
"Will rive an oak."

Again, in *Coriolanus*, Act I. ſc. viii:

"*Wrench up* thy power to the higheſt."

Perhaps indeed Shakſpeare had a more familiar image in view, and took his metaphor from the *ſcrewing up* the chords of ſtring-inſtruments to their proper degree of tenſion, when the peg remains faſt in its *ſticking place*, i. e. in the place from which it is not to move. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's laſt interpretation is, in my apprehenſion, the true one. Sir W. D'Avenant miſunderſtood this paſſage. By *the ſticking place*, he ſeems to have thought the poet meant *the* ſtabbing *place*, the place where Duncan was to be wounded; for he reads,

"Bring but your courage to the *fatal* place,
"And we'll not fail." MALONE.

[2] *Will I with wine and waſſel ſo convince,*] To *convince*, is in Shakſpeare, to *overpower* or *ſubdue*, as in this play:

"——Their malady *convinces*
"The great aſſay of art." JOHNSON.

So, in Holinſhed: "—thus mortally fought, intending to vanquiſh and *convince* the other." STEEVENS.

That memory, the warder of the brain[3],
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reaſon[4]
A limbeck only[5]: When in ſwiniſh ſleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His ſpungy officers; who ſhall bear the guilt
Of our great quell[6]?

— *and waſſel*—] What was anciently called *was haile* (as appears from Selden's notes on the ninth ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*) was an annual cuſtom obſerved in the country on the vigil of the new year; and had its beginning, as ſome ſay, from the words which Ronix daughter of Hengiſt uſed, when ſhe drank to Vortigern, *lowerd kyng was-heil*; he anſwering her, by direction of an interpreter, *drinc-haile*. Afterwards it appears that *was-haile*, and *drinc-haile*, were the uſual phraſes of quaffing among the Engliſh, as we may ſee from *Thomas de la Moore* in the *Life of Edward II.* and in the lines of Hanvil the monk, who preceded him:

" Ecce vagante cifo diſtento gutture *was-heil*,
" Ingeminant *waſs-heil*—.

But Selden rather conjectures it to have been a uſual ceremony among the Saxons before Hengiſt, as a note of *health-wiſhing*, ſuppoſing the expreſſion to be corrupted from *wiſh-heil*.

Waſſel or *Waſſail* is a word ſtill in uſe in the midland counties, and ſignifies at preſent what is called Lambs Wool, i. e. roaſted apples in ſtrong beer, with ſugar and ſpice. *Waſſel* is, however, ſometimes uſed for general riot, intemperance, or feſtivity. On this occaſion, I believe, it means *intemperance*. STEEVENS.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——— Antony,
" Leave thy laſcivious *waſſels*."

Sc. ii. Vol. II. p. 411, n. 9. MALONE.

3 — *the* warder *of the brain*,] A *warder* is a guard, a centinel. STEEVENS.

4 — *the* receipt *of reaſon*] I. e. the *receptacle*. MALONE.

5 *A limbeck only:*] That is, ſhall be only a veſſel to emit *fumes or vapours*. JOHNSON.

The *limbeck* is the veſſel, through which the diſtilled liquors paſs into the recipient. So ſhall it be with memory; through which every thing ſhall paſs, and nothing [illegible]. C.

6 — *great* quell?] *Quell* is *murder*, *manquellers* being in the old language the term for which *murderers* is now uſed. JOHNSON.

The word is uſed in this ſenſe by Holinſhed, p. 567: " — the poor people ran about the ſtreets, calling the capteins and governors *murtherers* and *manquellers*." STEEVENS.

Mach. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle ſhould compoſe
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't[7]?

Lady M.

[7] — *his two* chamberlains
Will I with wine and waſſels ſo convince, &c.
— — — *Will it not be receiv'd,*
When we have mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?] In the original Scottiſh Hiſtory by Boethius, and in Holinſhed's Chronicle, we are merely told that Macbeth ſlew Duncan at Inverneſs. No particulars whatſoever are mentioned. The circumſtance of making Duncan's chamberlains drunk, and laying the guilt of his murder upon them, as well as ſome other circumſtances, our author has taken from the hiſtory of Duffe, king of Scotland, who was murdered by Donwald, Captain of the caſtle of Fores, about eighty years before Duncan aſcended the throne. The fact is thus told by Holinſhed, in p. 150 of his Scottiſh Hiſtory (the hiſtory of the reign of Duncan commences in p. 168): "Donwald, not forgetting the reproach which his linage had ſuſteined by the execution of thoſe his kinſmen, whom the king for a ſpectacle to the people had cauſed to be hanged, could not but ſhew manifeſt tokens of great griefe at home amongſt his familie: which his wife perceiving, ceaſed not to travell with him till ſhe underſtood what the cauſe was of his diſpleaſure. Which at length when ſhe had learned by his owne relation, ſhe, as one that bare no leſſe malice in hir heart, for the like cauſe on his behalfe, than hir huſband did for his friends, counſelled him, (ſith the king uſed oftentimes to lodge in his houſe without anie gard about him other than the garriſon of the caſtle, [of Fores,] which was wholie at his commandement) to make him awaie, *and ſhewed him the meanes whereby he might ſooneſt accompliſh it.*

Donwald, thus being the more kindled in wrath by the words of his wife, determined to follow hir advice in the execution of ſo heinous an act. Whereupon deviſing with himſelfe for a while, which way hee might beſt accompliſh his curſed intent, at length gat opportunitie, and ſped his purpoſe as followeth. It chanced that the king upon *the day before he purpoſed to depart foorth of the* [illegible] long in his oratorie at his praiers, and there continued till it was late in the [illegible] laſt, comming foorth, he called ſuch afore him as had faithfullie ſerved him *in purſute and apprehenſion of the rebels*, and giving them heartie thanks *he beſtowed ſundrie honourable gifts amongſt them, of the which number* Donwald *was one, as he that had been ever accounted a moſt faithfull ſervant to the king.*

At

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we ſhall make our griefs and clamour roar

Upon

At length, having talked with them a long time he got him into his privie chamber, *onlie with twe of his chamberlains*, who having brought him to bed, came foorth againe, and then fell to banketting with Donwald and his wife, who had prepared diverſe delicate diſhes, and ſundrie ſorts of *drinks* for their neare ſupper or collation, whereat *they ſate up ſo long, till they had charged their ſtomachs with ſuch full gorges*, that their heads were no ſooner got to the pillows but aſleepe they were ſo faſt, that a man might have removed the chamber over them, ſooner than to have awaked them out of their drunken ſleepe.

Then Donwald, though he abhorred the act greatlie in heart, yet through inſtigation of his wife, he called foure of his ſervants unto him, (whom he had made privie to his wicked intent before, and fiamed to his purpoſe with large gifts,) and now declaring unto them, after what ſort they ſhould worke the feat, they gladlie obeyed his inſtructions, and ſpeedilie going about the murther, they enter the chamber in which the king laie, a little before cocks crow, where they ſecretlie cut his throte as he lay ſleeping, without anie buſkling at all: and immediately by a poſterne gate they carried foorth the dead bodie into the fields, and throwing it upon a horſe there provided for that purpoſe, they convey it unto a place about two miles diſtant from the caſtell.—

Donwald, about the time that the murther was in doing, got him amongſt them that kept the watch, and ſo continued to companie with them all the reſidue of the night. But in the morning when the noiſe was raiſed in the kings chamber, how the king was ſlaine, his bodie conveied awaie, and the bed all bewraied with bloud, *as with the watch ran thither, as though he had known nothing of the matter*; and breaking into the chamber, and finding cakes of bloud in the bed, and on the floore about the ſides of it, *he foorthwith ſlew the chamberlains*, as guiltie of that heinous murther, and then like a madman running to and fro, he ranſacked everie corner within the caſtell, as though it had beene to have ſeene if he might have found either the bodie, or any of the murtherers hid in anie privie place: but at length comming to the poſterne gate, and finding it open, he burdened the chamberleins, whom he had ſlaine, with all the fault, they having the keyes of the gates committed to their keeping all the night, and therefore it could not be otherwiſe (ſaid he) but that they were of counſell in the committing of that moſt [illegible] murther.

Manie [illegible] was his over-earneſt diligence in the ſevere inquiſition and trial of the offenders heerein, that ſome of the lords began to miſlike the matter, and to ſmell foorth ſhrewd tokens that he ſhould not be altogether cleare himſelfe. But for ſo much as they were in that

countrie

Upon his death?

Macb. I am ſettled, and bend up[7]
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with faireſt ſhow:
Falſe face muſt hide what the falſe heart doth know.
[*Exeunt.*

countrie where he had the whole rule, what by reaſon of his friends and authoritie together, they doubted to utter what they thought, till time and place ſhould better ſerve thereunto, and hereupon got them awaie everie man to his home." MALONE.

[7] —*and* bend *up*—] A metaphor from the bow. So, in *K. Henry V.*

" —*bend* up every ſpirit
" To his full height."

Till this inſtant, the mind of Macbeth has been in a ſtate of uncertainty and fluctuation. He has hitherto proved neither reſolutely good, nor obſtinately wicked. Though a bloody idea had ariſen in his mind, after he had heard the prophecy in his favour, yet he contentedly leaves the completion of his hopes to chance.—At the concluſion, however, of his interview with Duncan, he inclines to haſten the decree of fate, and quits the ſtage with an apparent reſolution to murder his ſovereign. But no ſooner is the king under his roof, than, reflecting on the peculiarities of his own relative ſituation, he determines not to offend againſt the laws of hoſpitality, or the ties of ſubjection, kindred, and gratitude. His wife then aſſails his conſtancy afreſh. He yields to her ſuggeſtions, and, with his integrity, his happineſs is deſtroyed.

I have enumerated theſe particulars, becauſe the waverings of Macbeth have, by ſome critickes, been regarded as unnatural and contradictory circumſtances in his character; not remembering that *nemo repente fuit turpiſſimus*, or that (as Angelo obſerves)

" ——— when once our grace we have forgot,
" Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not—

a paſſage which contains no unapt juſtification of the changes that happen in the conduct of Macbeth. STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The ſame. Court within the Caſtle.

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE; *and a Servant, with a torch before them.*

Ban[7]. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And ſhe goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take't, 'tis later, ſir.
Ban. Hold, take my ſword:—There's huſbandry in heaven[8],
Their candles are all out[9].—Take thee that too.
A heavy ſummons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not ſleep: Merciful powers!
Reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repoſe[1]!—Give me my ſword;—

Enter

[7] *Banquo.*] The place is not mark'd in the old edition, nor is it eaſy to ſay where this encounter can be. It is not in the *hall*, as the editors have all ſuppoſed it, for Banquo ſees the ſky; it is not far from the bed-chamber, as the converſation ſhews: it muſt be in the inner court of the caſtle, which Banquo might properly croſs in his way to bed. JOHNSON.

[8] *There's* huſbandry *in heaven,*] *Huſbandry* here means *thrift, frugality.* So, in *Hamlet*:

"And borrowing dulls the edge of *huſbandry.*" MALONE.

[9] [illegible] candles *are all out.*] The ſame expreſſion occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Night's *candles* are *burnt out.*"

Again, in our author's 21ſt Sonnet:

"As thoſe gold *candles* fix'd in heaven's air."

See alſo Vol. III. p. 100, n. 6. MALONE.

[1] —*Merciful powers!*
Reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repoſe!—It is apparent from what Banquo ſays afterwards, that he had been ſolicited in a dream to attempt ſomething in conſequence of the prophecy of the witches, that his waking ſenſes were ſhock'd at; and Shakſpeare has here finely contraſted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying againſt being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his ſleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into

Enter MACBETH, *and a Servant with a torch.*

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, ſir, not yet at reſt? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unuſual pleaſure, and
Sent forth great largeſs to your officers:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of moſt kind hoſteſs; and ſhut up[2]
In meaſureleſs content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the ſervant to defect;
Which elſe ſhould free have wrought[3].

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt laſt night of the three weird ſiſters:
To you they have ſhew'd ſome truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to ſerve,
We would ſpend it in ſome words upon that buſineſs,

into temptation, and revolving in his mind every ſcheme, however flagitious, that may aſſiſt him to complete his purpoſe. The one is unwilling to ſleep, leſt the ſame phantoms ſhould aſſail his reſolution again, while the other is depriving himſelf of reſt through impatience to commit the murder. The ſame kind of invocation occurs in *Cymbeline*:

"From fairies, and the *tempters of the night*,
"Guard me!" STEEVENS.

[2] — *ſhut up*] To *ſhut up*, is to conclude. So, in the *Spaniſh Tragedy*:

"And heavens have *ſhut up* day to pleaſure us."

Again, in Stowe's account of the earl of Eſſex's ſpeech on the ſcaffold:

"— he *ſhut up* all with the Lord's prayer." STEEVENS.

Again, in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 833: "— the kings majeſtie [K. James] *ſhut up* all with a pithy exhortation on both ſides." MALONE.

[3] *Being unprepar'd,*
Our will became the ſervant to defect;
Which elſe ſhould free have wrought.] This is obſcurely expreſſed. The meaning ſeems to be:—Being unprepared, our entertainment was neceſſarily *defective*, and we only had it in our power to ſhew the king our *willingneſs* to *ſerve* him. Had we received ſufficient notice of his coming, our zeal ſhould have been more clearly manifeſted by our *acts*.

Which refers, not to the laſt antecedent, *defect*, but to *will*.
MALONE.

If

If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'ſt leiſure.

Macb. If you ſhall cleave to my conſent,—when 'tis,
It ſhall make honour for you[4].

Ban.

4 *If you ſhall cleave to my* conſent, *when 'tis,*
It ſhall make honour for you.] Macbeth expreſſes his thought with affected obſcurity; he does not mention the royalty, though he apparently had it in his mind. *If you ſhall cleave to my conſent,* if you ſhall concur with me when I determine to accept the crown, *when 'tis,* when that happens which the prediction promiſes, *it ſhall make honour for you.* JOHNSON.

Such another expreſſion occurs in lord Surrey's tranſlation of the ſecond book of *Virgil's Æneid*:

"And if thy will *ſtick* unto mine, I ſhall
"In wedlocke ſure knit, and make her his own."

When 'tis, means, *when 'tis my leiſure to talk with you on this buſineſs*; referring to what Banquo had juſt ſaid, *at your kindeſt leiſure.*

But yet another explanation may be offered.—*Conſent* has ſometimes the power of the Latin *concentus*. Both the verb and ſubſtantive, decidedly bearing this ſignification, occur in other plays of our author. Thus in *K. Henry VI.* P. I. ſc. i:

"——— ſcourge the bad revolting ſtars
"That have *conſented* to king Henry's death;"—

i. e. *acted in concert* ſo as to occaſion it.—Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act V. ſc. i: "—they (Juſtice Shallow's ſervants) *flock together in conſent,* (i. e. in a *party,*) like ſo many wild geeſe."—In both theſe inſtances the words are ſpelt erroneouſly, and ſhould be written—concent and concented. See Spenſer, &c. as quoted in a note on the paſſage already adduced from *K. Henry VI.*

The meaning of Macbeth may then be as follows:—*If you ſhall cleave to my conſent*—i. e. if you ſhall ſtick, or adhere, to my *party*,—*when 'tis*, i. e. at the time when ſuch a *party* is formed, your conduct ſhall produce honour for you.

Macbeth mentally refers to the crown he expected to obtain in conſequence of the murder he was about to commit. The commentator, indeed, (who is acquainted with what precedes and follows) comprehends all that paſſes in the mind of the ſpeaker; but Banquo is ſtill in ignorance of it. His reply is only that of a man who determines to combat every poſſible temptation to do ill, and therefore expreſſes a reſolve that in ſeiſing of future combinations of intereſt, or ſtruggles for power, he will attempt nothing that may obſcure his preſent honour, alarm his conſcience, or corrupt his loyalty.

Macbeth could never mean, while yet the ſucceſs of his attack on the life of Duncan was uncertain, to afford Banquo the moſt dark or diſtant

Ban. So I loſe none,
In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keep
My,

diſtant hint of his deſigns on the crown. Had he acted thus incautiouſly, Banquo would naturally have become his accuſer, as ſoon as the murder had been diſcovered. STEEVENS.

I have too much reſpect for both the learned commentators, to omit their notes on this very difficult paſſage, though I do not agree with either of them. The word *conſent* has always appeared to me unintelligible in the firſt of theſe lines, and was, I am perſuaded, a mere errour of the preſs. A paſſage in *the Tempeſt* leads me to think that our author wrote—*content*. Antonio is counſelling Sebaſtian to murder Gonzalo:

" O, that you bore
" The mind that I do; what, a ſleep were there
" For your advancement! Do you underſtand me?
" *Seb.* I think I do.
" *Ant.* And how does your *content*
" Tender your own good fortune?"

In the ſame play we have—" Thy *thoughts I cleave to*," which differs but little from " I cleave to thy *content*."

In *the Comedy of Errors* our author has again uſed this word in the ſame ſenſe:

" Sir, I commend you to your own *content*."

Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

" Madam, the care I have taken to even your *content*,"—

i. e. ſays Dr. Johnſon, to act up to your deſires. Again, in *King Richard III*:

" God hold it to your honour's good *content*!"

Again, in *the Merry Wives of Windſor*: " You ſhall hear how things go, and, I warrant, *to your own content*."

The meaning then of the preſent difficult paſſage, thus corrected, will be,—If you will cloſely adhere to my cauſe, if you will [illegible] as far as you can, what is likely to contribute to my ſatisfaction and *content*,—*when 'tis*, when the prophecy of the weird ſiſters is fulfilled, when I am ſeated on the throne, the event ſhall make honour for you.

If Macbeth does not mean to allude darkly to his attainment of the crown, (I do not ſay to his forcible or unjuſt acquiſition of it, but to his attainment of it,) what meaning can be drawn from the words, " If you ſhall cleave," &c. whether we read *conſent*, or the word now propoſed? In the preceding ſpeech, though [illegible] not to think of it, he yet clearly marks out to Banquo what it is that is the object of the myſterious words which we are now conſidering:

" Yet, when we can entreat an hour to ſerve,
" We would ſpend it in ſome words upon *that buſineſs*;"

i. e.

My boſom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I ſhall be counſel'd.

i. e. "upon the prophecy of the weird ſiſters, [that I ſhould be thane of Cawdor, and afterwards *king*,] which, as you obſerve, has been *in part* fulfilled, and which by the kindneſs of fortune may at ſome future time be in the whole accompliſhed."

I do not ſuppoſe that Macbeth means to give Banquo the moſt diſtant hint of his having any intention to *murder Duncan*; but merely to ſtate to him, that if he will ſtrenuouſly endeavour to promote his ſatisfaction or *content*, if he will eſpouſe his cauſe, and ſupport him againſt all adverſaries, whenever he ſhall be ſeated on the *throne* of Scotland, by whatever myſterious operation of fate that event may be brought about, ſuch a conduct ſhall be rewarded, ſhall make honour for Banquo. The word *content* admits of this interpretation, and is ſupported by ſeveral other paſſages in our author's plays; the word *conſent*, in my apprehenſion, affords here no meaning whatſoever.

Conſent or *concent* may certainly ſignify *harmony*, and in a metaphorical ſenſe that *union* which binds to each other a party or number of men, leagued together for a particular purpoſe; but it can no more ſignify, as I conceive, the *party*, or body of men ſo combined together, or the *cauſe* for which they are united, than the harmony produced by a number of muſical inſtruments can ſignify the inſtruments themſelves or the muſicians that play upon them. When Fairfax, in his tranſlation of Taſſo, ſays—

Birds, winds and waters ſing with ſweet *concent*,

we muſt ſurely underſtand by the word *concent*, not a *party*, or a *cauſe*, but *harmony*, or *union*; and in the latter ſenſe, I apprehend, Juſtice Shallow's ſervants are ſaid to flock together in *concent*, in the ſecond part of *K. Henry IV.*

If this correction be juſt, "In ſeeking to augment *it*," in Banquo's reply, may *perhaps* relate not to his own honour, but to Macbeth's [illegible]. "On condition that I loſe no honour, in ſeeking to increaſe [illegible] *ſatisfaction*, or *content*,—to gratify your wiſhes," &c. The words however may be equally commodiouſly interpreted,—"Provided that in *ſeeking an increaſe of honour*, I loſe none," &c.

Sir William D'Avenant's paraphraſe on this obſcure paſſage is as follows:

"If when the prophecy begins to look like, you will
"Adhere to me, it ſhall make honour for you." MALONE.

Macbeth certainly did not mean to divulge to Banquo the wicked means by which he [illegible] to ſecure the crown, but his proſpect of obtaining the crown was evidently to be the ſubject of their conference: and it was only on the ſuppoſition of Macbeth's obtaining it, that he could promiſe any addition of honour to Banquo, who was his equal, while he remained a ſubject. MASON.

Mach.

Macb. Good repoſe, the while!

Ban. Thanks, ſir; The like to you! [*Exit* BANQUO.

Macb. Go, bid thy miſtreſs, when my drink is ready[5],
She ſtrike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit* Serv.
Is this a dagger, which I ſee before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch[6] thee:—
I have thee not; and yet I ſee thee ſtill.
Art thou not, fatal viſion, ſenſible
To feeling, as to ſight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a falſe creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed brain?
I ſee thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marſhall'ſt me the way that I was going;
And ſuch an inſtrument I was to uſe.
Mine eyes are made the fools o'the other ſenſes,
Or elſe worth all the reſt: I ſee thee ſtill;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood[7],

[5] — *when my drink is ready,*] See p. 326, n. 8. MALONE.

[6] — clutch—] This word, though reprobated by Ben Jonſon, who ſneers at Decker for uſing it, was uſed by other writers beſide Decker and our author. So, in *Antonio's Revenge*, by Marſton, 1602:

"—— all the world is *clutch'd*

"In the dull leaden hand of ſnoring ſleep." MALONE.

[7] *And on thy blade, and dudgeon,* gouts *of blood,*] Though *dudgeon* does ſometimes ſignify a *dagger*, it more properly means *the haft* or *handle* of a dagger, and is uſed for that particular ſort of handle which has ſome ornament carved on the top of it. Junius explains the *dudgeon*, i. e. *haft*, by the Latin expreſſion, *manubrium apiatum*, which means *a handle of wood, with a grain rough as if the ſeeds of parſly were ſtrewn over it.*

So, in Lyllie's comedy of *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "—then have at the bag with the *dudgeon haſte*, that is, at the *dudgeon* dagger that hangs by his tantony pouch." STEEVENS.

Gaſcoigne confirms this: "The moſt knottie piece of box may be brought to a fayre *dogen haſte*."—*Gouts* for *drops* is frequent in old Engliſh. FARMER.

— gouts *of blood,*] Or drops, French. POPE.

Gouts is the technical term for the *ſpots* on ſome part of the plumage of a hawk: or perhaps Shakſpeare uſed the word in alluſion to a phraſe in heraldry. When a field is charged or ſprinkled with red drops, it is ſaid to be *gutty of gules*, or *gutty de ſang*. STEEVENS.

Which

Which was not ſo before.—There's no ſuch thing:
It is the bloody buſineſs, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature ſeems dead[8], and wicked dreams abuſe
The curtain'd ſleep; now witchcraft celebrates[9]
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd

[8] — *Now o'er the one half world*
Nature ſeems dead.] That is, *over our hemiſphere all action and motion ſeem to have ceaſed.* This image, which is perhaps the moſt ſtriking that poetry can produce, has been adopted by Dryden in his *Conqueſt of Mexico*:

"All things are huſh'd as Nature's ſelf lay dead,
"The mountains ſeem to nod their drowſy head;
"The little birds in dreams their ſongs repeat,
"And ſleeping flow'rs beneath the night-dews ſweat.
"Even luſt and envy ſleep!"

Theſe lines, though ſo well known, I have tranſcribed, that the contraſt between them and this paſſage of Shakſpeare may be more accurately obſerved.

Night is deſcribed by two great poets, but one deſcribes a night of quiet, the other of perturbation. In the night of Dryden, all the diſturbers of the world are laid aſleep; in that of Shakſpeare, nothing but ſorcery, luſt, and murder, is awake. He that reads Dryden, finds himſelf lull'd with ſerenity, and diſpoſed to ſolitude and contemplation. He that peruſes Shakſpeare, looks round alarmed, and ſtarts to find himſelf alone. One is the night of a lover; the other, of a murderer. JOHNSON.

Now o'er the one half world &c.] So, in the ſecond part of Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

"'Tis yet dead night; yet all the earth is clutch'd
"In the dull leaden hand of ſnoring ſleep:
"No breath diſturbs the quiet of the air,
"No ſpirit moves upon the breaſt of earth,
"Save howling dogs, night-crows, and ſcreeching owls,
"Save meagre ghoſts, Piero, and black thoughts.
"——I am great in blood,
"Unequal'd in revenge:—you horrid ſcouts
"That *ſentinel* ſwart night, give loud applauſe
"From your large nature." MALONE.

[9] *The curtain'd ſleep*; now *witchcraft celebrates*—] The word *now* has been added by the editors for the ſake of metre. Probably Shakſpeare wrote—*The curtain'd* ſleeper. The folio ſpells the word *ſleepe*, and an addition of the letter *r* only, affords the propoſed emendation. STEEVENS.

Alarum'd by his ſentinel, the wolf,
Whoſe howl's his watch, thus with his ſtealthy pace,
With Tarquin's raviſhing ſides, towards his deſign
Moves like a ghoſt[1].—Thou ſure and firm-ſet earth[2],
Hear

So afterwards:

" —a hideous trumpet calls to parley
" The *ſleepers* of the houſe."

Now was added by Sir William D'Avenant in his alteration of this play, publiſhed in 1674. MALONE.

[1] —— *thus with his ſtealthy pace,*
With Tarquin's raviſhing ſides, *towards his deſign*
Moves like a ghoſt.] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope changed *ſides* to *ſtrides*. A raviſhing *ſtride* being, in Dr. Johnſon's opinion, " an action of violence, impetuoſity and tumult," he would read—With *Tarquin* raviſhing, *ſtides*, &c. MALONE.

I cannot agree with Dr. Johnſon that a *ſtride* is always *an action of violence, impetuoſity, or tumult*. Spenſer uſes the word in his *Faery Queen*, b. iv. c. 8. and with no idea of violence annexed to it:

" With eaſy ſteps ſo ſoft as foot could *ſtride*."

And as an additional proof that a *ſtride* is not always a *tumultuous effort*, the following inſtance from Harrington's *Tranſlation of Arioſto*, [1591,] may be brought:

" He takes a long and leiſurable *ſtride*,
" And longeſt on the hinder foot he ſtaid;
" So ſoft he treads, altho' his ſteps were wide,
" As though to tread on eggs he was afraid.
" And as he goes, he gropes on either ſide
" To find the bed," &c. *Orlando Furioſo*, B. 28, ſtanza 63.

Whoever has been reduced to the neceſſity of finding his way about a houſe in the dark, muſt know that it is natural to take large *ſtrides*, in order to feel before us whether we have a ſafe footing or not. The raviſher and murderer would naturally take ſuch *ſtrides*, not only on the ſame account, but that their ſteps might be ſeven in number, and the ſound of their feet be repeated as ſeldom as poſſible. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's obſervation is confirmed by many inſtances that occur in our ancient poets. So, in a paſſage by J. Sylveſter, cited in *England's Parnaſſus*, 1600:

" Anon he ſtalketh with an *eaſy ſtride*,
" By ſome clear river's lillie-paved ſide."

Again, in our author's *King R[illegible]*

" Nay rather every *tedious ſtride* I make—."

Thus alſo the Roman poets:

" —— *veſtigia* furtim
" *Suſpenſo* digitis ſert *reciturna gradu*." *Ovid. Faſt.*

" Enat

Hear not my ſteps, which way they walk [3], for fear
Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about [4],
And

" Eunt *taciti* per mæſta ſilentia *magni*
" *Paſſibus.*" *Statius*, lib. x.

It is obſervable, that Shakſpeare, when he has occaſion, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, to deſcribe the action here alluded to, uſes a ſimilar expreſſion; and perhaps would have uſed the word *ſtride*, if he had not been fettered by the rhime:

" Into the chamber wickedly he *ſtalks.*"

Plauſible, however, as this emendation may appear, the old reading, *ſides*, is, I believe, the true one; I have therefore adhered to it on the ſame principle on which I have uniformly proceeded throughout the preſent edition, that of leaving the original text undiſturbed, whenever it could be juſtified either by comparing our author with himſelf or with contemporary writers. The following paſſage in Marlowe's tranſlation of Ovid's ELEGIES, 8vo. no date, but printed about 1598, adds ſupport to the reading of the old copy:

" I ſaw when forth a tired *lover* went,
" His *ſide* paſt ſervice, and his courage ſpent."
Vidi, cum foribus laſſus prodiret amator,
Invalidum referens emeritumque *latus.*

Again, in Martial:

Tu tenebris guades; me ludere, teſte lucerna,
Et juvat admiſſa rumpere luce *latus.*

It may likewiſe be obſerved that Falſtaff in the fifth act of *the Merry Wives of Windſor* ſays to Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, " Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my *ſides* to myſelf," &c. Falſtaff certainly did not think them, like thoſe of Ovid's lover, paſt ſervice; having met one of the ladies by aſſignation.

I believe, however, a line has been loſt after the words " ſtealthy pace;" Our author did not, I imagine, mean to make the murderer a raviſher likewiſe. In the parallel paſſage in *The Rape of Lucrece*, they are diſtinct perſons:

" While LUST and MURDER wake, to *ſtain* and *kill.*"

Perhaps the line which I ſuppoſe to have been loſt, was of this import:

——— and wither'd MURDER,
Alarum'd by his ſentinel, the wolf,
Whoſe howl's his watch, thus with his ſtealthy pace
Enters the portal; while night-waking LUST,
With Tarquin's raviſhing ſides, towards his deſign
Moves like a ghoſt.

There is reaſon to believe that many of the difficulties in Shakſpeare's plays ariſe from lines and half-lines having been omitted, by the compoſitor's eye paſſing haſtily over them. Of this kind of negligence there

And take the preſent horrour from the time,
Which now ſuits with it[5].—Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear

is a remarkable inſtance in the preſent play, as printed in the folio, 1632, where the following paſſage is thus exhibited:

" ——— that we but teach
" Bloody inſtructions, which, being taught, return
" *To plague the ingredience of our poiſon'd chalice*
" To our own lips."

If this miſtake had happened in the firſt copy, and had been continued in the ſubſequent impreſſions, what diligence or ſagacity could have reſtored the paſſage to ſenſe?

In the folio, 1623, it is right, except that the word *ingredients* is there alſo miſ-ſpelt:

" ——— which, being taught, return
" To plague the *inventor*. *This even-handed juſtice*
" *Commends the* ingredience of our poiſon'd chalice
" To our own lips."

So, the following paſſage in *Much ado about nothing*,

" And I will break with her *and with her father*,
" *And thou ſhalt have her*. Was't not to this end," &c.

is printed thus in the folio, by the compoſitor's eye glancing from one line to the other:

" And I will break with her. Was't not to this end," &c.

Again, we find in the play before us, edit. 1632:

" ——— for their dear cauſes
" Excite the mortified man.

inſtead of

" ——— for their dear cauſes
" *Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm*
" Excite the mortified man."

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*, 1632:

" ——— in himſelf too mighty,
" Untill a time may ſerve."

inſtead of

" ——— in himſelf too mighty,
" *And in his parties, his alliance. Let him be,*
" Untill a time may ſerve."

See alſo Vol. V. p. 36, n. 5; p. 228, n. 8; and Vol. II. p. 4, n. 4.

MALONE.

With Tarquin's raviſhing &c.] The juſtneſs of this ſimilitude is not very obvious. But a ſtanza, in his poem of *Tarquin and Lucrece*, will explain it:

" Now

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That ſummons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE

" Now *ſtole upon the time the dead of night,*
" When heavy ſleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
" No comfortable *ſtar did lend his light,*
" No noiſe but owls' and *wolves' dead-boding cries;*
" Now ſerves the ſeaſon that they may ſurpriſe
" The ſilly lambs. Pure thoughts are dead and ſtill,
" *While* luſt *and* murder *wake, to ſtain and kill.*" WARB.

2 *Thou ſure and firm-ſet earth,*] The old copy reads—Thou *ſecure.* The emendation now adopted was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

So, in Act IV. ſc. iii:

" Great tyranny, lay thou thy baſis *ſure.*" STEEVENS.

3 — *which* way *they walk,*] The folio reads—*which they* may *walk*—. STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

4 *Thy very ſtones prate of my where about,*] The following paſſage in a play which has been already mentioned, and which Langbaine ſays was very popular in the time of queen Elizabeth, *A Warning for faire Women*, 1599, perhaps ſuggeſted this thought:

" Mountains will not ſuffice to cover it,
" Cimmerian darkneſſe cannot ſhadow it,
" Nor any policy wit hath in ſtore,
" Cloake it ſo cunningly, but at the laſt,
" If nothing elſe, yet will *the very ſtones*
" That lie within the ſtreets, *cry out for vengeance,*
" And point at us to be the murderers." MALONE.

5 *And take the preſent horrour from the time,*
Which now ſuits with it.] i. e. left the noiſe from the ſtones take away from this midnight ſeaſon that preſent horror which ſuits ſo well with what is going to be acted in it. What was the horror he means? *Silence*; than which nothing can be more horrid to the perpetrator of an atrocious deſign. This ſhews a great knowledge of human nature. WARBURTON.

Whether to *take horrour from the time* means not rather to *catch it* as communicated, than to *deprive the time of horrour*, deſerves to be conſidered. JOHNSON.

The latter is ſurely the true meaning. Macbeth would have nothing break through the univerſal ſilence that added ſuch a horror to the night, as ſuited well with the bloody deed he was about to perform. Mr. Burke, in his *Eſſay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, obſerves, that " all general privations are great, becauſe they are all terrible;" and, with other things, he gives *ſilence* as an inſtance, illuſtrating the whole by that remarkable paſſage in *Virgil*, where amidſt all the images of

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—Hark!—Peace!
It was the owl that ſhriek'd, the fatal bell-man [6],
Which gives the ſtern'ſt good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the ſurfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with ſnores [7]: I have drugg'd their poſſets [8],

terror that could be united, the circumſtance of *ſilence* is particularly dwelt upon:

"Dii quibus imperium eſt animarum, umbræque *ſilentes*,
"Et chaos et Phlegethon, loca nocte *ſilentia* late."

When Statius in the fifth book of the Thebaid deſcribes the Lemnian Maſſacre, his frequent notice of the ſilence and ſolitude after the deed is ſtriking in a wonderful degree:

"Conticuere domus," &c. STEEVENS.

Dryden's well-known lines, which expoſed him to ſo much ridicule,

"An *horrid* ſtillneſs firſt invades the ear,
"And in that *ſilence* we the tempeſt hear—"

ſhow, that he had the ſame idea of the awfulneſs of ſilence as our poet. MALONE.

[6] *It was the* owl *that ſhriek'd*; *the fatal bell-man*,] So, in *King Richard III:*

"Out on ye, *owls!* nothing but ſongs of *death!*" MALONE.

[7] — *the ſurfeited grooms*
Do mock *their charge with ſnores:*] i. e. By going to ſleep, they triſle and make light of the truſt repoſed in them, that it was the general cuſtom to eat *poſſets* juſt before bed-time. Macbeth himſelf has already ſaid:

"Go bid thy miſtreſs, when my *drink* is ready,
"She ſtrike upon the bell."

And in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Mrs. Quickly promiſes Jack Rugby "a *poſſet* at night." STEEVENS.

That

That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die[9].

Macb. [*within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them[1].—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't[2].—My husband?

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry. Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

[9] — *death and nature do contend about them,*
Whether they live, or die.] So, in *All's Well that ends well:*
" ——— Nature and sickness
" Debate it at their leisure." MALONE.

[1] — *Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,*
He could not miss them.] Compare Euripides,—Orestes, v. 1291, where Electra stands sentinel at the door of the palace whilst Orestes is within for the purpose of murdering Helen. The dread of a surprise, and eagerness for the business, make Electra conclude that the deed must be done ere time enough had elapsed for attempting it. She listens with anxious impatience; and hearing nothing, expresses strong fears lest the daggers should have failed. Read the whole passage. S. W.

[2] — *Had he not resembled*
My father as he slept, I had done't.] This is very artful. For, as the poet has drawn the lady and her husband, it would be thought the act should have been done by her. It is likewise highly just; for though ambition had subdued in her all the sentiments of nature towards *present* objects, yet the likeness of one *past*, which she had been accustomed to regard with reverence, made her unnatural passions, for a moment, give way to the sentiments of instinct and humanity. WARBURTON.

The same circumstance on a similar occasion is introduced by Statius in the fifth book of his *Thebaid*, v. 236:

Ut vero Alcimeden etiamnum in murmure truncos
Ferre patris vultus, et egentem sanguinis ensem
Conspexi, riguere comæ, atque in viscera sævus
Horror iit. Meus ille Thoas, mea dira videri
Dextra mihi. Extemplo thalamis turbata paternis
Imeror.

Thoas was the father of Hypsipyle, the speaker. STEEVENS.

Macb. As I deſcended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—Who lies i'the ſecond chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a ſorry ſight[3]. [*Looking on his hand.*

Lady M. A fooliſh thought, to ſay a ſorry ſight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his ſleep, and one cry'd, *murder!*

That they did wake each other; I ſtood and heard them:
But they did ſay their prayers, and addreſs'd them
Again to ſleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, *God bleſs us!* and, *Amen*, the other;
As they had ſeen me*, with theſe hangman's hands,
Liſtening their fear[4]. I could not ſay, amen,
When they did ſay, God bleſs us.

Lady M. Conſider it not ſo deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?
I had moſt need of bleſſing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought
After theſe ways; ſo, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder ſleep, the innocent ſleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd ſleave of care[5],

The

[3] *This is a ſorry ſight.*] This expreſſion might have been borrowed from Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. V. c. 1. ſt. 14:

"To whom as they approched, they eſpide
"A *ſorie ſight* as ever ſeene with eye;
"A headleſſe ladie lying him beſide,
"In her own *blood* all wallow'd wofully." WHALLEY.

* *As they had ſeen me,*] *As* for *As if.* See p. 254, n. 4. MALONE.

[4] Liſtening *their fear.*] i. e. *Liſtening* to *their fear*, the particle omitted. This is common in our author. *Jul. Cæſar*, Act IV. ſc. ii:

"—— and now Octavius,
"*Liſten* great things."

Contemporary writers took the ſame liberty. So, in the *World toſs'd at Tennis*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1620:

"*Liſten* the plaints of thy poor votaries." STEEVENS.

[5] — *the ravell'd ſleave of care,*] *Sleeve* ſignifies the ravell'd knotty part of the ſilk, which gives great trouble and embarraſſment to the knitter or weaver. HEATH.

A poet

The death of each day's life, ſore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds[6], *great nature's ſecond courſe,*
Chief nouriſher in life's feaſt[7];—

A poet of Shakſpeare's age, Drayton, has likewiſe alluded to *ſleaved* or *ravelled ſilk*, in his *Queſt of Cynthia*:

" At length I on a fountain light,
" Whoſe brim with pinks was platted,
" The bank with daffadillies dight,
" With graſs, like *ſleave*, was *matted*." LANGTON.

Sleave appears to have ſignified *coarſe*, *ſoft*, unwrought ſilk. *Seta groſſolana*, Ital. Cotgrave in his DICT. 1660, renders *ſoye floſche*, "ſleave ſilk." See alſo *ibid.* "*Cadurre*, pour faire *capiton*. The tow, or coarſeſt part of ſilke, whereof *ſleave* is made."—In *Troilus and Creſſida* we have—"Thou idle immaterial ſkein of *ſleave* ſilk." Again, (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved,) in Holinſhed, p. 835: "Eight wild men, all apparalled in green moſs made of *ſleeved* ſilk." MALONE.

[6] Sleep, *that* knits *up the ravell'd* ſleave *of* care,
The death of each day's life, ſore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds,] Is it not probable that Shakſpeare remembered the following verſes in Sir Philip Sydney's *Aſtrophel and Stella*, a poem, from which he has quoted a line in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*:

" Come *ſleepe*, O ſleepe, the certain *knot* of peace,
" The *bathing* place of wits, the *balm* of woe,
" The poor man's wealth, the priſoner's releaſe,
" The indifferent judge between the high and low."

So alſo, in *the Famous Hiſtorie of George Lord Fauconbridge*, &c. bl. let: " — Yet ſleep, *the comforter of diſtreſſed minds*, could not lock up her eyes." Again, in Golding's Tranſlation of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes*, B. VIII. 1587:

" — At ſuch a time as folkes are wont to find *releaſe*
" Of *cares* that all the day before were working in their heds,
" By *ſleep*, &c.

Again, ibid, B. XI.

" O *ſleepe*, quoth ſhe, the reſt of things, O gentleſt of the goddes,
" Sweete ſleepe, the peace of mind, with whom crookt *care* is aye at odds;
" Which cheriſheſt men's weary limbs appall'd with *toyling ſore*,
" And makeſt them as freſh to worke, and luſtie as before."

The late Mr. Gray had perhaps our author's "*death* of each *day's* life" in his thoughts, when he wrote—

" The curfew tolls the *knell* of parting *day*." MALONE.

The death of each day's life, means *the end of each day's labour, the concluſion of all that buſtle and fatigue that each day's life brings with it.* STEEVENS.

[7] *Chief nouriſher in life's feaſt*;] So, in Chaucer's *Squiere's Tale*, v. 10661; late edit.

" The *nurice* of digeſtion, the *ſlepe*." STEEVENS.

Lady M.

Lady M. What do you mean?

Mach. Still it cry'd, *Sleep no more!* to all the houſe: *Glamis hath murder'd ſleep; and therefore Cawdor Shall ſleep no more, Macbeth ſhall ſleep no more!*

Lady M. Who was it, that thus cry'd? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble ſtrength, to think
So brain-ſickly of things:—Go, get ſome water,
And waſh this filthy witneſs from your hand.—
Why did you bring theſe daggers from the place?
They muſt lie there: Go, carry them; and ſmear
The ſleepy grooms with blood.

Mach. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpoſe!
Give me the daggers: The ſleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil[8]. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it muſt ſeem their guilt[9]. [*Exit.* *Knocking within.*

Mach. Whence is that knocking!

[8] —*'tis the eye of childhood,*
That fears a painted devil.] So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:
"*Terrify babes*, my lord, with *painted devils.*" STEEVENS.

[9] *I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,*
For it muſt ſeem their guilt.] Could Shakſpeare poſſibly mean to play upon the ſimilitude of *gild* and *guilt?* JOHNSON.

This quibble very frequently occurs in the old plays. A few inſtances (for I could produce a dozen at leaſt) may ſuffice:

"*Cand.* You have a ſilver beaker of my wife's?
"*Flu.* You ſay not true, 'tis *gilt.*
"*Cand.* Then you ſay true:——
"And being *gilt*, the *guilt* lies more on you."

Again, in Middleton's comedy of *A mad World my Maſters*, 1608:
"Though *guilt* condemns, 'tis *gilt* muſt make us glad."

And, laſtly, from Shakſpeare himſelf:
"England ſhall double *gild* his treble *guilt.*" *Henry IV.* P. II.

Again, in *King Henry V:*
"Have for the *gilt* of France, O *guilt* indeed!" STEEVENS.

See Vol. V. *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act IV. ſc. laſt. MALONE.

How

How is't with me, when every noiſe appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean waſh this blood [1]
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous ſeas incarnardine [2],

Making

[1] *Will all great Neptune's ocean waſh this blood* &c.]

" *Suſcipit, ó Gelli, quantum non ultima Tethys,*
" *Nec genitor nymphárum abluit oceanus.*"
Catullus in Gellium, 83.

Οἶμαι γὰρ οὔτ' ἂν Ἴστρον οὔτε Φᾶσιν ἄν
Νίψαι καθαρσίοις τοῦδε τὸν στέγει. *Sophoc. Oedip.*

" *Quis eluet me Tanais? aut quæ barbaris*
" *Maeotis undis Pontico incumbens mari?*
" *Non ipſe toto magnus oceano pater*
" *Tantum expiarit ſceleris!*" Senec. Hippol. STEEVENS.

So, in the *Inſatiate Countеſſe*, by Marſton, 1603:

" Although the waves of all the northern ſea
" Should flow for ever through theſe guilty hands,
" Yet the ſanguinolent ſtain would extant be." MALONE.

[2] *The* multitudinous *ſeas* incarnardine,] To *incarnardine*, is to ſtain any thing of a fleſh colour, or red. *Carnardine* is the old term for *carnation*. So, in a comedy called *Any Thing for a quiet Life*:

" Grograms, ſattins, velvet fine,
" The roſy-colour'd *carnardine*." STEEVENS.

By *the multitudinous ſeas*, perhaps the poet meant, not the ſeas of every denomination, as the Caſpian, &c. (as ſome have thought,) nor the many-coloured ſeas, (as others contend,) but the ſeas which ſwarm with myriads of inhabitants. Thus Homer:

" Ἤστην ἐπ' ἸΧΘΥΟΕΝΤΑ [illegible] ἀναυρὸν ἐφορμαι."

The word is uſed by Ben Jonſon, and by Thomas Decker in *the Wonderful Year*, 1603, in which we find " the *multitudinous ſpawn*." It is objected by Mr. Kenrick, that Macbeth in his preſent diſpoſition of mind would hardly have adverted to a property of the ſea, which has ſo little relation to the object immediately before him; and if Macbeth had really ſpoken this ſpeech in his caſtle of Inverneſſe, the remark would be juſt. But the critick ſhould have remembered, that this ſpeech is not the real effuſion of a diſtempered mind, but the compoſition of Shakſpeare; of that poet, who has put a circumſtantial account of an apothecary's ſhop into the mouth of Romeo, the moment after he has heard the fatal news of his ſuppoſed Juliet's death;—and of Othello, when in the anguiſh of his heart he determines to kill his wife, digreſs from the object which agitates his ſoul, to deſcribe minutely the courſe of the Pontick ſea.

Mr. Steevens objects in the following note to this explanation, thinking it more probable that Shakſpeare ſhould refer " to ſome viſible quality

Making the green one, red[3].

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I ſhame
To wear a heart ſo white[4]. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At

quality in the ocean," than "to its concealed inhabitants; to the waters that might admit of diſcoloration," than "to the fiſhes whoſe hue could ſuffer no change from the tinct of blood." But in what page of our author do we find his alluſions thus curiouſly rounded, and complete in all their parts? Or rather does not every page of theſe volumes furniſh us with images crouded on each other, that are not naturally connected, and ſometimes are even diſcordant? Hamlet's propoſing to take up *arms* againſt a *ſea* of troubles is a well known example of this kind, and twenty others might be produced. Our author certainly alludes to the waters, which are capable of diſcoloration, and not to the fiſhes. His alluſion to the waters is expreſſed by the word *ſeas*; to which, if he has added an epithet that has no very cloſe connection with the ſubject immediately before him, he has only followed his uſual practice.

If however no alluſion was intended to the myriads of inhabitants with which the deep is peopled, I believe by the *multitudinous ſeas* was meant, not the *many-waved* ocean, as is ſuggeſted below, but *the countleſs maſſes of waters wherever diſperſed on the ſurface of the globe*; the *multitudes of ſeas*, as Heywood has it in a paſſage quoted in p. 333, that perhaps our author remembered: and indeed it muſt be owned that his having uſed the plural *ſeas* ſeems to countenance ſuch an interpretation; for the ſingular *ſea* is equally ſuited to the epithet *multitudinous* in the ſenſe of πολυσταγης, and would certainly have correſponded better with the ſubſequent line. MALONE.

I believe that Shakſpeare referred to ſome viſible quality in the ocean, rather than to its concealed inhabitants; to the waters that might admit of diſcoloration, and not to the fiſhes whoſe hue could ſuffer no change from the tinct of blood. Waves appearing over waves are no unapt ſymbol of a crowd. "A ſea of heads" is a phraſe employed by one of our legitimate poets, but by which of them I do not at preſent recollect. Blackmore in his *Job* has ſwelled the ſame idea to a ridiculous bulk:

"A waving ſea of heads was round me ſpread,
"And ſtill freſh ſtreams the gazing deluge fed."

He who beholds an audience, whether in the ſtage or any other multitude gazing on any particular object, muſt perceive that their heads are gaiſed over each other, *velut unda ſuperurgens undam*. If therefore our author by the "*multitudinous* ſea" does not mean the *aggregate of ſeas*, he muſt be underſtood to deſign the *multitude of waves*, or *the waves that have the appearance of a multitude*. STEEVENS.

[3] *Making*

At the ſouth entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:

How

3 *Making the green one, red.*] The ſame thought occurs in *The Downfal of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, [by T. Heywood,] 1601:

" He made the *green ſea red* with Turkiſh blood."

Again: " The *multitudes* of ſeas died *red* with blood."

Another not unlike it is found in Spenſer's *F. Q.* b. ii. c. 10. ſt. 48:

" The whiles with blood they all the ſhore did ſtain,
" And the *grey ocean into purple dye.*"

Again, in the 19th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

" And the vaſt *greeniſh ſea diſcolour'd like to blood.*" STEEVENS.

The ſame thought is alſo found in the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, by Fletcher, 1634:

" Thou mighty one, that with thy power haſt turn'd
" *Green Neptune into purple.*"

The preſent paſſage is one of thoſe alluded to in a note on *As you like it*, Vol. III. p. 134, n. 5, in which, I apprehend, our author's words have been refined into a ſenſe that he never thought of. The other is in *Othello*:

" Put out the light, and then put out the light."

The line before us, on the ſuggeſtion of the ingenious author of *The Gray's-Inn Journal*, has been printed in ſome late editions in the following manner:

Making the green—one red.

Every part of this line, as thus regulated, appears to me exceptionable. *One red* does not ſound to my ear as the phraſeology of the age of Elizabeth; and *the green*, for the green *one*, or for the green *ſea*, is, I am perſuaded, unexampled. The quaintneſs introduced by ſuch a regulation ſeems of an entirely different colour from the quaintneſſes of Shakſpeare. He would have written, I have no doubt, " Making the green *ſea*, red," (So, in *the Tempeſt*:

" And 'twixt *the green ſea* and the azure vault
" Set roaring war.")

if he had not uſed the word *ſea* in the preceding line, which forced him to employ another word here. As to prevent the ear being offended, we have in the paſſage before us, " the *green one*," inſtead of " the green *ſea*," ſo we have in *K. Henry VIII.* Act I. ſc. ii. " lame *ones*," to avoid a ſimilar repetition:

" They have all new *legs*, and *lame ones*."

Again, in *the Merchant of Venice*:

" A ſtage where every man muſt play a part,
" And mine a *ſad one*."

Though the punctuation of the old copy is very often faulty, yet in all doubtful caſes, it ought, when ſupported by more deciſive circumſtances, to have ſome *little* weight. In the preſent inſtance, the line is pointed as in the text:

Making the green one, red. MALONE.

How eaſy is it then? Your conſtancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your night-gown, leſt occaſion call us,
And ſhew us to be watchers:—Be not loſt
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed,—'twere beſt not know myſelf[5].
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would, thou could'ſt[6]!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[4] *My hands are of your colour, but I ſcorn*
To wear a heart ſo white.] A ſimilar antitheſis is found in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*, written before 1593:
" Your cheeks are black, let not your *ſoul look white.*"
MALONE.

[5] *To know my deed,—'twere beſt not know myſelf.*] I. e. While I have *the thoughts* of this deed, it were beſt not know, or *be loſt* to, myſelf. WARBURTON.

[6] *Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou could'ſt!*] Macbeth is addreſſing the perſon who knocks at the outward gate.—Sir William D'Avenant, in his alteration of this play, reads (and intended probably to point)—" Wake, Duncan, with *this* knocking!" conceiving that Macbeth called upon *Duncan* to awake. From the ſame miſapprehenſion, I once thought his emendation right; but there is certainly no need of change.

After the horrour and agitation of this ſcene, the reader may perhaps not be diſpleaſed to pauſe for a few minutes. The conſummate art which Shakſpeare has diſplayed in the preparation for the murder of Duncan, and during the commiſſion of the dreadful act, cannot but ſtrike every intelligent reader. An ingenious writer, however, whoſe comparative view of Macbeth and Richard III. has juſt reached my hands, has developed ſome of the more minute traits of character of Macbeth, particularly in the preſent and ſubſequent ſcene, with ſuch acuteneſs of obſervation, that I am tempted to tranſcribe ſuch of his remarks as relate to the ſubject now before us, though I do not *entirely* agree with him. After having proved by a deduction of many particulars, that the towering ambition of Richard is of a very different colour from that of Macbeth, whoſe weaker deſires ſeem only to aim at pre-eminence of place, not of dominion, he ſays, " Upon the ſame principle a diſtinction ſtill ſtronger is made in the article of courage, though both are poſſeſſed of it even to an eminent degree; but in Richard it is intrepidity, and in Macbeth no more than reſolution: in him it proceeds from exertion, not from nature; in enterprize he betrays a degree of fear, though he is able, when occaſion requires, to ſtifle and ſubdue it. When he and his wife are conceiting the murder, his doubt, " if we

SCENE III.

The ſame.

Enter a Porter. [*Knocking within.*

Port. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter

we ſhould fail?" is a difficulty raiſed by an apprehenſion; and as ſoon as that is removed by the contrivance of Lady Macbeth, to make the officers drunk and lay the crime upon them, he runs with violence into the other extreme of confidence, and cries out, with a rapture unuſual to him,

" — Bring forth men children only, &c.
" —— Will it not be receiv'd
" When we have mark'd with blood theſe ſleepy two
" Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
" That they have done it?

which queſtion he puts to her who had the moment before ſuggeſted the thought of

" His ſpungy officers, who ſhall bear the guilt
" Of our great quell."

and his aſking it again, proceeds from that extravagance with which a delivery from apprehenſion and doubt is always accompanied. Then ſummoning all his fortitude he ſays, "I am ſettled," &c. and proceeds to the bloody buſineſs without any further recoil. But a certain degree of reſtleſſneſs and anxiety ſtill continues, ſuch as is conſtantly felt by a man not naturally very bold, worked up to a momentous atchievement. His imagination dwells entirely on the circumſtances of horrour which ſurround him; the viſion of the dagger; the darkneſs and the ſtillneſs of the night, and the terrors and the prayers of the chamberlains. Lady Macbeth, who is cool and undiſmayed, attends to the buſineſs only; conſiders of the place where ſhe had laid the daggers ready; the impoſſibility of his miſſing them; and is afraid of nothing but a diſappointment. She is earneſt and eager; he is uneaſy and impatient; and therefore wiſhes it over:

" I go, and it is done;" &c.

But a reſolution thus forced cannot hold longer than the immediate occaſion for it: the moment after that is accompliſhed for which it was neceſſary, his thoughts take the contrary turn, and he cries out in agony and deſpair,

" Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou could'ſt!"

That courage which had ſupported him while he was *ſettled and bent up*, forſakes him ſo immediately after he has performed the *terrible feat*, for which it had been exerted, that he forgets the favourite circumſtance of laying it on the officers of the bedchamber; and when

ter of hell-gate, he ſhould have old turning[7] the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there, i'the

reminded of it he refuſes to return and complete his work, acknowledging,

"I am afraid to think what I have done;
"Look out again I dare not."

His diſorder'd ſenſes deceive him; and his debilitated ſpirits fail him; he owns that "every noiſe appals him;" he liſtens when nothing ſtirs; he miſtakes the ſounds he does hear; he is ſo confuſed as not to know whence the knocking proceeds. She, who is more calm, knows that it is from the ſouth entry; ſhe gives clear and direct anſwers to all the incoherent queſtions he aſks her; but he returns none to that which ſhe puts to him; and though after ſome time, and when neceſſity again urges him to recollect himſelf, he recovers ſo far as to conceal his diſtreſs, yet he ſtill is not able to divert his thoughts from it: all his anſwers to the trivial queſtions of Lenox and Macduff are evidently given by a man thinking of ſomething elſe; and by taking a tincture from the ſubject of his attention, they become equivocal:

Macd. Is the king ſtirring, worthy thane?
Macb. Not yet.
Len. Goes the king hence to-day?
Macb. He did appoint ſo.
Len. The night has been unruly; where we lay
Chimneys were blown down; &c.
Macb. Twas a rough night.

Not yet implies that he will by and by, and is a kind of guard againſt any ſuſpicion of his knowing that the king would never ſtir more. *He did appoint ſo*, is the very counterpart of that which he had ſaid to Lady Macbeth, when on his firſt meeting her ſhe aſked him,

"*Lady M.* When goes he hence?
"*Macb.* To-morrow, as he purpoſes."

in both which anſwers he alludes to his diſappointing the king's intention. And when forced to make ſome reply to the long deſcription given by Lenox, he puts off the ſubject which the other was ſo much inclined to dwell on, by a ſlight acquieſcence in what had been ſaid of the roughneſs of the night; but not like a man who had been attentive to the account, or was willing to keep up the converſation." *Remarks on ſome of the Characters of Shakſpeare*, [by Mr. Wheatley] 8vo. 1785.

To theſe ingenious obſervations I entirely ſubſcribe, except that I think the wavering irreſolution and agitation of Macbeth after the murder ought not to be aſcribed ſolely to a remiſſion of courage, ſince much of it may be imputed to the remorſe which would ariſe in a man who was of a good natural diſpoſition, and is deſcribed as originally "full of the milk of human kindneſs;—not without ambition, but without the illneſs ſhould attend it." MALONE.

[7] — old *turning*—] That is, frequent turning. See Vol. V. p. 324, n. 2. MALONE.

name

name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hang'd himſelf on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enough[7] about you; here you'll ſweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Who's there, i'the other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could ſwear in both the ſcales againſt either ſcale; who committed treaſon enough for God's ſake[8], yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? 'Faith, here's an Engliſh taylor come hither, for ſtealing out of a French hoſe[9]: come in, taylor; here you may roaſt your gooſe. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter

7 — napkins *enough*—] i. e. handkerchiefs. So, in *Othello*:
"Your *napkin* is too little." STEEVENS.

8 — *here's an equivocator,—who committed treaſon enough for God's ſake,*] Meaning a jeſuit: an order ſo troubleſome to the ſtate in queen Elizabeth and king James the firſt's time; the inventors of the execrable doctrine of *equivocation*. WARBURTON.

9 — *here's an Engliſh taylor come hither, for ſtealing out of a French hoſe:*] The archneſs of the joke conſiſts in this, that a French hoſe being very ſhort and ſtrait, a taylor muſt be maſter of his trade who could ſteal any thing from thence. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has ſaid this at random. The *French hoſe* (according to Stubbs in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*) were in the year 1595 much in faſhion:—"*The Gallick hoſen are made* very large and wide, *reaching down to their knees only, with three or foure gardes apeece laid down along either hoſe.*" Again, in the *Deſtruction of Conycatching*, 1596: "Bleſt be the *French* ſleeves and breech verdingales, that *grants them* (the taylors) *leave to conny-catch ſo mightily.*" STEEVENS.

When Mr. Steevens cenſured Dr. Warburton in this place, he forgot the uncertainty of *French faſhions*. In the *Treaſury of ancient and modern Times*, 1613, we have an account (from Guyon, I ſuppoſe) of the old French dreſſes: "*Mens hoſe* anſwered in length to their ſhort-ſkirted doublets; being made *cloſe to their limbes*, wherein they had no meanes for pockets." And *Withers*, in his ſatyr againſt vanity, ridicules "the ſpruce, *diminitive*, neat, *Frenchman's hoſe*." FARMER.

From the following paſſages in *The Scornful Lady*, by B. and Fletcher, which appeared about the year 1613, it may be collected what long breeches were then in faſhion:

Saville. [an old ſteward.] "A comelier wear, I wis, than your *dangling ſlops*." Afterwards Young Loveleſs ſays to the ſteward,—"This is as plain as your old *minikin breeches*." MALONE.

it no further: I had thought to have let in ſome of all profeſſions, that go the primroſe way to the everlaſting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [*opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF, *and* LENOX.

Macd. Was it ſo late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie ſo late?

Port. 'Faith, ſir, we were carouſing till the ſecond cock: and drink, ſir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth drink eſpecially provoke?

Port. Marry, ſir, noſe-painting, ſleep, and urine. Lechery, ſir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the deſire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be ſaid to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it ſets him on, and it takes him off; it perſuades him, and diſheartens him; makes him ſtand to, and not ſtand to: in concluſion, equivocates him in a ſleep[1], and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie laſt night[2].

Port.

[1] — *equivocates him* in *a ſleep*,] We ſhould read—*into* a ſleep; or—*into* ſleep. MASON.

[2] *I believe, drink gave thee the lie* laſt night.] It is not very eaſy to aſcertain preciſely the time when Duncan is murdered. The converſation that paſſes between Banquo and Macbeth in the firſt ſcene of this act might lead us to ſuppoſe that when Banquo retired to reſt it was not *much* after twelve o'clock:

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And ſhe goes down at *twelve*.

Fle. I take't 'tis later ſir.

The king was then "abed;" and immediately after Banquo retires Lady Macbeth ſtrikes upon the bell, and Macbeth commits the murder. In a few minutes afterwards the knocking at the gate commences, (end of ſc. ii.) and no time can be ſuppoſed to elapſe between the ſecond and the third ſcene, becauſe the porter gets up in conſequence of the knocking: yet here Macduff talks of *laſt night*, and ſays that he was commanded to call *timely* on the king, and that he fears he has almoſt

Port. That it did, ſir, i'the very throat o'me: But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too ſtrong for him, though he took up my legs ſometime, yet I made a ſhift to caſt him [3].

Macd. Is thy maſter ſtirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble ſir!
Macb. Good-morrow, both!
Macd. Is the king ſtirring, worthy thane?
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;

almoſt overpaſs'd the hour; and the porter tells him "we were carouſing till *the ſecond cock*;" ſo that we muſt ſuppoſe it to be now at leaſt ſix o'clock; for Macduff has already expreſſed his ſurprize that the porter ſhould lie *ſo late*.

From Lady Macbeth's words in the fifth act,—"One,—two—'tis time to do't,"—it *ſhould ſeem* that the murder was committed at *two* o'clock, and that hour is certainly not inconſiſtent with the converſation above quoted between Banquo and his ſon; for we are not told how much later than twelve it was when Banquo retired to reſt: but even the hour of *two* will not correſpond with what the Porter and Macduff ſay in the preſent ſcene.

I ſuſpect our author (who is ſeldom very exact in his computation of time) in fact meant that the murder ſhould be ſuppoſed to be committed a little before *day-break*, which exactly correſponds with the ſpeech of Macduff now before us, though not ſo well with the other circumſtances already mentioned, or with Lady Macbeth's deſiring her huſband to put on his nightgown (that he might have the appearance of one newly roſe'd from bed,) "leſt occaſion ſhould call them, and ſhew them to be *watchers*;" which may ſignify perſons who ſit up *late* at night, but can hardly mean thoſe who do not go to bed till *day-break*.

Shakſpeare, I believe, was led to fix the time of Duncan's murder near the break of day by Holinſhed's account of the murder of king Duffe, already quoted:—"he was long in his oratorie, and there continued till it was *late in the night*." Donwald's ſervants "enter the chamber where the king laie, *a little before cocks crow*, where they ſecretlie cut his throat." Donwald himſelf ſat up with the officers of the guard the whole of the night. MALONE.

[3] — *I made a ſhift to caſt him.*] To *caſt him up*, to eaſe my ſtomach of him. The equivocation is between *caſt* or *throw*, as a term of wreſtling, and *caſt* or *caſt up*. JOHNSON.

I have almoſt ſlipt the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, phyſicks pain[4].
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make ſo bold to call,
For 'tis my limited ſervice[5]. [*Exit* MACDUFF.

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint ſo.

Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they ſay,
Lamentings heard i'the air; ſtrange ſcreams of death;
And propheſying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combuſtion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time[6]: The obſcure bird
Clamour'd

[4] *The* labour *we* delight *in, phyſicks* pain.] So, in *the Tempeſt*:
"There be ſome ſports are *painful*; and their *labour*
"*Delight* in them ſets off." MALONE.

[5] *For 'tis my* limited *ſervice.*] *Limited*, for appointed. WARB.
See Vol. V. p. 112, n. 8. MALONE.

[6] *And propheſying, with accents terrible,*
Of dire combuſtion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time:] *New hatch'd* relates, not to the laſt antecedent, *confus'd events*, but to *propheſying*, which in the metaphor holds the place of the egg. The events are the fruit of ſuch hatching. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon obſerves, that "a *prophecy* of an *event new-hatch'd* ſeems to be a *prophecy of an event paſt*. And a *prophecy new-hatch'd* is a wry expreſſion." The conſtruction ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens meets with the firſt objection. Yet the following paſſage in which the ſame imagery is found, inclines me to believe that our author meant, that *new hatch'd* ſhould be referred to *events*, though the events were yet to come. Allowing for his uſual inaccuracy with reſpect to the active and paſſive participle, the events may be ſaid to be "the *hatch* and brood of time." See *King Henry IV.* P. II:
"The which obſerv'd, a man may *propheſy*,
"With a near aim, of the main chance of things
"*As yet not come to life*; which in their ſeeds
"And weak beginnings lie entreaſured.
"Such *things* become the *hatch* and brood of *time*."

Here

Clamour'd the live-long night: ſome ſay, the earth
Was feverous, and did ſhake[7].

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horrour! horrour! horrour! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive[8], nor name thee!

Macb. Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confuſion now hath made his maſter-piece!
Moſt ſacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and ſtole thence
The life o'the building.

Macb. What is't you ſay? the life?

Len. Mean you his majeſty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and deſtroy your ſight
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me ſpeak;
See, and then ſpeak yourſelves.—Awake! awake!—
[*Exeunt* MACBETH *and* LENOX.
Ring the alarum-bell:—Murder! and treaſon!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy ſleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itſelf!—up, up, and ſee
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!

Here certainly it is the *thing* or *event*, and not the *prophecy*, which is the *batch* of *time*; but it muſt be acknowledged, the word "*become*" ſufficiently marks the future time. If therefore the conſtruction that I have ſuggeſted be the true one, *batch'd* muſt be here uſed for *batching*, or "*in the ſtate of being batch'd.*"—*To* the woeful time, means—to *ſuit* the woeful time. MALONE.

7 — *ſome ſay, the earth*
Was feverous, and did ſhake.] So, in *Coriolanus*:
"——— as if the world
"Was feverous, and did tremble." STEEVENS.

8 — *Tongue, nor heart,*
Cannot conceive, &c.] The uſe of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more ſtrongly, is very common in our author. So, in *Julius Cæſar*, Act III. ſc. i:
"——— there is no harm
"Intended to your perſon, *nor* to *no* Roman elſe." STEEVENS.

As from your graves riſe up, and walk like ſprights,
To countenance this horrour[9]! [*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the buſineſs,
That ſuch a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The ſleepers of the houſe? ſpeak, ſpeak.—
Macd. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can ſpeak:
The repetition in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell[1].—O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter

9 — *this horrour!*] Here the old edition adds, *ring the bell*, which Theobald rejected, as a direction to the players. He has been followed by Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnſon. Shakſpeare might think a repetition of the command to ring the bell neceſſary, and I know not how an editor is authorized to reject that which apparently makes a part of his author's text. STEEVENS.

The ſubſequent hemiſtich—"What's the buſineſs!"—which completes the metre of the preceding line, without the words "Ring the bell," affords, in my opinion, a ſtrong preſumptive proof that theſe words were only a marginal direction. It ſhould be remembered that the ſtage directions were formerly often couched in imperative terms: "Draw a knife;" "Play muſick;" "Ring the bell;" &c. In the original copy we have here indeed alſo—*Bell rings*, as a marginal direction; but this was inſerted, I imagine, from the players miſconceiving what Shakſpeare had in truth ſet down in his copy as a dramatick direction to the property-man, ("Ring the bell.") for a part of Macduff's ſpeech; and, to diſtinguiſh the direction which they inſerted, from the ſuppoſed words of the ſpeaker, they departed from the uſual imperative form. Throughout the whole of the preceding ſcene we have conſtantly an imperative direction to the prompter: "*Knock* within."

I ſuppoſe, it was in conſequence of an imperfect recollection of this hemiſtich, that Mr. Pope, having in his preface charged the editors of the firſt folio with introducing ſtage-directions into their author's text, in ſupport of his aſſertion quotes the following line:

"My queen is murder'd:—*ring the little bell.*"

a line that is not found in any edition of theſe plays that I have met with, nor, I believe, in any other book. MALONE.

1 *The repetition in a woman's ear,*
Would murder as it fell.] So, in *Hamlet*:

"—He would drown the ſtage with tears,
"And cleave the general ear with horrid ſpeech."

Again

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal maſter's murder'd!
Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our houſe[2]?
Ban. Too cruel, any where.—
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyſelf,
And ſay, it is not ſo.

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENOX.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a bleſſed time[3]; for, from this inſtant,
There's nothing ſerious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiſs?
Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The ſpring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is ſtopp'd; the very ſource of it is ſtopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Again, in *the Puritan*, 1607: "The puniſhments that ſhall follow you in this world, would *with horrour kill the ear* ſhould hear them related." MALONE.

[2] *What, in our houſe?*] This is very fine. Had ſhe been innocent, nothing but the murder itſelf, and not any of its aggravating circumſtances, would naturally have affected her. As it was, her buſineſs was to appear highly diſordered at the news. Therefore, like one who has her thoughts about her, ſhe ſeeks for an aggravating circumſtance, that might be ſuppoſed moſt to affect her perſonally; not conſidering, that by placing it there, ſhe diſcovered rather a concern for herſelf than for the king. On the contrary, her huſband, who had repented the act, and was now labouring under the horrors of a recent murder, in his exclamation, gives all the marks of ſorrow for the fact itſelf. WARBURTON.

[3] *Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,*
I had liv'd a bleſſed time;] So, in *the Winter's Tale*:
"——— Undone, undone!
"If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
"To die when I deſire." MALONE.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Thoſe of his chamber, as it ſeem'd, had done't;
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood [4],
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows [5]; they ſtar'd, and were diſtracted;
No man's life was to be truſted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you ſo?

Macb. Who can be wiſe, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauſer reaſon.—Here lay Duncan,
His ſilver ſkin lac'd with his golden blood [6];

And

[4] — badg'd *with blood,*] I once thought that our author wrote—*bath'd*; but *badg'd* is certainly right. So, in the ſecond part of *King Henry VI*:

"With murder's crimſon *badge.*" MALONE.

[5] — *their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found*
Upon their pillows;] This idea, perhaps, was taken from the *Man of Lawes Tale*, l. 5027. Tyrwhitt's edit.

"And in the bed the blody knif he fond." STEEVENS.

[6] — *Here lay Duncan,*
His ſilver ſkin lac'd with his golden blood;] Mr. Pope has endeavoured to improve one of theſe lines by ſubſtituting *goary blood* for *golden blood*; but it may eaſily be admitted that he who could on ſuch an occaſion talk of *lacing the ſilver ſkin*, would *lace it* with *golden blood*. No amendment can be made to this line, of which every word is equally faulty, but by a general blot.'

It is not improbable, that Shakſpeare put theſe forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth as a mark of artifice and diſſimulation, to ſhew the difference between the ſtudied language of hypocriſy, and the natural outcries of ſudden paſſion. The whole ſpeech ſo conſidered, is a remarkable inſtance of judgment, as it conſiſts entirely of antitheſis and metaphor. JOHNSON.

To *gild* any thing *with blood* is a very common phraſe in the old plays. So, Heywood, in the ſecond part of his *Iron Age*, 1632:

"——we have *gilt* our Greekiſh arms
"*With blood* of our own nation."

Shakſpeare repeats the image in *King John*:

"Their

And his gash'd ſtabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's waſteful entrance[7]: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore[8]: Who could refrain,
That

" Their armours that march'd hence ſo *ſilver* bright,
" Hither return all *gilt* with Frenchmen's *blood*." STEEVENS.

His ſilver ſkin laced with his golden blood.] We meet with the ſame antitheſis in many other places. Thus, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

" —— to ſee the fiſh
" Cut with her *golden* oars the *ſilver* ſtream."

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

" Spread o'er the *ſilver* waves thy *golden* hairs." MALONE.

The alluſion is ſo ridiculous on ſuch an occaſion, that it diſcovers the declaimer not to be affected in the manner he would repreſent himſelf. The whole ſpeech is an unnatural mixture of far-fetch'd and common-place thoughts, that ſhews him to be acting a part. WARBURTON.

[7] —*a breach in nature,*
For ruin's waſteful entrance:] This compariſon occurs likewiſe in *A Herrings Tayle*, a poem, 1598:

" A batter'd breech where troopes of wounds may enter in."
STEEVENS.

[8] *Unmannerly* breech'd *with gore.*] The expreſſion may mean, that the daggers were covered with blood, quite to their *breeches*, i. e. their *hilts* or *handles*. The lower end of a cannon is called the *breech* of it; and it is known that both to *breech* and to *unbreech* a gun are common terms. STEEVENS.

Mr. Warton has juſtly obſerved that the word *unmannerly* is here uſed adverbially. So *friendly* is uſed for *friendlily* in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. and *faulty* for *faultily* in *As you like it*. A paſſage in the preceding ſcene, in which Macbeth's viſionary dagger is deſcribed, ſtrongly ſupports Mr. Steevens's interpretation:

" —— I ſee thee ſtill;
" And on thy blade, and *dudgeon*, [i. e. *hilt* or *haft*] gouts of *blood*,
" Which was not ſo before."

The following lines in *King Henry VI.* P. III. may perhaps, after all, form the beſt comment on theſe controverted words:

" And full as oft came Edward to my ſide,
" With purple faulchion, *painted to the hilt*
" *In blood* of thoſe that had encounter'd him."

Though ſo much has been written on this paſſage, the commentators have forgotten to account for the attendants of Duncan being furniſhed with daggers. The fact is, that in Shakſpeare's time a dagger was a common weapon, and was uſually carried by ſervants and others, ſuſpended

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?
Lady M. Help me hence, ho!
Macd. Look to the lady[9].
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That moſt may claim this argument for ours?
Don. What ſhould be ſpoken

pended at their backs. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:* "Then I will lay the *ſerving creature's dagger* on your pate." Again, ibid:

"This *dagger* hath miſta'en; for lo! his houſe
"Is empty on the *back* of Mountague,
"And it miſsheathed in my daughter's boſom!" MALONE.

The ſenſe is, in plain language, *Daggers filthily,—in a foul manner,—ſheath'd with blood. A ſcabbard* is called a *pilche*, a *leather coat*, in *Romeo*;—but you will aſk, whence the alluſion to *breeches?* Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnſon have well obſerved, that this ſpeech of Macbeth is very artfully made up of unnatural thoughts and language: in 1605 (the year in which the play appears to have been written) a book was publiſhed by Peter Erondell, (with commendatory poems by Daniel, and other wits of the time,) called *The French Garden*, or a *Summer Dayes Labour*, containing, among other matters, ſome dialogues of a dramatick caſt, which, I am perſuaded, our author had read in the Engliſh; and from which he took, as he ſuppoſed, for his preſent purpoſe, this quaint expreſſion. I will quote *literatim* from the 6th dialogue: "Boy! you do nothing but play tricks there, go fetch your maſter's ſilver hatched daggers, you have not bruſhed their *britches*, bring the bruſhes, and bruſh them before me."—Shakſpeare was deceived by the pointing, and evidently ſuppoſes *breeches* to be a new and affected term for *ſcabbards*. But had he been able to have read the French on the other page, even as a *learner*, he muſt have been ſet right at once. "Garçon, vous ne faites que badiner, allez querir les poignards argentez de vos maiſtres, vous n'avez pas eſpouſſeté leur *haut-de chauſſes*,"—their *breeches*, in the common ſenſe of the word: as in the next ſentence *bas-de-chauſſes, ſtockings*, and ſo on through all the articles of dreſs. FARMER.

[9] *Look to the lady.*] Mr. Wheatley, from whoſe ingenious remarks on this play I have already made a large extract, juſtly obſerves that "on Lady Macbeth's ſeeming to faint,—while Banquo and Macduff are ſolicitous about her, Macbeth, by his unconcern, betrays a conſciouſneſs that the fainting is feigned."

I may add, that a bold and hardened villain would from a refined policy have aſſumed the *appearance* of being alarmed about her, leſt this very imputation ſhould ariſe againſt him: the irreſolute Macbeth is not ſufficiently at eaſe to act ſuch a part. MALONE.

Here,

Here, where our fate, hid in an augre-hole[1],
May ruſh, and ſeize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our ſtrong ſorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:— [Lady Macb. *is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That ſuffer in expoſure[2], let us meet,
And queſtion this moſt bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and ſcruples ſhake us:
In the great hand of God I ſtand; and, thence,
Againſt the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treaſonous malice[3].

Macb.

[1] Here, *where our fate, hid in an augre-hole,*] In the old copy the word *here* is printed in the preceding line. The lines are diſpoſed ſo irregularly in the original edition of this play, that the modern editors have been obliged to take many liberties ſimilar to the preſent in the regulation of the metre. In this very ſpeech the words *our tears* do not make part of the following line, but are printed in that ſubſequent to it. Perhaps however the regulation now made is unneceſſary; for the word *where* may have been uſed by our author as a diſſyllable. The editor of the ſecond folio, to complete the meaſure, reads—*within* an augre-hole. A word having been accidentally omitted in *K. Henry V.* —"Let us die *in* [fight]," Mr. Theobald, with equal impropriety, reads there—"Let us die *inſtant*:" but I believe neither tranſcriber or compoſitor ever omitted *half* a word. MALONE.

— *hid in an augre-hole,*] So, in *Coriolanus*:

"—— confin'd,
"Into an augre's bore." STEEVENS.

[2] *And when we have our naked frailties hid,*
That ſuffer in expoſure,—] i. e. *when we have clothed our half-dreſt bodies, which may take cold from being expoſed to the air.* It is poſſible that in ſuch a cloud of words, the meaning might eſcape the reader. STEEVENS.

The porter in his ſhort ſpeech had obſerved, that "this place [i. e the court, in which Banquo and the reſt now are,] is too *cold* for hell." Mr. Steevens's explanation is likewiſe ſupported by the following paſſage in *Timon of Athens*:

"—— Call the creatures,
"Whoſe *naked natures* live in all the ſpight
"Of wreakful heaven." MALONE.

[3] *In the great hand of God I ſtand; and, thence,*
Againſt the undivulg'd pretence *I fight*
Of treaſonous malice.] *Pretence* is intention, deſign, a ſenſe in which

Macb. And ſo do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readineſs,
And meet i'the hall together.

All. Well contented. [*Exeunt all but* Mal. *and* Don.

Mal. What will you do? Let's not conſort with them:
To ſhew an unfelt ſorrow, is an office
Which the falſe man does eaſy: I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our ſeparated fortune
Shall keep us both the ſafer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's ſmiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody[4].

Mal. This murderous ſhaft that's ſhot,
Hath not yet lighted[5]; and our ſafeſt way

which the word is often uſed by Shakſpeare. So, in the *Winter's Tale*: "—conſpiring with Camillo to take away the life of our ſovereign lord the king, thy royal huſband, the *pretence* whereof being by circumſtance partly laid open." Again, in this tragedy of *Macbeth*:

"What good could they *pretend*?"

i. e. intend to themſelves. Banquo's meaning is,—in our preſent ſtate of doubt and uncertainty about this murder, I have nothing to do but to put myſelf under the direction of God; and relying on his ſupport, I here declare myſelf an eternal enemy to this treaſon, and to all its *further deſigns that have not yet come to light*. STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 145, n. 7.—*Hand*, as Mr. Upton has obſerved, is here uſed for *power*, or *providence*. So, in Pſalm xxii: "Deliver my ſoul from the ſword, my darling from the *power* [Heb. from the *hand*] of the dog." In *King Henry V.* we have again the ſame expreſſion:

"——— Let us deliver
"Our puiſſance into *the hand of God*." MALONE.

4 —*the near in blood,*
The nearer bloody.] Meaning, that he ſuſpected Macbeth to be the murderer; for he was the *neareſt in blood* to the two princes, being the couſin-german of Duncan. STEEVENS.

5 *This murderous ſhaft that's ſhot,*
Hath not yet lighted;] The deſign to fix the murder upon ſome innocent perſon, has not yet taken effect. JOHNSON.

The ſhaft is not yet lighted, and though it has done miſchief in its flight, we have reaſon to apprehend ſtill more before it has ſpent its force and falls to the ground. The end for which the murder was committed, is not yet attained. The death of the king only, could neither inſure the crown to Macbeth, nor accompliſh any other purpoſe, while his ſons were yet living, who had therefore juſt reaſon to apprehend they ſhould be removed by the ſame means. STEEVENS.

Is,

Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horſe;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But ſhift away: There's warrant in that theft
Which ſteals itſelf, when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Without the Caſtle.

Enter ROSSE, *and an old Man.*

Old M. Threeſcore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time, I have ſeen
Hours dreadful, and things ſtrange; but this ſore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Roſſe. Ah, good father,
Thou ſeeſt, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody ſtage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night ſtrangles the travelling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's ſhame,
That darkneſs does the face of earth intomb,
When living light ſhould kiſs it[6]?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On tueſday laſt,
A faulcon, tow'ring in her pride of place[7],

[6] — *darkneſs does the face of earth intomb,*
When living light ſhould kiſs it?] After the murder of king Duffe, (ſays Holinſhed) "for the ſpace of ſix moneths togither there appeared no ſunne by day, nor moone by night, in anie part of the realme, but ſtill was the ſky covered with continual clouds; and ſometimes ſuch outrageous winds aroſe with lightenings and tempeſts, that the people were in great fear of preſent deſtruction."—It is evident that Shakſpeare had this paſſage in his thoughts. See p. 312, n. 7. MALONE.

[7] — *in her pride of place,*] Finely expreſſed, for confidence in its quality. WARBURTON.

In a place of which ſhe ſeemed proud;—in an elevated ſituation. Perhaps Shakſpeare remembered the following paſſage in Holinſhed's deſcription of Macbeth's caſtle at Dunſinane: "—he builded a ſtrong caſtell on the top of an hie hill called Dunſinane, on ſuch a *proud* height, that ſtanding there aloft a man might behold well neare all the countries of Angus, Fife," &c. MALONE.

Was

Was by a mouſing owl [7] hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Roſſe. And Duncan's horſes, (a thing moſt ſtrange and certain,)

Beauteous, and ſwift, the minions of their race [8],

Turn'd wild in nature, broke their ſtalls, flung out,

Contending 'gainſt obedience, as they would

Make war with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis ſaid, they eat each other.

Roſſe. They did ſo; to the amazement of mine eyes,

That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff:—

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, ſir, now?

Macd. Why, ſee you not?

Roſſe. Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Thoſe that Macbeth hath ſlain.

Roſſe. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend [9]?

Macd. They were ſuborn'd:

Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two ſons,

7 — *by a mouſing owl*—] i. e. by an owl that was hunting for mice, as her proper prey. WHALLEY.

This is found among the prodigies conſequent on king Duffe's murder: "There was a *ſparhawk* ſtrangled by an owl." STEEVENS.

8 — *minions of their race,*] Theobald reads—minions of *the* race,—very probably and very poetically. JOHNSON.

Their is probably the true reading, the ſame expreſſion being found in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, a poem which Shakſpeare had certainly read:

"There were two ancient ſtocks, which Fortune high did place
"Above the reſt, endew'd with wealth, the nobler *of their race.*" MALONE.

Moſt of the prodigies juſt before mentioned, are related by Holinſhed, as accompanying king Duffe's death; and it is in particular aſſerted, *that horſes of ſingular beauty and ſwiftneſs did eat their own fleſh.* Macbeth's killing Duncan's chamberlains is taken from Donwald's killing thoſe of king Duffe. STEEVENS.

9 *What good could they* pretend?] To *pretend* is here to *propoſe to themſelves*, to *ſet before themſelves* as a motive of action. JOHNSON.

To *pretend*, in this inſtance, as in many others, is ſimply to *deſign*. See Vol. I. p. 140, n. 8. STEEVENS.

Are

Are ſtol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suſpicion of the deed.

Roſſe. 'Gainſt nature ſtill:
Thriftleſs ambition, that wilt ravin up[1]
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis moſt like,
The ſovereignty will fall upon Macbeth[2].

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be inveſted.

Roſſe. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill[3];
The ſacred ſtorehouſe of his predeceſſors,
And guardian of their bones.

Roſſe. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, couſin, I'll to Fife.

Roſſe. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you ſee things well done there;—adieu!—
Leſt our old robes ſit eaſier than our new!

Roſſe. Farewel, father.

Old M. God's beniſon go with you; and with thoſe
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*

[1] —*that* wilt *ravin up*] The old copy reads—*will*. Corrected by Sir Thomas Hanmer. MALONE.

[2] *Then 'tis moſt like,*
The ſovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.] Macbeth by his birth ſtood next in the ſucceſſion to the crown immediately after the ſons of Duncan. King Malcolm, Duncan's predeceſſor, had two daughters, the youngeſt, the mother of Macbeth. *Holinſhed.* STEEVENS.

[3] —*Colmes-kill*;] or *Colm-kill*, is the famous *Iona*, one of the weſtern iſles, which Dr. Johnſon viſited, and deſcribes in his Tour. Holinſhed ſcarcely mentions the death of any of the ancient kings of Scotland, without taking notice of their being buried with their predeceſſors in *Colme kill*. STEEVENS.

It is now called *Icolmkill*. *Kill* in the Erſe language ſignifies a *burying-place*. MALONE.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou haſt it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd[3]; and, I fear,
Thou play'dſt moſt foully for't: yet it was ſaid,
It ſhould not ſtand in thy poſterity;
But that myſelf ſhould be the root, and father
Of many kings: If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their ſpeeches ſhine[4],)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And ſet me up in hope? But, huſh; no more.

Senet ſounded. Enter MACBETH, *as King*; *Lady* MACBETH, *as Queen*; LENOX, ROSSE, *Lords, Ladies and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief gueſt.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feaſt,
And all things unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a ſolemn ſupper, ſir,
And I'll requeſt your preſence[5].

Ban.

[3] *Thou haſt it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,*
As the weird women promis'd:] Here we have another paſſage, that might lead us to ſuppoſe that the thaneſhip of Glamis deſcended to Macbeth ſubſequent to his meeting the weird ſiſters, though that event had certainly taken place before. See p. 284, n. *. MALONE.

[4] *(As upon thee, Macbeth, their ſpeeches* ſhine,)] *Shine*, for proſper. WARBURTON.
Shine, for appear with all the *luſtre* of *conſpicuous* truth. JOHNSON.
I rather incline to Dr. Warburton's interpretation. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I. ſc. ii:
"Heaven, and our lady gracious, hath it pleaſed
"To *ſhine* on my contemptible eſtate." STEEVENS.

[5] *And* I'll *requeſt your preſence.*] I cannot help ſuſpecting this paſſage to be corrupt, and would wiſh to read:

And

Fean. Lay your [6] highneſs'
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tie
For ever knit [7].
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Fean. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We ſhould have elſe deſir'd your good advice
(Which ſtill hath been both grave and proſperous)
In this day's council; but we'll talk to-morrow [8].

And *I* requeſt your preſence.

Macbeth is ſpeaking of the preſent, not of any future, time. Sir W. D'Avenant reads:

And *all* requeſt your preſence. MALONE.

6 Lay *your*—] The folio reads, Let *your*—. STEEVENS.

The change was ſuggeſted by Sir W. D'Avenant's alteration of this play. It was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

7 — *to the which, my* duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tie
For ever knit] So, in our author's Dedication of his *Rape of Lucrece*, to Lord Southampton, 1594: "What I have done is yours, being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my *duty* would ſhew greater; mean time as it is, it is *bound* to your lordſhip." MALONE.

8 — *we'll* talk *to-morrow*.] The old copy reads—we'll *take* tomorrow. For the emendation now made I am anſwerable. I propoſed it ſome time ago, and having ſince met with two other paſſages in which the ſame miſtake has happened, I truſt I ſhall be pardoned for giving it a place in the text. In *King Henry V.* edit. 1623, we find,

"For I can *take*, [talke] for Piſtol's cock is up."

Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, 1623, p. 31: "It is no matter for that, ſo ſhe ſleep not in her *take*." [inſtead of *talke*, the old ſpelling of *talk*.] So again, in the play before us:

"The interim having weigh'd it, let us *ſpeak*
"Our free hearts each to other."

Again, Macbeth ſays to his wife, "—We will *ſpeak* further."
Again, in a ſubſequent ſcene between Macbeth and the aſſaſſins:

"Was it not yeſterday we *ſpoke* together?"

In *Othello* we have almoſt the ſame ſenſe, expreſſed in other words:

"———— *To-morrow*, with the earlieſt,
"*Let me have ſpeech with you.*"

Had Shakſpeare written *take*, he would ſurely have ſaid—"but we'll take't to-morrow." So, in the firſt ſcene of the ſecond act Fleance ſays to his father: "I take't, 'tis later, ſir." MALONE.

Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and ſupper: go not my horſe the better[9],
I muſt become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feaſt.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody couſins are beſtow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confeſſing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With ſtrange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we ſhall have cauſe of ſtate,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horſe: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wiſh your horſes ſwift, and ſure of foot;
And ſo I do commend you to their backs.
Farewel.— [*Exit* BANQUO.
Let every man be maſter of his time
Till ſeven at night; to make ſociety
The ſweeter welcome, we will keep ourſelf
Till ſupper-time alone: while then, God be with you.
[*Exeunt Lady* MACBETH, *Lords, Ladies, &c.*
Sirrah, a word with you: Attend thoſe men our pleaſure?

9 — *go not my horſe the* better,] i. e. if he does not go well. Shakſpeare often uſes the *comparative* for the *poſitive* and *ſuperlative*. So, in *King Lear*:

" ——— her ſmiles and tears
" Were like a *better* day."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

" — it hath cow'd my *better* part of man."

Again, in P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* b. ix. c. 46. " — Many are caught out of their fellowes hands, if they beſtirre not themſelves the *better*." It may however mean, " If my horſe does not go the better for the haſte I ſhall be in to avoid the night." STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's firſt interpretation is, I believe, the true one. It is ſupported by the following paſſage in Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1603: " — and he that hit it not full, if he *rid* not *the faſter*, had a ſound blow in his neck, with a bag full of ſand hanged on the other end." MALONE.

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—[*Exit* Atten.] To be thus, is nothing;
But to be ſafely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntleſs temper of his mind,
He hath a wiſdom that doth guide his valour
To act in ſafety. There is none, but he,
Whoſe being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is ſaid,
Mark Antony's was by Cæſar[1]. He chid the ſiſters,
When firſt they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them ſpeak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitleſs crown,
And put a barren ſcepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No ſon of mine ſucceeding. If it be ſo,
For Banquo's iſſue have I fil'd my mind[2];
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the veſſel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man[3],

To

[1] *My genius is rebuk'd*; as, it is ſaid,
Mark Antony's was by Cæſar.] Dr. Johnſon once thought that the words—"as, it is ſaid, Mark Antony's was by Cæſar," ought to be rejected. He now believes them to be genuine. Sir William D'Avenant, I find, omitted them. But our author having alluded to this circumſtance in *Antony and Cleopatra*, there is no reaſon to ſuſpect any interpolation here:

"Thy dæmon, that's, thy ſpirit which keeps thee, is
"Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
"Where Cæſar's is not; but *near him thy angel*
"*Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd.*" MALONE.

[2] —fil'd *my mind*,] i. e. defiled. WARBURTON.
To *file* is in the biſhops' *Bible*. JOHNSON.
So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 1:
"She lightly lept out of her *filed* bed." STEEVENS.

[3] —*the common enemy of man*,] It is always an entertainment to an inquiſitive

To make them kings, the ſeed of Banquo kings[4]!
Rather than ſo, come, fate, into the liſt,
And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?—

Re-enter Attendant, *with two* Murderers.

Now go to the door, and ſtay there till we call.
[*Exit* Attendant.
Was it not yeſterday we ſpoke together?
Mur. It was, ſo pleaſe your highneſs.
Macb. Well then, now
Have you conſider'd of my ſpeeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times paſt, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent ſelf: this I made good to you

inquiſitive reader, to trace a ſentiment to its original ſource; and therefore, though the term *enemy of man*, applied to the devil, is in itſelf natural and obvious, yet ſome may be pleaſed with being informed, that Shakſpeare probably borrowed it from the firſt lines of the *Deſtruction of Troy*, a book which he is known to have read. This expreſſion, however, he might have had in many other places. The word *fiend* ſignifies enemy. JOHNSON.

[4] — *the* ſeed *of Banquo kings!*] The old copy reads—*kids*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[5] — *come, fate, into the liſt,*
And champion me to the utterance!] This paſſage will be beſt explained by tranſlating it into the language from whence the only word of difficulty in it is borrowed. *Que la deſtinée ſe rende en lice, et qu'elle me donne un defi à l'outrance.* A challenge or a combat *à l'outrance, to extremity*, was a fixed term in the law of arms, uſed when the combatants engaged with an *odium internecinum, an intention to deſtroy each other*, in oppoſition to trials of ſkill at feſtivals, or on other occaſions, where the conteſt was only for reputation or a prize. The ſenſe therefore is, *Let fate, that has fore-doom'd the exaltation of the ſons of Banquo, enter the liſts againſt me, with the utmoſt animoſity, in defence of its own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate, whatever be the danger.* JOHNSON.

Utterance is a Scotch word from *outrance*, extremity. WARBURTON.

We meet with the ſame expreſſion in the *Hiſtory of Graund Amoure and la bel Pucelle*, &c. by Stephen Hawes, 1555:

"That ſo many monſters put to *utterance*." STEEVENS.

In

In our laſt conference, paſt in probation with you;
How you were borne in hand[6]; how croſt; the inſtruments;
Who wrought with them; and all things elſe, that might,
To half a ſoul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1. *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Mach. I did ſo; and went further, which is now
Our point of ſecond meeting. Do you find
Your patience ſo predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you ſo goſpell'd[7],
To pray for this good man, and for his iſſue,
Whoſe heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1. *Mur.* We are men, my liege[8].

Mach.

[6] — *paſt in* probation *with you*;
How you were borne in hand, &c.] The meaning may be, "paſt in *proving* to you, how you were," &c. So, in *Othello*:

"——————— ſo *prove* it,
"That the *probation* bear no hinge or loop
"To hang a doubt on."

Perhaps after the words "with you," there ſhould be a comma rather than a ſemicolon. The conſtruction, however, may be different. "This I made good to you in our laſt, conference, paſt &c. I made good to you, how you were borne," &c. To *bear in hand* is, to delude by encouraging hope and holding out fair proſpects, without any intention of performance. See Vol. II. p. 23, n. 3. MALONE.

So, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"Yet I will *bear* a dozen men *in hand*,
"And make them all my gulls." STEEVENS.

[7] — *Are you ſo goſpell'd*,] Are you of that degree of preciſe virtue? *Goſpeller* was a name of contempt given by the Papiſts to the Lollards, the puritans of early times, and the precurſors of *proteſtantiſm*. JOHNSON.

I believe, that *goſpelled* means no more than kept in obedience to that precept of the goſpel, "*to pray for thoſe that deſpitefully uſe us.*" STEEVENS.

[8] *We are* men, *my liege.*] That is, we have the ſame feelings as the reſt of mankind, and, *as men*, are not without a *manly reſentment* for the wrongs which we have ſuffered, and which you have now recited. I ſhould not have thought ſo plain a paſſage wanted an explanation, if it had not been miſtaken by Dr. Grey, who ſays, "they don't anſwer

Mach. Ay, in the catalogue you go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, ſpaniels, curs,
Shoughs[9], water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file[1]
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
The houſe-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and ſo of men.
Now, if you have a ſtation in the file,
Not in the worſt rank of manhood, ſay it;
And I will put that buſineſs in your boſoms,
Whoſe execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but ſickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

in the name of *Chriſtians*, but as *men*, whoſe humanity would hinder them from doing a barbarous act." This falſe interpretation he has endeavoured to ſupport by the well-known line of Terence:

"Homo ſum, humani nihil a me alienum puto."

That amiable ſentiment does not appear very ſuitable to a cut-throat.—They urge their manhood, in my opinion, in order to aſſure Macbeth their willingneſs, not their averſion, to execute his orders. MALONE.

[9] Shoughs,] *Shoughs* are probably what we now call *ſhocks*; demi-wolves, *hyenas*; dogs bred between wolves and dogs. JOHNSON.

[1] — *the* valued file] is the *file* or liſt where the value and peculiar qualities of every thing is ſet down, in contradiſtinction to what he immediately mentions, *the bill that writes them all alike*. *File*, in the ſecond inſtance, is uſed in the ſame ſenſe as in this, and with a reference to it.—*Now, if you belong to any claſs that deſerves a place in the valued* file *of man, and are not of the loweſt rank, the common herd of mankind, that are not worth diſtinguiſhing from each other.*

File and *liſt* are ſynonymous, as in the laſt act of this play:

"——I have a *file*
"Of all the gentry."

Again, in Heywood's dedication to the ſecond part of his *Iron Age*, 1632: "— to number you in the *file* and *liſt* of my beſt and choiceſt well wiſhers." Again, in our author's *Meaſure for Meaſure*: "The greater *file* of the ſubject held the duke to be wiſe." In ſhort, the *valued file* is "the catalogue with prices annexed to it." STEEVENS.

2. *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have ſo incens'd, that I am reckleſs what
I do, to ſpite the world.

1. *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with diſaſters, tugg'd with fortune[2],
That I would ſet my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2. *Mur.* True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in ſuch bloody diſtance[3],
That every minute of his being thruſts
Againſt my near'ſt of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power ſweep him from my ſight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I muſt not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whoſe loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myſelf ſtruck down: and thence it is,
That I to your aſſiſtance do make love;
Maſking the buſineſs from the common eye,
For ſundry weighty reaſons.

2. *Mur.* We ſhall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1. *Mur.* Though our lives—

Macb. Your ſpirits ſhine through you. Within this hour, at moſt,
I will adviſe you where to plant yourſelves;

[2] —*tugg'd with fortune,*] *tug'd* or *worried* by fortune. JOHNSON. So again, as Dr. Warburton has noted, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"Let *my ſelf and fortune tug* for the time to come."

Again, in an Epiſtle to Lord Southampton, by S. Daniel, 1603:

"He who hath never warr'd with miſery,
"Nor ever *tugg'd with fortune* and diſtreſs." MALONE.

[3] —*in ſuch bloody* diſtance,] By *bloody diſtance* is here meant, ſuch a diſtance as mortal enemies would ſtand at from each other, when their quarrel muſt be determined by the ſword. This ſenſe ſeems evident from the continuation of the metaphor, where *every minute of his being* is repreſented as *thruſting at the neareſt part where life reſides.* STEEVENS.

Acquaint you with the perfect ſpy o'the time,
The moment on't[4]; for't muſt be done to-night,
And ſomething from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearneſs[5]: And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
Fleance his ſon, that keeps him company,
Whoſe abſence is no leſs material to me
Than is his father's, muſt embrace the fate
Of that dark hour: Reſolve yourſelves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are reſolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you ſtraight; abide within.
It is concluded:—Banquo, thy ſoul's flight,
If it find heaven, muſt find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Another Room.

Enter Lady MACBETH, *and a* Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam; but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his le[illegible]

[4] *Acquaint you with the* perfect ſpy *of the time,*

The moment *on't*;] The meaning, I think is, I will acquaint you with the time when you may *look out* for Banquo's coming, with the moſt *perfect* aſſurance of not been diſappointed; and not only with the *time* in general moſt proper for lying in wait for him, but with the very *moment* when you may expect him. MALONE.

The perfect ſpy of the time ſeems to be, *the exact time, which ſhall be ſpied and watched for the purpoſe.* STEEVENS.

I rather believe we ſhould read thus:

Acquaint you with the perfect ſpot, the time,
The moment on't;— TYRWHITT.

[5] —*always thought,*

That I require a clearneſs;] i. e. you muſt manage matters ſo, that throughout the whole tranſaction I may ſtand clear of ſuſpicion. So, Holinſhed: "— appointing them to meet Banquho and his ſonne *without the palace*, as they returned to their lodgings, and there to ſlea them, ſo that he would not have his houſe ſlandered, but that in time to come he might *cleare* himſelf." STEEVENS.

For

For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady M. Nought's had, all's ſpent,
Where our deſire is got without content:
'Tis ſafer to be that which we deſtroy,
Than by deſtruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of ſorrieſt fancies [6] your companions making?
Uſing thoſe thoughts, which ſhould indeed have dy'd
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have ſcotch'd [7] the ſnake, not kill'd it,
She'll cloſe, and be herſelf; whilſt our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds ſuffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and ſleep
In the affliction of theſe terrible dreams,
That ſhake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have ſent to peace [8],
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In reſtleſs ecſtacy [9]. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he ſleeps well;
Treaſon has done his worſt: nor ſteel, nor poiſon,

[6] —ſorrieſt *fancies*—] i. e. worthleſs, ignoble, vile. So, in *Othello*:
" I have a ſalt and *ſorry* rheum offends me."
Sorry, however, might ſignify *melancholy*, *diſmal*. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:
" The place of death and *ſorry* execution." STEEVENS.

[7] —*ſcotch'd*—] Mr. Theobald.—Fol. *ſcorch'd*. JOHNSON.
Scotch'd is the true reading. So, in *Coriolanus*, Act IV. ſc. vi:
" —he *ſcotch'd* him and notch'd him like a carbonado." STEEVENS.

[8] *Whom we, to gain our* place, *have ſent to peace*,] The old copy reads—Whom we, to gain our *peace*—. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[9] *In reſtleſs ecſtacy.*] *Ecſtacy*, in its general ſenſe, ſignifies any violent emotion of the mind. Here it means the emotions of pain, agony. So, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, P. I:
" Griping our bowels with retorqued thoughts,
" And have no hope to end our *extaſies*." STEEVENS.

Malice

Malice domeſtick, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on; Gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your gueſts to-night.

Macb. So ſhall I, love;
And ſo, I pray, be you: let your remembrance
Apply to Banquo; preſent him eminence[1], both
With eye and tongue: Unſafe the while, that we
Muſt lave our honours in theſe flattering ſtreams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Diſguiſing what they are.

Lady M. You muſt leave this.

Macb. O, full of ſcorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'ſt, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne[2].

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are aſſailable;
Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
His cloiſter'd flight[3]; ere, to black Hecat's ſummons,
The ſhard-borne beetle[4], with his drowſy hums,
Hath

[1] — *preſent him eminence,*] i. e. do him the higheſt honours.
WARBURTON.

[2] — *nature's copy's not* eterne.] The *copy*, the *leaſe*, by which they hold their lives from nature, has its time of termination limited.
JOHNSON.

Eterne for *eternal* is often uſed by Chaucer. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon's interpretation is ſupported by a ſubſequent paſſage in this play:

" — and our high-plac'd Macbeth
" Shall live the *leaſe of nature*, pay his breath
" To time and mortal cuſtom."

Again, by our author's 13th Sonnet:

" So ſhould that beauty which you hold in *leaſe*,
" Find no determination." MALONE.

Yet perhaps by *nature's copy* Shakſpeare may only mean, the human form divine. MASON.

[3] — *the bat hath flown*
His cloiſter'd *flight.*] Bats are often ſeen flying round *cloiſters*, in the duſk of the evening, for a conſiderable length of time. MALONE.

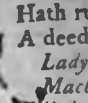
[4] *The* ſhard-borne *beetle,*] i. e. the beetle borne along the air by its *ſhards* or *ſcaly wings*. From a paſſage in Gower *De Confeſſione Amantis*, it appears that *ſhards* ſignified *ſcales*:

" She

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there ſhall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, deareſt chuck[5],
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, ſeeling night[6],



"She ſigh, her thought, a dragon tho,
"Whoſe *ſcherdes* ſhynen as the ſonne:" l. 6. fol. 138.

and hence the upper or outward wings of the beetle were called *ſhards*, they being of a *ſcaly* ſubſtance. To have an outward pair of wings of a *ſcaly* hardneſs, ſerving as integuments to a *filmy* pair beneath them, is the characteriſtick of the beetle kind.

In *Cymbeline*, Shakſpeare applies this epithet again to the beetle:

"——————we find
"The *ſharded* beetle in a ſafer hold
"Than is the full-wing'd eagle."

Here there is a manifeſt oppoſition intended between the wings and flight of the *inſect* and the *bird*. The *beetle*, whoſe *ſharded wings* can but juſt *raiſe him above the ground*, is often in a ſtate of greater *ſecurity* than the *moſt-winged eagle* that can ſoar *to any height*.

As Shakſpeare is here deſcribing the *beetle* in the act of flying, (for he never makes his humming noiſe but when he flies) it is more natural to ſuppoſe the epithet ſhould allude to the peculiarity of his wings, than to the circumſtance of his origin, or his place of habitation, both of which are common to him with ſeveral other creatures of the inſect kind. STEEVENS.

The ſhard-borne beetle is the cock-chafer. Sir W. D'Avenant appears not to have underſtood this epithet, for he has given, inſtead of it,—the *ſharp-brow'd* beetle. Mr. Tollet would read—"ſhard-*born* beetle, i. e. the beetle born in dung," in which ſenſe he thinks the word *ſharded* is uſed in the paſſage quoted from *Cymbeline* by Mr. Steevens. There (ſays he) the humble earthly abode of the beetle is oppoſed to the lofty eyry of the eagle." Mr. Steevens's interpretation is, I think, the true one in the paſſage before us. MALONE.

5 — *deareſt* chuck,] I meet with this term of endearment (which is probably corrupted from *chick* or *chicken*) in many of our ancient writers. So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, b. v. c. 27:

"—immortal ſhe-egg *chuck* of Tyndarus his wife." STEEV.

6 — *Come* ſeeling *night*,] *ſeeling*, i. e. blinding. It is a term in falconry. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Booke of Hawkyng, Huntyng*, &c. bl. l. no date: "And he muſt take wyth hym nedle and threde to *enſyle* the haukes that bene taken. And in thys manner they muſt be *enſiled*. Take the nedel and thryde, and put it through the over eye lyd, and ſoe of that other, and make them faſt under the beeke that ſhe ſe not, &c." STEEVENS.

Skarf

Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale[7]!—Light thickens[8]; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood[9]:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowze;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'ſt at my words: but hold thee ſtill;
Things, bad begun, make ſtrong themſelves by ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

7 *Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond*
Which keeps me pale!—] This may be well explained by the following paſſage in *King Richard III*:
"*Cancel his bond of life*, dear God, I pray."
Again, in *Cymbeline*, Act V. ſc. iv:
"——— take this life,
"And *cancel* theſe cold *bonds*." STEEVENS.

8 Light thickens;—] By the expreſſion, *light thickens*, Shakſpeare means, the *light grows dull or muddy*. In this ſenſe he uſes it in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"——— my luſtre *thickens*,
"When he ſhines by." EDWARDS's MSS.
So, in Spenſer's *Calendar*, 1579:
"But ſee, the welkin *thicks* apace,
"And ſtouping Phœbus ſteepes his face;
"It's time to haſte us home-ward." MALONE.
It may be added, that in the ſecond part of *King Henry IV*. Prince John of Lancaſter tells Falſtaff, that "his deſert is *too thick to ſhine*." STEEVENS.

9 *Makes wing to the* rooky *wood*:] *Rooky* may mean *damp, miſty, ſteaming with exhalations*. It is only a North country variation of dialect from *reeky*. In *Coriolanus*, Shakſpeare mentions "—the *reek* of the rotten fens." *Rooky wood* may, however, ſignify a *rookery, the wood that abounds with rooks*. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The same. A Park or lawn, with a gate leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

1. *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us[1]?

3. *Mur.* Macbeth.

2. *Mur.* He needs not our miſtruſt; ſince he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction juſt[2].

1. *Mur.* Then ſtand with us.
The weſt yet glimmers with ſome ſtreaks of day:
Now ſpurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The ſubject of our watch.

3. *Mur.* Hark! I hear horſes.

Ban. [*within.*) Give us a light there, ho!

2. *Mur.* Then it is he; the reſt
That are within the note of expectation[3],
Already are i'the court.

1. *Mur.* His horſes go about.

3. *Mur.* Almoſt a mile: but he does uſually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace-gate
Make it their walk.

[1] *But who did bid thee join with us?*] The third aſſaſſin ſeems to have been ſent to join the others, from Macbeth's ſuperabundant caution. From the following dialogue it appears that ſome converſation has paſſed between them before their preſent entry on the ſtage. MALONE.

[2] ——*ſince he delivers*
Our offices, &c.] By his exact knowledge of what we are to do, he appears to be employed by Macbeth, and needs not to be miſtruſted. JOHNSON.

[3] —*the note of expectation,*] i. e. they who are ſet down in the liſt of guests, and expected to ſupper. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE; *a* Servant *with a torch preceding them.*

2. *Mur.* A light, a light!

3. *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1. *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1. *Mur.* Let it come down. [*aſſaults* BANQUO.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly; Thou may'ſt revenge.—O ſlave!

[*Dies.* Fleance *and Servant eſcape*[4].

3. *Mur.* Who did ſtrike out the light?

1. *Mur.* Was't not the way[5]?

3. *Mur.* There's but one down; the ſon is fled.

2. *Mur.* We have loſt beſt half of our affair.

1. *Mur.* Well, let's away, and ſay how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room of ſtate in the Palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, *Lady* MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, ſit down: at firſt, And laſt, the hearty welcome[6].

4 Fleance, &c. *eſcape.*] Fleance, after the aſſaſſination of his father, fled into Wales, where by the daughter of the Prince of that country he had a ſon named Walter, who afterwards became Lord High Steward of Scotland, and from thence aſſumed the name of *Walter Steward.* From him in a direct line King James I. was deſcended; in compliment to whom our author has choſen to deſcribe Banquo, who was equally concerned with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan, as innocent of that crime. MALONE.

5 *Was't not the way?*] i. e. the beſt means we could take to evade diſcovery. STEEVENS.

6 *You know your own degrees, ſit down: at firſt,*
And laſt, the hearty welcome.] I believe the true reading is:
You know your own degrees, ſit down.—To firſt
And laſt the hearty welcome.
All of whatever degree, from the higheſt to the loweſt, may be aſſured that their viſit is well received. JOHNSON.

Lords.

Lords. Thanks to your majeſty.

Macb. Ourſelf will mingle with ſociety,
And play the humble hoſt.
Our hoſteſs keeps her ſtate[7]; but, in beſt time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, ſir, to all our friends;
For my heart ſpeaks, they are welcome.

Enter firſt Murderer, *to the door.*

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks:—
Both ſides are even: Here I'll ſit i'the midſt:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a meaſure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within[8].
Is he diſpatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the beſt o'the cut-throats: Yet he's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didſt it,
Thou art the non-pareil.

Mur. Moſt royal ſir,
Fleance is 'ſcap'd.

7 *Our hoſteſs keeps her ſtate*; &c.] This idea might have been borrowed from Holinſhed, p. 805: "The king (Henry VIII.) cauſed the queene to *keepe the eſtate*, and then ſat the ambaſſadours and ladies as they were marſhalled by the king, who would not ſit, but walked from place to place, making cheer, &c." STEEVENS.

A *ſtate* was a royal chair with a canopy over it. So, in Sir Thomas Herbert's *Memoirs of Charles I.* "—where being *ſet*, the king under a *ſtate*," &c. Again, in *The View of France*, 1598: "—eſpying the *chaire* not to ſtand well under the *ſtate*," &c. MALONE.

8 *'Tis better* thee without, than he within.] The ſenſe requires that this paſſage ſhould be read thus:

'Tis better thee without, than him *within.*

That is, *I am better pleaſed that the blood of Banquo ſhould be on thy face than in his body.*—The authour might mean, *It is better that Banquo's blood were on thy face, than* he *in this room.* Expreſſions thus imperfect are common in his works. JOHNSON.

I have no doubt that this laſt was the author's meaning. MALONE.

Macb.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had elſe been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the caſing air:
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To ſaucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's ſafe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: ſafe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gaſhes[9] on his head;
The leaſt a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:—
There the grown ſerpent lies; the worm*, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the preſent.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear, ourſelves again. [*Exit* Murderer.

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feaſt is ſold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making[1],
'Tis given with welcome: To feed, were beſt at home;
From thence, the ſauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digeſtion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May it pleaſe your highneſs ſit?

[9] —trenched *goſhes*—] *Trancher*, to cut. Fr. So, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:
"Is deeply *trenched* on my bluſhing brow."
So, in another play of Shakſpeare:
"—like a figure
"*Trenched* in ice." STEEVENS.

* —*the* worm—] This term in our author's time was applied to all of the ſerpent kind. MALONE.

[1] —*the feaſt is* ſold, &c.] The meaning is,—That which is not *given chearfully*, cannot be called a *gift*, it is ſomething that muſt be paid for. JOHNSON.
The ſame expreſſion occurs in *the Romaunt of the Roſe*:
"Good dede done through praiere,
"*Is ſold*, and bought to dere." STEEVENS.

Enter

The ghoſt of Banquo *riſes*[2], *and ſits in* Macbeth's *place.*

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd perſon of our Banquo preſent;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindneſs,
Than pity for miſchance *!

Ross. His abſence, ſir,
Lays blame upon his promiſe. Pleaſe it your highneſs
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reſerv'd, ſir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highneſs?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canſt not ſay, I did it: never ſhake
Thy gory locks at me.

Roſſe. Gentlemen, riſe; his highneſs is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep ſeat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: If much you note him,
You ſhall offend him, and extend his paſſion[3];
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the devil.

[2] *The ghoſt of Banquo riſes,*] This circumſtance of *Banquo's ghoſt* ſeems to be alluded to in *The Puritan*, firſt printed in 1607, and ridiculouſly aſcribed to Shakſpeare: "We'll ha' the *ghoſt* i' the white ſheet ſit at *upper end o' the table.*" FARMER.

* *Than pity for miſchance?*] This is one of Shakſpeare's touches of nature. Macbeth by theſe words diſcovers a conſciouſneſs of guilt; and this circumſtance could not fail to be recollected by a nice obſerver on the aſſaſſination of Banquo being publickly known. Not being yet rendered ſufficiently callous by "hard uſe," Macbeth betrays himſelf (as Mr. Wheatley has obſerved,) "by an over-acted regard for Banquo, of whoſe abſence from the feaſt he affects to complain, that he may not be ſuſpected of knowing the cauſe, though at the ſame time he very unguardedly drops an alluſion to that cauſe." MALONE.

[3] — *extend his paſſion;*] Prolong his ſuffering; make his fit longer. JOHNSON.

Lady M. O proper ſtuff[4]!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you ſaid,
Led you to Duncan. O, theſe flaws, and ſtarts,
(Impoſtors to true fear,) would well become[5]
A woman's ſtory, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itſelf!
Why do you make ſuch faces? When all's done,
You look but on a ſtool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, ſee there! behold! look! lo! how ſay you?—
Why, what care I? If thou canſt nod, ſpeak too.—
If charnel-houſes, and our graves, muſt ſend
Thoſe that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites[6]. [*Ghoſt diſappears.*

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I ſtand here, I ſaw him.

Lady M. Fie, for ſhame!

Macb. Blood hath been ſhed ere now, i'the olden time,
Ere human ſtatute purg'd the gentle weal[7];
Ay, and ſince too, murders have been perform'd

4 *O proper ſtuff!*] This ſpeech is rather too long for the circumſtances in which it is ſpoken. It had begun better at, *Shame itſelf!* JOHNSON.

5 *O, theſe flaws and ſtarts,*
(Impoſtors to true fear,) *would well become*, &c.] i. e. theſe flaws and ſtarts, as they are indications of your needleſs fears, are the imitators or impoſtors only of thoſe which ariſe from a fear well grounded. WARBURTON.

Flaws are ſudden guſts. JOHNSON.

So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"Guſts and foul *flaws* to herdmen and to herds."

"Impoſtors *to* true fear," either means, impoſtors or counterfeits, *compared with* true fear, or *to* may be uſed for *of*. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* we have an expreſſion reſembling this:

"Thou *counterfeit to* thy true friend." MALONE.

6 *Shall be the maws of kites,*] The ſame thought occurs in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. ii. c. 8:

"But be *entombed* in the raven or the *kight*." STEEVENS.

7 *Ere human ſtatute purg'd the* gentle weal;] The *gentle weal*, is, the *peaceable community*, the ſtate made quiet and ſafe by *human ſtatutes*.

"*Mollia ſecuræ peragebant otia gentes*." JOHNSON.

Too

Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they riſe again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And puſh us from our ſtools: This is more ſtrange
Than ſuch a murder is.
Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget:—
Do not muſe at me[8], my moſt worthy friends;
I have a ſtrange infirmity, which is nothing
To thoſe that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll ſit down:—Give me ſome wine, fill full:—
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Ghoſt riſes.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miſs;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirſt,
And all to all[9].
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Macb. Avant! and quit my ſight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowleſs, thy blood is cold;
Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes
Which thou doſt glare with!
Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of cuſtom: 'tis no other;
Only it ſpoils the pleaſure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Ruſſian bear,

[8] *Do not* muſe *at me,*] To *muſe* anciently ſignified to be in *amaze*. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act IV:
"I *muſe*, you make ſo ſlight a queſtion." STEEVENS.
See alſo Vol. I p. 67, n. 8; Vol. III. p. 413, n. 6. MALONE.

[9] *And all to all.*] i. e. all good wiſhes to all: ſuch as he had named above, *love, health, and joy.* WARBURTON.
I once thought it ſhould be *hail* to all, but I now think that the preſent reading is right. JOHNSON.
Timon uſes nearly the ſame expreſſion to his gueſts, Act I: "*All to you.*" Again, in *K. Henry VIII.* more intelligibly:
"—and *to you all* good health." STEEVENS.

The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tyger[1],
Take any ſhape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the deſert with thy ſword;
If trembling I inhibit thee[2], proteſt me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible ſhadow!
[*Ghoſt diſappears.*
Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, ſo;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, ſit ſtill.

Lady M. You have diſplac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With moſt admir'd diſorder.

Macb. Can ſuch things be,
And overcome us like a ſummer's cloud,

[1] — *or the* Hyrcan *tygar*,] Sir William D'Avenant unneceſſarily altered this to *Hircanian* tyger, which was followed by Theobald and others. *Hircan* tygers are mentioned by Daniel, our author's contemporary, in his Sonnets, 1594:

" ——— reſtore thy fierce and cruel mind
" To *Hircan tygers*, and to ruthleſs beares." MALONE.

[2] ——— *Or, be alive again,*
And dare me to the deſert with thy ſword;
If trembling I inhibit thee,—] The old copy reads, by a manifeſt error of the preſs,—If trembling I *inhabit then*, &c. The emendation, *inhibit*, was made by Mr. Pope. I have not the leaſt doubt that it is the true reading.—In *All's Well that ends well*, we find in the ſecond and all the ſubſequent folios,—" which is the moſt *inhabited* ſin of the canon," inſtead of *inhibited*. By the other ſlight but happy emendation, the reading *thee* inſtead of *then*, which was propoſed by Mr. Steevens, and to which I have paid the reſpect that it deſerved by giving it a place in the text, this paſſage is rendered clear and eaſy. Mr. Steevens's correction is ſtrongly ſupported by the punctuation of the old copy, where the line ſtands—If trembling I inhabit then, proteſt &c. and not—If trembling I inhabit, then proteſt &c.

In our author's *King Richard II.* we have nearly the ſame thought:

" If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
" *I dare meet Surrey in a wilderneſs.*" MALONE.

Inhibit ſeems more likely to have been the poet's own word, as he uſes it frequently in the ſenſe required in this paſſage. *Othello*, Act I. ſc. vii:

" ——— a practiſer
" Of arts *inhibited*"—.

Hamlet, Act II. ſc. vi: " I think their *inhibition* comes of the late innovation." To *inhibit* is to *forbid*. STEEVENS.

Without

Without our ſpecial wonder[3]? You make me ſtrange
Even to the diſpoſition that I owe[4],
When now I think you can behold ſuch ſights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear[5].

Roſſe.

[3] *Can ſuch things be,*
And overcome *us, like a ſummer's cloud,*
Without our ſpecial wonder?] The meaning is, can ſuch wonders as theſe *paſs over* us without wonder, as a caſual ſummer cloud paſſes over us. JOHNSON.

No inſtance is given of this ſenſe of the word *overcome*; it is however to be found in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 7. ſt. 4:

"A little valley——
"All cover'd with thick woods, that quite it *overcame*."
FARMER.

Again, in *Maria Magdalene's Repentaunce*:

"With blode *overcome* were both his eyen." MALONE.

[4] *You make me ſtrange*
Even to the diſpoſition that I owe,] This paſſage ſeems to mean, —*You prove to me that I am a ſtranger even to my own diſpoſition, when I perceive that the very object which ſteals the colour from my cheek permits it to remain in yours.* In other words,—*You prove to me how falſe an opinion I have hitherto maintained of my own courage, when yours on the trial is found to exceed it.* A thought ſomewhat ſimilar occurs in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act II. ſc. i: "I'll entertain myſelf like one I am not acquainted withal." Again, in *All's Well that ends Well*, Act V:

"—— if you know
"That you are well acquainted with yourſelf." STEEVENS.

The meaning, I think, is, *You render me a ſtranger to*, or forgetful of, *that* brave *diſpoſition which* I know *I poſſeſs*, and make me fancy myſelf a coward, when I perceive that I am terrified by a ſight which has not in the leaſt alarmed you. A paſſage in *As you like it* may prove the beſt comment on that before us:

"If with myſelf I hold intelligence,
"Or have acquaintance with my own deſires——"

So Macbeth ſays, he has no longer *acquaintance* with his own *brave* diſpoſition of mind: His wife's *ſuperior* fortitude makes him as ignorant of his own courage as a *ſtranger* might be ſuppoſed to be. MALONE.

[5] *When mine* are *blanch'd with fear.*] The old copy reads—*is* blanch'd. Sir T. Hanmer corrected this paſſage in the wrong place, by reading—*cheek*; in which he has been followed by the ſubſequent editors. His correction gives perhaps a more elegant text, but not the text of Shakſpeare. The alteration now made is only that which every

Roſſe. What ſights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, ſpeak not; he grows worſe and worſe;
Queſtion enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health,
Attend his majeſty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt* Lords, *and* Attendants.

Macb. It will have blood, they ſay; blood will have blood[6]:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to ſpeak;
Augurs, and underſtood relations[7], have

By

editor has been obliged to make in almoſt every page of theſe plays.—See Vol. I. p. 46, n. 8. In this very ſcene the old copy has "— the times *has* been," &c. Perhaps it may be ſaid that *mine* refers to *ruby*, and that therefore no change is neceſſary. But this ſeems very harſh. MALONE.

[6] *It will have blood, they ſay; blood will have blood:*] So, in the *Mirrour of Magiſtrates*, p. 118:

"Take heed, ye princes, by examples paſt,
"*Blood will have blood*, eyther at firſt or laſt." HENDERSON.

I would thus point the paſſage:

It will have blood; they ſay, blood will have blood.

As a confirmation of the reading, I would add the following authority:

"Bloud aſketh bloud, and death muſt death requite."

Ferrex and Porrex, Act IV. ſc. ii. WHALLEY.

[7] *Augurs, and underſtood* relations,] By the word *relation* is underſtood the *connection* of effects with cauſes; to *underſtand relations* as *an augur*, is to know how thoſe things *relate* to each other, which have no viſible combination or dependence. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare in his licentious way, by *relations*, might only mean *languages*, i. e. the language of birds. WARBURTON.

The old copy has the paſſage thus:

Augurs, and underſtood relations, have
By maggot pies and choughs, &c.

Perhaps we ſhould read, *auguries*, i. e. prognoſtications by means of omens or prodigies. Theſe, together with the connection of effects with cauſes, being underſtood, (ſays he) have been inſtrumental in divulging the moſt ſecret murders.

In Cotgrave's Dictionary, a *magpie* is called a *magatapie*. *Magotpie* is the original name of the bird; *Magot* being the familiar appellation given to pies, as we ſay *Robin* to a redbreaſt, *Tom* to a titmouſe,

Philip

By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The ſecret'ſt man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almoſt at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How ſay'ſt thou, that Macduff denies his perſon,
At our great bidding[6]?

Lady M. Did you ſend to him, ſir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will ſend:
There's not a one of them[7], but in his houſe
I keep a ſervant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(And betimes I will,) to the weird ſiſters:
More ſhall they ſpeak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worſt means, the worſt: for mine own good,
All cauſes ſhall give way; I am in blood
Stept in ſo far, that, ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which muſt be acted, ere they may be ſcann'd[8].

Lady M. You lack the ſeaſon of all natures, ſleep[9].

Macb.

Philip to a ſparrow, &c. The modern *mag* is the abbreviation of the ancient *Magot*, a word which we had from the French. STEEVENS.

In Minſheu's *Guide to the Tongues*, 1617, we meet with a *maggate-pie*. FARMER.

[6] *How ſay'ſt thou*, &c.] What do you think of this circumſtance, that Macduff denies to come at our great bidding? What is your opinion of that matter? So, in *Othello*, Act I. ſc. iii.

"*How ſay you* by this change?"

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"*Speed.* But, Launce, *how ſay'ſt thou, that* my maſter is become a notable lover?

"*Launce.* I never knew him otherwiſe." MASON.

So, in *King Henry V.*:

"*How now* for mitigation of the bill

"Urg'd by the Commons?" MALONE.

[7] *There's not* a one *of them*,] *A one* of them, however uncouth the phraſe, ſignifies an individual. In *Albumazar*, 1615, the ſame expreſſion occurs: "— Not *a one* ſhakes his tail, but I ſigh out a paſſion." This avowal of the tyrant is authorized by Holinſhed: "He had in every nobleman's houſe one ſlie fellow or other in fee with him to reveale all," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] —*be* ſcann'd.] To *ſcan* is to examine nicely. STEEVENS.

[9] *You lack the* ſeaſon *of all natures, ſleep.*] I take the meaning to be, *you want ſleep*, which *ſeaſons*, or gives the reliſh to, *all nature*. "*Indiget ſomni vitæ condimenti.*" JOHNSON.

Macb. Come, we'll to ſleep: My ſtrange and ſelf-abuſe
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard uſe:—
We are yet but young in deed[1]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter, from oppoſite ſides, HECATE[2], *and the three* Witches.

1. *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecat'? you look angerly.

Hec.

This word is often uſed in this ſenſe by our author. So, in *All's Well that ends well*: "'Tis the beſt brine a maiden can *ſeaſon* her praiſe in." Again, in *Much ado about Nothing*, where, as in the preſent inſtance, the word is uſed as a ſubſtantive:

"And ſalt too little, which may *ſeaſon* give
"To her foul tainted fleſh."

An anonymous correſpondent thinks the meaning is, "You ſtand in need of the time or ſeaſon of ſleep, which all natures require." MALONE.

[1] *We are yet but young* in deed.] The editions before Theobald read:

We are yet but young indeed. JOHNSON.

The meaning is not ill explained by a line in *King Henry VI.* P. III. We are not, Macbeth would ſay,

"Made *impudent* with uſe of *evil deeds*."

The initiate fear, is the fear that always attends the firſt initiation into guilt, before the mind becomes callous and inſenſible by frequent repetitions of it, or (as the poet ſays) by *hard uſe*. STEEVENS.

[2] *Enter*—Hecate,] Shakſpeare has been cenſured for introducing Hecate among the vulgar witches, and, conſequently, for confounding ancient with modern ſuperſtitions.—He has, however, authority for giving a miſtreſs to the witches. *Delrio Diſquiſ. Mag.* lib. ii. quæſt. 9. quotes a paſſage of *Apuleius, Lib. de Aſino aureo*: "de quadam Caupona, *regina* Sagarum." And adds further:—"ut ſcias etiam tum quaſdam ab iis hoc *titulo* honoratas." In conſequence of this information, Ben Jonſon, in one of his maſques, has introduced a character which he calls a *Dame*, who preſides at the meeting of the Witches:

"Siſters, ſtay; we want our *dame*."

The *dame* accordingly enters, inveſted with marks of ſuperiority, and the reſt pay an implicit obedience to her commands. Shakſpeare is therefore blameable only for calling his preſiding character Hecate, as it might have been brought on with propriety under any other title whatever. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare ſeems to have been unjuſtly cenſured for introducing Hecate among the modern witches. Scot's *Diſcovery of Witchcraft*, book iii. c. 2, and c. 16, and book xii. c. 3, mentions it as the common

Hec. Have I not reaſon, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffick with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the miſtreſs of your charms,
The cloſe contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or ſhew the glory of our art?
And, which is worſe, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward ſon,
Spightful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron [3]
Meet me i'the morning; thither he
Will come to know his deſtiny.
Your veſſels, and your ſpells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beſide:
I am for the air; this night I'll ſpend
Unto a diſmal and a fatal end.
Great buſineſs muſt be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound [4];
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:

mon opinion of all writers, that witches were ſuppoſed to have nightly "meetings with Herodias, and the Pagan gods," and "that in the night-times they ride abroad with *Diana*, the goddeſs of the Pagans," &c.—Their dame or chief leader ſeems always to have been an old Pagan, as "the ladie Sibylla, Minerva, or *Diana*." TOLLET.

3 —*the pit of* Acheron—] Shakſpeare ſeems to have thought it allowable to beſtow the name of *Acheron* on any fountain, lake, or pit, through which there was vulgarly ſuppoſed to be a communication between this and the infernal world. The true original *Acheron* was a river in Greece; and yet Virgil gives this name to his lake in the valley of *Amſanctus* in Italy. STEEVENS.

4 —*vaporous drop profound*;] That is, a drop that has *profound*, *deep*, or *hidden* qualities. JOHNSON.

This vaporous drop ſeems to have been meant for the ſame as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was ſuppoſed to ſhed on particular herbs, or other objects, when ſtrongly ſolicited by enchantment. Lucan introduces Erictho uſing it; l. 6:

"—— *et virus largæ* lunare *miniſtrat*." STEEVENS.

And

And that, diſtill'd by magick ſlights[5],
Shall raiſe ſuch artificial ſprights,
As, by the ſtrength of their illuſion,
Shall draw him on to his confuſion:
He ſhall ſpurn fate, ſcorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wiſdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, ſecurity
Is mortals' chiefeſt enemy.

SONG. [*within.*] *Come away, come away,* &c[6].
Hark, I am call'd; my little ſpirit, ſee,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and ſtays for me. [*Exit.*

1. *Witch.* Come, let's make haſte, ſhe'll ſoon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX, *and another* Lord[7].

Len. My former ſpeeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only, I ſay,
Things have been ſtrangely borne: The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—

[5] —*ſlights,*] Arts; ſubtle practices. JOHNSON.

[6] *Come away,* &c.] Whether this ſong was compoſed by Shakſpeare, it is now impoſſible to determine. It is printed at length incorrectly in Sir W. D'Avenant's alteration of this play, publiſhed in 1674, and alſo with ſome variations in an unpubliſhed play entitled *The Witch*, written by *Thomas Middleton*; from which D'Avenant appears to have tranſcribed it. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Article, MACBETH; Vol. I. MALONE.

[7] *Enter Lenox, and another Lord.*] As this tragedy, like the reſt of Shakſpeare's, is perhaps overſtocked with perſonages, it is not eaſy to aſſign a reaſon why a nameleſs character ſhould be introduced here, ſince nothing is ſaid that might not with equal propriety have been put into the mouth of any other diſaffected man. I believe therefore that in the original copy it was written, with a very common form of contraction, Lenox and An. for which the tranſcriber, inſtead of Lenox and Angus, ſet down Lenox and *another Lord*. The authour had indeed been more indebted to the tranſcriber's fidelity and diligence, had he committed no errors of greater importance. JOHNSON.

And

And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may ſay, if it pleaſe you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men muſt not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought[8], how monſtrous[9]
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not ſtraight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the ſlaves of drink, and thralls of ſleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wiſely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I ſay,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's ſons under his key,
(As, an't pleaſe heaven, he ſhall not,) they ſhould find
What 'twere to kill a father; ſo ſhould Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cauſe he fail'd
His preſence at the tyrant's feaſt, I hear,
Macduff lives in diſgrace: Sir, can you tell
Where he beſtows himſelf?

Lord. The ſon of Duncan[1],
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the Engliſh court; and is receiv'd
Of the moſt pious Edward with ſuch grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high reſpect: Thither Macduff is gone,
To pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of theſe, (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, ſleep to our nights;

[8] *Who* cannot *want the thought*,] The ſenſe requires—Who *can* want the thought—. Yet, I believe, the text is not corrupt. Shakſpeare is ſometimes incorrect in theſe *minutiæ*. MALONE.

[9] —*monſtrous*—] This word is here uſed as a triſyllable. MALONE.

[1] *The* ſon *of Duncan*,] Old Copy—*ſons*. MALONE.
Theobald corrected it. JOHNSON.

Free

Free from our feaſts and banquets bloody knives [2];
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours [3],
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath ſo exaſperate their king [4], that he
Prepares for ſome attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an abſolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy meſſenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who ſhould ſay, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this anſwer.

Len. And that well might
Adviſe him to a caution, to hold what diſtance
His wiſdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His meſſage ere he come; that a ſwift bleſſing
May ſoon return to this our ſuffering country,
Under a hand accurs'd [5]!

Lord. I'll ſend my prayers with him. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *Free from our feaſts and banquets bloody knives;*] The conſtruction is—Free our feaſts and banquets from bloody knives. Perhaps the words are tranſpoſed, and the line originally ſtood:

Our feaſts and banquets free from bloody knives. MALONE.

[3] — *and receive* free *honours,*] *Free* may be either honours *freely beſtowed*, not purchaſed by crimes; or honours *without ſlavery*, without dread of a tyrant. JOHNSON.

[4] — *their king,*] i. e. Macbeth. *Their* refers to the ſon of Duncan, and Macduff. Sir T. Hanmer reads unneceſſarily, I think, *the* king. MALONE.

[5] — *to this our ſuffering country,*
Under a hand accurs'd!] The conſtruction is,—to our country ſuffering under a hand accurſed. MALONE.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I[6].

A dark Cave. In the middle a cauldron boiling.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd[7].
2. *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd[8].

[6] SCENE I.] As this is the chief ſcene of enchantment in the play, it is proper in this place to obſerve, with how much judgment Shakſpeare has ſelected all the circumſtances of his infernal ceremonies, and how exactly he has conformed to common opinions and traditions:

"Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd."

The uſual form in which familiar ſpirits are reported to converſe with witches, is that of a cat. A witch, who was tried about half a century before the time of Shakſpeare, had a cat named Rutterkin, as the ſpirit of one of thoſe witches was Grimalkin; and when any miſchief was

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[7] *Thrice the brinded* cat *hath mew'd.*] A *cat* from time immemorial has been the agent and favourite of witches. This ſuperſtitious fancy is pagan, and very ancient; and the original, perhaps this: *When Galinthia was changed into a* cat *by the Fates, (ſays Antonius Liberalis,* Metam. *cap.* 29.) *by witches, (ſays Pauſanias in his* Bœotics) Hecate *took pity of her, and made her prieſteſs; in which office ſhe continues to this day.* Hecate *herſelf too, when Typhon forced all the gods and goddeſſes to hide themſelves in animals, aſſumed the ſhape of a* cat. So, *Ovid:*

"Fele *ſoror Phœbi latuit.*" WARBURTON.

[8] *Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.*] Mr. Theobald reads: *Twice* and once, &c. and obſerves that odd numbers are uſed in all enchantments and magical operations? The remark is juſt, but the paſſage was miſunderſtood. The ſecond Witch only repeats the number which the firſt had mentioned, in order to confirm what ſhe had ſaid; and then adds, that the *hedge-pig* had likewiſe cried, though but once. Or what ſeems more eaſy, the hedge-pig had whined *thrice*, and after an interval had whined once again.

Even numbers, however, were always reckoned inauſpicious. So, in the *Honeſt Lawyer*, by S. S. 1616: "Sure 'tis not a lucky time; the firſt crow I heard this morning, cried *twice*. This *even*, ſir, is no good number." *Twice and once*, however, might be a cant expreſſion. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Silence ſays: "I have been merry *twice and once*, ere now." STEEVENS.

3. *Witch.*

3. *Witch.* Harper cries[9]:—'tis time, 'tis time[1].

1. *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go[2];
In the poiſon'd entrails throw.—

was to be done, ſhe uſed to bid Rutterkin *go and fly*. But once when ſhe would have ſent Rutterkin to torment a daughter of the counteſs of Rutland, inſtead of *going* or *flying*, he only cried *mew*, from whence ſhe diſcovered that the lady was out of his power, the power of witches being not univerſal, but limited, as Shakſpeare has taken care to inculcate:

"Though his bark cannot be loſt,
"Yet it ſhall be tempeſt-toſt."

The common afflictions which the malice of witches produced, were melancholy, fits, and loſs of fleſh, which are threatned by one of Shakſpeare's witches:

"Weary ſev'n nights, nine times nine,
"Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine."

It was likewiſe their practice to deſtroy the cattle of their neighbours, and the farmers have to this day many ceremonies to ſecure their cows and other cattle from witchcraft; but they ſeem to have been moſt ſuſpected of malice againſt ſwine. Shakſpeare has accordingly made one of his witches declare that ſhe has been *killing ſwine*; and Dr. Harſnet obſerves, that about that time, "*a ſow could not be ill of the meaſles, nor a girl of the fullens, but ſome old woman was charg'd with witchcraft.*"

"Toad, that under the cold ſtone,
"Days and nights haſt thirty one
"Swelter'd venom ſleeping got,
"Boil thou firſt i'the charmed pot."

Toads have likewiſe long lain under the reproach of being by ſome means

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9 Harper *cries*—] This is ſome imp, or familiar ſpirit, concerning whoſe etymology and office, the reader may be wiſer than the editor. Thoſe who are acquainted with Dr. Farmer's pamphlet, will be unwilling to derive the name of *Harper* from Ovid's *Harpalos*, ab harpe rapio. See Upton's *Critical Obſervations*, &c. edit. 1748, p. 155. STEEVENS.

1 — *tis time, 'tis time.*] This familiar does not cry out that it is time for them to begin their enchantments, but *cries*, i. e. gives them the ſignal, upon which the third Witch communicates the notice to her ſiſters:

Harper cries:—*'tis time, 'tis time.* STEEVENS.

2 *Round about the cauldron go;*] Milton has caught this image in his *Hymn on the Morning of Chriſt's Nativity*:

"In diſmal dance about the furnace blue." STEEVENS.

Toad, that under the cold ſtone[3],
Days and nights haſt[4] thirty one

means acceſſary to witchcraft, for which reaſon Shakſpeare, in the firſt act of this play, calls one of the ſpirits Padocke or Toad, and now takes care to put a toad firſt into the pot. When Vaninus was ſeized at Tholouſe, there was found at his lodgings *ingens bufo vitro incluſus, a great toad ſhut in a vial*, upon which thoſe that proſecuted him *veneficium exprobrabant, charged him*, I ſuppoſe, *with witchcraft*.

" Fillet of a fenny-ſnake,
" In the cauldron boil and bake:
" Eye of newt, and toe of frog,—
" For a charm, &c."

The propriety of theſe ingredients may be known by conſulting the books *de Viribus Animalium* and *de Mirabilibus Mundi*, aſcribed to Albertus Magnus, in which the reader, who has time and credulity, may diſcover very wonderful ſecrets.

" Finger of birth-ſtrangled babe,
" Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;"—

It has been already mentioned in the law againſt witches, that they are ſuppoſed to take up dead bodies to uſe in enchantments, which was confeſſed by the woman whom king James examined, and who had of a dead body that was divided in one of their aſſemblies, two fingers for her ſhare.' It is obſervable that Shakſpeare, on this great occaſion which involves the fate of a king, multiplies all the circumſtances of horrour. The babe, whoſe finger is uſed, muſt be ſtrangled in its birth; the greaſe muſt not only be human, but muſt have dropped from a gibbet, the gibbet of a murderer; and even the ſow, whoſe blood is uſed, muſt have offended nature by devouring her own farrow. Theſe are touches of judgment and genius.

" And now about the cauldron ſing,—
" Black ſpirits and white,
" Red ſpirits and grey,
" Mingle, mingle, mingle,
" You that mingle may."

And in a former part:

" —weird ſiſters, hand in hand,—
" Thus do go about, about;
" Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
" And thrice again, to make up nine!

Theſe

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[3] — the *cold ſtone*,] *The*, which is wanting in the old copy, was added by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[4] *Days and nights* haſt—] Old Copy—*has*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

Swelter'd

Swelter'd venom [5] ſleeping got,
Boil thou firſt i'the charmed pot!

All. Double, double toil and trouble [6];
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

1 Witch. Fillet of a fenny ſnake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's ſting [7],
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

Theſe two paſſages I have brought together, becauſe they both ſeem ſubject to the objection of too much levity for the ſolemnity of enchantment, and may both be ſhewn, by one quotation from Camden's account of Ireland, to be founded upon a practice really obſerved by the unciviliſed natives of that country: "When any one gets a fall, *ſays the informer of Camden*, he ſtarts up, and, *turning three times to the right*, digs a hole in the earth; for they imagine that there is a ſpirit in the ground, and if he falls ſick in two or three days, they ſend one of their women that is ſkilled in that way to the place, where ſhe ſays, *I call thee from the eaſt, weſt, north and ſouth, from the groves, the woods, the rivers, and the fens, from the fairies, red, black, and white.*" There was likewiſe a book written before the time of Shakſpeare, deſcribing, amongſt other properties, the *colours* of ſpirits.

Many other circumſtances might be particulariſed, in which Shakſpeare has ſhown his judgment and his knowledge. JOHNSON.

[5] Swelter'd *venom*—] This word ſeems to be employ'd by Shakſpeare to ſignify that the animal was moiſtened with its own cold exſudations. So, in the twenty-ſecond ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"And all the knights there dub'd the morning but before,
"The evening ſun beheld them *ſwelter'd* in their gore."

In the old tranſlation of Boccace's Novels, [1620] the following ſentence alſo occurs: "—an huge and mighty *toad* even *weltering* (as it were) in *a hole full of poiſon*." STEEVENS.

[6] *Double, double toil and trouble*;] As this was a very extraordinary incantation, they were to double their pains about it. I think, therefore, it ſhould be pointed as I have pointed it:

Double, double toil and trouble;

otherwiſe the ſolemnity is abated by the immediate recurrence of the rhime. STEEVENS.

[7] —blind-worm's *ſting*,] The *blind-worm* is the *ſlow-worm*. So, Drayton in *Noah's Flood*:

"The ſmall-ey'd *ſlow-worm* held of many *blind*." STEEVENS.

All.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3. *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf[8],
Of the ravin'd ſalt-ſea ſhark[9];
Root of hemlock, digg'd i'the dark;
Liver of blaſpheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and ſlips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipſe[1];
Noſe of Turk, and Tartar's lips[2];
Finger of birth-ſtrangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and ſlab:
Add thereto a tyger's chaudron[3],
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

[8] — *maw, and gulf,*] The *gulf* is the *ſwallow*, the *throat*. STEEVENS.

In the *Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, we have—"monſtrous *mawes and gulfes*." HENDERSON.

[9] — ravin'd *ſalt-ſea ſhark*;] *Ravin'd* is glutted with prey. *Ravin* is the ancient word for *prey obtain'd by violence*. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, ſong 7:

"——but a den for beaſts of *ravin* made."

The ſame word occurs again in *Meaſure for Meaſure*. STEEVENS.

In *Meaſure for Meaſure* the *verb* is uſed: "Like rats that *ravin* down, &c. To *ravin*, according to Minſheu, is to *devour*, or *eat greedily*. See his DICT. 1617, in v. *To devour*. I believe, our author, with his uſual licence, uſed *ravin'd* for *ravenous*, the paſſive participle for the adjective. Mr. Maſon would read *ravin*. So, in *All's Well that ends well*, "— the *ravin* lion." MALONE.

[1] Sliver'd *in the moon's eclipſe*;] *Sliver* is a common word in the North, where it means *to cut a piece* or *a ſlice*. Again, in *K. Lear*:

"She who herſelf will *ſliver* and diſbranch." STEEVENS.

[2] *Noſe of Turk, and Tartar's lips*;] Theſe ingredients in all probability owed their introduction to the deteſtation in which the Saracens were held, on account of the *holy wars*. STEEVENS.

[3] *Add thereto a tyger's* chaudron,] *Chaudron*, i. e. *entrails*; a word formerly in common uſe in the books of cookery, in one of which, printed in 1597, I meet with a receipt to make a pudding of a calf's *chaldron*. See alſo Mr. Pegge's *Forme of Cury, a roll of ancient Engliſh Cookery*, &c. octavo, 1780, p. 66. STEEVENS.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
2. *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, *and other three* Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains,
And every one ſhall ſhare i'the gains.
And now about the cauldron ſing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in. [*Muſick.*

SONG[4].

Black ſpirits and white,
Red ſpirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2. *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs[5],
Something wicked this way comes:—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

4 SONG.] Of this ſong only the firſt two words are found in the old copy of the play. The reſt was ſupplied from Betterton's or Sir W. Davenant's alteration of it in the year 1674. The ſong was however in all probability a traditional one. The colours of ſpirits are often mentioned. STEEVENS.

Reginald Scot in his *Diſcovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, enumerating the different kinds of ſpirits, particularly mentions *white*, *black*, *grey*, and *red* ſpirits. See alſo a paſſage quoted from Camden, ante, p. 384, n. 4. This ſong is likewiſe found in *Middleton's* play, entitled *The Witch*. The modern editions, without authority, read—*Blue* ſpirits and grey. MALONE.

5 *By the pricking of my thumbs*, &c.] It is a very ancient ſuperſtition, that all ſudden pains of the body, and other ſenſations which could not naturally be accounted for, were preſages of ſomewhat that was ſhortly to happen. Hence Mr. Upton has explained a paſſage in the *Miles Glorioſus* of Plautus: "Timeo quod rerum geſſerim hic, ita *dorſus totus pruris*." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you ſecret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profeſs,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) anſwer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Againſt the churches; though the yeſty waves [6]
Confound and ſwallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though caſtles topple [7] on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do ſlope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treaſure
Of nature's germins [8] tumble all together,
Even till deſtruction ſicken, anſwer me
To what I aſk you.
1. *Witch.* Speak.
2. *Witch.* Demand.
3. *Witch.* We'll anſwer.
1. *Witch.* Say, if thou'dſt rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our maſters'?
Macb. Call them, let me ſee them.
1. *Witch.* Pour in ſow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; greaſe, that's ſweaten

6 — *yeſty waves*] That is, *foaming* or *frothy waves*. JOHNSON.

7 *Though caſtles* topple—] *Topple* is uſed for *tumble*. So, in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*, Act IV. ſc. iii:

"That I might pile up Charon's boat ſo full,
"Until it *topple* o'er." STEEVENS.

8 *Of nature's* germins—] This was ſubſtituted by Theobald for *nature's* germaine. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Lear*, Act III. ſc. ii:

"——all *germins* ſpill at once
"That make ungrateful man."

Germins are ſeeds which have begun to *germinate* or ſprout. *Germen*, Lat. *Germe*, Fr. STEEVENS.

From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.
All. Come, high, or low;
Thyſelf, and office, deftly ſhow[9].

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed head riſes[1].

Mach. Tell me, thou unknown power,—
1. *Witch.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought[2].
App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife[3].—Diſmiſs me:—Enough.
[*deſcends.*
Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou haſt harp'd my fear aright[4]:—But one word more:—

9 — deftly *ſhow.*] i. e. with adroitneſs, dexterouſly. So, in the ſecond part of *K. Edward IV.* by Heywood, 1626: "—my miſtreſs ſpeaks *deftly* and truly." *Deft* is a North Country word. STEEVENS.

1 *An Apparition of an armed head riſes.*] The armed head repreſents ſymbolically Macbeth's head, cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff untimely ripp'd from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head, and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his ſoldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunſinane. This obſervation I have adopted from Mr. Upton. STEEVENS.

Lord Howard, in his *Defenſative againſt the Poiſon of ſuppoſed Prophecies*, 1583, mentions "a notable example of a conjuror, who repreſented (as it were, in dumb ſhow) all the perſons who ſhould poſſeſs the crown of France; and cauſed the king of Navarre, or rather a wicked ſpirit in his ſtead, to appear in the fifth place," &c. FARMER.

2 — *ſay thou nought.*] Silence was neceſſary during all incantations. So, in Dr. *Fauſtus*, 1604:

"Your grace, demand no queſtions,—
"But in dumb *ſilence* let them come and go."

Again, in *the Tempeſt*:

"—be *mute*, or elſe our ſpell is marr'd." STEEVENS.

3 *Beware the thane of Fife.*] "—He had learned of certaine wizzards, in whoſe words he put great confidence, how that he ought to take heede of *Macduff*," &c. Holinſhed. STEEVENS.

4 *Thou haſt* harp'd *my fear aright:*] To *harp*, is to touch on a paſſion as a harper touches a ſtring. So, in *Coriolanus*, Act II. ſc. ult.

"*Harp* on that ſtill." STEEVENS.

1. *Witch.*

1. *Witch* He will not be commanded: Here's another, More potent than the firſt.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody child riſes.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Mach. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and reſolute: laugh to ſcorn The power of man; for none of woman born Shall harm Macbeth [5]. [*deſcends.*

Mach. Then live, Macduff; What need I fear of thee? But yet I'll make aſſurance double ſure, And take a bond of fate: thou ſhalt not live; That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies, And ſleep in ſpight of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, riſes.

That riſes like the iſſue of a king; And wears upon his baby brow the round And top of ſovereignty [6]?

All. Liſten, but ſpeak not to't.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care Who chafes, who frets, or where conſpirers are: Macbeth ſhall never vanquiſh'd be, until Great Birnam wood to high Dunſinane-hill Shall come againſt him [7]. [*deſcends.*

Mach.

5 *Shall harm Macbeth.*] So Holinſhed:—"And ſurely hereupon he had put Macduff to death, but that a certeine witch, whom he had in great truſt, had told him, that he ſhould never be ſlaine with man borne of anie woman, nor vanquiſhed till the wood of Bernane came to the caſtell of Dunſinane. This prophecie put all feare out of his heart." STEEVENS.

6 —*the round*
And top of ſovereignty?] The *round* is that part of the crown that encircles the head. The *top* is the ornament that riſes above it. JOHNSON.

7 ——————*until*
Great Birnam wood to high Dunſinane-hill
Shall come againſt him.] Propheſies of apparent impoſſibilities were common in Scotland; ſuch as the removal of one place to another.

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impreſs the foreſt[8]; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? ſweet bodements! good
Rebellious head, riſe never[9], till the wood
Of Birnam riſe, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the leaſe of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal cuſtom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell ſo much,) ſhall Banquo's iſſue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be ſatisfy'd; deny me this,
And an eternal curſe fall on you! let me know:—
Why ſinks that cauldron? and what noiſe is this?
[*Hautboys.*

1. *Witch.* Shew! 2. *Witch.* Shew! 3. *Witch.* Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like ſhadows, ſo depart.

Under this popular prophetick formulary the preſent prediction may be ranked. In the ſame ſtrain peculiar to his country, ſays Sir David Lindſay:

"Quhen the Bas and the Iſle of May
"Beis ſet upon the Mount Sinay,
"Quhen the Lowmound beſyde Falkland
"Be liftit to Northumberland—." WARTON.

[8] *Who can the impreſs the foreſt*;] i. e. who can command the foreſt to ſerve him like a ſoldier impreſs'd. JOHNSON.

[9] *Rebellious* head, *riſe never*,] The old copy has—rebellious *dead*. MALONE.

We ſhould read:—*Rebellious* head,—i. e. let rebellion never make head againſt me till a foreſt move, and I ſhall reign in ſafety. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald rightly obſerves, that *head* means *hoſt*, or power.

"That Douglas and the Engliſh rebels met;—
"A mighty and a fearful *head* they are." *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

Again, in *King Henry VIII.*:

"My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
"Who firſt *rais'd head* againſt uſurping Richard." JOHNSON.

Eight

Eight kings[1] *appear, and paſs over the ſtage in order; the laſt, with a glaſs in his hand:* Banquo *following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the ſpirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does ſear mine eye-balls[2]:—And thy air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the firſt:—
A third is like the former[3]:—Filthy hags!
Why do you ſhew me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line ſtretch out to the crack of doom[4]?—
Another yet?—A ſeventh?—I'll ſee no more:—

[1] *Eight kings*—] "It is reported that Voltaire often laughs at the tragedy of *Macbeth*, for having a legion of ghoſts in it. One ſhould imagine he either had not learned Engliſh, or had forgot his Latin; for the ſpirits of Banquo's line are no more ghoſts, than the repreſentations of the Julian race in the Æneid; and there is no ghoſt but Banquo's throughout the play." *Eſſay on the Genius and Writings of Shakſpeare*, &c. by Mrs. Montague. STEEVENS.

[2] *Thy crown does ſear mine eye-balls:*] The expreſſion of Macbeth, that the *crown* ſears *his* eye-balls, is taken from the method formerly practiſed of deſtroying the ſight of captives or competitors, by holding a burning baſon before the eye, which dried up its humidity. Whence the Italian, *abacinare*, to *blind*. JOHNSON.

[3] In former editions:

——— *and thy* hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the firſt:—
A third is like the former:] As Macbeth expected to ſee a train of kings, and was only enquiring from what race they would proceed, he could not be ſurpriſed that the *hair* of the ſecond was *bound with gold* like that of the firſt; he was offended only that the ſecond reſembled the firſt, as the firſt reſembled Banquo, and therefore ſaid:

——— *and thy* air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the firſt.

This Dr. Warburton has followed. JOHNSON.

In ſupport of Dr. Johnſon's emendation, it may be obſerved, that the common people (of which rank the perſon who recited theſe plays to the tranſcriber, probably was,) almoſt univerſally pronounce the word *air*, as if it were written *hair*, and *vice verſa*. MALONE.

[4] — *to the* crack *of doom?*] i. e. the diſſolution of nature. *Crack* has now a mean ſignification. It was anciently employ'd in a more exalted ſenſe. So, in the *Valiant Welchman*, 1615:

"And will as fearleſs entertain this fight,
"As a good conſcience doth the *cracks* of Jove." STEEVENS.

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glaſs[5],
Which ſhews me many more; and ſome I ſee,
That twofold balls and treble ſcepters carry[6]:
Horrible ſight!—Now, I ſee, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo[7] ſmiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this ſo?

[5] *And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glaſs,*] This method of juggling prophecy is again referred to in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, A&II. ſc. vii:

" —— and like a prophet,
" Looks in a *glaſs*, and ſhews me *future evils*."

So, in an *Extract from the Penal Laws againſt Witches*, it is ſaid, that " they do anſwer either by voice, or elſe do ſet before their eyes in *glaſſes*, chryſtal ſtones, &c. the pictures or images of the *perſons* or things ſought for." Among the other knaveries with which Face taxes Subtle in the *Alchemiſt*, this ſeems to be one:

" And taking in of ſhadows with a *glaſs*."

Again, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, an ancient collection of ſatires, no date:

" Shew you the devil in a *chryſtal glaſs*."

Spenſer has given a very circumſtantial account of the *glaſs* which Merlin made for king Ryence, in the ſecond canto of the third book of the *Faery Queen*. A *mirror* of the ſame kind was preſented to *Cambuſcan* in the *Squier's Tale* of Chaucer. STEEVENS.

[6] *That twofold balls and treble ſcepters carry.*] This was intended as a compliment to king James the firſt, who firſt united the two iſlands and the three kingdoms under one head; whoſe houſe too was ſaid to be deſcended from Banquo. WARBURTON.

Of this laſt particular, our poet ſeems to have been thoroughly aware, having repreſented Banquo not only as an innocent, but as a noble character; whereas, according to hiſtory, he was confederate with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan. The flattery of Shakſpeare, however, is not more groſs than that of Ben Jonſon, who has condeſcended to quote his majeſty's book on *Dæmonology*, in the notes to the *Maſque of Queens*, 1609. STEEVENS.

[7] —*the* blood-bolter'd *Banquo*—] *Blood-bolter'd* means one whoſe blood hath iſſued out at many wounds, as flour of corn paſſes through the holes of a ſieve. Shakſpeare uſed it to inſinuate the barbarity of Banquo's murderers, who covered him with wounds. WARBURTON.

The ſame idea occurs in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

" Then ſtab him, till his fleſh be as a *ſieve*."

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

" I'll have my body firſt bored like a *ſieve*." STEEVENS.

1. *Witch.*

1. *Witch.* Ay, ſir; all this is ſo;—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, ſiſters, cheer we up his ſprights,
And ſhew the beſt of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a ſound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great king may kindly ſay,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Muſick. The* Witches *dance, and vaniſh.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accurſed in the calendar[8]!—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird ſiſters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd, all thoſe that truſt them!—I did hear
The galloping of horſe: Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England,

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'ſt my dread exploits[9]:
The flighty purpoſe never is o'er-took,
Unleſs the deed go with it: From this moment,

[8] *Stand aye accurſed in the calendar!*] In the ancient almanacks the unlucky days were diſtinguiſhed by a mark of reprobation. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635:

" —— henceforth let it ſtand
" Within the wizard's book, the *kalender*,
" *Mark'd with a marginal finger*, to be choſen,
" By thieves, by villains, and black murderers." STEEVENS.

[9] *Time, thou anticipat'ſt my dread exploits!*] To *anticipate* is here to *prevent*, by taking away the opportunity. JOHNSON.

The

The very firſtlings[1] of my heart ſhall be
The firſtlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The caſtle of Macduff I will ſurpriſe;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o'the ſword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate ſouls
That trace him in his line[2]. No boaſting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpoſe cool:
But no more ſights!—Where are theſe gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Fife. *A Room in* Macduff's *Caſtle.*

Enter Lady MACDUFF, *her ſon, and* ROSSE.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Roſſe. You muſt have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madneſs: When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Roſſe. You know not,
Whether it was his wiſdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wiſdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His manſion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himſelf does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch[3]: for the poor wren[4],
The

[1] *The very* firſtlings—] *Firſtlings* in its primitive ſenſe is the firſt produce or offspring. So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613: "The *firſtlings* of their vowed ſacrifice." Here it means the thing firſt thought or done. Shakſpeare uſes the word again in the prologue to *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"Leaps o'er the vant and *firſtlings* of theſe broils." STEEVENS.

[2] *That* trace *him*, &c.] i. e. follow, ſucceed him. STEEVENS.

[3] — *natural touch*:] Natural ſenſibility. He is not touched with natural affection. JOHNSON.

So, in an ancient Ms. play, entitled *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*:

"—— How ſhe's begnil'd in him!
"There's no ſuch *natural touch*, ſearch all his boſom."
STEEVENS.

[4] — *the*

The moſt diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her neſt, againſt the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wiſdom, where the flight
So runs againſt all reaſon.

Roſſe. My deareſt coz',
I pray you, ſchool yourſelf: But, for your huſband,
He is noble, wiſe, judicious, and beſt knows
The fits o'the ſeaſon[5]. I dare not ſpeak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourſelves[6]; when we hold rumour
From what we fear[7], yet know not what we fear;

But

4 — *the poor wren*, &c.] The ſame thought occurs in the third part of *King Henry VI*:

" —doves will peck, in ſafety of their brood.
" Who hath not ſeen them (even with thoſe wings
" Which ſometimes they have us'd in fearful flight)
" Make war with him that climb'd unto their neſt,
" Offering their own lives in their young's defence?" STEEV.

5 *The fits of the ſeaſon.*] The *fits of the ſeaſon* ſhould appear to be, from the following paſſage in *Coriolanus*, the *violent diſorders* of the ſeaſon, its *convulſions*:

" ——— but that
" The *violent fit* o'th' times craves it as phyſick." STEEVENS.

Perhaps the meaning is,—what is moſt *fitting* to be done in every conjuncture. ANONYMOUS.

6 —— *when we are traitors,*
And do not know *ourſelves*;] i. e. when we are conſidered by the ſtate as traitors, while at the ſame time we are *unconſcious* of guilt: when we appear to others ſo different from what we really are, that we ſeem not to *know ourſelves*. MALONE.

7 — *when we hold rumour*
From what we fear,] *To hold rumour* ſignifies to be governed by the authority of rumour. WARBURTON.

I rather think to *hold* means in this place, to *believe*; as we ſay, *I* hold *ſuch a thing to be true*, i. e. *I take it, I believe it to be ſo*. Thus, in *K. Henry VIII*:

" ——— Did you not of late days hear, &c.
" 1. *Gen.* Yes, but *held* it not."

The ſenſe of the whole paſſage will then be: *The times are cruel when our fears induce us to believe, or take for granted, what we hear rumour'd or reported abroad; and yet at the ſame time, as we live under a tyrannical*

But float upon a wild and violent ſea,
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worſt will ceaſe, or elſe climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty coſin,
Bleſſing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherleſs.

Roſſe. I am ſo much a fool, ſhould I ſtay longer,
It would be my diſgrace, and your diſcomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit* Rosse.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead[8];
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and ſo do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dſt never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why ſhould I, mother? Poor birds they are not ſet for.
My father is not dead, for all your ſaying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a huſband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market:

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to ſell again.

tyrannical government where will *is ſubſtituted for* law, *we know not what we have to fear, becauſe we know not when we offend.* Or: *When we are led by our fears to believe every rumour of danger we bear, yet are not conſcious to ourſelves of any crime for which we ſhould be diſturbed with thoſe fears.* A paſſage like this occurs in *K. John*:

" Poſſeſs'd with *rumours*, full of idle dreams,
" *Not knowing what they fear*, but full of fear."

This is the beſt I can make of the paſſage. Steevens.

[8] Sirrah, *your father's dead*;] *Sirrah* in our author's time was not a term of reproach, but generally uſed by maſters to ſervants, parents to children, &c. So before, in this play, Macbeth ſays to his ſervant:

" *Sirrah*, a word with you: Attend theſe men our pleaſure?"

Malone.

L. Macd.

L. Macd. Thou ſpeak'ſt with all thy wit; and yet i'faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that ſwears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do ſo?

L. Macd. Every one that does ſo, is a traitor, and muſt be hang'd.

Son. And muſt they all be hang'd, that ſwear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who muſt hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honeſt men.

Son. Then the liars and ſwearers are fools: for there are liars and ſwearers enough to beat the honeſt men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good ſign that I ſhould quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'ſt!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Bleſs you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your ſtate of honour I am perfect[9].
I doubt, ſome danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too ſavage;
To do worſe to you, were fell cruelty[1],

Which

[9] — *in your ſtate of honour I am* perfect.] i. e. I am *perfectly acquainted* with your rank of honour. So, in the old book *that treateth of the Lyfe of Virgil*, &c. bl. l. no date: "—which when Virgil ſaw, he looked in his boke of negromancy, wherein he was perfit." STEEV.

[1] *To do worſe to you were fell cruelty.*] To do *worſe* is, to let her and her children be deſtroyed without warning. JOHNSON.

Mr.

Which is too nigh your perſon. Heaven preſerve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit* Meſſenger.

L. Macd. Whither ſhould I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, ſometime
Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To ſay, I have done no harm?—What are theſe faces?

Enter certain Murderers.

Mur. Where is your huſband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place ſo unſanctified,
Where ſuch as thou may'ſt find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'ſt, thou ſhag-ear'd villain[2].

Mur. What, you egg? [*ſtabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery?

Mr. Edwards explains theſe words differently. "*To do worſe to you* (ſays he) ſignifies,—to fright you more, by relating all the circumſtances of your danger; which would detain you ſo long that you could not avoid it." The meaning, however, may be, *To do worſe to you*, not to diſcloſe to you the perilous ſituation you are in, from a fooliſh apprehenſion of alarming you, would be fell cruelty. Or the meſſenger may only mean, to do more than *alarm* you by this diſagreable intelligence,—to do you any actual and bodily harm, were fell cruelty. MALONE.

[2] — ſhag-ear'd *villain.*] Perhaps we ſhould read *ſhag-hair'd*, for it is an abuſive epithet very often uſed in our ancient plays. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, P. II. 1630: "—a *ſhag-haired* cur." Again, in our author's *K. Henry VI.* P. II: "—like a *ſhag-hair'd* crafty kern." Again, in the ſpurious play of *K. Lear*, 1605:

"There ſhe had ſet a *ſhag-hair'd* murdering wretch." STEEV.

This emendation appears to me extremely probable. In *K. John*, Act V. we find "un*kear'd* ſaucineſs," for "un*hair'd* ſaucineſs," and we have had in this play *hair* inſtead of *air*. Theſe two words, and the word *ear*, were all, I believe, in the time of our author, pronounced alike. See a note on VENUS AND ADONIS, p. 411, n. 1; and p. 456, n. 5, edit. 1780, octavo.

Hair was formerly written *heare*. Hence perhaps the miſtake. So, in Ives's SELECT PAPERS, *chiefly relating to Engliſh Antiquities*, N°. 3, p. 133: "—and in her *heare* a circlet of gold richely garniſhed." However, as ſlap-*ear'd* is uſed as an epithet of contempt in the *Taming of the Shrew*, the old copy may be right. MALONE.

Son.

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies. Exit* L. Macduff, *crying murder, and purſued by the murderers.*

SCENE III.

England. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM, *and* MACDUFF[3].

Mal. Let us ſeek out ſome deſolate ſhade, and there
Weep our ſad boſoms empty.

Macd.

3 *Enter* Malcolm *and* Macduff.] The part of Holinſhed's *Chronicle*, which relates to this play, is no more than an abridgement of John Bellenden's tranſlation of the *Noble Clerk, Hector Boece*, imprinted at Edinburgh, 1541. For the ſatisfaction of the reader, I have inſerted the words of the firſt mentioned hiſtorian, from whom this ſcene is almoſt literally taken: "Though Malcolme was verie ſorrowfull for the oppreſſion of his countriemen the Scots, in manner as Makduffe had declared, yet doubting whether he was come as one that ment unfeinedlie as he ſpake, or elſe as ſent from Makbeth to betraie him, he thought to have ſome further triall, and thereupon diſſembling his mind at the firſt, he anſwered as followeth:

"I am trulie verie ſorie for the miſerie chanced to my countrie of Scotland; but though I have never ſo great affection to relieve the ſame, yet by reaſon of certaine incurable vices, which reigne in me, I am nothing meet thereto. Firſt, ſuch immoderate luſt and voluptuous ſenſualitie (the abhominable fountaine of all vices) followeth me, that if I were made king of Scots, I ſhould ſeek to defloure your maids and matrones, in ſuch wiſe that mine intemperancie ſhould be more importable unto you than the bloudie tyrannie of Makbeth now is. Hereunto Makduffe anſwered: This ſurelie is a verie euil fault, for manie noble princes and kings have loſt both lives and kingdomes for the ſame, nevertheleſſe there are women enow in Scotland, and therefore follow my counſell. Make thy ſelfe king, and I ſhall conveie the matter ſo wiſelie, that thou ſhalt be ſo ſatisfied at thy pleaſure in ſuch ſecret wiſe, that no man ſhall be aware thereof.

"Then ſaid Malcolme, I am alſo the moſt avaritious creature in the earth, ſo that if I were king, I ſhould ſeeke ſo manie waies to get lands and goods, that I would ſlea the moſt part of all the nobles of Scotland by ſurmized accuſations, to the end I might injoy their lands, goods and poſſeſſions; and therefore to ſhew you what miſchiefe may inſue on you through mine unſatiable covetouſnes, I will rehearſe unto you a fable. There was a fox having a ſore place on him overſet with a ſwarme of flies, that continuallie ſucked out his bloud: and when one that came

Macd. Let us rather
Hold faſt the mortal ſword; and, like good men,
Beſtride

came by and ſaw this manner, demanded whether ſhe would have the flies driven beſide hir, ſhe anſwered no; for if theſe flies that are alreadie full, and by reaſon thereof ſucke not verie eagerlie, ſhould be chaſed awaie, other that are emptie and fellie an hungred, ſhould light in their places, and ſucke out the reſidue of my bloud farre more to my greevance than theſe, which now being ſatisfied doo not ſo much annoie me. Therefore, ſaith Malcolme, ſuffer me to remaine where I am, leſt if I atteine to the regiment of your realme, mine unquenchable avarice may proove ſuch, that ye would thinke the diſpleaſures which now grieve you, ſhould ſeem eaſie in reſpect of the unmeaſurable outrage which might inſue through my comming amongſt you.

"Makduffe to this made anſwer, how it was a far woorſe fault than the other: for avarice is the root of all miſchiefe, and for that crime the moſt part of our kings have been ſlaine, and brought to their finall end. Yet notwithſtanding follow my counſell, and take upon thee the crowne. There is gold and riches inough in Scotland to ſatisfie thy greedie deſire. Then ſaid Malcolme again, I am furthermore inclined to diſſimulation, telling of leaſings, and all other kinds of deceit, ſo that I naturallie rejoiſe in nothing ſo much, as to betraie and deceive ſuch as put anie truſt or confidence in my woords. Then ſith there is nothing that more becommeth a prince than conſtancie, veritie, truth, and juſtice, with the other laudable fellowſhip of thoſe faire and noble vertues which are comprehended onelie in ſoothfaſtneſſe, and that lieng utterlie overthroweth the ſame, you ſee how unable I am to governe anie province or region: and therefore ſith you have remedies to cloke and hide all the reſt of my other vices, I praie you find ſhift to cloke this vice amongſt the reſidue.

"Then ſaid Makduffe: This yet is the woorſt of all, and there I leave thee, and therefore ſaie; Oh ye unhappie and miſerable Scotiſhmen, which are thus ſcourged with ſo manie and ſundrie calamities ech one above other! Ye have one curſed and wicked tyrant that now reigneth over you, without anie right or title, oppreſſing you with his moſt bloudie crueltie. This other that hath the right to the crowne, is ſo replet with the inconſtant behaviour and manifeſt vices of Engliſhmen, that he is nothing woorthie to injoy it: for by his owne confeſſion he is not onelie avaritious and given to unſatiable luſt, but ſo falſe a traitor withall, that no truſt is to be had unto anie woord he ſpeaketh. Adieu Scotland, for now I account my ſelfe a baniſhed man for ever, without comfort or conſolation: and with thoſe woords the brackiſh tears trickled downe his cheekes verie abundantlie.

"At the laſt, when he was readie to depart, Malcolme tooke him by the ſleeve, and ſaid: Be of good comfort, Makduffe, for I have noted theſe vices before remembred, but have jeſted with thee in this manner,

Beſtride our down-fall'n birthdom[4]: Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new ſorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it reſounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like ſyllable of dolour.
Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redreſs,
As I ſhall find the time to friend[5], I will.
What you have ſpoke, it may be ſo, perchance.
This tyrant, whoſe ſole name bliſters our tongues,
Was once thought honeſt: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but ſomething
You may deſerve of him through me[6]: and wiſdom[7]
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appeaſe an angry god.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But Macbeth is.

ner, onlie to prove thy mind: for divers times heretofore Makbeth ſought by this manner of means to bring me into his hands," &c. Holinſhed's *Hiſtory of Scotland*, p. 175. STEEVENS.

[4] *Beſtride our* down-fall'n *birthdom:*] The old copy has—*downfall.* Corrected by Dr. Johnſon. MALONE.

The alluſion is to a man from whom ſomething valuable is about to be taken by violence, and who, that he may defend it without incumbrance, lays it on the ground, and ſtands over it with his weapon in his hand. Our birthdom, or birthright, ſays he, lies on the ground; let us, like men who are to fight for what is deareſt to them, not abandon it, but ſtand over it and defend it. This is a ſtrong picture of obſtinate reſolution. So Falſtaff ſays to Hal: "—if thou ſee me down in the battle, and *beſtride me*, ſo."

Birthdom for *birthright* is formed by the ſame analogy with *maſterdom* in this play, ſignifying the *privileges* or *rights* of a *maſter*. JOHNSON.

In the ſecond part of *K. Henry IV.* Morton ſays,

"—he doth *beſtride a bleeding land.*" STEEVENS.

See Vol. V. p. 245, n. 9. MALONE.

[5] —*to* friend,] i. e. to *befriend.* STEEVENS.

[6] *You may deſerve of him through me:*] The old copy reads—*diſcerne.* The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, who ſupports it by Macduff's anſwer—"I am not treacherous." MALONE.

[7] —*and wiſdom*—] That is, and 'tis wiſdom. HEATH.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge[7]. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace[8],
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness[9] left you wife, and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,)
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee[1]! wear thou thy wrongs[2],
Thy title is affear'd[3]!—Fare thee well, lord:

I would

[7] *A good and virtuous nature may recoil*
In an imperial charge.] A good mind may *recede* from goodness in the execution of a *royal commission*. JOHNSON.

[8] *Though all things foul* &c.] This is not very clear. The meaning perhaps is this:—*My suspicions cannot injure you, if you be virtuous, by supposing that a traitor may put on your virtuous appearance. I do not say that your virtuous appearance proves you a traitor; for virtue must wear its proper form, though that form be counterfeited by villany.* JOHNSON.

[9] *Why in that rawness*—] Without previous provision, without due preparation, without *maturity* of counsel. JOHNSON.
I meet with this expression in Lilly's *Euphues*, 1580, and in the quarto 1608, of *K. Henry V*:
"Some their wives *rawly* left." STEEVENS.

[1] *For goodness* dares *not check thee!*] The old copy reads—*dare*. Corrected in the third folio. MALONE.

[2] — *wear thou thy wrongs*,] That is, *Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs*. JOHNSON.

[3] Thy *title is* afeard!] *Affeard*, a law term for confirm'd. POPE.
The old copy reads—*The* title. The modern editors—*his* title. For the emendation now made the present editor is answerable. *The* was, I conceive, the transcriber's mistake, from the similar sounds of *the* and *thy*, which are frequently pronounced alike. See p. 407, n. 3.
Perhaps the meaning is, *Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs! Thy ti*

I would not be the villain that thou think'ſt,
For the whole ſpace that's in the tyrant's graſp,
And the rich Eaſt to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I ſpeak not as in abſolute fear of you.
I think, our country ſinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gaſh
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thouſands: But, for all this,
When I ſhall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my ſword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More ſuffer, and more ſundry ways than ever,
By him that ſhall ſucceed.

Macd. What ſhould he be?

Mal. It is myſelf I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice ſo grafted,
That, when they ſhall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will ſeem as pure as ſnow; and the poor ſtate
Eſteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineleſs harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd,
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, falſe, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious *, ſmacking of every ſin

to them is now fully eſtabliſhed by law. Or perhaps he addreſſes Malcolm. Continue to endure tamely the wrongs you ſuffer: thy juſt title to the throne is *cow'd*, has not ſpirit to eſtabliſh itſelf. MALONE.

Throughout the ancient editions of Shakſpeare the word *afraid* is written as it was formerly pronounced, *afeard*. The old copy reads—The title &c. i. e. the regal title is afraid to aſſert itſelf. STEEVENS.

If we read, *The* title is *affear'd*, the meaning may be:—Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs, *the title to them is legally ſettled by thoſe who had the final judication of it. Affeerers* had the power of confirming or moderating fines and amerciaments. TOLLET.

* Sudden, *malicious*,] *Sudden* is violent, paſſionate, haſty. JOHNSON.

That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuouſneſs: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The ciſtern of my luſt; and my deſire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppoſe my will: Better Macbeth,
Than ſuch a one to reign.

Macd. Boundleſs intemperance
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleaſures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeem cold, the time you may ſo hood-wink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour ſo many
As will to greatneſs dedicate themſelves,
Finding it ſo inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my moſt ill-compos'd affection, ſuch
A ſtanchleſs avarice, that, were I king,
I ſhould cut off the nobles for their lands;
Deſire his jewels, and this other's houſe:
And my more-having would be as a ſauce
To make me hunger more; that I ſhould forge
Quarrels unjuſt againſt the good, and loyal,
Deſtroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than ſummer-ſeeming luſt[5]: and it hath been
The ſword of our ſlain kings: Yet do not fear;

[5] *Than ſummer-ſeeming luſt:*] Summer-*ſeeming* luſt, is, I ſuppoſe, luſt that ſeems as hot as ſummer. STEEVENS.

Read—ſummer-*ſeeding*. The alluſion is to plants; and the ſenſe is, "Avarice is a perennial weed; it has a deeper and more pernicious root than *luſt*, which is a mere annual, and laſts but for a ſummer, when it ſheds its ſeed and decays." BLACKSTONE.

Summer-*ſeeming* is, I believe, the true reading. In Donne's poems, we meet with "winter-*ſeeming*." MALONE.

Scotland

Scotland hath foysons[6] to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All these are 'portable'[7],
With other graces weigh'd.
Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth[8].
Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

[6] —*foysons*—] Plenty. Pope.
It means *provisions* in plenty. The word was antiquated in the time of Cartwright, [1643,] and is by him put into the mouth of an antiquary. *Foison* is pure French. Steevens.

[7] *All these are* 'portable,] *Portable* is, perhaps, here used for *supportable*. All these vices, being balanced by your virtues, may be *endured*. Malone.

[8] — *Nay, had I power, I should*
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.] Malcolm, I think, means to say, that if he had ability, he would change the general state of things, and introduce into hell, and earth, perpetual vexation, uproar, and confusion. *Hell*, in its natural state, being always represented as full of *discord* and mutual enmity, in which its inhabitants may be supposed to take the greatest delight, he proposes as the severest stroke on them, to pour the *sweet milk of concord* among them, so as to render them peaceable and quiet, a state the most adverse to their natural disposition; while on the other hand he would throw the peaceable inhabitants of earth into uproar and confusion.
Perhaps, however, this may be thought too strained an interpretation. Malcolm, indeed, may only mean, that he will pour *all* that *milk of human kindness*, which is so beneficial to mankind, into the abyss, so as to leave the earth without any portion of it; and that by thus depriving mankind of those humane affections which are so necessary to their mutual happiness, he will throw the whole world into confusion. I believe, however, the former interpretation to be the true one.
In King James's first speech to his parliament, in March 1603-4, he says, that he had "suck'd the *milk* of God's *truth* with the milk of his nurse." Malone.

Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to govern, ſpeak;
I am as I have ſpoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miſerable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-ſcepter'd,
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholſome days again?
Since that the trueſt iſſue of thy throne
By his own interdiction ſtands accurs'd,
And does blaſpheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a moſt ſainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day ſhe liv'd[9]. Fare thee well!
Theſe evils, thou repeat'ſt upon thyſelf,
Have baniſh'd me from Scotland.—O, my breaſt,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble paſſion,
Child of integrity, hath from my ſoul
Wip'd the black ſcruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Deviliſh Macbeth
By many of theſe trains hath ſought to win me
Into his power; and modeſt wiſdom plucks me
From over-credulous haſte[1]: But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myſelf to thy direction, and
Unſpeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myſelf,
For ſtrangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forſworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No leſs in truth, than life: my firſt falſe ſpeaking
Was this upon myſelf: What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:

[9] *Dy'd ev'ry day ſhe liv'd.*] The expreſſion is borrowed from the ſacred writings: "I proteſt, by your rejoicing which I have in Chriſt Jeſus, *I die daily.*" MALONE.

To *die* unto *ſin*, and to *live* unto *righteouſneſs*, are phraſes uſed in our liturgy. STEEVENS.

[1] *From over-credulous haſte:*] From over-haſty credulity. MALONE.

Whither,

[illegible]er, indeed, before thy here-approach[2],
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point[3], was setting forth:
Now we'll together; And the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel[4]! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure: their malady convinces[5]
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit* Doctor.

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,

[2] — thy *here-approach*,] The old copy has—*they* here. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[3] ——— *ten thousand warlike men,*
All ready at a point,] So, in Spenser's *Faery Queene*, B. I. C. 2:
"A faithless Sarazin all arm'd *to point*." MALONE.

[4] — *And the* chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel!] That is, may the event be, of the goodness of heaven, [*ere justitia divina*,] answerable to the cause.

The author of the *Revisal* conceives the sense of the passage to be rather this: *And may the success of that goodness, which is about to exert itself in my behalf, be such as may be equal to the justice of my quarrel.* But I am inclined to believe that Shakspeare wrote:

——— *and the chance, O goodness,*
Be like our warranted quarrel!—

This some of his transcribers wrote with a small *o*, which another imagined to mean *of*. If we adopt this reading, the sense will be: *And, O thou sovereign Goodness, to whom we now appeal, may our fortune answer to our cause.* JOHNSON.

[5] — *convinces*] i. e. overpowers, subdues. See p. 310, n. 2. STEEVENS.

All ſwoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere deſpair of ſurgery, he cures*;
Hanging a golden ſtamp[5] about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis ſpoken,
To the ſucceeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction[6]. With this ſtrange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And ſundry bleſſings hang about his throne,
That ſpeak him full of grace.

* — *he cures*;] It has been ſaid, that "the miraculous gift of curing the *evil* was left to be claimed by the Stuarts: our ancient Plantagenets were humbly content to cure the *cramp*." But this is a miſtake. Laneham in his *Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth Caſtle*, in 1575, ſays that Queen Elizabeth, while ſhe was there, cured nine perſons "of the peynful and dangerous diſeaſe called the *Kinges Evil*, for that kings and queens of this realm without other medſin, ſave only by handling and prayer, only doo it." So alſo, (as Mr. Reed has obſerved) Andrew Borde, who wrote in the time of Henry VIII. ſays, in his *Introduction to Knowledge*, 1542, "the kynges of England, by the power that God hath given them, doth make ſick men whole of a ſycknes called the *Kynge's Evill*." MALONE.

[5] — a *golden ſtamp* &c.] This was the coin called an *angel*. So, Shakſpeare, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"A coin that bears the figure of an *angel*
"*Stamped in gold*, but that's inſculp'd upon."

The value of the coin was ten ſhillings. STEEVENS.

[6] ——— *and 'tis ſpoken,*
To the ſucceeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction.] Dr. Warburton here invents an objection, in order to ſolve it. "The Confeſſor (ſays he) was the *firſt* who pretended to this gift: how then could it be at that time generally ſpoken of, that the gift was *hereditary*? This he [Shakſpeare] has ſolved, by telling us that Edward had the gift of prophecy along with it."—But Shakſpeare does not ſay, that it was hereditary in Edward, or, in other words, that he had inherited this extraordinary power from his *anceſtors*; but that "it was generally *ſpoken*, that he *leaves* the healing benediction to *ſucceeding* kings:" and ſuch a rumour there might be in the time of Edward the Confeſſor, (ſuppoſing he had ſuch a gift,) without his having the gift of prophecy along with it.

Shakſpeare has merely tranſcribed what he found in Holinſhed, without the conceit which Dr. Warburton has imputed to him; "As hath beene thought, he was inſpired with the gift of propheſie, and alſo to have had the gift of healing infirmities and diſeaſes. He uſed to helpe thoſe that were vexed with the diſeaſe commonlie called the King's evil, and *left that virtue* as it were *a portion of inheritance unto his ſucceſſors*, the *kings* of this realme." Holinſhed, Vol. I. p. 195. MALONE.

Enter

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman[6]; but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever-gentle couſin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us ſtrangers!
Roſſe. Sir, Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Roſſe. Alas, poor country;
Almoſt afraid to know itſelf! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once ſeen to ſmile;
Where ſighs, and groans, and ſhrieks that rent the air[7],
Are made, not mark'd; where violent ſorrow ſeems
A modern ecſtacy[8]: the dead man's knell
Is there ſcarce aſk'd, for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they ſicken.
Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What is the neweſt grief?
Roſſe. That of an hour's age doth hiſs the ſpeaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Roſſe. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Roſſe. Well too.

[6] *My countryman;*] Malcolm diſcovers Roſſe to be his countryman, while he is yet at ſome diſtance from him, by his dreſs. This circumſtance loſes its propriety on our ſtage, as all the characters are uniformly repreſented in Engliſh habits. STEEVENS.

[7] *—that* rent *the air,*] i. e. that *rend.* So, in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597:

"While with his fingers he his haire doth *rent*." MALONE.

To *rent* is an ancient verb which has been long ago diſuſed. STEEV.

[8] *A* modern *ecſtacy;*] *Modern* is *fooliſh* or *trifling*. JOHNSON.

Modern is generally uſed by Shakſpeare to ſignify *trite, common*; as "*modern* inſtances," in *As you like it*, &c. &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 163, n. 5.—*Ecſtacy*, is uſed by Shakſpeare for a temporary alienation of mind. MALONE.

Macd.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Roſſe. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech; How goes it?
Roſſe. When I came hither to tranſport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witneſs'd the rather,
For that I ſaw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create ſoldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire diſtreſſes[9].
Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thouſand men;
An older, and a better ſoldier, none
That Chriſtendom gives out.
Roſſe. 'Would I could anſwer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the deſert air,
Where hearing ſhould not latch them[1].
Macd. What concern they?
The general cauſe? or is it a fee-grief[2],
Due to ſome ſingle breaſt?
Roſſe. No mind, that's honeſt,
But in it ſhares ſome woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

9 *To* doff &c.] To *doff* is to *do off*, to *put off*. STEEVENS.

1 — *ſhould not* latch *them*.] To *latch* any thing, is to lay hold on it. So, in the prologue to Gower *De Confeſſione Amantis*, 1554:

"Hereof for thee thei wolden *latche*
"With ſuch dureſſe, &c."

To *latch*, (in the North country dialect) ſignifies the ſame as to *catch*. STEEVENS.

2 — *fee-grief*,] A peculiar ſorrow; a grief that hath a ſingle owner. The expreſſion is, at leaſt to our ears, very harſh. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

"My woeful ſelf that did in freedom ſtand,
"And was my own *fee-ſimple*." MALONE.

Roſſe.

Roſſe. Let not your ears deſpiſe my tongue for ever,
Which ſhall poſſeſs them with the heavieſt ſound,
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humph! I gueſs at it.
Roſſe. Your caſtle is ſurpriz'd; your wife, and babes,
Savagely ſlaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of theſe murder'd deer[3],
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows[4];
Give ſorrow words: the grief, that does not ſpeak[5],
Whiſpers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?
Roſſe. Wife, children, ſervants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I muſt be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?
Roſſe. I have ſaid.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children[6].—All my pretty ones?

Did

3 *Were, on the* quarry *of theſe murder'd deer,*] *Quarry* is a term uſed both in *hunting* and *falconry*. In both ſports it means either the game that is purſued, or the game after it is killed. STEEVENS.

4 *—ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;*] The ſame thought occurs in the ancient ballad of *Northumberland betrayed by Douglas:*

"*He pulled his hatt over his browe,*
"And in his heart he was full woe," &c.

Again:

"Jamey *his hatt pull'd over his brow,*" &c. STEEVENS.

5 *—the grief that does not ſpeak,*]
"*Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes ſtupent.*" STEEVENS.

6 *He has no children.*] It has been obſerved by an anonymous critick, that this is not ſaid of Macbeth, who had children, but of Malcolm, who having none, ſuppoſes a father can be ſo eaſily comforted. JOHNSON.

He has no children.] The meaning of this may be, either that Macduff could not by retaliation revenge the murder of his children, becauſe Macbeth had none himſelf; or that if he had any, a father's feelings for a father, would have prevented him from the deed. I know not

from

Did you ſay, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell ſwoop[6]?
Mal. Diſpute it like a man[7].
Macd. I ſhall do ſo;
But I muſt alſo feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember ſuch things were,
That were moſt precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all ſtruck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell ſlaughter on their ſouls: Heaven reſt them now!
Mal. Be this the whetſtone of your ſword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle heaven,
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion[8]; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myſelf;

from what paſſage we are to infer that Macbeth had children alive. The Chronicle does not, as I remember, mention any. The ſame thought occurs again in *K. John*:

"He talks to me, that *never had a ſon*."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

"You have *no children*: butchers, if you had,
"The thought of them would have ſtir'd up remorſe."

STEEVENS.

Surely the latter of the two interpretations offered by Mr. Steevens is the true one, ſuppoſing theſe words to relate to Macbeth.

The paſſage, however, quoted from *King John*, ſeems in favour of the ſuppoſition that theſe words relate to Malcolm.

That Macbeth had children at ſome period, appears from what Lady Macbeth ſays in the firſt act: "I have given ſuck," &c. MALONE.

[6] *At one fell ſwoop?*] Swoop is the deſcent of a bird of prey on his quarry. It is frequently, however, uſed by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, to expreſs the ſwift deſcent of rivers. STEEVENS.

[7] *Diſpute it like a man.*] i. e. contend with your preſent ſorrow like a man. So, in *Twelfth Night*, Act IV. ſc. iii:

"For though my ſoul *diſputes* well with my ſenſe," &c.

STEEVENS.

[8] *Cut ſhort all* intermiſſion;] i. e. *all pauſe, all intervening time*. So, in *King Lear*:

"Delivered letters, ſpight of *intermiſſion*." STEEVENS.

Within

Within my ſword's length ſet him; if he 'ſcape,
Heaven forgive him too[9]!

Mal. This tune[1] goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the powers above
Put on their inſtruments[2]. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long, that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Dunſinane. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter a Doctor *of phyſick, and a waiting Gentlewoman.*

Doct. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it ſhe laſt walk'd?

Gent. Since his majeſty went into the field, I have ſeen her riſe from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her cloſet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards ſeal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of ſleep, and do the effects of watching. —In this ſlumbry agitation, beſides her walking, and

[9] —— *if he 'ſcape,*
Heaven, forgive him too!] The meaning, I believe, is, if heaven be ſo unjuſt as to let him eſcape my vengeance, I am content that it ſhould proceed ſtill further in its injuſtice, and to impunity in this world add forgiveneſs hereafter. MALONE.

[1] *This* tune—] The folio reads: This *time*. *Tune* is Rowe's emendation. STEEVENS.

The emendation is ſupported by a former paſſage in this play, where the word is uſed in a ſimilar manner:

"*Mach.* Went it not ſo?

"*Banq.* To the ſelf-ſame *tune* and words." MALONE.

[2] Put on *their inſtruments.*] i. e. encourage, thruſt forward us their inſtruments againſt the tyrant. STEEVENS.

other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me: and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady MACBETH, *with a taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense are shut[3].

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two[4]; Why, then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is murky[5]!—Fie, my

[3] *Ay, but their sense* are *shut.*] So the old copy, and so the author certainly wrote, though it sounds very harshly to our ears. So again, in his 112th Sonnet:

"In so profound abysm I throw all care
"Of others' voices, that my adder's *sense*
"To critick and to flatterer stopped *are.*" MALONE.

[4] *One; Two;*] Macbeth does not, previously to the murder, mention the hour at which Lady Macbeth is to strike upon the bell, which was to be the signal for his going into Duncan's chamber to execute his wicked purpose; but it seems that Lady Macbeth is now thinking of the moment when she rang the bell; and that two o'clock was the hour when the deed was perpetrated. This agrees with the scene that immediately precedes the murder, but not with that which follows it. See p. 338, n. 2. MALONE.

[5] —*Hell is murky!*—] Lady Macbeth is acting over, in a dream, the business of the murder of Duncan, and encouraging her husband as when

fie! a ſoldier, and afear'd? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? —Yet who would have thought the old man to have had ſo much blood in him[6]?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is ſhe now? — What, will theſe hands ne'er be clean? — No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this ſtarting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you ſhould not.

Gent. She has ſpoke what ſhe ſhould not, I am ſure of that: Heaven knows what ſhe has known.

Lady M. Here's the ſmell of the blood ſtill: all the perfumes of Arabia will not ſweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a ſigh is there? The heart is ſorely charged.

Gent. I would not have ſuch a heart in my boſom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God, it be, ſir.

Doct. This diſeaſe is beyond my practice: Yet I have

when awake. She therefore, would not have even hinted the terrors of hell to one whoſe conſcience ſhe ſaw was too much alarmed already for her purpoſe. She certainly imagines herſelf here talking to Macbeth, who (ſhe ſuppoſes) has juſt ſaid, *Hell is murky*, (i. e. hell is a diſmal place to go to in conſequence of ſuch a deed) and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice.

Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a ſoldier, and afraid? This explanation, I think, gives a ſpirit to the paſſage, which has hitherto appeared languid, being perhaps miſapprehended by thoſe who placed a full point at the concluſion of it. STEEVENS.

Murky is *dark*. So *Holinſhed*: "—the battle laſted, till that *mirke* night parted them in ſunder." MALONE.

[6] —*who would have thought the old man to have had ſo much blood in him?*] Statius, in a paſſage already quoted, ſpeaking of the ſword by which an old man was ſlain, calls it *egentem ſanguinis enſem*; and Ovid, (Met. l. 7.) deſcribing a wound inflicted on a ſuperannuated ram, has the ſame circumſtance:

—— guttura cultro
Fodit, et *exiguo* maculavit *ſanguine* ferrum. STEEVENS.

known

known thoſe which have walk'd in their ſleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Waſh your hands, put on your night-gown; look not ſo pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even ſo?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate[7]. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit Lady* Macbeth.

Doct. Will ſhe go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whiſperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will diſcharge their ſecrets.
More needs ſhe the divine, than the phyſician.—
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And ſtill keep eyes upon her:—So, good-night:
My mind ſhe has mated[8], and amaz'd my ſight:
I think, but dare not ſpeak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [*Exeunt.*

[7] *To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate.*] Lady Macbeth in her ſleep is talking of Duncan's murder, and recalls to her mind the circumſtance of the knocking at the gate juſt after it. A. C.

[8] *My mind ſhe has* mated,] Aſtoniſhed, confounded. JOHNSON. The expreſſion is taken from *cheſs-playing*:

"——— woman,
"Worſe than Meduſa *mateth* all our minds."
Orlando Furioſo, by R. Greene, 1599.

"Not mad, but *mated*." *Comedy of Errors*. STEEVENS.

Our author, as well as his contemporaries, ſeems to have uſed the word as explained by Dr. Johnſon. Mr. Pope ſuppoſes *mated* to mean here *conquered* or *ſubdued*; but that clearly is not the ſenſe affixed to it by Shakſpeare; though the etymology, ſuppoſing the expreſſion to be taken from *cheſs playing*, might favour ſuch an interpretation. "Cum ſublatis gregariis agitur regis de vita et ſanguine, ſic cum nulla eſt elabendi via, nullum ſubterfugium, qui *vicit*, MATE, inquit, quaſi *matado*, i. e. occiſus, killed, a *matar*, [Hiſpan.] occidere." Minſheu's DICT. in v. *Mate*. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The Country near Dunſinane.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, *and Soldiers.*

Ment. The Engliſh power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward [9], and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them: for their dear cauſes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man [1].
Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.
Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?
Len. For certain, ſir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's ſon,
And many unrough youths [2], that even now
Proteſt their firſt of manhood.
Ment. What does the tyrant?
Cath. Great Dunſinane he ſtrongly fortifies:
Some ſay, he's mad; others, that leſſer hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd cauſe
Within the belt of rule.
Ang. Now does he feel

[9] *His uncle Siward,*] "Duncan had two ſons (ſays Holinſhed) by his wife, who was the daughter of *Siward, earl of Northumberland.*" STEEVENS.

[1] *Excite the mortified man.*] He who has ſubdued his paſſions, is *dead* to the world, has abandoned it, and all the affairs of it: an *Aſcetic.* WARBURTON.

So, in Greene's *Never too late,* 1616: "I perceived in the words of the hermit the perfect idea of a *mortified man.*" Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt,* Act I. ſc. i:

"My loving lord Dumain is *mortified*;
"The groſſer manner of this world's delights
"He throws upon the groſs world's baſer ſlaves," &c.
STEEVENS.

[2] — *unrough youths,*] An odd expreſſion. It means ſmooth-faced, unbearded. STEEVENS.

His ſecret murders ſticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Thoſe he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang looſe about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfiſh thief.

Ment. Who then ſhall blame
His peſter'd ſenſes to recoil, and ſtart,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itſelf, for being there [3]?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medecin [4] of the ſickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or ſo much as it needs,
To dew the ſovereign flower [5], and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III.

Dunſinane. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, *and Attendants.*

Macb. Bring me no more reports [6]; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunſinane,

3 *When all that is within him does condemn*
Itſelf, for being there?] That is, when all the faculties of the mind are employed in ſelf-condemnation. JOHNSON.

4 —*the medecin*—] i. e. phyſician. Shakſpeare uſes this word in the feminine gender where Lafeu ſpeaks of Helen in *All's Well that ends well*; and Florizel, in the *Winter's Tale*, calls Camillo "the *medicin* of our houſe." STEEVENS.

5 *To* dew *the ſovereign flower*, &c.] This uncommon verb occurs in *Look about you*, 1600:

"*Dewing* your princely hand with pity's tears."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. iv. c. 8:

"*Dew'd* with her drops of bounty ſoveraigne." STEEVENS.

6 *Bring me no more reports*; &c.] *Tell me not any more of deſertions—Let all my ſubjects leave me!—I am ſafe till*, &c. JOHNSON.

I cannot

I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The ſpirits that know
All mortal conſequences, have pronounc'd me thus:
Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power upon thee.—Then fly, falſe thanes,
And mingle with the Engliſh epicures[8]:
The mind I ſway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never ſagg with doubt[9], nor ſhake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon[1]!
Where got'ſt thou that gooſe look[2]?

[8] —*Engliſh epicures:*] The reproach of epicuriſm, on which Mr. Theobald has beſtowed a note, is nothing more than a natural invective uttered by an inhabitant of a barren country, againſt thoſe who have more opportunities of luxury. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare took the thought from Holinſhed, p. 180, of his *Hiſtory of Scotland*: "For manie of the people abhorring the riotous manners and ſuperfluous gormandizing brought in among them by the Englyſhemen, were willing inough to receive this Donald for their king, truſting (becauſe he had beene brought up in the Iſles, with the old cuſtomes and manners of their antient nation, without taſt of *Engliſh likerous delicats*)," &c. The ſame hiſtorian informs us, that in thoſe ages the Scots eat but once a day, and even then very ſparingly. It appears from Dr. Johnſon's *Journey to the Weſtern Iſlands of Scotland*, that the natives had neither *kail* nor *brogues*, till they were taught the arts of planting the one, and making the other, by the ſoldiers of Cromwell; and yet King James VI. in his ſeventh parliament thought it neceſſary to form an act "againſt ſuperfluous banqueting." STEEVENS.

[9] *Shall never* ſagg *with doubt,*] To *ſagg* is to fluctuate, to waver. So, in the 16th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"This ſaid, the aged Sreet *ſagg'd* ſadly on alone."

Drayton is ſpeaking of a river. STEEVENS.

To *ſag*, or *ſwag*, is to ſink down by its own weight, or by an overload. See Junius's *Etymologicon*. It is common in Staffordſhire to ſay, "a beam in a building *ſags*, or has *ſagged*." TOLLET.

So, in *Wits, Fits and Fancies*, 1614: "He tooke exceptions to the traveller's bag, which he wore *ſagging* down his belly before." MALONE.

[1] —*loon!*] At preſent this word is only uſed in Scotland, and ſignifies a baſe fellow. K. Stephen, in the old ſong, called his taylor, *loon*. STEEVENS.

[2] *Where got'ſt thou that* gooſe *look?*] So, in *Coriolanus*:

"——— Ye ſouls of *geeſe*,
"That bear the ſhape of men, how have ye run
"From ſlaves that apes would beat?" MALONE.

Ser. There is ten thouſand—

Macb. Geeſe, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, ſir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lilly-liver'd boy[3]. What ſoldiers, patch[4]?
Death of thy ſoul! thoſe linen cheeks of thine
Are counſellors to fear[5]. What ſoldiers, whey-face?

Ser. The Engliſh force, ſo pleaſe you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am ſick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I ſay!—This puſh
Will cheer me ever, or diſſeat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life[6]
Is fall'n into the ſear[7], the yellow leaf:

And

[3] —*lilly liver'd boy.*] Chapman thus tranſlates a paſſage in the 20th Iliad:

" —his ſword that made a vent for his *white-liver'd blood*,
" *That caus'd ſuch pitiful effects*—."

Again, Falſtaff ſays, in the ſecond part of *K. Henry IV.*: " —left the liver *white and pale*, which is the badge of *puſillanimity and cowardice*." STEEVENS.

[4] —*patch?*] An appellation of contempt, alluding to the *py'd*, *patch'd*, or particoloured coats anciently worn by the fools belonging to noble families. STEEVENS.

[5] —*thoſe linen cheeks of thine*
Are counſellors *to fear.*] The meaning is, they infect others who ſee them, with cowardice. WARBURTON.

[6] *I have liv'd long enough: my way of life*
Is fall'n into the fear, the yellow leaf: &c.] The meaning of this conteſted paſſage, I think, is this. I have lived long enough. In the courſe or progreſs of life, I am arrived at that period when the body begins to decay; I have reached the autumn of my days. Thoſe comforts which ought to accompany old age, (to compenſate for the infirmities naturally attending it,) I have no title to expect; but on the contrary, the curſes of thoſe I have injured, and the hollow adulation of mortified dependants. I have lived long enough. It is time for me to retire.

A paſſage in one of our author's Sonnets (quoted by Mr. Steevens in a ſubſequent note) may prove the beſt comment on the preſent:

" *That time of year* in *me* thou may'ſt behold,
" When *yellow leaves* or none or few do hang
" Upon thoſe boughs, which ſhake againſt the cold,
" Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the ſweet birds ſang."

Are not theſe lines almoſt a paraphraſe on the conteſted part of the paſſage

And that which ſhould accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I muſt

paſſage before us?—He who could ſay that you might behold the *autumn* in *him*, would not ſcruple to write, that *he* was fallen into the autumn of his days (i. e. into that decay which always accompanies autumn); and how eaſy is the tranſition from this to ſaying that "the *courſe or progreſs of his life* had reached the autumnal ſeaſon?" which is all that is meant by the words of the text, "My way of life," &c.

The uſing "the fear, the yellow leaf," ſimply and abſolutely for *autumn*, or rather *autumnal decay*, becauſe in autumn the leaves of trees turn yellow, and begin to fall and decay, is certainly a licentious mode of expreſſion; but it is ſuch a licence as may be found in almoſt every page of our author's works. It would alſo have been more natural for Macbeth to have ſaid, that, in the courſe or progreſs of life, *he* had arrived at his autumn, than to ſay, that the courſe of his life itſelf had fallen into autumn or decay; but this too is much in Shakſpeare's manner. With reſpect to the word *fallen*, which at firſt view ſeems a very ſingular expreſſion, I ſtrongly ſuſpect that he caught it from the language of converſation, in which we at this day often ſay that this or that perſon is "*fallen into a decay*;" a phraſe that might have been current in his time alſo. It is the very idea here conveyed. Macbeth is *fallen into his* autumnal *decline*.

In *King Henry VIII.* the word *way* ſeems to ſignify, as in the preſent paſſage, *courſe* or *tenour*:

"The *way* of our profeſſion is againſt it."

And in *K. Richard II.* "*the fall of leaf*" is uſed, as in the paſſage before us, ſimply and abſolutely for *bodily decay*:

"He who hath ſuffer'd this diſorder'd ſpring,
"Hath now himſelf met with *the fall of leaf*."

When a paſſage can be thus eaſily explained, and the mode of expreſſion is ſo much in our poet's general manner, ſurely any attempt at emendation is not only unneceſſary, but dangerous. However, as a reading which was originally propoſed by Dr. Johnſon, and has been adopted in the modern editions, "—my *May* of life," has many favourers, I ſhall add a word or two on that ſubject.

By his "*May* of life having fallen into the yellow leaf," that is, into autumn, we muſt underſtand that Macbeth means either, that being in reality young, he is, in conſequence of his cares, arrived at a *premature* old age;—or that he means ſimply to aſſert, that in the progreſs of life he has paſſed from *May* or youth to autumn or old age; in other words, that he is now an old man, or at leaſt near being one.

If the firſt interpretation be maintained, it is ſufficient to ſay, (I uſe the words of my friend Mr. Flood, whoſe ingenious comment on this paſſage I publiſhed ſome years ago,) that "Macbeth, when he ſpeaks this ſpeech, is *not youthful*. He is contemporary to Banquo who is ad-

I muſt not look to have; but, in their ſtead,
Curſes, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleaſure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my fleſh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out more horſes, ſkirr the country round[8]:

Hang

vanced in years, and who hath a ſon upon the ſcene able to eſcape the purſuit of aſſaſſins and the vigilance of Macbeth." I may likewiſe add that Macbeth having now ſat for ſeventeen years on the throne of Scotland, cannot with any probability be ſuppoſed *to be* like our author's Henry V. "in the *May*-morn of his youth." We muſt therefore underſtand theſe words in the latter ſenſe; namely, that he means only, that in the ordinary progreſs he has paſſed from the ſpring to the autumn of life, from youth to the confines of age. What then is obtained by this alteration? for this is preciſely the meaning of the words as they ſtand in the old copy.

There is ſtill another very ſtrong objection to the propoſed emendation. It is alleged that in this very play *may* is printed inſtead of *way*, and why may not the contrary error have happened here?—For this plain reaſon; becauſe *May* (the month) both in manuſcript and print always is exhibited with a capital letter, and it is exceedingly improbable that a compoſitor at the preſs ſhould uſe a ſmall w inſtead of a capital M.

But, without going further into this ſubject, it is ſufficient for our purpoſe, that the text, as it is exhibited in the ancient copy, affords an obvious, eaſy ſenſe, without any emendation whatſoever. MALONE.

[7] —*the* fear,] *Sear* is dry. Shakſpeare has the ſame thought in his 73d Sonnet:

"That time of year thou may'ſt in me behold,
"When *yellow leaves*," &c.

And Milton has—"Ivy never *ſear*." STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*, where the epithet is ſo uſed, as clearly to aſcertain the meaning of "the ſear, the yellow leaf," in the paſſage before us:

"—— ſpite of heaven's fell rage,
"Some beauty peep'd through lattice of *ſear'd age*." MALONE.

[8] —*ſkirr the country round*;] To *ſkirr*, I believe, ſignifies, to ſcour, to ride haſtily. So, in B. and Fletcher's *Bonduca*:

"—— this

Hang thoſe that talk of fear!—Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not ſo ſick, my lord,
As ſhe is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her[9] from her reſt.

Macb. Cure her of that:
Canſt thou not miniſter to a mind diſeas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted ſorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with ſome ſweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanſe the ſtuff'd boſom of that perilous ſtuff[1],

" ——— the light ſhadows,
" That, in a thought, *ſcur* o'er the fields of corn,
" Halted on crutches to them." STEEVENS.

9 *That keep* her—] The latter word, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[1] *Cleanſe the* ſtuff'd *boſom of that perilous* ſtuff,] The recurrence of the word *ſtuff* in this paſſage, is very unpleaſing to the ear, but there is no ground, I think, to ſuſpect the text to be corrupt; for our author was extremely fond of ſuch repetitions. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" Now for the *love* of *love*,—."
" The greateſt *grace* lending *grace*." *All's Well that ends well.*
" ——— with what good ſpeed
" Our *means* will make us *means*." *Ibid.*
" Is *only* grievous to me *only* dying." *K. Henry VIII.*
" Upon his brow *ſhame* is *aſham'd* to ſit." *Romeo and Juliet.*
" For by this knot thou ſhalt ſo *ſurely* tie
" Thy now *unſur'd aſſurance* to the crown." *King John.*
" *Believe* me, I do not *believe* thee, man." *Ibid.*
" Thoſe he *commands*, move only in *command*,—." *Macbeth.*
The words *ſtuff* and *ſtuff*, however mean they may ſound at preſent, have, like many other terms, been debaſed by time, and appear to have been formerly conſidered as words proper to be uſed in paſſages of the greateſt dignity. As ſuch Shakſpeare has employed them in *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *the Winter's Tale*, *Julius Cæſar*, &c. Again, in *The Tempeſt*, in a paſſage where the author certainly aimed at dignity:
" And, like this unſubſtantial pageant, faded,
" Leave not a rack behind.—We are ſuch *ſtuff*
" As dreams are made of."
In a note on a paſſage in *Othello*, Dr. Johnſon obſerves, that " *ſtuff* in the Teutonick languages is a word of great force. The elements (he adds) are called in Dutch *hoofd ſtoffen*, or *head-ſtuffs*." MALONE.

Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Muſt miniſter to himſelf.

Macb. Throw phyſick to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my ſtaff:—
Seyton, ſend out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:—
Come, ſir, diſpatch:—If thou could'ſt, doctor, caſt
The water of my land[2], find her diſeaſe,
And purge it to a ſound and priſtine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That ſhould applaud again.—Pull't off, I ſay.—
What rhubarb, ſenna[3], or what purgative drug,
Would ſcour theſe Engliſh hence?—Heareſt thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear ſomething.

Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam foreſt come to Dunſinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunſinane away and clear, [*Aſide.*
Profit again ſhould hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Country near Dunſinane: *A wood in view.*

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD *and his Son,* MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, *and Soldiers, marching.*

Mal. Couſins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be ſafe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

[2] ——— ——— *caſt*
The water of my land,] *To caſt the water* was the phraſe in uſe for finding out diſorders by the inſpection of urine. So, in *Eliofto Libidinoſo*, a novel by John Hinde, 1606: "Lucilla perceiving without *caſting her water*, where ſhe was pained," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] —*ſenna,*] The old copy reads—*cyme.* STEEVENS.
Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Ment.

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every ſoldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby ſhall we ſhadow
The numbers of our hoſt, and make diſcovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It ſhall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant[4]
Keeps ſtill in Dunſinane, and will endure
Our ſetting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and leſs have given him the revolt[5];
And none ſerve with him but conſtrained things,
Whoſe hearts are abſent too.

4 — *but the* confident *tyrant*—] He was *confident* of ſucceſs; *ſo confident* that he would not fly, but endure their *ſetting down* before his caſtle. JOHNSON.

5 *For where there is* advantage to be given,
Both more and leſs have given him the revolt;] The impropriety of the expreſſion, *advantage to be given*, inſtead of *advantage given*, and the diſagreeable repetition of the word *given* in the next line, incline me to read:

— *where there is* a 'vantage *to be* gone,—.

Advantage or *'vantage*, in the time of Shakſpeare, ſignified *opportunity*. *He ſhut up himſelf and his ſoldiers*, (ſays Malcolm) *in the caſtle, becauſe when there is an opportunity to be gone, they all deſert him.*

More and leſs is the ſame with *greater and leſs*. So, in the interpolated *Mandeville*, a book of that age, there is a chapter of *India the More and the Leſs*. JOHNSON.

I would read, if any alteration were neceſſary:

For where there is advantage to be got.

But the words as they ſtand in the text, will bear Dr. Johnſon's explanation, which is moſt certainly right.—" For wherever an opportunity of flight is *given* them," &c.

More and *leſs*, for *greater* and *leſs*, is likewiſe found in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, ſong the 12th:

" Of Britain's foreſts all from th' *leſs* unto the *more*."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. v. c. 8;

" —— all other weapons *leſſe* or *more*,
" Which warlike uſes had devis'd of yore." STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect that *given* was caught by the printer's eye glancing on the ſubſequent line, and ſtrongly incline to Dr. Johnſon's emendation, *gone*. MALONE.

Macd. Let our juſt cenſures [6]
Attend the true event, and put we on
Induſtrious ſoldierſhip.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due deciſion make us know
What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe [7].
Thoughts ſpeculative their unſure hopes relate;
But certain iſſue ſtrokes muſt arbitrate [8]:
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE V.

Dunſinane. *Within the Caſtle.*

Enter, with drums and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is ſtill, *They come:* Our caſtle's ſtrength
Will laugh a ſiege to ſcorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noiſe?
[*A cry within, of women.*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almoſt forgot the taſte of fears:

[6] *Let our juſt cenſures*, &c.] The arbitrary change made in the ſecond folio, (which ſome criticks have repreſented as an *improved* edition,) is here worthy of notice:

"Let our *beſt* cenſures

"*Before* the true event, and put we on," &c. MALONE.

[7] *What we ſhall ſay we* have, *and what we* owe.] When we are governed by legal kings, we ſhall know the limits of their claim, i. e. ſhall know what we have of our own, and what they have a right to take from us. STEEVENS.

[8] *— arbitrate:*] i. e. *determine.* JOHNSON.

So, in the 18th Odyſſey tranſlated by Chapman:

"——————— ſtraight

"Can *arbitrate* a war of deadlieſt weight." STEEVENS.

The

The time has been, my ſenſes would have cool'd
To hear a night-ſhriek [9]; and my fell of hair [1]
Would at a diſmal treatiſe rouſe, and ſtir
As life were in't: I have ſupp'd full with horrours [2];
Direneſs, familiar to my ſlaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once ſtart me.—Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She ſhould have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for ſuch a word [3].—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow [4],
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,

9 —*my ſenſes would have* cool'd
To hear a night-ſhriek;] The *blood* is ſometimes ſaid to be *chilled*; but I do not recollect any other inſtance in which this phraſe is applied to the *ſenſes*. Perhaps our author wrote—*'coil'd*. My ſenſes would have ſhrunk back; died within me. So, in the ſecond ſcene of the preſent act:

" —Who then ſhall blame
" His peſter'd *ſenſes* to *recoil* and ſtart?" MALONE.

1 —fell *of hair*] My hairy part, my *capillitium*. *Fell* is *ſkin*. JOHNSON.

A dealer in hides is ſtill called a *fell*-monger. STEEVENS.

2 *I have* ſupp'd full *with horrours*;] Statius has a ſimilar thought in the ſecond book of his *Thebais*:

" —attollit membra, toroque
" Erigitur, *plenus monſtris*, vanumque cruorem
" Excutiens."

The concluſion of this paſſage may remind the reader of Lady Macbeth's behaviour in her ſleep. STEEVENS.

3 *She ſhould have dy'd hereafter*;
There would have been a time for ſuch a word.—&c.] Her death ſhould have been deferred to ſome more peaceful hour. There would have been a more convenient time for ſuch intelligence.—*Such is the condition of human life, that we always think* to-morrow *will be happier than to-day, but to-morrow and to-morrow ſteals over us unenjoyed and unregarded, and we ſtill linger in the ſame expectation to the moment appointed for our end. All theſe days, which have thus paſſed away, have ſent multitudes of fools to the grave, who were engroſſed by the ſame dream of future felicity, and, when life was departing from them, were, like me, reckoning on to morrow.*

We ſay, we ſend *word* when we give intelligence. JOHNSON.

4 *To-morrow and to-morrow, and to-morrow*,] This repetition, as Dr. Farmer obſerved to me, occurs in Barclay's *Ship of Fooles*, 1570:

" *Cras, cras*, cras, to-morrow we ſhall amende" STEEVENS.

To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time[5];
And all our yeſterdays have lighted fools
The way to duſty death[6]. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking ſhadow; a poor player,
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an ideot, full of ſound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Meſſenger.

Thou com'ſt to uſe thy tongue; thy ſtory quickly.

Meſ. Gracious my lord,
I ſhould report that which I ſay I ſaw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, ſay, ſir.

Meſ. As I did ſtand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and ſlave! [*ſtriking him.*

Meſ. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not ſo;
Within this three mile may you ſee it coming;

5 *To the laſt ſyllable of* recorded time;] *Recorded time* ſeems to ſignify the time fixed in the decrees of Heaven for the period of life. The *record* of *futurity* is indeed no accurate expreſſion, but as we only know tranſactions paſt or preſent, the language of men affords no term for the volumes of preſcience in which future events may be ſuppoſed to be written. JOHNSON.

So, in *All's Well that ends well*:

"To the *utmoſt ſyllable* of your worthineſs."

Recorded is probably here uſed for *recording* or *recordable*; one participle for the other, of which there are many inſtances both in Shakſpeare and other Engliſh writers. Virgil uſes *penetrabile* frigus for *penetrans* frigus, and *penetrabile* telum for telum *penetrans*. STEEVENS.

6 *The way to* duſty *death.*] *The duſt of death* is an expreſſion uſed in the 22d Pſalm. *Duſty death* alludes to the expreſſion of *duſt to duſt* in the burial ſervice, and to the ſentence pronounced againſt Adam: "*Duſt* thou art, and to *duſt* thou ſhalt return." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon juſtly obſerves that *duſty* is a very natural epithet. Our author again alludes to the *duſt* of death, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"Some hangman muſt put on my ſhroud, and lay me
"Where no prieſt ſhovels in *duſt*." MALONE.

I ſay,

I ſay, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt falſe,
Upon the next tree ſhalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee[7]: if thy ſpeech be ſooth,
I care not if thou doſt for me as much.—
I pull in reſolution[8]; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunſinane;—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunſinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the ſun,
And wiſh the eſtate o'the world were now undone[9].—
Ring the alarum bell:—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At leaſt we'll die with harneſs on our back[1]. [*Exeunt.*

[7] *Till famine* cling *thee:*] *Clung*, in the northern counties, ſignifies any thing that is ſhrivelled or ſhrunk up. By famine, the inteſtines are, as it were, ſtuck together. So, in George Whetſtone's *Caſtle of Delight*, 1576:

"My wither'd corps with deadly cold is *clung*."

Again, in Heywood's *Pleaſant Dialogues and Drama*, 1637:

"His entrails with long faſt and hunger *clung*."

Mr. Whalley, however, obſerves, that "till famine *cling* thee," means, till it *dry thee up*, or exhauſt all thy moiſture. *Clung* wood is wood of which the ſap is entirely dried or ſpent. STEEVENS.

[8] *I* pull *in reſolution;*] Dr. Johnſon, I think, without neceſſity, would read—I *pall* in reſolution. "I languiſh in my conſtancy, my confidence begins to forſake me." MALONE.

There is ſurely no need of change; for Shakſpeare, who made Trinculo, in the *Tempeſt*, ſay, "I will *let looſe* my opinion," might have written: *I pall in* my reſolution.

He had permitted his courage (like a fiery horſe) to carry him to the brink of a precipice, but, ſeeing his danger, reſolves to *check* that confidence to which he had *given the rein before*. STEEVENS.

[9] *I 'gin to be a-weary of the ſun,* &c.]

Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido
Mortem orat, tædet cæli convexa tueri. THEOBALD.

[1] *At leaſt we'll die with* harneſs *on our back.*] i. e. with armour. So, in the continuation of Hardyng's Chronicle, 1543: "—well perceyving that the intendours of ſuch a purpoſe would rather have had their *harneſſe on their backs*, than to have bound them up in barrelles." MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

The ſame. A Plain before the Caſtle.

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *&c. and their Army, with Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy ſcreens throw down,
And ſhew like thoſe you are:—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my couſin, your right-noble ſon,
Lead our firſt battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what elſe remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets ſpeak; give them all breath,
Thoſe clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*

SCENE VII.

The ſame. Another part of the Plain.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have ty'd me to a ſtake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I muſt fight the courſe [a],—What's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'ſt thyſelf a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

[a] —*I muſt fight the* courſe.] A phraſe taken from bear-baiting. So, in *The Antipodes*, by Brome, 1638: "Alſo you ſhall ſee two ten-dog *courſes* at the great bear." STEEVENS.

Macb.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himſelf could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou lieſt, abhorred tyrant; with my ſword
I'll prove the lie thou ſpeak'ſt.

[*They fight; and young* Siward *is ſlain.*

Macb. Thou waſt born of woman.—
But ſwords I ſmile at, weapons laugh to ſcorn,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noiſe is:—Tyrant, ſhew thy face;
If thou be'ſt ſlain, and with no ſtroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghoſts will haunt me ſtill.
I cannot ſtrike at wretched kernes, whoſe arms
Are hir'd to bear their ſtaves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or elſe my ſword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I ſheath again undeeded[3]. There thou ſhould'ſt be;
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note
Seems bruited[4]: Let me find him, fortune! and
More I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the caſtle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both ſides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almoſt itſelf profeſſes yours,
And little is to do.

[3] —*either thou, Macbeth,*
Or elſe my ſword, &c.] I ſuſpect an intermediate line has been loſt; perhaps of this import:
——— either thou, Macbeth,
Advance, and bravely meet an injur'd foe,
Or elſe my ſword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I ſheath again undeeded. MALONE.

[4] *Seems* bruited:] From *bruit*, Fr. To *bruit* is to report with clamour; to noiſe. So, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540: "Lais was one of the moſt *bruited* common women that clerkes do write of." STEEV.

Mal.

Mal. We have met with foes
That ſtrike beſide us.
Siw. Enter, ſir, the caſtle. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why ſhould I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own ſword? whiles I ſee lives, the gaſhes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.
Macb. Of all men elſe I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my ſoul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my ſword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*
Macb. Thou loſeſt labour:
As eaſy may'ſt thou the intrenchant air[5]
With thy keen ſword impreſs, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable creſts;
I bear a charmed life[6], which muſt not yield

To

5 —*the* intrenchant air—] i. e. air which cannot be cut. JOHNSON.

As eaſy may'ſt thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen ſword impreſs, as make me bleed:

So, Milton, *Paradiſe Loſt*, b. vi:

"Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
"Receive, no more than can the fluid air." STEEVENS.

6 *I bear a* charmed *life,*] In the days of chivalry, the champion's arms being ceremoniouſly bleſſed, each took an oath that he uſed no *charmed* weapons. Macbeth, according to the law of arms, or perhaps only in alluſion to this cuſtom, tells Macduff of the ſecurity he had in the prediction of the ſpirit.

To this likewiſe Poſthumus alludes in *Cymbeline*, Act V:

"——I in my own woe *charm'd*,
"Could not find death." UPTON.

So, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633, by L. Machin:

"Here you ſhall ſwear by hope, by heaven, by Jove,
"And by the right you challenge in true fame,
"That here you ſtand, not arm'd with any guile,
"Of philters, *charms*, of night-ſpells, characters,
"Or other black infernal vantages," &c.

Again,

To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou ſtill haſt ſerv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accurſed be that tongue that tells me ſo,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be theſe juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter[7] with us in a double ſenſe;
That keep the word of promiſe to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the ſhew and gaze o'the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monſters are,
Painted upon a pole[8]; and under-writ,
Here may you ſee the tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiſs the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curſe.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunſinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the laſt: Before my body
I throw my warlike ſhield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that firſt cries, *Hold, enough*[9].

[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. 4:

" ——— *he bears a charmed* ſhield,
" And eke enchaunted arms that none can pierce." STEEV.

[7] — palter *with us in a double ſenſe*;] That *ſhuffles* with ambiguous expreſſions. JOHNSON.

So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

" Now fortune, frown and *palter*, if thou pleaſe." STEEVENS.

[8] *We'll have thee, as our rarer monſters are,*
Painted upon a pole;] That is, on cloth ſuſpended on a pole. MALONE.

[9] — *Hold, enough.*] See Mr. Tollet's note on the words, " To cry, *hold! hold!*" p. 298, n. 9. STEEVENS.

" To cry *hold*, is the word of yielding," ſays Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, p. 74, i. e. when one of the combatants cries ſo. TOLLET.

Retreat. Flouriſh. Re-enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *Old* SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, *and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miſs, were ſafe arriv'd.
Siw. Some muſt go off: and yet, by theſe I ſee,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is miſſing, and your noble ſon.
Roſſe. Your ſon, my lord, has paid a ſoldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no ſooner had his proweſs confirm'd
In the unſhrinking ſtation where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.
Siw. Then he is dead?
Roſſe. Ay, and brought off the field: your cauſe of ſorrow
Muſt not be meaſur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Roſſe. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why then, God's ſoldier be he!
Had I as many ſons as I have hairs,
I would not wiſh them to a fairer death:
And ſo his knell is knoll'd[1].
Mal. He's worth more ſorrow,
And that I'll ſpend for him.
Siw. He's worth no more;

[1] *Had I as many ſons as I have hairs,*
I would not wiſh them to a fairer death:
And ſo his knell is knoll'd.] This incident is thus related from Henry of Huntingdon by Camden in his *Remains*, from which our author probably copied it.

When Siward, the martial earl of Northumberland, underſtood that his ſon, whom he had ſent in ſervice againſt the Scotchmen, was ſlain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was anſwered, in the fore part, he replied, "I am right glad; neither wiſh I any other death to me or mine."
JOHNSON.

Our author might have found the ſame incident recorded by Holinſhed in his Chronicle, Vol. I. p. 192. MALONE.

They

They ſay, he parted well, and paid his ſcore:
And ſo, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* Macbeth's *head on a pole*[2].

Macd. Hail, king! for ſo thou art: Behold, where ſtands
The uſurper's curſed head: the time is free:
I ſee thee compaſs'd with thy kingdom's pearl[3],
That ſpeak my ſalutation in their minds;
Whoſe voices I deſire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. Hail, king of Scotland! [*Flouriſh.*

Mal. We ſhall not ſpend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your ſeveral loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinſmen,
Henceforth be earls, the firſt that ever Scotland
In ſuch an honour nam'd[4]. What's more to do,

[2] —*on a pole.*] Theſe words I have added to the ſtage-direction, from the Chronicle: "Then cutting his head from his ſhoulders, he ſet it upon a pole, and brought it unto Malcolm." This explains the word *ſtands* in Macduff's ſpeech. Many of the ſtage-directions appear to have been inſerted by the players; and they are often very injudicious. In this inſtance, (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved,) according to their direction, Macbeth is ſlain on the ſtage, and Macduff immediately afterwards enters with Macbeth's head. MALONE.

[3] —*thy kingdom's* pearl,] *Thy kingdom's pearl* means thy *kingdom's wealth*, or rather *ornament*. So, J. Sylveſter, *England's Parnaſſus*, 1600:

"Honour of cities, *pearle of kingdoms* all."

Again, in Sir Philip Sidney's *Ourania*, by N. Breton, 1606:

"————an earl,
"And worthily then termed Albion's *pearl*."

John Florio, in a Sonnet prefixed to his *Italian Dictionary*, 1598, calls Lord Southampton "bright *pearle* of peers." MALONE.

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Althorpe*:

"Queen, Prince, Duke, and Earls,
"Counteſſes, ye courtly *pearls*," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] —*the firſt that ever Scotland*
In ſuch an honour nam'd.] "Malcolm immediately after his coronation called a parlement at Forfair, in the which he rewarded them with lands and livings that had aſſiſted him againſt Macbeth.—Manie of them that were before *thanes*, were at this time made *earles*, as Fife, Menteth, Atholl, Levenox, Murrey, Cathneſs, Roſſe, and Angus." Holinſhed's *Hiſtory of Scotland*, p. 176. MALONE.

Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the ſnares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel miniſters
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by ſelf and violent hands
Took off her life;—This, and what needful elſe
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in meaſure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to ſee us crown'd at Scone[5].

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

5 This play is deſervedly celebrated for the propriety of its fictions, and ſolemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action, but it has no nice diſcriminations of character; the events are too great to admit the influence of particular diſpoſitions, and the courſe of the action neceſſarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well deſcribed; and I know not whether it may not be ſaid in defence of ſome parts which now ſeem improbable, that, in Shakſpeare's time, it was neceſſary to warn credulity againſt vain and illuſive predictions.

The paſſions are directed to their true end. Lady Macbeth is merely deteſted; and though the courage of Macbeth preſerves ſome eſteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall. JOHNSON.

It may be worth while to remark, that Milton, who left behind him a liſt of no leſs than CII. dramatick ſubjects, had fixed on the ſtory of this play among the reſt. His intention was to have begun with the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff's caſtle. "The matter of Duncan (ſays he) may be expreſſed by the appearing of his ghoſt." It ſhould ſeem from this laſt memorandum, that Milton diſliked the licence that his predeceſſor had taken in comprehending a hiſtory of ſuch length within the ſhort compaſs of a play, and would have new-written the whole on the plan of the ancient drama. He could not ſurely have indulged ſo vain a hope, as that of excelling Shakſpeare in the *Tragedy of Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

Macbeth was certainly one of Shakſpeare's lateſt productions, and it might poſſibly have been ſuggeſted to him by a little performance on the ſame ſubject at Oxford, before king James, 1605. I will tranſcribe my notice of it from *Wake's Rex Platonicus*: "Fabulæ anſam dedit antiqua de regiâ proſapiâ hiſtoriola apud Scoto-Britannos celebrata, quæ narrat tres olim Sibyllas occurriſſe duobus Scotiæ proceribus, Macbetho & Banchoni, & illum prædixiſſe regem futurum, ſed regem nullum geniturum; hunc regem non futurum, ſed reges geniturum multos. Vaticinii

Vaticinii veritatem rerum eventus comprobavit. Banchonis enim è ſtirpe potentiſſimus Jacobus oriundus." p. 29.

Since I made the obſervation here quoted, I have been repeatedly told, that I *unwittingly* make Shakſpeare learned at leaſt in Latin, as this muſt have been the language of the performance before king James. One might perhaps have plauſibly ſaid, that he probably picked up the ſtory at *ſecond-hand*; but mere accident has thrown an old pamphlet in my way, entitled *The Oxford Triumph*, by one Anthony Nixon, 1605, which explains the whole matter: "This performance, ſays Anthony, was firſt in Latine to the king, then in Engliſh to the queene and yoursg prince;" and, as he goes on to tell us, "the conceipt thereof the king did very much applaude." It is likely that the friendly letter, which we are informed king James once wrote to Shakſpeare, was on this occaſion.— FARMER.

Dr. Johnſon uſed often to mention an acquaintance of his, who was for ever boaſting what great things he would do, could he but meet with Aſcham's *Toxophilus*, at a time when Aſcham's pieces had not been collected, and were very rarely to be found. At length *Toxophilus* was procured, but—nothing was done. The Interlude performed at Oxford in 1605, by the ſtudents of Saint John's college, was for a while ſo far my *Toxophilus*, as to excite my curioſity very ſtrongly on the ſubject. Whether Shakſpeare in the compoſition of this noble tragedy was at all indebted to any preceding performance, through the medium of tranſlation, or in any other way, appeared to me well worth aſcertaining. The Britiſh Muſeum was examined in vain. Mr. Warton very obligingly made a ſtrict ſearch at St. John's college, but no traces of this literary performance could there be found. At length chance threw into my hands the very verſes that were ſpoken in 1605 by three young gentlemen of that college; and, being thus at laſt obtained, "that no man" (to uſe the words of Dr. Johnſon) "may ever want them more," I will here tranſcribe them.

There is ſome difficulty in reconciling the different accounts of this entertainment. The author of *Rex Platonicus* ſays, "Tres adoleſcentes concinno Sibyllarum habitu induti è collegio [Divi Johannis] prodeuntes, et carmina lepida alternatim canentes, regi ſe tres eſſe Sibyllas profitentur, quæ Banchoni olim ſobolis imperia prædixerant, &c. Deinde tribus principibus ſuaves felicitatum triplicitates triplicatis carminum vicibus ſuccinentes,—principes ingenioſa fictiuncula delectatos dimittunt.

But in a manuſcript account of the king's viſit to Oxford in 1605, in the Muſeum, (Mſs. Baker, 7044,) this interlude is thus deſcribed: "This being done, he [the king] rode on untill he came unto St. John's college, where coming againſt the gate, three young youths, in habit and attire like *Nymphs*, confronted him, repreſenting England, Scotland, and Ireland; and talking dialogue-wiſe each to other of their ſtate, at laſt concluded, yielding up themſelves to his gracious government." With this A. Nixon's account in *The Oxford Triumph*, quarto,

1605, in ſome meaſure agrees, though it differs in a very material point; for, if his relation is to be credited, theſe young men did not alternately recite verſes, but pronounced three diſtinct orations: "This finiſhed, his Majeſtie paſſed along till hee came before Saint John's college, when three little boyes, coming foorth of a caſtle made all of ivie, dreſt like three *nymphes*, (the conceipt whereof the king did very much applaude,) delivered three *orations*, firſt in Latine to the king, then in Engliſh to the queene and young prince; which being ended his majeſtie proceeded towards the eaſt gate of the citie, where the town men againe delivered unto him another ſpeech in Engliſh."

From theſe diſcordant accounts one might be led to ſuſpect, that there were ſix actors on this occaſion, three of whom perſonated the Sybills, or rather the Weird ſiſters, and addreſſed the royal viſitors in Latin, and that the other three repreſented England, Scotland and Ireland, and ſpoke only in Engliſh. I believe however that there were but three young men employed; and after reciting the following Latin lines, (which prove that the weird ſiſters and the repreſentatives of England, Scotland, and Ireland were the ſame perſons,) they might perhaps have pronounced ſome Engliſh verſes of a ſimilar import, for the entertainment of the queen and the princes.

To the Latin play of *Vertumnus*, written by Dr. Mathew Gwynne, which was acted before the king by ſome of the ſtudents of St. John's college on a ſubſequent day, we are indebted for the long-ſought-for interlude performed at St. John's gate; for Dr. Gwynne, who was the author of this interlude alſo, has annexed it to his *Vertumnus*, printed in 4to. in 1607.

"Ad regis introitum, e Joannenſi Collegio extra portam aquis borealem ſito, tres quaſi Sibyllæ, ſic (ut e ſylva) ſalutarunt.

---

1. Fatidicas olim fama eſt ceciniſſe ſorores
Imperium ſine fine tuæ, rex inclyte, ſtirpis.
Banquonem agnovit generoſa Loquabria Thanum;
Nec tibi, Banquo, tuis ſed ſceptra nepotibus illæ
Immortalibus immortalia vaticinatæ:
In ſaltum, ut lateas, dum Banquo recedis ab aula.
Tres eadem pariter canimus tibi fata tuiſque,
Dum ſpectande tuis, e ſaltu accedis ad urbem;
Teque ſalutamus: Salve, cui Scotia ſervit;
2. Anglia cui, ſalve. 3. Cui ſervit Hibernia, ſalve.
1. Gallia cui titulos, terras dant cæteræ, ſalve.
2. Quem diviſa prius colit una Britannia, ſalve.
3. Summe Monarcha Britannice, Hibernice, Gallice, ſalve.

1. ANNA,

1. ANNA, parens regum, ſoror, uxor, filia, ſalve.
2. Salve, HENRICE hæres, princeps pulcherrime, ſalve.
3. Dux CAROLE, et perbelle Polonice regule, ſalve.
1. Nec metra fatis, nec tempora ponimus iſtis;
Quin orbis regno, famæ ſint terminus aſtra:
CANUTUM referas regno quadruplice clarum;
Major avis, æquande tuis diademate ſolis.
Nec primus cædes, nec bella, nec anxia corda;
Ne furor in nobis; ſed agente caleſcimus illo
Numine, quo Thomas Whitus per ſomnia motus,
Londinenſis eques, muſis hæc tecta dicavit.
Muſis? imo Deo, tutelarique Joanni.
Ille Deo charum et curam, prope prætereuntem
Ire ſalutatum, Chriſti precurſor, ad ædem
Chriſti pergentem, juſſit. Dicta ergo ſalute
Perge, tuo aſpectu ſit læta Academia, perge." MALONE.

*** THE following Songs are found in Sir William D'Avenant's alteration of this play, printed in 1674. The firſt and ſecond of them were, I believe, written by him, being introduced at the end of the ſecond act, in a ſcene of which he undoubtedly was the author. Of the other ſong, which is ſung in the third act, the firſt words (*Come away*, &c.) are in the original copy of *Macbeth*, and the whole is found at length in Middleton's play, entitled *The Witch*, which has been lately printed from a manuſcript in the collection of Major Pearſon. Whether this ſong was written by Shakſpeare, and omitted, like many others, in the printed copy, cannot now be aſcertained. MALONE.

ACT II.

FIRST SONG BY THE WITCHES.

1. *Witch.* Speak, ſiſter, ſpeak; is the deed done?
2. *Witch.* Long ago, long ago:
Above twelve glaſſes ſince have run.
3. *Witch.* All deeds are ſeldom ſlow;
Nor ſingle; following crimes on former wait:
The worſt of creatures faſteſt propagate.
Many more murders muſt this one enſue,
As if in death were propagation too.
2. *Witch.* He will—
1. *Witch.* He ſhall—

3. *Witch.* He muſt ſpill much more blood;
And become worſe, to make his title good.
1. *Witch.* Now let's dance.
2. *Witch.* Agreed.
3. *Witch.* Agreed.
4. *Witch.* Agreed.
Chor. We ſhould rejoice when good kings bleed.
When cattle die, about we go;
What then, when monarchs periſh, ſhould we do?

SECOND SONG.

Let's have a dance upon the heath;
We gain more life by Duncan's death.
Sometimes like brinded cats we ſhew,
Having no muſick but our mew:
Sometimes we dance in ſome old mill,
Upon the hopper, ſtones, and wheel,
To ſome old ſaw, or bardiſh rhime,
Where ſtill the mill-clack does keep time.
Sometimes about an hollow tree,
Around, around, around dance we:
Thither the chirping cricket comes,
And beetle, ſinging drowſy hums:
Sometimes we dance o'er fens and furze,
To howls of wolves, and barks of curs:
And when with none of thoſe we meet,
We dance to the echoes of our feet.
At the night-raven's dismal voice,
Whilſt others tremble, we rejoice;
And nimbly, nimbly dance we ſtill,
To the echoes from an hollow hill. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE V.

HECATE *and the three* Witches.

MUSICK *and* SONG.

[*Within.*] *Hecate, Hecate, Hecate!* O come away!
Hec. Hark, I am call'd, my little ſpirit, ſee,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and ſtays for me.
[*Within.*] Come away, *Hecate, Hecate!* O come away!
Hec. I come, I come, with all the ſpeed I may,
With all the ſpeed I may.
Where's Stadling?
2. Here. [*within.*]
Hec. Where's Puckle?

3. Here;

3. Here; [*within.*]
And Hopper too, and Helway too[6].
We want but you, we want but you:
Come away, make up the count.
Hec. I will but 'noint, and then I mount:
I will but 'noint, &c.
[*Within.*] Here comes down one to fetch his dues,
[*A Machine with* Malkin *in it deſcends*[7].
A kiſs, a coll, a ſip of blood;
And why thou ſtay'ſt ſo long, I muſe,
Since the air's ſo ſweet and good.
Hec. O, art thou come? What news?
[*Within.*] All goes fair for our delight:
Either come, or elſe refuſe.
Hec. Now I'm furniſh'd for the flight;
[Hecate *places herſelf in the Machine.*
Now I go, and now I fly,
Malkin, my ſweet ſpirit, and I.
O, what a dainty pleaſure's this,
To ſail i'the air,
While the moon ſhines fair;
To ſing, to toy, to dance and kiſs!
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains;
Over hills, and miſty fountains[8];
Over ſteeples, towers, and turrets,
We fly by night 'mongſt troops of ſpirits.
No ring of bells to our ears ſounds,
No howls of wolves, nor yelps of hounds;
No, nor the noiſe of waters' breach,
Nor cannon's throats our height can reach. [Hecate *aſcends.*
1. *Witch.* Come, let's make haſte; ſhe'll ſoon be back again.
2. *Witch.* But whilſt ſhe moves through the foggy air,
Let's to the cave, and our dire charms prepare. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *And* Hopper *too, and* Helway *too.*] In the *Witch*, theſe perſonages are called *Hoppo* and *Helwayne*. MALONE.

[7] This ſtage-direction I have added. In the *Witch* there is here the following marginal note: "A ſpirit like a cat deſcends." In Sir W. D'Avenant's alteration of *Macbeth*, printed in 1674, this ſong, as well as all the reſt of the piece, is printed very incorrectly. I have endeavoured to diſtribute the different parts of the ſong before us, as I imagine the author intended. MALONE.

[8] *Over hills, &c.*] In the *Witch*, inſtead of this line we find:
Over ſeas, our miſtreſs' fountains. MALONE.

KING JOHN.

Perſons Repreſented.

King John:
Prince Henry, *his ſon*; *afterwards King* Henry III.
Arthur, *Duke of* Bretagne, *ſon of* Geffrey, *late Duke of* Bretagne, *the elder brother of King* John.
William Mareſhall, *Earl of* Pembroke.
Geffrey Fitz-Peter, *Earl of* Eſſex, *Chief Juſticiary of* England.
William Longſword, *Earl of* Saliſbury *.
Robert Bigot, *Earl of* Norfolk.
Hubert de Burgh, *Chamberlain to the King.*
Robert Faulconbridge, *ſon of Sir* Robert Faulconbridge:
Philip Faulconbridge, *his half-brother*; *baſtard ſon to* K. Richard *the Firſt.*
James Gurney, *ſervant to Lady* Faulconbridge.
Peter *of* Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

Philip, *king of* France.
Lewis, *the dauphin.*
Arch-duke of Auſtria.
Cardinal Pandulpho, *the Pope's Legate.*
Melun, *a* French *Lord.*
Chatillon, *Ambaſſador from* France *to King* John.

Elinor, *the widow of King* Henry II. *and mother of King* John.
Conſtance, *mother to* Arthur.
Blanch, *daughter to* Alphonſo *king of* Caſtile, *and niece to king* John.
Lady Faulconbridge, *mother to the baſtard, and* Robert Faulconbridge.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, *Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, ſometimes in England, *and ſometimes in* France.

* — *Saliſbury,*] Son to King Henry II. by Roſamond Clifford. STEEVENS.

KING JOHN.[1]

ACT I. SCENE I.

Northampton. *A Room of ſtate in the Palace.*

Enter King JOHN, *Queen* ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, *and Others, with* CHATILLON.

K. John. Now, ſay, Chatillon, what would France with us?

[1] A play entitled *The troubleſome raigne of John King of England*, in two parts, was printed in 1591, without the writer's name. It was written, I believe, either by Robert Greene, or George Peele; and certainly preceded this of our author. Mr. Pope, who is very inaccurate in matters of this kind, ſays that the former was printed in 1611, as written by W. Shakſpeare and W. Rowley. But this is not true. In the *ſecond* edition of this old play in 1611, the letters W. Sh. were put into the title-page, to deceive the purchaſer, and to lead him to ſuppoſe the piece was Shakſpeare's play, which at that time was not publiſhed.—See a more minute account of this fraud in *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. I. Our author's *King John* was written, I imagine, in 1596. The reaſons on which this opinion is founded, may be found in that Eſſay. This drama was evidently formed on the old anonymous play. Probably, however, Shakſpeare alſo peruſed Holinſhed's account of this reign, he being undoubtedly his guide in all his hiſtorical plays.

This play comprehends a period of almoſt ſeventeen years, being nearly the whole reign of King John, commencing ſoon after his acceſſion to the throne, and ending with his death. MALONE.

There muſt have been ſome tradition, however erroneous, upon which Mr. Pope's account was founded. I make no doubt that Rowley wrote the firſt *King John*; and when Shakſpeare's play was called for, and could not be procured from the players, a piratical bookſeller reprinted the old one, with W. Sh. in the title-page. FARMER.

"A booke called *The Hyſtorie of Lord Faulconbridge, baſtard Son to Richard Cordelion*," was entered at Stationers' Hall, Nov. 29, 1614; but I have never met with it, and therefore know not whether it was the old black letter hiſtory, or a play on the ſame ſubject. For the original *King John*, ſee *Six old plays on which Shakſpeare founded* &c. publiſhed by S. Leacroft, Charing-Croſs. STEEVENS.

The byſtorie of Lord Faulconbridge, &c. is a proſe narative, in bl. l. The earlieſt edition that I have ſeen of it, was printed in 1616.

A book entitled "Richard Cur de Lion," was entered on the Stationers' Books in 1558. MALONE.

Chat.

Chat. Thus, after greeting, ſpeaks the king of France,
In my behaviour[2], to the majeſty,
The borrow'd majeſty of England here.

Eli. A ſtrange beginning;—borrow'd majeſty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embaſſy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceaſed brother Geffrey's ſon,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays moſt lawful claim
To this fair iſland, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:
Deſiring thee to lay aſide the ſword,
Which ſways uſurpingly theſe ſeveral titles;
And put the ſame into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal ſovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we diſallow of this?

Chat. The proud controul[3] of fierce and bloody war,
To inforce theſe rights ſo forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment[4]; ſo anſwer France.

Chat.

[2] *In my* behaviour,] The word *behaviour* ſeems here to have a ſignification that I have never found in any other author. *The king of France*, ſays the envoy, *thus ſpeaks in my* behaviour *to the majeſty of England*; that is, the king of France ſpeaks in the character which I here aſſume. I once thought that theſe two lines, *In my behaviour*, &c. had been uttered by the ambaſſador as part of his maſter's meſſage, and that *behaviour* had meant the *conduct* of the king of France towards the king of England; but the ambaſſador's ſpeech, as continued after the interruption, will not admit this meaning. JOHNSON.

In my behaviour means, I think, in the words and action that I am now going to uſe. MALONE.

[3] — *controul*—] *Oppoſition*, from *controller*. JOHNSON.

I think, *controul* means rather *conſtraint*, or *compulſion*. So, in the ſecond act of *King Henry V.* when Exeter demands of the king of France the ſurrender of the crown, and the king anſwers, "Or elſe what follows?" Exeter replies:

"Bloody conſtraint; for if you hide the crown
"Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it." MASON.

[4] *Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,*
Controlment for controlment; &c.] King John's reception of Chatillon not a little reſembles that which Andrea meets with from the king of Portugal in the firſt part of *Jeronimo*, &c. 1605:

"*And*

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The fartheſt limit of my embaſſy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and ſo depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning[5] in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canſt report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon ſhall be heard:
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And ſullen preſage[6] of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have;—
Pembroke, look to't:—Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHAT. *and* PEM.

Eli. What now, my ſon? have I not ever ſaid,
How that ambitious Conſtance would not ceaſe,
Till ſhe had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her ſon?
This might have been prevented: and made whole,
With very eaſy arguments of love;

" *And.* Thou ſhalt pay tribute, Portugal, with blood.—
" *Bal. Tribute for tribute* then; and *foes for foes.*
" *And.* —I bid you ſudden wars." STEEVENS.

Jeronimo was exhibited on the ſtage before the year 1590. MALONE.

[5] *Be thou as lightning*—] The ſimile does not ſuit well: the lightning indeed appears before the thunder is heard, but the lightning is deſtructive, and the thunder innocent. JOHNSON.

King John does not allude to the deſtructive power either of thunder or lightning; he only means to ſay, that Chatillon ſhall appear to the eyes of the French like lightning, which ſhews that thunder is approaching: and the thunder he alludes to is that of his *cannon.* Dr. Johnſon forgets, that though philoſophically ſpeaking, the deſtructive power is in the lightning, it has generally in poetry been attributed to the thunder. So, Lear ſays:

" You ſulphurous and thought-executing fires,
" Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
" Singe my white head!" MASON.

[6] —ſullen *preſage*—] By the epithet *ſullen*, which cannot be applied to a trumpet, it is plain that our author's imagination had now ſuggeſted a new idea. It is as if he had ſaid, be a *trumpet* to alarm with our invaſion, be a *bird of ill omen* to croak out the prognoſtick of your own ruin. JOHNSON.

I do not ſee why the epithet *ſullen* may not be applied to a *trumpet*, with as much propriety as to a *bell.* In our author's *King Henry IV.* P. II. we find—

" Sounds ever after as a *ſullen bell*—." MALONE.

Which now the manage[7] of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody iſſue arbitrate.

K. John. Our ſtrong poſſeſſion, and our right, for us.

Eli. Your ſtrong poſſeſſion, much more than your right;
Or elſe it muſt go wrong with you, and me:
So much my conſcience whiſpers in your ear;
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, ſhall hear.

Enter the ſheriff of Northamptonſhire, *who whiſpers* Eſſex.

Eſſex. My liege, here is the ſtrangeſt controverſy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit* Sheriff.
Our abbies, and our priories, ſhall pay

Re-enter Sheriff, *with* Robert Faulconbridge, *and* Philip, *his baſtard brother*[8].

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Baſt. Your faithful ſubject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonſhire; and eldeſt ſon,

As

[7] —*the manage*—] i. e. conduct; adminiſtration. So, in *King Richard II*:

" ——— ——— for the rebels

" Expedient *manage* muſt be made, my liege," STEEVENS.

[8] —*and Philip, his baſtard brother.*] Though Shakſpeare adopted this character of Philip Faulconbridge from the old play, it is not improper to mention that it is compounded of two diſtinct perſonages.

Matthew Paris ſays:—" Sub eillius temporis curriculo, *Falcaſius de Brente*, Neuſtrienſis, et ſpurius ex parte matris, atque Baſtardus, qui in vili jumento manticato ad regis paulo ante clientelam deſcenderat," &c.

Matt. Paris, in his *Hiſtory of the Monks of St. Albans*, calls him *Falco*, but in his *General Hiſtory*, *Falcaſius de Brente*, as above.

Holinſhed ſays, " that Richard I. had a natural ſon named Philip, who in the year following ſlew the viſcount De Limoges, to revenge the death of his father." STEEVENS.

Perhaps the following paſſage in the Conſequation of Harding's Chronicle, 1543, fol. 24, b. ad ann. 1472, induced the author of the old play to affix the name of *Faulconbridge* to King Richard's natural ſon, who is only mentioned in our hiſtories by the name of Philip: " —one *Faulconbridge*, theſe of Kent his *baſtarde*, a ſtoute-harted man."

Who

As I ſuppoſe, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A ſoldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The ſon and heir to that ſame Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it ſeems.

Bast. Moſt certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may [9].

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou doſt ſhame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reaſon for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At leaſt from fair five hundred pounds a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow:—Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he ſlander'd me with baſtardy:

Who the mother of Philip was, is not aſcertained. It is ſaid that ſhe was a lady of Poictou, and that King Richard beſtowed upon her ſon a lordſhip in that province.

In expanding the character of the Baſtard, Shakſpeare ſeems to have proceeded on the following ſlight hint in the original play:

"Next them, a baſtard of the king's deceas'd,
"*A hardie wild-head, rough, and venturous.*" MALONE.

[9] *But for the certain knowledge of that truth,*
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.] The reſemblance between this ſentiment and that of Telemachus in the firſt book of the *Odyſſey*, is apparent. The paſſage is thus tranſlated by Chapman:

"My mother, certaine, ſayes I am his ſonne;
"I know not; nor was ever firſt ly knowne,
"By any child, the ſure truth of his ſire."

Mr. Pope has obſerved that the like ſentiment is found in *Euripides*, *Menander*, and *Ariſtotle*. Shakſpeare expreſſes the ſame doubt in ſeveral of his other plays. STEEVENS.

But whe'r* I be as true begot, or no,
That ſtill I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourſelf.
If old ſir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this ſon like him;—
O old ſir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a mad-cap hath heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face[1],
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read ſome tokens of my ſon
In the large compoſition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, ſpeak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Baſt. Becauſe he hath a half-face, like my father;
With that half-face[2] would he have all my land:
A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year[3]!

Rob.

* *But* whe'r—] *Whe'r* for *whether*. See p. 469, n. 1. MALONE.

[1] *He hath a* trick *of Cœur-de-lion's face,*] The *trick*, or *tricking*, is the ſame as the tracing of a drawing, meaning that peculiarity of face which may be ſufficiently ſhewn by the ſlighteſt outline. The following paſſage in B. Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*, proves the expreſſion to be borrowed from delineation: "*Car.* You can blazon the reſt, Signior? *Sog.* O ay, I have it in writing here o' purpoſe; it coſt me two ſhillings the *tricking*." STEEVENS.

Our author often uſes this phraſe, and generally in the ſenſe of a peculiar air or caſt of countenance or feature. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I: "That thou art my ſon, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villainous *trick* of thine eye,—". See alſo Vol. III. p. 358, n. 7. In *K. Lear*, as Mr. Maſon has obſerved, the word is applied to the voice: "The *trick* of that voice I do well remember." MALONE.

[2] *With that half-face*—] The old copy reads—With *half that* face. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[3] *A* half-fac'd *groat five hundred pound a year!*] Sneers at the meagre ſharp viſage of his brother, by comparing him to a ſilver groat, that bore the king's face in profile, ſo ſhewed but half the face. The groats of all our kings of England, and indeed all their other coins of ſilver,

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much;—
Bast. Well, ſir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale muſt be, how he employ'd my mother.
Rob. And once diſpatch'd him in an embaſſy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
The advantage of his abſence took the king,
And in the mean time ſojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I ſhame to ſpeak:
But truth is truth, large lengths of ſeas and ſhores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father ſpeak himſelf,)
When this ſame luſty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's ſon, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the courſe of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.
K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And, if ſhe did play falſe, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all huſbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you ſay, took pains to get this ſon,
Had of your father claim'd this ſon for his?
In ſooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;

ſilver, one or two only excepted, had a full face crowned; till Henry VII. in 1504 coined groats and half-groats, as alſo ſome ſhillings, with half faces, i. e. faces in profile, as all our coin is now. In this alluſion the poet is knowingly guilty of an anachroniſm: for in the time of king John there were no groats at all; they being firſt, as far as appears, coined in the reign of King Edward III. THEOBALD.

The ſame contemptuous alluſion occurs in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"You *half-fac'd groat*, you thick-cheek'd chitty-face." STEEV.

In ſooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; for your father,
Being none of his, refuſe him: This concludes[4],—
My mother's ſon did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir muſt have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To diſpoſſeſs that child which is not his?

Baſt. Of no more force to diſpoſſeſs me, ſir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadſt thou rather,—be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed ſon of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy preſence, and no land beſide[5]?

Baſt. Madam, an if my brother had my ſhape,
And I had his, ſir Robert his, like him[6];
And if my legs were two ſuch riding-rods,
My arms ſuch eel-ſkins ſtuff'd; my face ſo thin,
That in mine ear I durſt not ſtick a roſe,
Leſt men ſhould ſay, Look, where three-farthings goes[7]!
And,

4 *This concludes,—*] This is a *deciſive argument.* As your father, if he liked him, could not have been forced to reſign him, ſo, not liking him, he is not at liberty to reject him. JOHNSON.

5 *Lord of thy preſence, and no land beſide?*] *Lord of thy preſence* means maſter of that dignity and grandeur of appearance that may ſufficiently diſtinguiſh thee from the vulgar, without the help of fortune. *Lord of his preſence* apparently ſignifies, *great in his own perſon*, and is uſed in this ſenſe by king John in one of the following ſcenes. JOHNSON.

6 *And I had his, ſir Robert his, like him;*] This is obſcure and ill expreſſed. The meaning is: *If I had his ſhape,—ſir Robert's,—as he has.* *Sir Robert his*, for *ſir Robert's*, is agreeable to the practice of that time, when the 's added to the nominative was believed, I think erroneouſly, to be a contraction of *his*. So, Donne:

"——Who now lives to age,
"Fit to be call'd Methuſalem *his* page?" JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 457, n. 8. The old copy reads—Sir Robert's his; which cannot be right, as we have thus a double genitive. For the ſlight emendation now made, I am anſwerable. MALONE.

7 ——— *my face ſo thin,*
That in mine ear I durſt not ſtick a roſe
Leſt men ſhould ſay, Look, where three-farthings goes!] In this very obſcure paſſage our poet is anticipating the date of another coin; humorouſly

And, to his ſhape, were heir to all this land[8],
Would I might never ſtir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be ſir Nob in any caſe[9].

Eli. I like thee well; Wilt thou forſake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a ſoldier, and now bound to France.

humorouſly to rally a thin face, eclipſed, as it were, by a full-blown *roſe*. We muſt obſerve, to explain this alluſion, that queen Elizabeth was the firſt, and indeed the only princeſs, who coined in England three-halfpence, and three-farthing pieces. And theſe pieces all had her head, and the *roſe* behind. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has not mentioned a material circumſtance relative to theſe three-farthing pieces, on which the propriety of the alluſion in ſome meaſure depends; viz. that they were made of ſilver, and conſequently extremely *thin*. From their thinneſs they were very liable to be cracked. Hence Ben Jonſon, in his *Every Man in his Humour*, ſays, "He values me at a *crack'd three-farthings*." MALONE.

The *roſes* [*ſtuck in the ear*] were, I believe, only *roſes* compoſed of ribbands. In Marſton's *What you Will*, 1607, is the following paſſage: "Dupatzo the elder brother, the fool, he that bought the half-penny *ribband*, wearing it in his *ear*," &c.

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, 1600: "—This *ribband* in my *ear*, or ſo." I think I remember, among Vandyck's pictures in the duke of Queenſbury's collection at Ambroſbury, to have ſeen one with the lock neareſt the ear ornamented with ribbands which terminate in *roſes*. And Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, ſays, that "it was once the faſhion to ſtick real *flowers* in the *ear*." STEEVENS.

Marſton in his *Satires*, 1598, alludes to this faſhion as fantaſtical:

"*Ribbanded eares*, Grenada nether-ſtocks."

And from the epigrams of Sir John Davies, printed at Middleburgh, about 1598, it appears that ſome men of gallantry in our author's time ſuffered their ears to be bored, and wore their miſtreſs's ſilken ſhoe-ſtrings in them. MALONE.

[8] *And, to his ſhape, were heir to all this land,*] There is no noun to which *were* can belong, unleſs the perſonal pronoun in the line laſt but one be underſtood here. I ſuſpect that our author wrote—

And *though* his ſhape were heir to all this land,—.

Thus the ſentence proceeds in one uniform tenour. *Madam*, an if *my brother had my ſhape, and I had his*,—and if *my legs were &c.*—and though *his ſhape were heir, &c. I would give*—. MALONE.

[9] *I would not be ſir Nob*—] Sir *Nob* is uſed contemptuouſly for Sir Robert. The old copy reads—*I would not be*—. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. I am not ſure that it is neceſſary. MALONE.

Baſt. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year;
Yet ſell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death[1].

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Baſt. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Baſt. Philip, my liege; ſo is my name begun;
Philip, good old ſir Robert's wife's eldeſt ſon.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whoſe form thou bear'ſt:
Kneel thou down Philip, but riſe more great[2];
Ariſe ſir Richard, and Plantagenet[3].

Baſt. Brother by the mother's ſide, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land:—
Now bleſſed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, ſir Robert was away.

Eli. The very ſpirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard; call me ſo.

Baſt. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: What though?
Something about, a little from the right[4],

In

[1] — *unto the death.*] This expreſſion is common among our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 58, n. 6. MALONE.

[2] — more *great*;] *More* is here uſed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

[3] *Ariſe ſir Richard, and* Plantagenet.] It is a common opinion, that *Plantagenet* was the ſurname of the royal houſe of England, from the time of king Henry II.; but it is, as Camden obſerves in his *Remaines*, 1614, a popular miſtake. Plantagenet was not a family name, but a nick-name, by which a grandſon of Geffrey, the firſt earl of Anjou, was diſtinguiſhed, from his wearing a *broom-ſtalk* in his bonnet. But this name was never borne either by the firſt earl of Anjou, or by king Henry II. the ſon of that earl by the Empreſs Maude; he being always called Henry *Fitz-Empreſs*; his ſon, Richard *cœur-de lion*; and the prince who is exhibited in the play before us, John *ſans-terre*, or *lack-land*. MALONE.

[4] *Madam, by chance, but not by truth: What though?* Something about, a little from the right,] I am your grandſon, madam, by chance, but not by *honeſty*;—what though? JOHNS.

[4] *Something about, a little from the right*, &c.] This ſpeech, compoſed

In at the window, or elſe o'er the hatch[5].
Who dares not ſtir by day, muſt walk by night;
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is ſtill well ſhot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now haſt thou thy deſire,
A landleſs knight makes thee a landed 'ſquire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard; we muſt ſpeed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Baſt. Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee!
For thou waſt got i'the way of honeſty.

[*Exeunt all but the* Baſtard.

A foot of honour[6] better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worſe.
Well, now can I make any joan a lady:—
Good den, ſir Richard[7],—*God-a-mercy, fellow*;—
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;

poſed of alluſive and proverbial ſentences, is obſcure. *I am*, ſays the ſpritely knight, *your grandſon*, a little *irregular*; but every man cannot get what he wiſhes the legal way. He that *does not go* about his deſigns *by day*, muſt *make his motions* in the *night*; *he*, to whom the door is ſhut, muſt climb *the window*, or leap *the hatch*. This, however, ſhall not depreſs me; for the world never enquires how any man got what he is known to poſſeſs, but allows that *to have* is *to have*, however it was *caught*, and that he *who wins*, *ſhot well*, whatever was his ſkill, whether the arrow fell *near* the mark, or *far off* it. JOHNSON.

[5] *In at the window*, &c.] Theſe expreſſions mean, to be *born out of wedlock*. So, in *The Family of Love*, 1608: "Woe worth the time that ever I gave ſuck to a child that *came in at the window!*" So, in *Northward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607: "—kindred that comes in *o'er the hatch*, and failing to Weſtminſter," &c. Again, in *the Witches of Lancaſhire*, by Heywood and Brooke, 1634: "—to eſcape the dogs, hath leap'd *in at a window*.—Tis thought you came into the world that way,—becauſe you are *a baſtard*." STEEVENS.

[6] *A foot of honour*—] *A ſtep, un pas.* JOHNSON.

[7] —*ſir Richard*,—] Faulconbridge is now entertaining himſelf with ideas of greatneſs, ſuggeſted to his recent knighthood.—*Good den, ſir Richard*, he ſuppoſes to be the ſalutation of a vaſſal; *God-a-mercy, fellow*, his own ſupercilious reply. STEEVENS.

'Tis too reſpective, and too ſociable
For your converſion[8]. Now your traveller[9],—
He and his tooth-pick[1] at my worſhip's meſs;
And when my knightly ſtomach is ſuffic'd,
Why then I ſuck my teeth, and catechiſe
My picked man of countries[2]:—*My dear ſir,*

(Thus,

[8] *'Tis too reſpective, and too ſociable,*
For your converſion.] *Reſpective* is *reſpectful.* So, in *the Caſe is altered*, by Ben Jonſon, 1609: "I pray you, ſir; you are too *reſpective* in good faith."

For your *converſion* is the reading of the old copy, and may be right. It may mean, his late change of condition from a private gentleman to a knight. STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope, without neceſſity, reads—for your *converſing*. Our author has here, I think, uſed a licence of phraſeology that he often takes. The Baſtard has juſt ſaid, that a new-made honour doth *forget* men's names;" and he proceeds as if he had ſaid, "—does *not remember* men's names." *To remember a name of an inferior*, he adds, has too much of the reſpect which is paid to ſuperiors, and of the ſocial and friendly familiarity of equals, for your *converſion*,—for your preſent condition, now *converted* from the ſituation of a common man to the rank of a knight. See Vol. III. p. 138, n. 2. MALONE.

[9] —*Now your traveller,*—] It is ſaid in *All's Well that ends Well*, that "*a traveller is a good thing after dinner.*" In that age of newly excited curioſity, one of the entertainments at great tables ſeems to have been the diſcourſe of a traveller. JOHNSON.

[1] *He and his tooth-pick*—] It has been already remarked, that *to pick the tooth* was in that time, a mark of a man affecting foreign faſhions. JOHNSON.

So, Fletcher:

"——You that truſt in travel;
"You that enhance the daily price of *tooth-picks.*"

Again, in Shirley's *Grateful Servant*, 1630: "I will continue my ſtate-poſture, uſe my *tooth-pick* with diſcretion," &c. So again, in *Cinthia's Revels*, by B. Jonſon, 1601: "—A traveller, one ſo made out of the mixture and ſhreds of forms, that himſelf is truly deformed. He walks moſt commonly with a clove or *pick-tooth* in his mouth." STEEVENS.

So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, 1616 [Article, *An affected Traveller*]: "He cenſures all things by countenances and ſhrugs, and ſpeaks his own language with ſhame and liſping; he will choke rather than confeſs beere good drinke; and his *tooth-pick* is a main part of his behaviour."

At my worſhip's *meſs*, means, at that part of the table where I, as a *knight*, ſhall be placed. See *the Winter's Tale*, p. 136, n. 9. MALONE.

[2] *My* picked *man of countries*:—] The word *piked* may not refer to the beard, but to the *ſhoes*, which were once worn of an immoderate length.

(Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,)
I ſhall beſeech you—That is queſtion now;
And then comes anſwer like an ABC-book [3]:—
O ſir, ſays anſwer, *at your beſt command*;
At your employment; *at your ſervice, ſir*:—
No, ſir, ſays queſtion; *I, ſweet ſir, at yours*:
And ſo, ere anſwer knows what queſtion would,
(Saving in dialogue of compliment [4];
And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)
It draws toward ſupper in concluſion ſo.
But this is worſhipful ſociety,
And fits the mounting ſpirit, like myſelf:

length. To this faſhion our author has alluded in *King Lear*, where the reader will find a more ample explanation. *Piked* may, however, mean only ſpruce in dreſs. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*: "He is too *picked*, too ſpruce," &c. Again, in Greene's *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592, in the deſcription of a pretended traveller: "There be in England, eſpecially about London, certain quaint, *pickt*, and neat companions, attired, &c. a-la-mode de France," &c."

If a comma be placed after the word *man*, thus, "I catechize
"*My picked-man*, of countries."

the paſſage will ſeem to mean, "I catechiſe my ſelected man, about the countries through which he travelled." STEEVENS.

The laſt interpretation of *picked*, offered by Mr. Steevens, is undoubtedly the true one. So, in Wilſon's *Arte of Rhetorique*, 1553: "—ſuch riot, dicyng, cardyng, *playng*," &c. *Piked* or *picked*, (for the word is variouſly ſpelt,) in the writings of our author and his contemporaries, generally means, *ſpruce, affected, effeminate*. See Vol. II. p. 393, n. 4. MALONE.

3 —*like an* ABC-book:—] An *ABC-book*, or, as they ſpoke and wrote it, an *abſey-book*, is a *catechiſm*. JOHNSON.

So, in Thomas Naſh's dedication to Greene's *Arcadia*, 1616: "—make a patrimony of *In ſpeech*, and more than a younger brother's inheritance of their *Abcie*." STEEVENS.

4 *(Saving in dialogue of compliment;)* Sir W. Cornwallis's 28th eſſay thus ridicules the extravagance of compliments in our poet's days, 1601: "We ſpend even all his (i. e. a friend's or a ſtranger's) entrance, a whole volume of words.—What a deal of ſynamon and ginger is ſacrificed to diſſimulation! *Oh, how bleſſed do I take mine eyes for preſenting me with this ſight!—O Sir, or, the ſtar that governs my life in contentment, giveme leave to intertain myſelf in your arms!—Not ſo, ſir, it is too ungovernable by an incloſure to contain ſuch preciouſneſs*, &c. &c. This, and a cup of drink, makes the time as fit for a departure as can be."

TOLLET.

For

For he is but a baſtard to the time[5]
That doth not ſmack of obſervation;
(And ſo am I, whether I ſmack, or no;)
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet poiſon for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practiſe to deceive[6],
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it ſhall ſtrew the footſteps of my riſing.—
But who comes in ſuch haſte[7], in riding robes?
What woman-poſt is this? hath ſhe no huſband,
That will take pains to blow a horn[8] before her?

Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE *and* James Gurney[*].

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court ſo haſtily?

Lady F. Where is that ſlave, thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chaſe mine honour up and down?

Phil. My brother Robert? old ſir Robert's ſon?
Colbrand[9] the giant, that ſame mighty man?
Is it ſir Robert's ſon, that you ſeek ſo?

Lady F. Sir Robert's ſon! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's ſon: Why ſcorn'ſt thou at ſir Robert?
He is ſir Robert's ſon; and ſo art thou.

[5] *For he is but a baſtard to the time*, &c.] He is accounted but a mean man in the preſent age, who does not ſhew by his dreſs, his deportment, and his talk, that he has travelled, and made obſervations in foreign countries. The old copy in the next line reads—*ſmoak*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[6] *Which, though*, &c.] The conſtruction will be mended, if inſtead of *Which though*, we read *The' though*. JOHNSON.

[7] *But who comes*, &c.] Milton, in his tragedy, introduces Dalilah with ſuch an interrogatory exclamation. JOHNSON.

[8] —*to blow a horn*—] He means, that a woman who travelled about like a *poſt*, was likely to *horn* her huſband. JOHNSON.

[*] —*James Gurney*.] Our author found this name in peruſing the hiſtory of King John; who not long before his victory at Mirabeau over the French, headed by young Arthur, ſeized the lands and caſtle of Hugh *Gorney*, near Butevant in Normandy. MALONE.

[9] Colbrand—] *Colbrand* was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick diſcomfited in the preſence of king Athelſtan. The combat is very pompouſly deſcribed by Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*. JOHNSON.

Baſt.

Baſt. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave[1], good Philip.

Baſt. Philip?—ſparrow[2]!—James,
There's toys abroad[3]; anon I'll tell thee more.
[*Exit* GURNEY.
Madam, I was not old ſir Robert's ſon;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his faſt[4]:
Sir Robert could do well; Marry, (to confeſs!)
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handy-work:—Therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholding for theſe limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

Lady F. Haſt thou conſpired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain ſhould'ſt defend mine honour?
What means this ſcorn, thou moſt untoward knave?

Baſt. Knight, knight, good mother,—Baſiliſco-like[5]:
What!

[1] *Good leave*, &c.] *Good leave* means *a ready aſſent.* So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III. Act III. ſc. ii:

"*K. Edw.* Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.

"*Glo.* Ay, *good leave* have you, for you will have leave."

STEEVENS.

[2] *Philip?—ſparrow!*—] Dr. Grey obſerves, that Skelton has a poem to the memory of Philip Sparrow; and Mr. Pope in a ſhort note remarks that a ſparrow is called Philip. JOHNSON.

Again, in *Magnificence*, an ancient *Interlude* by Skelton, publiſhed by Raſtell:

"With me in kepynge ſuch a *Phylyp Sparowe.*" STEEVENS.

The Baſtard means: *Philip!* Do you take me for a ſparrow?

HAWKINS.

[3] *There's* toys *abroad*; &c.] i. e. rumours, idle reports. So, in a poſtſcript to a letter from the counteſs of Eſſex to Dr. Forman, in relation to the trial of Anne Turner for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury: "—they may tell my father and mother, and fill their ears full of *toys.*" *State Trials*, Vol. I. p. 322. STEEVENS.

[4] — *might have eat his part in me*
Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his faſt.] This thought occurs in Heywood's *Dialogues upon Proverbs*, 1562:

"——— he may his parte on good Fridaie eate,
"And faſt never the wurſe, for ought he ſhall geate." STEEVENS.

[5] Lady F. *What means this ſcorn, thou moſt untoward* knave?
Baſt. Knight, knight, *good mother*,—*Baſiliſco-like!*] *I ſay, like* Baſiliſco *in the play, call me not* knave, *but* knight, *good mother.*

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my ſhoulder.
But, mother, I am not ſir Robert's ſon;
I have diſclaim'd ſir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?

Lady F. Haſt thou deny'd thyſelf a Faulconbridge?

Baſt. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;
By long and vehement ſuit I was ſeduc'd
To make room for him in my huſband's bed:—
Heaven lay not my tranſgreſſion to my charge!—
Thou art[a] the iſſue of my dear offence,
Which was ſo ſtrongly urg'd[b] paſt my defence.

Baſt. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wiſh a better father.
Some ſins do bear their privilege on earth[c],
And ſo doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs muſt you lay your heart at his diſpoſe[d],—
Subjected tribute to commanding love,—
Againſt whoſe fury and unmatched force
The awleſs lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.

He

The play alluded to, is *Solyman and Perſeda*, a tragedy, which was entered on the Stationers' books in 1592, and printed in 1599. In this play Baſiliſco is compelled to take an oath which is dictated to him by Piſton:

"*Baſ.* O, I ſwear, I ſwear.
"*Piſt.* I, the aforeſaid Baſiliſco,—
"*Baſ.* I, the aforeſaid Baſiliſco,—*knight*, good fellow, *knight*.
"*Piſt. Knave*, good fellow, knave, knave." MALONE.

[a] Thou *art*—] Old Copy—*That* art. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[c] *Some ſins*, &c.] There are *ſins*, that whatever be determined of them above, are not much cenſured *on earth*. JOHNSON.

[d] *Needs muſt you lay your heart at his diſpoſe,—*
Againſt whoſe fury and unmatched force
The awleſs lion could not wage the fight, &c.] Shakſpeare here alludes to the old metrical romance of *Richard Cœur de lion*, wherein this once celebrated monarch is related to have acquired his diſtinguiſhing appellation, by having plucked out a lion's heart to whoſe fury he was expoſed by the duke of Auſtria, for having ſlain his ſon with a blow

He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May eaſily win a woman's. Ah, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but ſay, thou did'ſt not well
When I was got, I'll ſend his ſoul to hell.
Come, lady, I will ſhew thee to my kin;
And they ſhall ſay, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadſt ſaid him nay, it had been ſin:
Who ſays, it was, he lies; I ſay, 'twas not. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

France. *Before the walls of* Angiers.

Enter, on one ſide, the Archduke of Auſtria, *and forces; on the other,* PHILIP, *King of* France, *and forces,* LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and Attendants.*

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Auſtria.—
Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart[8],
And fought the holy wars in Paleſtine,

blow of his fiſt. From this ancient romance the ſtory has crept into ſome of our old chronicles: but the original paſſage may be ſeen at large in the introduction to the third Vol. of *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry.* PERCY.

[8] *Richard, that robb'd,* &c.] So, Raſtal in his *Chronicle:* "It is ſayd that a *lyon* was put to kynge *Richard*, beynge in priſon, to have devoured him; and when the *lyon* was gapynge, he put his arme in his mouth, and pulled the *lyon* by the harte ſo hard that he ſlewe the *lyon*, and therefore ſome ſay he is called *Rychарde Cure de Lyon*; but ſome ſay he is called *Cure de Lyon*, becauſe of his boldneſs and hardy ſtomake." GREY.

I have an old *black-letter'd hiſtory of lord Fauconbridge*, whence Shakſpeare might pick up this circumſtance. FARMER.

In Heywood's *Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601, there is a long deſcription of this fabulous atchievement.

The ſame ſtory is told by Knighton, inter *Decem Scriptores*, and by Fabian, who calls it a *fable*. It probably took its riſe from Hugh de Neville, one of Richard's followers, having killed a lion, when they were in the Holy land: a circumſtance recorded by Matthew Paris. MALONE.

By

By this brave duke came early to his grave[9]:
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance[1] hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,

[9] *By this brave duke came early to his grave:*] The old play led Shakspeare into this error of ascribing to the duke of Austria the death of Richard, who lost his life at the siege of Chaluz, long after he had been ransom'd out of Austria's power. STEEVENS.

The producing *Austria* on the scene is also contrary to the truth of history, into which anachronism our author was led by the old play. Leopold Duke of Austria, by whom Richard I. had been thrown into prison in 1193, died in consequence of a fall from his horse in 1195, some years before the commencement of the present play.

The original cause of the enmity between Richard the First, and the duke of Austria, was, according to Fabian, that Richard "tooke from a knighte of the Duke of *Ostriche* the said duke's banner, and in despite of the said duke, trade it under foote, and did unto it all the spite he might." Harding says, in his Chronicle, that the cause of quarrel was Richard's taking down the Duke of Austria's arms and banner, which he had set up above those of the king of France and the king of Jerusalem. The affront was given, when they lay before Acre in Palestine. This circumstance is alluded to in the old *King John*, where the Bastard, after killing Austria, says,

"And as my father triumph'd in my spoils,
"And *trod thine ensigns underneath his feet*," &c.

Other historians say, that the duke suspected Richard to have been concerned in the assassination of his kinsman, the Marquis of Montferrat, who was stabbed in Tyre, soon after he had been elected king of Jerusalem; but this was a calumny, propagated by Richard's enemies for political purposes. MALONE.

[1] *At our importance*—] At *our opportunity*. JOHNSON.
See Vol. II. p. 225, n. 4; and Vol. III. p. 431, n. 1. MALONE.

Till

Till Angiers, and the right thou haſt in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd ſhore[2],
Whoſe foot ſpurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her iſlanders,
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, ſtill ſecure
And confident from foreign purpoſes,
Even till that utmoſt corner of the weſt,
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Conſt. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your ſtrong hand ſhall help to give him ſtrength,
To make a more requital[3] to your love.

Auſt. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their ſwords
In ſuch a juſt and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work; our cannon ſhall be bent
Againſt the brows of this reſiſting town.—
Call for our chiefeſt men of diſcipline,
To cull the plots[*] of beſt advantages:—
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it ſubject to this boy.

Conſt. Stay for an anſwer to your embaſſy,
Leſt unadviſ'd you ſtain your ſwords with blood:
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we ſhall repent each drop of blood,
That hot raſh haſte ſo indirectly ſhed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady[4]!—lo, upon thy wiſh,
Our meſſenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—

[2] —*that pale, that white-fac'd ſhore.*] England is ſuppoſed to be called Albion from the *white rocks* facing France. JOHNSON.

[3] —*a* more *requital,*] I believe it has been already obſerved, that *more* ſignified in our author's time, *greater.* STEEVENS.

[*] —*the* plots—] i. e. the ground, or poſts. MALONE.

[4] *A wonder, lady!*—] The wonder is only that Chatillon happened to arrive at the moment when Conſtance mentioned him; which the French king, according to a ſuperſtition which prevails more or leſs in every mind agitated by great affairs, turns into a miraculous interpoſition, or omen of good. JOHNSON.

What

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I:
His marches are expedient [5] to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife [6];
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd [7]:
And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs [8],
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er [9],
Did never float upon the swelling tide,

[5] —*expedient*—] Immediate, *expeditious.* JOHNSON.
See Vol. V. p. 25, n. 4. MALONE.

[6] *An* Ate, *stirring him*, &c.] *Ate* was the Goddess of Revenge. This image might have been borrowed from the celebrated libel, called *Leicester's Commonwealth*, originally published about the year 1584:—she standeth like a fiend or *fury*, at the elbow of her Amadis, to *stirre* him forward when occasion shall serve." STEEVENS.

The old copy reads—An *Ate*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[7] *With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd:*] This line, except the word *with*, is borrowed from the old play of *King John*, already mentioned. Our author should have written—*king*, and so the modern editors read. But there is certainly no corruption, for we have the same phraseology elsewhere. See also the original line, p. 449, n. 1. MALONE.

[8] *Bearing their birth rights*, &c.] So, *King Henry VIII*:
"Many broke their backs with bearing manors on them."
JOHNSON.

[9] —*have* waft *o'er*,] *Waft* for wafted. So again, in this play:
"The iron of itself, though *heat* red hot,"—.
i. e. heated. STEEVENS.

To

To do offence and ſcath[1] in Chriſtendom.
The interruption of their churliſh drums [*Drums beat.*
Cuts off more circumſtance: they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Auſt. By how much unexpected, by ſo much
We muſt awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occaſion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, *the* BASTARD, PEMBROKE, *and Forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
Our juſt and lineal entrance to our own!
If not; bleed France, and peace aſcend to heaven!
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and, for that England's ſake,
With burthen of our armour here we ſweat.
This toil of ours ſhould be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art ſo far,
That thou haſt under-wrought[2] his lawful king,
Cut off the ſequence of poſterity,
Out-faced infant ſtate, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;—
Theſe eyes, theſe brows, were moulded out of his;
This little abſtract doth contain that large,
Which dy'd in Geffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief[3] into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his ſon; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's: In the name of God,

[1] —*ſcath*—] Deſtruction, harm. JOHNSON.

[2] —*under-wrought*—] i. e. underworked, undermined. STEEVENS.

[3] —*this* brief—] Our author has elſewhere uſed *brief* for a ſhort note, or deſcription. See Vol. II. p. 521. n. 9. MALONE.

How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'er-masterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right[3].
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong;
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king;
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world[4]!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband: and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John in manners; being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,

[3] *To look into the* blots *and stains of right.*] The illegitimate branch of a family always carried the arms of it with what in ancient heraldry was called a *blot* or *difference*. So, in Drayton's *Epistle from Q. Isabel to King Richard II:*

"No bastard's mark doth *blot* his conq'ring shield."

Blots and *stains* occur again together in Act III. sc. i. STEEVENS.

Blot had certainly the heraldical sense mentioned by Mr. Steevens. But it here, I think, means only *blemishes*. So again, in Act III. MALONE.

[4] *That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world!*] "Surely (says Holinshed) Queen Eleanor, the kyngs mother, was sore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envye conceyved agaynst his mother, than upon any just occasion, given in the behalfe of the childe; for that she saw, if he were king, *how bit mother Constance would looke to beare the most rule within the realme of Englande*, till her sonne should come to lawfull age, to govern of himselfe. So hard a thing it is, to bring women to agree in one minde, their natures commonly being so contrary." MALONE.

His father never was so true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother *.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Bast. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier [5].

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An 'a may catch your hide and you alone [6].
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard [7];

* — *an if* thou *wert his mother.*] Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband Lewis the Seventh, when they were in the Holy Land; on account of which he was divorced from her. She afterwards (1151) married our King Henry II. MALONE.

[5] *Hear the* crier.] Alluding to the usual proclamation for *silence*, made by criers in courts of justice, beginning *Oyez*, corruptly pronounced *O-Yes*. Austria has just said, *Peace*. MALONE.

[6] *One that will play the devil, sir, with you,*
An 'a may catch your hide, *and you alone*] The ground of the quarrel of the Bastard to Austria is nowhere specified in the present play. But the story is, that Austria, who killed king Richard *Cœur-de-lion*, wore as the spoil of that prince, a lion's *hide*, which had belonged to him. This circumstance renders the anger of the bastard very natural, and ought not to have been omitted. POPE.

See p. 460, n. 7; and p. 462, n. 8. This circumstance (as Mr. Pope likewise observes) is particularly alluded to in the old play of *K. John*, Sign. C. 1. K. Richard, however, was not killed (as has been already mentioned) by the duke of Austria, but by Bertrand de Gourdon at the siege of Chalux, a castle belonging to the Viscount de Lymoges. Mr. Pope's note, which is on a passage in the third act, I have placed here, because the allusion to Austria's wearing the lion's hide here first occurs. MALONE.

The omission of this incident was natural. Shakspeare having familiarized the story to his own imagination, forgot that it was obscure to his audience; or what is equally probable, the story was then so popular that a hint was sufficient at that time to bring it to mind; and these plays were written with very little care for the approbation of posterity. JOHNSON.

[7] *You are the* hare *of whom the* proverb *goes,*
Whose valour plucks dead lions, &c.] So, in the *Spanish Tragedy*:
"He hunted well that was a lion's death;
"Not he that in a garment wore his skin:
"So *hares may pull dead lions by the beard.*" STEEVENS.

The *Spanish Tragedy* was exhibited on the stage about the year 1590. The proverb alluded to is, "Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant." Erasmi Adag. MALONE.

I'll ſmoke your ſkin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did diſrobe the lion of that robe!

Baſt. It lies as ſightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' ſhoes upon an aſs[8]:—
But, aſs, I'll take that burden from your back;
Or lay on that, ſhall make your ſhoulders crack.

Auſt. What cracker is this ſame, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of ſuperfluous breath?

K. Phi. Lewis, determine[9] what we ſhall do ſtraight.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.—

[8] *It lies as ſightly on the back of him,*
As great Alcides' ſhoes upon an aſs:] i. e. upon the *hoofs* of an aſs. Mr. Theobald thought the *ſhoes* muſt be placed on the *back* of the aſs; and, therefore, to avoid this incongruity, reads—Alcides *ſhows*. This endeavour to make our author's ſimiles correſpond exactly on both ſides, is, as has been more than once obſerved, the ſource of many errours. MALONE.

The *ſhoes* of Hercules are more than once introduced in the old comedies on much the ſame occaſions. So, in *The Iſle of Gulls*, by J. Day, 1606: "—are as fit, as Hercules's *ſhoe* for the foot of a pigmy." Again, in Goſſon's *School of Abuſe*, 1579: "—to draw the lyon's ſkin upon Æſop's aſſe, or *Hercules' ſhoes* on a chiloes feete." STEEVENS.

A double alluſion was intended; firſt, to the fable of the aſs in the lion's ſkin; then Richard I. is finely ſet in competition with Alcides, as Auſtria is ſatirically coupled with the aſs. THEOBALD.

[9] K. Phi. *Lewis, determine,* &c.] In the old copy this line ſtands thus: King Lewis, determine what we ſhall do ſtraight.

To the firſt three ſpeeches ſpoken in this ſcene by King Philip, the word *King* only is prefixed. I have therefore given this line to him. The tranſcriber or compoſitor having, I imagine, forgotten to diſtinguiſh the word *King* by Italicks, and to put a full point after it, theſe words have been printed as part of Auſtria's ſpeech: "King Lewis," &c. but ſuch an arrangement muſt be erroneous, for Lewis was not king. Some of our author's editors have left Auſtria in poſſeſſion of the line, and corrected the error by reading here, "King *Philip*, determine," &c. and giving the next ſpeech to him, inſtead of Lewis.

I once thought that the line before us might ſtand as part of Auſtria's ſpeech, and that he might have addreſſed *Philip* and *the Dauphin* by the words, King,—Lewis, &c. but the addreſſing Philip by the title of King, without any addition, ſeems too familiar, and I therefore think it more probable that the error happened in the way above ſtated. MALONE.

King

King John, this is the very ſum of all,—
England, and Ireland, Anjou *, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou reſign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as ſoon:—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Conſt. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child:
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.

Eli. His mother ſhames him ſo, poor boy, he weeps.

Conſt. Now ſhame upon you, whe'r ſhe does, or no[1]!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's ſhames,
Draw thoſe heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven ſhall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with theſe cryſtal beads heaven ſhall be brib'd
To do him juſtice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monſtrous ſlanderer of heaven and earth!

Conſt. Thou monſtrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me ſlanderer; thou, and thine, uſurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppreſſed boy: This is thy eldeſt ſon's ſon,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy ſins are viſited in this poor child;

* —*Anjou,*] Old Copy—*Angiers.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[1] *Now ſhame upon you, whe'r ſhe does or no!*] *Whe'r* for *whether*, So, in an *Epigram*, by B. Jonſon:

"Who ſhall doubt, Donne, *whe'r* I a poet be,
"When I dare ſend my epigrams to thee?"

Again, in Gower's *De Confeſſione Amantis*, 1532:

"That maugre *where* ſhe wolde or not,—". MALONE.

The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the ſecond generation
Removed from thy ſin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Conſt. I have but this to ſay,—
That he's not only plagued for her ſin,
But God hath made her ſin and her the plague[2]

On

[2] *I have but this to ſay,—*
That he's not only plagued for her ſin,
But, God hath made her ſin and her the plague, &c.] This paſſage appears to me very obſcure. The chief difficulty ariſes from this, that Conſtance having told Elinor of her *ſin-conceiving womb*, purſues the thought, and uſes *ſin* through the next lines in an ambiguous ſenſe, ſometimes for *crime*, and ſometimes for *offspring*.

He's not only plagued for her ſin, &c. He is not only made miſerable by vengeance for her *ſin* or *crime*; but her *ſin*, her *offspring*, and ſhe, are made the inſtruments of that vengeance, on this deſcendant; who, though of the ſecond generation, is *plagued for her and with her*; to whom ſhe is not only the cauſe but the inſtrument of evil.

The next clauſe is more perplexed. All the editions read:

——*plagu'd for her,*
And with her plague her ſin; his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her ſin,
All puniſh'd in the perſon of this child.

I point thus:

——*plagu'd for her*
And with her.—Plague her ſon! *his injury*
Her injury, the beadle to her ſin.

That is; inſtead of inflicting vengeance on this innocent and remote deſcendant, *puniſh her ſon*, her immediate offspring: then the affliction will fall where it is deſerved; *his injury* will be *her injury*, and the miſery of her *ſin*; her ſon will be a *beadle*, or chaſtiſer, to her *crimes*, which are now *all puniſh'd in the perſon of this child.* JOHNSON.

Mr. Roderick reads:

——*plagu'd for her,*
And with her plagu'd; *her ſin, his injury.*—

We may read:

But God hath made her ſin and her the plague
On this removed iſſue, plagu'd for her;
And, with her ſin, her plague, his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her ſin.

i. e. *God hath made her and her ſin together, the plague of her moſt remote deſcendants, who are plagued for her*; the ſame power hath likewiſe

On this removed iſſue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague, her ſin; his injury
Her injury,—the beadle to her ſin;
All puniſh'd in the perſon of this child,
And all for her. A plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadviſed ſcold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy ſon.

Conſt. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady; pauſe, or be more temperate:
It ill beſeems this preſence, to cry aim
To theſe ill-tuned repetitions.[3]—
Some trumpet ſummon hither to the walls

wife *made her ſin her own plague, and the injury ſhe has done to him her own injury, as a beadle to laſh that ſin.* i. e. Providence has ſo order'd it, that ſhe who is made the inſtrument of puniſhment to another, has, in the end, converted that other into an inſtrument of puniſhment for herſelf. STEEVENS.

Conſtance obſerves that *he (iſſue*, pointing to *King John*, "whom from the flow of gall ſhe names not,") is not only plagued [with the preſent war] for his mother's ſin, but God hath made her ſin and her the plague alſo on this removed iſſue, [Arthur,] plagued on her account, and by the means of her ſinful offspring, whoſe injury [the uſurpation of Arthur's rights] may be conſidered as her injury, or the injury of her ſin-conceiving womb; and John's injury may alſo be conſidered as the beadle or officer of correction employed by her crimes to inflict all theſe puniſhments on the perſon of this child. TOLLET.

Not being ſatisfied with any of the emendations propoſed, I have adhered to the original copy. I ſuſpect that two half lines have been loſt after the words—And with her—. If the text be right, *with*, I think, means *by*, (as in many other paſſages,) and Mr. Tollet's interpretation the true one. *Removed*, I believe, here ſignifies *remote*. So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

"From Athens is her houſe *remov'd* ſeven leagues." MALONE.

[3] *It ill beſeems this preſence, to* cry aim
To theſe ill tuned repetitions.—] Dr. Warburton has well obſerved on one of the former plays, that to *cry aim* is to *encourage*. JOHNSON.

The phraſe (as Dr. Johnſon has ſuggeſted,) "was borrowed from archery, *aim* having been the word of command as we now ſay *preſent*." MALONE.

So, in our author's *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Vol. I. p. 251, where Ford ſays: "—and to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbours ſhall *cry aim*." See the note on that paſſage. STEEVENS.

Theſe men of Angiers; let us hear them ſpeak,
Whoſe title they admit, Arthur's, or John's.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Citizens *upon the walls.*

1. *Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itſelf:
You men of Angiers, and my loving ſubjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's ſubjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For our advantage;—Therefore, hear us firſt[4].
Theſe flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and proſpect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to ſpit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainſt your walls:
All preparation for a bloody ſiege,
And mercileſs proceeding by theſe French,
Confronts your city's eyes[5], your winking gates[6];
And, but for our approach, thoſe ſleeping ſtones,
That as a waiſt do girdle you about,
By the compulſion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been diſhabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to ruſh upon your peace.
But, on the ſight of us, your lawful king,—
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To ſave unſcratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchſafe a parle:
And now, inſtead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a ſhaking fever in your walls,

4 *For* our *advantage*;—*Therefore hear us firſt.*] If we read—*For your* advantage, it would be a more ſpecious reaſon for interrupting Philip. TYRWHITT.

5 Confronts *your city's eyes.*] The old copy reads—*Comfort*, &c. Mr. Rowe made this neceſſary change. STEEVENS.

6 —*your* winking *gates*;] i. e. gates haſtily cloſed from an apprehenſion of danger. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

"And *winking* leap'd into *deſtruction*." MALONE.

They

They ſhoot but calm words, folded up in ſmoke[6],
To make a faithleſs error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king; whoſe labour'd ſpirits,
Forweary'd in this action of ſwift ſpeed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have ſaid, make anſwer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whoſe protection
Is moſt divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, ſtands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march theſe greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the conſtraint of hoſpitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppreſſed child,
Religiouſly provokes. Be pleaſed then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes it[7]; namely, this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aſpect, have all offence ſeal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly ſhall be ſpent
Againſt the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And, with a bleſſed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd ſwords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that luſty blood again,
Which here we came to ſpout againſt your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly paſs our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure[8] of your old-fac'd walls

[6] *They ſhoot but calm words folded up in ſmoke,*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"This helpleſs *ſmoke of words* doth me no right." MALONE.

[7] — *that* owes *it*;] *Owe* is here, as in other books of our author's time, uſed for *own*. See Vol. II. p. 160, n. 3. MALONE.

[8] *'Tis not the* roundure, &c.] *Roundure* means the ſame as the French *rondeur*, i. e. the circle. So, in Shakſpeare's 21ſt Sonnet:

"——— all things rare,
"That heaven's air in this huge *rondure* hems." STEEVENS.

Can

Can hide you from our meſſengers of war;
Though all theſe Engliſh, and their diſcipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, ſhall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or ſhall we give the ſignal to our rage,
And ſtalk in blood to our poſſeſſion?

1. *Cit.* In brief, we are the king of England's ſubjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

1. *Cit.* That can we not: but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates againſt the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And, if not that, I bring you witneſſes,
Twice fifteen thouſand hearts of England's breed,—

Baſt. Baſtards, and elſe.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods as thoſe,—

Baſt. Some baſtards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

1. *Cit.* Till you compound whoſe right is worthieſt,
We, for the worthieſt, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the ſin of all thoſe ſouls,
That to their everlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of evening fall, ſhall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Baſt. Saint George,—that ſwing'd the dragon, and e'er ſince,
Sits on his horſeback at mine hoſteſs' door,
Teach us ſome fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, ſirrah, [*to* Auſt.] with your lioneſs,
I'd ſet an ox-head to your lion's hide,[9]

[9] *I'd ſet an ox-head to your lion's hide,*] So, in the old play of *King John*:

"But let the frolick Frenchman take no ſcorn,
"If Philip front him with an Engliſh horn." STEEVENS.

And make a monster of you.—

Baſt. Peace; no more.

Aust. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll ſet forth
In beſt appointment, all our regiments.

Baſt. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It ſhall be ſo;—[*to* Lewis.] and at the other hill
Command the reſt to ſtand.—God, and our right!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Alarums and Excurſions; then a Retreat. Enter a French *Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers[1], open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an Engliſh mother,
Whoſe ſons lie ſcatter'd on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's huſband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the diſcolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loſs, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand, triumphantly diſplay'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an Engliſh *Herald, with trumpets.*

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers[2], ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day!

[1] *You men of Angiers*, &c.] This ſpeech is very poetical and ſmooth, and except the conceit of the *widow's huſband* embracing *the earth*, is juſt and beautiful. JOHNSON.

[2] *Rejoice, you men of Angiers*, &c.] The Engliſh herald falls ſomewhat below his antagoniſt. *Silver armour gilt with blood* is a poor image. Yet our author has it again in *Macbeth*:

" ——— Here lay Duncan,
" His *ſilver ſkin* lac'd with *his golden blood*," JOHNSON.

Their

Their armours, that march'd hence ſo ſilver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There ſtuck no plume in any Engliſh creſt,
That is removed by a ſtaff of France;
Our colours do return in thoſe ſame hands
That did diſplay them when we firſt march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntſmen[3], come
Our luſty Engliſh, all with purpled hands,
Dy'd in the dying ſlaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

1. *Cit.* Heralds, from off our towers[4] we might behold,
From firſt to laſt, the onſet and retire
Of both your armies; whoſe equality
By our beſt eyes cannot be cenſured *:
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have anſwer'd blows;
Strength match'd with ſtrength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One muſt prove greateſt: while they weigh ſo even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Enter, at one ſide, King JOHN, *with his power*; ELINOR, BLANCH, *and the* BASTARD; *at the other, King* PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, *and forces.*

K. John. France, haſt thou yet more blood to caſt away?
Say, ſhall the current of our right roam on[5]?
Whoſe paſſage vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-ſwell

[3] *And, like a jolly troop of huntſmen,*] It was, I think, one of the ſavage practices of the chaſe, for all to ſtain their hands in the blood of the deer, as a trophy. JOHNSON.

[4] *Heralds, from off our towers,* &c.] Theſe three ſpeeches ſeem to have been laboured. The citizen's is the beſt: yet *both alike we like* is a poor gingle. JOHNSON.

* —*cannot be* cenſured:] i. e. cannot be eſtimated. See Vol. I. p. 113, n. 7. Our author ought rather to have written—whoſe *ſuperiority*, or whoſe *inequality*, cannot be cenſured. MALONE.

[5] *Say, ſhall the current of our right* roam *on?*] Thus the old copy. The editor of the ſecond folio ſubſtituted *run*, which has been adopted in the ſubſequent editions. I do not perceive any need of change. In the *Tempeſt* we have—"the *wandering* brooks." MALONE.

With

With courſe diſturb'd even thy confining ſhores;
Unleſs thou let his ſilver water keep
A peaceful progreſs to the ocean.
K. Phi. England, thou haſt not ſav'd one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, loſt more: And by this hand I ſwear,
That ſways the earth this climate overlooks,—
Before we will lay down our juſt-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainſt whom theſe arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the ſcrowl, that tells of this war's loſs,
With ſlaughter coupled to the name of kings.
Baſt. Ha, majeſty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is ſet on fire!
O, now doth death line his dead chaps with ſteel;
The ſwords of ſoldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feaſts, mouſing the fleſh of men[6],
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—
Why ſtand theſe royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havock, kings[7]! back to the ſtained field,
You equal potents[8], fiery-kindled ſpirits!
Then let confuſion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!
K. John. Whoſe party do the townſmen yet admit?
K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

[6] —mouſing *the fleſh of men,*] *Mouſing*, like many other ancient and now uncouth expreſſions, was expelled from our author's text by Mr. Pope; and *mouthing*, which was ſubſtituted in its room, has been adopted in the ſubſequent editions, without any ſufficient reaſon, in my apprehenſion. *Mouſing* is, I ſuppoſe, mamocking, and devouring eagerly, as a cat devours a mouſe. So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:* "Well *mous'd*, lion!" Again, in *The Wonderful Year*, by Thomas Decker, 1603: "Whilſt Troy was willing ſack and ſugar, and *mouſing* fat veniſon, the mad Greeks made bonfires of their houſes." MALONE.

[7] *Cry, havock, kings!*] That is, *command ſlaughter to proceed.* So, in another place: "He with Ate by his ſide, *Cries, havock!*" JOHNSON.

[8] *You equal* potents,] *Potents* for potentates. So, in *Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatiſe intitulit* PHILOTUS, &c. 1603: "Ane of the *potentes* of the town,—" STEEVENS.

1. *Cit.* The king of England, when we know the king,
K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.
K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear poſſeſſion of our perſon here;
Lord of our preſence, Angiers, and of you.
1. *Cit.* A greater power than we, denies all this[9];
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former ſcruple in our ſtrong-barr'd gates:
King'd of our fears[1], until our fears, reſolv'd,

Be

9 *A greater power than we, denies all this*, &c.] i. e. the *Lord of hoſts*, who has not yet decided the ſuperiority of either army; and till it be undoubted, the people of Angiers will not open their gates. Tollet.

1 King'd *of our fears*,] i. e. Our fears being our kings, or rulers. The old copy reads—*Kings*. The emendation, as the reader will find in the following note, was propoſed by Mr. Tyrwhitt. *King'd* is again uſed in *King Richard II*:

"Then I am *king'd* again."

It is manifeſt that the paſſage in the old copy is corrupt, and that it muſt have been ſo worded, that their *fears* ſhould be ſtyled their *kings* or maſters, and not they, kings or maſters of their fears; becauſe in the next line mention is made of theſe *fears* being *depoſed*. Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation produces this meaning by a very ſlight alteration, and is therefore, I think, entitled to a place in the text.

The following paſſage in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, ſtrongly, in my opinion, confirms his conjecture:

"So ſhall theſe *ſlaves* [Tarquin's unruly *paſſions*] be *kings*,
and thou their ſlave."

Again, in *King Lear*:

"——It ſeems, ſhe was a queen
"Over her *paſſion*, *who*, moſt rebel-like,
"Sought to be *king*-o'er her."

This paſſage in the folio is given to King Philip, and in a ſubſequent part of this ſcene, all the ſpeeches of the citizens are given to Hubert; which I mention, becauſe theſe, and ſeveral other inſtances, where the ſame error has been committed in that edition, juſtify ſome licence in transferring ſpeeches from one perſon to another. Malone.

Dr. Warburton ſaw what was requiſite to make this paſſage ſenſe; and Dr. Johnſon, rather too haſtily, I think, has received his emendation into the text. He reads:

Kings are *our fears*,—

which he explains to mean, "our fears are the kings which at preſent rule us."

As

Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers [2] flout you, kings;
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes [3] and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem [4],

Be

As the same sense may be obtained by a much slighter alteration, I am more inclined to read:

King'd of *our fears*,—.

King'd is used as a participle passive by Shakspeare more than once, I believe. I remember one instance in *Henry the Fifth*, Act II. sc. v. The Dauphin says of England:

"—she is so idly *king'd*.

It is scarce necessary to add, that, *off* here (as in numberless other places) has the signification of, *by*. Theobald.

[2] —*these* scroyles *of Angiers*—] *Escrouelles*, Fr. i. e. scabby, scrophulous fellows. Ben Jonson uses the word in *Every Man in his Humour*:

"——hang them *scroyles!*" Steevens.

[3] *At your* industrious *scenes*—] I once wished to read—*illustrious*; but I now believe the text to be right. So, in *Macbeth*:

"——and put we on
"*Industrious* soldiership." Malone.

[4] *Do like the* mutines *of Jerusalem*,] The *mutines* are the *mutineers*, the seditious. So again, in *Hamlet*:

"——and lay
"Worse than the *mutines* in the bilboes."

Our author had probably read the following passages in *A Compendious and most marvellous History of the latter times of the Jewes Common-weale, &c.* Written in Hebrew, by Joseph Ben Gorion,—translated into English, by Peter Morwyn: "The same yeere the civil warres grew and increased in Jerusalem; for the citizens flew one another without any truce, and for quietnesse.—The people were divided into *three parties*; whereof the first and best followed Anani, the high priest; another part followed seditious Jehochanan; the third most cruel Schimeon.—Anani being a perfect godly man, and seeing the common-weale of Jerusalem governed by the *seditious*, gave over his third part, that tooke to him, to Eliasar, his sonne. Eliasar with his companie tooke the Temple, and the courts about it; appointing of his men, some to bee spyes, some to keepe watche and warde.—But Jehochanan tooke the market-place and streetes, the lower part of the citie. Then Schimeon, the Jerosolimite, tooke the highest part of the towne, wherefore

Be friends a while [5], and both conjointly bend
Your ſharpeſt deeds of malice on this town:
By eaſt and weſt let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their ſoul-fearing clamours [6] have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play inceſſantly upon theſe jades,
Even till unfenced deſolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, diſſever your united ſtrengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then, in a moment, fortune ſhall cull forth
Out of one ſide her happy minion;
To whom in favour ſhe ſhall give the day,
And kiſs him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counſel, mighty ſtates?
Smacks it not ſomething of the policy?

fore his men annoyed Jehochanan's parte ſore with ſlings and croſſe-bowes. Betweene theſe three there was alſo moſt cruel battailes in Jeruſalem for the ſpace of foure yeres.—

Titus' campe was about ſixe furlongs from the towne. The next morrow they of the towne ſeeing Titus to be encamped upon the mount Olivet, the captaines of the *ſeditious* aſſembled together, and fell at argument, every man with another, intending *to turne their cruelty upon the Romaines*, confirming and ratifying the ſame *atonement* and purpoſe, by ſwearing one to another; and ſo became peace amongſt them. Wherefore, *joyning together*, that before were *three ſeverall parts*, they ſet open the gates, and all the beſt of them iſſued out with an horrible noyſe and ſhoute, that they made the Romaines afraide withall, in ſuch wiſe that they fled before the *ſeditious*, which ſodainly did ſet uppon them unawares."

The book from which I have tranſcribed the paſſage was printed in 1602, but there was a former edition, ſaid to be "newly corrected and amended by the tranſlatour." From the ſpelling and the ſtyle, I imagine the firſt edition of this book had appeared before 1580. This alluſion is not found in the old play. MALONE.

[5] *Be friends a while*, &c.] This advice is given by the Baſtard in the old play, though comprized in fewer and leſs ſpirited lines. STEEVENS.

[6] — ſoul-fearing *clamours*—] i. e. *ſoul-appalling*. See Vol. III. p. 23, n. 3. MALONE.

K. John. Now, by the ſky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well:—France, ſhall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who ſhall be king of it?

Baſt. An if thou haſt the mettle of a king,—
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peeviſh town,—
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, againſt theſe ſaucy walls:
And when that we have daſh'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourſelves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be ſo:—Say, where will you aſſault?

K. John. We from the weſt will ſend deſtruction
Into this city's boſom.

Auſt. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the ſouth,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Baſt. O prudent diſcipline! From north to ſouth;
Auſtria and France ſhoot in each other's mouth: [*Aſide.*
I'll ſtir them to it:—Come, away, away!

1. *Cit.* Hear us, great kings: vouchſafe a while to ſtay,
And I ſhall ſhew you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without ſtroke, or wound;
Reſcue thoſe breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come ſacrifices for the field:
Perſever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

1. *Cit.* That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch[7],
Is near to England; Look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:
If luſty love ſhould go in queſt of beauty,
Where ſhould he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love[8] ſhould go in ſearch of virtue,
Where ſhould he find it purer than in Blanch?

[7] — *the lady* Blanch,] The lady *Blanch* was daughter to Alphonſo the Ninth, king of Caſtile, and was niece to king John by his ſiſter Elianor. STEEVENS.

[8] *If* zealous *love*, &c.] *Zealous* ſeems here to ſignify *pious*, or *influenced by motives of religion*. JOHNSON.

If love ambitious ſought a match of birth,
Whoſe veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as ſhe is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete, O ſay[9], he is not ſhe;
And ſhe again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that ſhe is not he:
He is the half part of a bleſſed man,
Left to be finiſhed by ſuch a ſhe[1];
And ſhe a fair divided excellence,
Whoſe fulneſs of perfection lies in him.
O, two ſuch ſilver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
And two ſuch ſhores to two ſuch ſtreams made one,
Two ſuch controlling bounds ſhall you be, kings,
To theſe two princes, if you marry them.
This union ſhall do more than battery can,
To our faſt-cloſed gates; for, at this match,
With ſwifter ſpleen[2] than powder can enforce,
The mouth of paſſage ſhall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but, without this match,
The ſea enraged is not half ſo deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not death himſelf
In mortal fury half ſo peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Baſt. Here's a ſtay,
That ſhakes the rotten carcaſs of old death[3]

Out

[9] *If not complete, O ſay,*] The old copy reads—If not complete *of*, ſay, &c. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

[1] —*ſuch a ſhe*;] Old Copy—*as* ſhe. Corrected by Dr. Thirlby. MALONE.

[2] —*at this match*,
With ſwifter ſpleen, &c.] Our author uſes *ſpleen* for any violent hurry, or tumultuous ſpeed. So, in the *Midſummer Night's Dream* he applies *ſpleen* to the *lightning*. I am loath to think that Shakſpeare meant to play with the double of *match* for *nuptial*, and the *match* of a gun. JOHNSON.

[3] *Here's a ſtay,*
That ſhakes the rotten carcaſs of old death, &c.] *Stay*, I apprehend, here

Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That ſpits forth death and mountains, rocks, and ſeas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this luſty blood?
He ſpeaks plain cannon, fire, and ſmoke, and bounce;
He gives the baſtinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fiſt of France:
Zounds! I was never ſo bethump'd with words,

here ſignifies *a ſupporter of a cauſe*. Here's an extraordinary partizan, what ſhakes, &c. So, in the laſt act of this play:

"What ſurety in the world, what hopes, what *ſtay*,
"When this was now a king, and now is clay?"

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

"Now thou art gone, we have no ſtaff, no *ſtay*."

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

"What *ſtay* had I but Edward, and he's gone."

Again, in Davies's *Scourge of Folly*, printed about the year 1611:

"England's faſt friend, and Ireland's conſtant *ſtay*."

It is obſervable that *partizan* in like manner, though now generally uſed to ſignify an *adherent* to a party, originally meant a pike or halberd.

Perhaps, however, our author meant by the words, Here's a *ſtay*, "Here's a fellow, who whilſt he makes a propoſition as a *ſtay* or *obſtacle*, to prevent the effuſion of blood, ſhakes," &c. The Citizen has juſt ſaid:

"Hear us, great kings, vouchſafe a while to *ſtay*,
"And I ſhall ſhew you peace," &c.

It is, I conceive, no objection to this interpretation, that an *impediment* or *obſtacle* could not ſhake death, &c. though the *perſon* who endeavoured to *ſtay* or prevent the attack of the two kings, might. Shakſpeare ſeldom attends to ſuch *minutiæ*. But the firſt explanation appears to me more probable.—Dr. Johnſon would read—Here's a *ſlaw*, &c. i.e. Here's a *guſt* of bravery, a *blaſt* of menace. MALONE.

Shakſpeare ſeems to have taken the hint of this ſpeech from the following in the *Famous Hiſtory of Thomas Stukely*, 1605. bl. l.

"*Why here's a gallant, here's a king indeed!*
"*He ſpeaks all Mars:—tut, let me follow ſuch*
"*A lad as this:—This is pure fire:*
"*Every look he caſts, flaſheth like lightning;*
"*There's mettle in this boy.*
"*He brings a breath that ſets our ſails on fire:*
"*Why now I ſee we ſhall have cuffs indeed.*" STEEVENS.

Since I firſt call'd my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, liſt to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou ſhalt ſo ſurely tie
Thy now unſur'd aſſurance to the crown,
That yon green boy ſhall have no ſun to ripe
The bloom that promiſeth a mighty fruit.
I ſee a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whiſper: urge them, while their ſouls
Are capable of this ambition;
Leſt zeal, now melted[4], by the windy breath
Of ſoft petitions, pity, and remorſe,

Cool

4 *Leſt* zeal, *now melted*, &c.] We have here a very unuſual, and, I think, not very juſt image of *zeal*, which, in its higheſt degree, is repreſented by others as a flame, but by Shakſpeare, as a froſt. To *repreſs zeal*, in the language of others, is to *cool*, in Shakſpeare's to *melt* it; when it exerts its utmoſt power it is commonly ſaid to *flame*, but by Shakſpeare to be *congealed*. JOHNSON.

Sure the poet means to compare *zeal* to metal in a ſtate of fuſion, and not to diſſolving ice. STEEVENS.

The alluſion, I apprehend, is to diſſolving ice; and if this paſſage be compared with others in our author's plays, it will not, I think, appear liable to Dr. Johnſon's objection. The ſenſe, I conceive, is, *Leſt the now* zealous *and to you well-affected* heart *of Philip, which but lately was cold and hard as ice, and has* newly *been* melted and ſoftened, *ſhould by the ſoft petitions* of Conſtance, *and pity* for Arthur, *again* become congealed *and frozen*. I once thought that "the windy breath of ſoft petitions," &c. ſhould be coupled with the preceding words, and related to the propoſal made by the citizen of Angiers; but I now believe that they were intended to be connected, in conſtruction, with the following line.—In a ſubſequent ſcene we find a ſimilar thought couched in nearly the ſame expreſſions:

"This act, ſo evilly born, ſhall *cool the hearts*
"Of all his people, and *freeze* up their *zeal*."

Here Shakſpeare does not ſay that *zeal*, when *congealed*, exerts its utmoſt power," but, on the contrary, that when it is congealed or frozen, it *ceaſes* to exert itſelf at all; it is no longer zeal.

We again meet with the ſame alluſion in *King Henry VIII*:

"—— This makes bold mouths;
"Tongues ſpit their duties out, and *cold hearts freeze*
"*Allegiance* in them."

Both zeal and allegiance therefore, we ſee, in the language of Shakſpeare, are in their higheſt ſtate of exertion, when *melted*; and repreſſed or diminiſhed, when *frozen*. The word *freeze* in the paſſage juſt

Cool and congeal again to what it was.

L. Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward
To speak unto this city: What say you? [first

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read[5], I love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou[6], and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieg'd)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself,

just quoted, shews that the allusion is not, as has been suggested, to *metals*, but to *ice*.

The obscurity of the present passage arises from our author's use of the word *zeal*, which is, as it were, personified. *Zeal*, if it be understood strictly, cannot "cool and congeal again to what it *was*," (for when it cools, it ceases to be *zeal*,) though a *person* who is become warm and zealous in a cause, may afterwards become cool and indifferent, *as he was*, before he was warmed.—"To what it was," however, in our author's licentious language, may mean, "to what it was, *before it was zeal*." MALONE.

[5] *Can in this book of beauty read,*] So, in *Pericles*, 1609:

"Her *face*, the *book* of praises," &c.

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"Your *face*, my thane, is as a *book*, where men
"May *read* strange matters." MALONE.

[6] *For* Anjou,] The old copy reads—*Anglers*. Mr. Theobald made the emendation; which is confirmed both by the context and by the anonymous *K. John*, printed in 1591. See also p. 469, n.[8]. MALONE.

Drawn in the flattering table of her eye[7].

[*Whiſpers with* Blanch.

Baſt. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—
And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth eſpy
Himſelf love's traitor: This is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there ſhould be,
In ſuch a love, ſo vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this reſpect, is mine:
If he ſee aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he ſees, which moves his liking,
I can with eaſe tranſlate it to my will;
Or, if you will, (to ſpeak more properly,)
I will enforce it eaſily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I ſee in you is worthy love,
Than this,—that nothing do I ſee in you,
(Though churliſh thoughts themſelves ſhould be your judge,)
That I can find ſhould merit any hate.

K. John. What ſay theſe young ones? What ſay you, my niece?

Blanch. That ſhe is bound in honour ſtill to do
What you in wiſdom ſtill vouchſafe to ſay.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, aſk me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her moſt unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volqueſſen[8], Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, theſe five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thouſand marks of Engliſh coin.—

7 — *in the flattering* table *of her eye.*] *Table*, it has already been obſerved, was in our author's time a term for a *picture*. *Tableau*, Fr. See Vol. III. p. 358, n. 7. MALONE.

8 — *Volqueſſen,*] This is the ancient name for the country now called *the Vexin*; in Latin, *Pagus Velocaſſinus*. That part of it called the *Norman Vexin*, was in diſpute betwen Philip and John. STEEV.

This and the ſubſequent line (except the words, "do I give") are taken from the old play. MALONE.

Philip,

Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy ſon and daughter to join hands.
K. Phi. It likes us well;—Young princes, cloſe your hands[9].
Auſt. And your lips too; for, I am well aſſur'd,
That I did ſo, when I was firſt aſſur'd[1].
K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at ſaint Mary's chapel, preſently,
The rites of marriage ſhall be ſolemniz'd.—
Is not the lady Conſtance in this troop?—
I know, ſhe is not; for this match, made up,
Her preſence would have interrupted much:—
Where is ſhe and her ſon; tell me, who knows?
Lew. She is ſad and paſſionate at your highneſs' tent[*].
K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her ſadneſs very little cure.—
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.
K. John. We will heal up all:
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Conſtance;
Some ſpeedy meſſenger bid her repair
To our ſolemnity:—I truſt we ſhall,
If not fill up the meaſure of her will,

9 —*Young princes, cloſe your hands.*] See *The Winter's Tale*, p. 128, n. 9. MALONE.

1 —*I am well* aſſur'd,
That I did ſo when I was firſt aſſur'd.] *Aſſur'd* is here uſed both in its common ſenſe, and in an uncommon one, where it ſignifies *affianced, contracted.* So, in the *Comedy of Errors*, Vol. II. p. 170:
"—called me Dromio, (wore I was *aſſur'd* to her." STEEVENS.

* *She is ſad and* paſſionate *at your highneſs' tent.*] *Paſſionate* in this inſtance does not ſignify *diſpoſed to anger*, but a prey to mournful ſenſations. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*:
"—Thou art *paſſionate*,
"Haſt been brought up *with girls.*" STEEVENS.

Yet in ſome meaſure ſatisfy her ſo,
That we ſhall ſtop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haſte will ſuffer us,
To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the* Baſtard. *The* Citizens *retire from the walls.*

Baſt. Mad world! mad kings! mad compoſition!
John, to ſtop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part [2]:
And France, (whoſe armour conſcience buckled on;
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own ſoldier,) rounded in the ear [3]
With that ſame purpoſe-changer, that ſly devil;
That broker, that ſtill breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids;—
Who having no external thing to loſe
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that *;

[2] —departed *with a part:*] To *part* and to *depart* were formerly ſynonymous. So, in *Every Man in his Humour:* "Faith, ſir, I can hardly *depart* with ready money." Again, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609: "She'll ſerve under him till death us *depart*." STEEVENS.
See Vol. II. p. 332, n. 3. MALONE.

[3] —*rounded in the ear*] i. e. whiſpered in the ear. STEEVENS.
See *The Winter's Tale*, p. 135, n. 3. MALONE.

* *Who having no external thing to loſe*
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that;] The conſtruction here appears extremely harſh to our ears, yet I do not believe there is any corruption; for I have obſerved a ſimilar phraſeology in other places in theſe plays. The conſtruction is,—Commodity, he that wins of all,—*he that* cheats the poor maid of that only external thing ſhe has to loſe, namely the word maid, i. e. her chaſtity. *Who having* is uſed as the abſolute caſe, in the ſenſe of "*they* having—;" and the words "who having no external thing to loſe but the word maid," are in ſome meaſure parenthetical; yet they cannot with propriety be included in a parentheſis, becauſe then there would remain nothing to which the relative *that* at the end of the line could be referred. In the *Winter's Tale*, are the following lines, in which we find a ſimilar phraſeology:

"—— This your ſon-in-law,
"And ſon unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing,)
"Is troth-plight to your daughter."

Here the pronoun *whom* is uſed for *him*, as *who*, in the paſſage before us, is uſed for *they*. MALONE.

That

That ſmooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,—
Commodity, the bias of the world[4];
The world, who of itſelf is peiſed well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This ſway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent:
And this ſame bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker[5], this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own-determin'd aid,
From a reſolv'd and honourable war,
To a moſt baſe and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for becauſe he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand[6],
When his fair angels would ſalute my palm;
But for my hand[7], as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And ſay,—there is no ſin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then ſhall be,
To ſay,—there is no vice, but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord; for I will worſhip thee! [*Exit*[8].

ACT

4 Commodity, *the bias of the world*;] *Commodity* is intereſt. So, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

"I will uſe his friendſhip to mine own *commoditie*." STEEVENS.

5 —*this* broker,] A *broker* in old language meant a *pimp* or *procureſs*. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act II.

"Do not believe his vows, for they are *brokers*," &c. MALONE.

6 —clutch *my hand*,] To *clutch* my hand, is to claſp it cloſe. STEEVENS.

See *Macbeth*, p. 320, n. 6. MALONE.

7 *But* for *my hand*,] *For* has here, as in many other places, the ſignification of *becauſe*. So, in *Othello*:

"—or *for* I am declin'd
"Into the vale of years." MALONE.

8 In the old copy the ſecond act extends to the end of the ſpeech of Lady Conſtance in the next ſcene, at the concluſion of which ſhe throws herſelf

ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſame. The French *king's Tent.*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

Conſt. Gone to be marry'd! gone to ſwear a peace!
Falſe blood to falſe blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch thoſe provinces?
It is not ſo; thou haſt miſ-ſpoke, miſ-heard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou doſt but ſay, 'tis ſo;
I truſt, I may not truſt thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me,
For I am ſick, and capable of fears[9];
Oppreſs'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow[1], huſbandleſs, ſubject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears:
And though thou now confeſs, thou didſt but jeſt,
With my vex'd ſpirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doſt thou mean by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou look ſo ſadly on my ſon?
What means that hand upon that breaſt of thine?

herſelf on the ground. The preſent diviſion which was made by Mr. Theobald, and has been adopted by the ſubſequent editors, is certainly right. By this means (as he has obſerved) a proper interval is made for Salisbury's going to Lady Conſtance, and for the ſolemnization of the marriage between the Dauphin and Blanch; and the chaſm which the former diviſion produced in the action of the play, is avoided. MALONE.

[9] *For I am ſick, and* capable *of fears*;] i. e. I have a ſtrong *ſenſibility*; I am tremblingly alive to apprehenſion. So, in *Hamlet*:

"His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,
"Would make them *capable*." MALONE.

[1] *A widow*,] This was not the fact. Conſtance, was at this time married to a third huſband, Guido, brother to the Viſcount of Touars. She had been divorced from her ſecond huſband, Ranulph, Earl of Cheſter. MALONE.

Why

Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds [2]?
Be these sad signs [3] confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, were grim,
Ugly, and slander'ous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots [4], and sightless [5] stains,

[2] *Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?*] This seems to have been imitated by Marston in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:

"Then how much more in me, whose youthful veins,
"*Like a proud river, overflow their bounds.*" MALONE.

[3] *Be these sad signs*—] The *sad signs* are, the *shaking of his head, the laying his hand on his breast*, &c. We have again the same words in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"So she, at these *sad signs* exclaims on death."

Ed. Pope and the subsequent editors read—Be these sad *sighs*—&c. MALONE.

[4] *Ugly, and slander'ous to thy* mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots,] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

"The blemish that will never be forgot,
"Worse than a slavish wipe, or *birth-hour's blot*." MALONE.

[5] —sightless—] The poet uses *sightless* for that which we now express by *unsightly*, disagreeable to the eyes. JOHNSON.

Lame,

Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious[7],
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I ſhould not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deſerve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'ſt with lilies boaſt,
And with the half-blown roſe: but fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair reſpect of ſovereignty,
And made his majeſty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;
That ſtrumpet fortune, that uſurping John:—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forſworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave thoſe woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Conſt. Thou may'ſt, thou ſhalt, I will not go with thee;
I will inſtruct my ſorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner ſtoop[8].

To

[7] —*prodigious,*] That is, *portentous*, ſo deformed as to be taken for a *forestoken of evil.* JOHNSON.

So, in the *Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607:

"Over whoſe roof hangs this *prodigious* comet." STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 538, n. 7. MALONE.

[8] *For grief is proud, and makes his owner* ſtoop.] Our author has rendered this paſſage obſcure, by indulging himſelf in one of thoſe conceits in which he too much delights, and by bounding rapidly, with his uſual licence, from one idea to another. This obſcurity induced Sir T. Hanmer for *ſtoop* to ſubſtitute *ſtout*; a reading that appears to me to have been too haſtily adopted in the ſubſequent editions.

The confuſion ariſes from the poet's having perſonified grief in the firſt part of the paſſage, and ſuppoſing the afflicted perſon to be *bowed* to the earth by that pride or haughtineſs which Grief is ſaid to poſſeſs; and by making the afflicted perſon, in the latter part of the paſſage, actuated

To me, and to the ſtate of my great grief,
Let kings aſſemble[1]; for my grief's ſo great,
That no ſupporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and ſorrows ſit[2];
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*She throws herſelf on the ground.*

Enter

actuated by this very pride, and exacting the ſame kind of obeiſance from others, that Grief has exacted from her.—"I will not go (ſays Conſtance) to theſe kings; I will teach my ſorrows to be proud; for Grief is proud, and makes the afflicted *ſtoop*; therefore here I throw myſelf, and let them come to me." Here, had ſhe ſtopped, and thrown herſelf on the ground, and had nothing more being added, however we might have diſapproved of the conceit, we ſhould have had no temptation to diſturb the text. But the idea of throwing herſelf on the ground ſuggeſts a new image; and becauſe her *ſtately* grief is ſo great that nothing but the huge earth can ſupport it, ſhe conſiders the ground as her *throne*; and having thus inveſted herſelf with regal dignity, ſhe as queen in *miſery*, as poſſeſſing (like Imogen) "the ſupreme *crown* of grief," calls on the princes of the world to bow down before her, as ſhe has herſelf been *bowed down* by affliction.

Such, I think, was the proceſs that paſſed in the poet's mind; which appears to me ſo clearly to explain the text, that I ſee no reaſon for departing from it. MALONE.

[1] *To me, and to the ſtate of my great grief,*
Let kings aſſemble;—] In *Much ado about Nothing*, the father of Hero, depreſſed by her diſgrace, declares himſelf ſo ſubdued by grief that *a thread may lead him*. How is it that grief in Leonato and lady Conſtance produces effects directly oppoſite, and yet both agreeable to nature? Sorrow ſoftens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by deſpair. Diſtreſs, while there remains any proſpect of relief, is weak and flexible, but when no ſuccour remains, is fearleſs and ſtubborn; angry alike at thoſe that injure, and at thoſe that do not help; careleſs to pleaſe where nothing can be gained, and fearleſs to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the paſſions. JOHNSON.

[2] *here I and ſorrows ſit;*] Perhaps we ſhould read—"Here I and *ſorrow* ſit. Our author might have intended to perſonify ſorrow, as Marlowe had done before him, in his *King Edward II*:

"While I am lodg'd within this cave of care,
"Where *Sorrow* at my elbow ſtill attends."

The tranſcriber's ear might eaſily have deceived him, the two readings, when ſpoken, ſounding exactly alike. So, we find in the quarto copy of *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

"The mailed Mars ſhall on his *altars* ſit,—

inſtead

Enter King JOHN, *King* PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, BASTARD, AUSTRIA, *and Attendants.*

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this bleſſed day
Ever in France ſhall be kept feſtival:
To ſolemnize this day [2], the glorious ſun
Stays in his courſe, and plays the alchymiſt [3];
Turning, with ſplendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly courſe, that brings this day about,
Shall never ſee it but a holy-day [4].

Conſt. A wicked day, and not a holy-day!— [*riſing.*
What hath this day deſerv'd? what hath it done;
That it in golden letters ſhould be ſet,
Among the high tides [5], in the calendar?

inſtead of—ſhall on his *altar* ſit. Again, in the quarto copy of the ſame play we have—monſtrous *ſcantle*, inſtead of—monſtrous *caſtle*.

In this conjecture I had once great confidence; but, a preceding line, —I will inſtruct my *ſorrows* to be proud,—now appears to me to render it ſomewhat diſputable.

Perhaps our author here remembered the deſcription of Elizabeth, the widow of King Edward IV. given in an old book, that, I believe, he had read: "The Queen *ſat* alone *below on the ruſhes*, al deſolate and diſmaide; whom the Archbiſhop comforted in the beſt manner that he coulde." Continuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1543. So alſo, in a book already quoted, that Shakſpeare appears to have read, *A Compendious and moſt marvelous hiſtory of the latter times of the Jewes Commonweale:* "All thoſe things when I Joſeph heard tydings of, I tare my head with my hand, and caſt aſhes upon my beard, *ſitting in great ſorrow upon the ground.*" MALONE.

[2] *To ſolemnize this day, &c.*] From this paſſage Rowe ſeems to have borrowed the firſt lines of his *Fair Penitent.* JOHNSON.

[3] —*and plays the* alchymiſt;] Milton has borrowed this thought:
"——— when with one virtuous touch
"*Th' arch-chemic ſun*, &c." *Paradiſe Loſt*, b. iii. STEEVENS.
So, in our author's 33d Sonnet:
"*Gilding* pale ſtreams with *heavenly alchymy*." MALONE.

[4] *Shall never ſee it but a holy-day.*] So, in *the Famous Hiſtorie of George Lord Fauconbridge*, 1616: "This joyful day of their arrival [that of Richard I. and his miſtreſs, Clarabel,] was by the king and his counſell *canonized for a holy-day.*" MALONE.

[5] —*high tides,*] i. e. ſolemn ſeaſons, times to be obſerved above others. STEEVENS.

Nay,

Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week[5];
This day of ſhame, oppreſſion, perjury:
Or, if it muſt ſtand ſtill, let wives with child
Pray, that their burthens may not fall this day,
Leſt that their hopes prodigiouſly be croſs'd[6]:
But on this day[7], let ſeamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itſelf to hollow falſhood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you ſhall have no cauſe
To curſe the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majeſty?

Conſt. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Reſembling majeſty[8]; which, being touch'd, and try'd,
Proves valueleſs: You are forſworn, forſworn;
You came in arms to ſpill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you ſtrengthen it with yours[9]:

[5] *Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;*] In alluſion (as Mr. Upton has obſerved) to Job iii. 3. "Let the day periſh," &c. and v. 6, "Let it not be joined to the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months." MALONE.

[6] — prodigiouſly *be croſs'd:*] i. e. be diſappointed by the production of a prodigy, a monſter. So, in the *Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"Nor mark *prodigious*, ſuch as are
"Deſpiſed in nativity." STEEVENS.

[7] *But on this day,*] That is, *except* on this day. JOHNSON.

In the ancient almanacks (one of which I have in my poſſeſſion, dated 1562) the days ſuppoſed to be favourable or unfavourable to bargains, are diſtinguiſhed among a number of other particulars of the like importance. This circumſtance is alluded to in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

"By the almanac, I think
"To chooſe good days and ſhun the critical." STEEVENS.

See alſo *Macbeth*, p. 393, n. 8. MALONE.

[8] *You have beguil'd me with a* counterfeit,
Reſembling majeſty;] i. e. a falſe coin. *A counterfeit* formerly ſignified alſo a portrait.—A repreſentation of the king being uſually impreſſed on his coin, the word ſeems to be here uſed equivocally. MALONE.

[9] *You came in* arms *to ſpill mine enemies' blood,*
But now in arms *you ſtrengthen it with yours:*] I am afraid here is a clinch intended: *You came* in war *to deſtroy my enemies, but now you ſtrengthen them* in embraces. JOHNSON.

The

The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppreſſion hath made up this league:—
Arm, arm, you heavens, againſt theſe perjur'd kings!
A widow cries; be huſband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day[1] in peace; but, ere fun-ſet,
Set armed diſcord 'twixt theſe perjur'd kings[2]!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Auſt. Lady Conſtance, peace.

Conſt. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Auſtria[3]! thou doſt ſhame
That bloody ſpoil: Thou ſlave, thou wretch, thou coward;
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!

[1] *Wear out the* day—] Old Copy—*days*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[2] *Set armed diſcord*, &c.] Shakſpeare makes this bitter curſe effectual. JOHNSON.

[3] *O Lymoges! O Auſtria!*] The propriety or impropriety of theſe titles, which every editor has ſuffered to paſs unnoted, deſerves a little conſideration. Shakſpeare has, on this occaſion, followed the old play, which at once furniſhed him with the character of Faulconbridge, and aſcribed the death of Richard I. to the duke of Auſtria. In the perſon of Auſtria, he has conjoined the two well-known enemies of Cœur-de-lion. Leopold, duke of Auſtria, threw him into priſon, in a former expedition [in 1193]; but the caſtle of Chalus, before which he fell, [in 1199] belonged to Vidomar, viſcount of Limoges; and the archer, who pierced his ſhoulder with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gourdon. The editors ſeem hitherto to have underſtood *Lymoges* as being an appendage to the title of Auſtria, and therefore enquired no further about it.

Holinſhed ſays on this occaſion: "The ſame yere, Philip, baſtard ſonne to king Richard, to whome his father had given the caſtell and honor of Cognacke, killed the viſcount of *Lymoges*, in revenge of his father's death, &c." Auſtria, in the old play [printed in 1591,] is called *Lymoges, the Auſtrich duke.*"

With this note, I was favoured by a gentleman to whom I have yet more conſiderable obligations in regard to Shakſpeare. His extenſive knowledge of hiſtory and manners has frequently ſupplied me with apt and neceſſary illuſtrations, at the ſame time that his judgment has corrected my errors; yet ſuch has been his conſtant ſolicitude to remain concealed, that I know not but I may give offence while I indulge my own vanity in affixing to this note the name of my friend HENRY BLAKE, Eſq. STEEVENS.

Thou ever ſtrong upon the ſtronger ſide!
Thou fortune's champion, that doſt never fight
But when her humourous ladyſhip is by
To teach thee ſafety! thou art perjur'd too,
And ſooth'ſt up greatneſs. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and ſtamp, and ſwear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded ſlave,
Haſt thou not ſpoke like thunder on my ſide?
Been ſworn my ſoldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy ſtars, thy fortune, and thy ſtrength?
And doſt thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for ſhame[4],
And hang a calf's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs[5].

Auſt. O, that a man ſhould ſpeak thoſe words to me!

Baſt. And hang a calf's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo, villain, for thy life.

Baſt. And hang a calf's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou doſt forget thyſelf.

[4] —*doff it for ſhame,*] To *doff* is to *do off*, to *put off*. STEEVENS.

[5] *And hang a calf's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.*] When fools were kept for diverſion in great families, they were diſtinguiſhed by a *calf-ſkin coat*, which had the buttons down the back; and this they wore that they might be known for fools, and eſcape the reſentment of thoſe whom they provoked with their waggeries.

In a little penny book, intitled *The Birth, Life, and Death of John Franks, with the Pranks he played though a meer Fool*, mention is made in ſeveral places of a *calf's-ſkin*.—In chap. x. of this book, Jack is ſaid to have made his appearance at his lord's table, having then a new *calf-ſkin* ſuit, red and white ſpotted. This fact will explain the ſarcaſm of Conſtance and Faulconbridge, who mean to call Auſtria a *fool*.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

I may add, that the cuſtom is ſtill preſerved in Ireland; and the fool, in any of the legends which the mummers act at Chriſtmas, always appears in a *calf's* or cow's *ſkin*. In the prologue to *Wily Beguiled*, 1606, is the following paſſage: "I'll make him do penance upon the ſtage in a *calf's ſkin*." Again, in the play: "I'll wrap me in a rouſing *calf-ſkin* ſuit, and come like ſome Hobgoblin."—"I mean my *Chriſtmas calf-ſkin* ſuit." STEEVENS.

The ſpeaker in the play is *Robin Goodfellow*. Perhaps, as has been ſuggeſted, Conſtance, by cloathing Auſtria in a calf's-ſkin, means only to inſinuate that he is a *coward*. The word *recreant* ſeems to favour ſuch a ſuppoſition. MALONE.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou againſt the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully doſt ſpurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, choſen archbiſhop
Of Canterbury, from that holy fee?
This, in our 'forefaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories,
Can taſk the free breath of a ſacred king?

Thou

What earthly *name to interrogatories,*

Can taſk *the free* breath, &c.] i. e. What earthly name, *ſubjoined* to interrogatories, can force a king to *ſpeak* and anſwer them? The old copy reads—*earthy*. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. It has alſo *taſt* inſtead of *taſk*, which was ſubſtituted by Mr. Theobald. *Breath* for ſpeech is common in our author. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene in this play:

"The leaſt *breath* that gave the ſound of words."

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*, "*breathing* courteſy," for *verbal* courteſy. MALONE.

The emendation [*taſk*] may be juſtified by the following paſſage in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

"How ſhow'd his *taſking*? ſeem'd it in contempt?"

Again, in *K. Henry V.*

"That *taſk* our thoughts concerning us and France."

STEEVENS.

This muſt have been at the time when it was written, in our ſtruggles with popery, a very captivating ſcene.

So many paſſages remain in which Shakſpeare evidently takes his advantage of the facts then recent, and of the paſſions then in motion, that I cannot but ſuſpect that time has obſcured much of his art, and that many alluſions yet remain undiſcovered, which perhaps may be gradually retrieved by ſucceeding commentators. JOHNSON.

The ſpeech ſtands thus in the old play: "And what haſt thou or the pope thy maſter to do, to demand of me how I employ mine own? Know, ſir prieſt, as I honour the church and holy churchmen, ſo I ſcorne to be ſubject to the greateſt prelate in the world. Tell thy maſter ſo from me; and ſay, John of England ſaid it, that never an Italian prieſt of them all ſhall either have tythe, toll, or pulling penny

out

Thou canſt not, cardinal, deviſe a name
So ſlight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an anſwer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more,—That no Italian prieſt
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are ſupreme head,
So, under him, that great ſupremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the aſſiſtance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence ſet apart,
To him, and his uſurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaſpheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Chriſtendom,
Are led ſo groſsly by this meddling prieſt,
Dreading the curſe that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, droſs, duſt,
Purchaſe corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that ſale, ſells pardon from himſelf:
Though you, and all the reſt, ſo groſsly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cheriſh;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppoſe
Againſt the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou ſhalt ſtand curs'd, and excommunicate:
And bleſſed ſhall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretick;
And meritorious ſhall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worſhip'd as a ſaint,
That takes away by any ſecret courſe
Thy hateful life[7].

Conſt.

out of England; but as I am king, ſo will I reign next under God, ſupreme head both over ſpiritual and temporal: and he that contradicts me in this, I'll make him hop headleſs." STEEVENS.

[7] *That takes away by any ſecret courſe*
Thy hateful life.] This may allude to the bull publiſhed againſt queen Elizabeth. Or we may ſuppoſe, ſince we have no proof that

Conſt. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curſe a while!
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curſes; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curſe him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curſe.

Conſt. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law:
Therefore, ſince law itſelf is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curſe?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curſe,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretick;
And raiſe the power of France upon his head,
Unleſs he do ſubmit himſelf to Rome.

Eli. Look'ſt thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

Conſt. Look to that, devil! leſt that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell loſe a ſoul.

Auſt. King Philip, liſten to the cardinal.

Baſt. And hang a calf's-ſkin on his recreant limbs.

Auſt. Well, ruffian, I muſt pocket up theſe wrongs,
Becauſe—

Baſt. Your breeches beſt may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what ſay'ſt thou to the cardinal?

Conſt. What ſhould he ſay, but as the cardinal?

this play appeared in its preſent ſtate before the reign of king James, that it was exhibited ſoon after the popiſh plot. I have ſeen a Spaniſh book in which Garnet, Fauxe and their accomplices are regiſtered as ſaints. JOHNSON.

If any alluſion to his own times was intended by the author of the old play, (for this ſpeech is formed on one in *K. John*, 1591,) it muſt have been to the bull of Pope Pius the Fifth, 1569: "Then I Pandulph of Padua, legate from the Apoſtolike ſea, doe in the name of Saint Peter, and his ſucceſſor, our holy father Pope Innocent, pronounce thee *accurſed*, diſcharging every of thy ſubjects of all dutie and fealtie that they do owe to thee, and pardon and forgiveneſſe of ſinne to thoſe or them whatſoever which ſhall *carrie armes* againſt thee or *murder* thee. This I pronounce, and charge all good men to abhorre thee as an *excommunicate* perſon." MALONE.

Lew.

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchaſe of a heavy curſe from Rome[8],
Or the light loſs of England for a friend:
Forgo the eaſier.

Blanch. That's the curſe of Rome.

Conſt. O Lewis, ſtand faſt; the devil tempts thee here,
In likeneſs of a new untrimmed bride[9].

Blanch.

[8] *Is, purchaſe of a heavy curſe from Rome,*] It is a political maxim, that *kingdoms are never married*. Lewis, upon the wedding, is for making war upon his new relations. JOHNSON.

[9] *In likeneſs of a new* untrimmed *bride.*] *Trim* is *dreſs*. An *untrimmed* bride is a bride *undreſt*. Could the tempter of mankind aſſume a ſemblance in which he was more likely to be ſucceſsful? The devil (ſays Conſtance) raiſes to your imagination your bride diſencumber'd of the forbidding forms of dreſs, and the memory of my wrongs is loſt in the anticipation of future enjoyment. Ben Jonſon, in his *New Inn*, ſays:

"*Bur.* Here's a lady gay.
"*Tip.* A *well-trimm'd* lady!"

Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"And I was *trimm'd* in madam Julia's gown."

Mr. Collins inclines to a colder interpretation, and is willing to ſuppoſe that by an *untrimmed bride* is meant *a bride unadorned with the uſual pomp and formality of a nuptial habit*. The propriety of this epithet he infers from the haſte in which the match was made, and further juſtifies it from *K. John's* preceding words:

"Go we, as well *as haſte will ſuffer us*,
To this unlook'd for, *unprepared* pomp."

Mr. Tollet is of the ſame opinion, and offers two inſtances in which *untrimmed* indicates a deſhabille or a frugal veſture. In Minſhieu's DICT. it ſignifies one not finely dreſt or attired. STEEVENS.

I incline to think that the tranſcriber's ear deceived him, and that we ſhould read, as Mr. Theobald has propoſed,—a new *and trimmed* bride. The following paſſage in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. appears to me ſtrongly to ſupport his conjecture:

"When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,—
"Came there a certain lord, neat, *trimly* dreſs'd,
"Freſh as a *bridegroom*—."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"——— and forget
"Your labourſome and dainty *trims*, wherein
"You made great Juno angry."

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"The flowers are ſweet, their colours freſh and *trim*—."

The freſhneſs which our author has connected with the word *trim*,

Blanch. The lady Conſtance ſpeaks not from her faith,
But from her need.
Conſt. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need muſt needs infer this principle,—
That faith will live again by death of need:
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.
K. John. The king is mov'd, and anſwers not to this.
Conſt. O, be remov'd from him, and anſwer well.
Auſt. Do ſo, king Philip; hang no more in doubt.
Baſt. Hang nothing but a calf's-ſkin, moſt ſweet lout.
K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to ſay.
Pand. What canſt thou ſay, but will perplex thee more,
If thou ſtand excommunicate, and curs'd?
K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my perſon yours,
And tell me, how you would beſtow yourſelf.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit;
And the conjunction of our inward ſouls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious ſtrength of ſacred vows;
The lateſt breath, that gave the ſound of words,
Was deep-ſworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal ſelves;
And even before this truce, but new before,—
No longer than we well could waſh our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—
Heaven knows, they were beſmear'd and over-ſlain'd
With ſlaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint

In the firſt and laſt of theſe paſſages, and the "labourſome and dainty *trims* that made great Juno angry," which ſurely a bride may be ſuppoſed moſt likely to indulge in, (however ſcantily Blanch's toilet may have been furniſhed in a camp,) prove, either that this emendation is right, or that Mr. Collins's interpretation of the word *untrimmed* is the true one. Minſhieu's definition of *untrimmed*, "qui n'eſt point orné, —*inornatus, incultus*," as well as his explanation of the verb "*to trim*," which, according to him, means the ſame as "to *prank up*," may alſo be adduced to the ſame point. See his Dict. 1617. Mr. Maſon juſtly obſerves, that "to *trim* means to *dreſs out*, but not to *cloathe*; and conſequently, though it might mean *unadorned*, it can not mean *unclad*, or *naked*." Malone.

The

The fearful difference of incenſed kings:
And ſhall theſe hands, ſo lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, ſo ſtrong in both [1],
Unyoke this ſeizure, and this kind regreet [2]?
Play faſt and looſe with faith? ſo jeſt with heaven,
Make ſuch unconſtant children of ourſelves,
As now again to ſnatch our palm from palm;
Unſwear faith ſworn; and on the marriage bed
Of ſmiling peace to march a bloody hoſt,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true ſincerity? O holy ſir,
My reverend father, let it not be ſo:
Out of your grace, deviſe, ordain, impoſe
Some gentle order; and then we ſhall be bleſt
To do your pleaſure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formleſs, order orderleſs,
Save what is oppoſite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curſe,
A mother's curſe, on her revolting ſon.
France, thou may'ſt hold a ſerpent by the tongue,
A caſed lion [3] by the mortal paw,
A faſting tyger ſafer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou doſt hold.

K. Phi. I may diſjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'ſt thou faith an enemy to faith;

[1] —*ſo ſtrong in both,*] I believe the meaning is, *love ſo ſtrong in both* parties. JOHNSON.

Rather, in *hatred* and in *love*; in deeds of *enmity* or *blood*. HENLEY.

[2] —*this kind* regreet?] A *regreet* is an exchange of ſalutation. So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

"So bear our kind *regreets* to Hecuba." STEEVENS.

[3] *A caſed lion*—] A *caſed* lion, is a lion irritated by confinement. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. Act I. ſc. iii:

"So looks the *pent-up* lion o'er the wretch
"That trembles under his devouring paws;" &c. STEEVENS.

So, in Rowley's *When you ſee me you know me*, 1605:

"The lyon in his *cage* is not ſo ſterne
"As royal Henry in his wrathful ſpleene."

Our author was probably thinking on the lions, which in his time, as at preſent, were kept in the Tower, in dens ſo ſmall as fully to juſtify the epithet he has uſed. MALONE.

And, like a civil war, ſet'ſt oath to oath,
Thy tongue againſt thy tongue. O, let thy vow
Firſt made to heaven, firſt be to heaven perform'd,
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What ſince thou ſwor'ſt, is ſworn againſt *thy*ſelf,
And may not be performed by thyſelf:
For that, which thou haſt ſworn to do amiſs,
Is not amiſs, when it is truly done[4];
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then moſt done, not doing it:
The better act of purpoſes miſtook
Is, to miſtake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falſhood falſhood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the ſcorched veins of one new burn'd.
It is religion, that doth make vows kept;
But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion[5];

By

[4] *Is not amiſs*, when it is truly done;] That is, (as an anonymous writer has ſuggeſted,) *when it is* not *done*; for ſuch is the meaning of *truly*; and the licentiouſneſs of the expreſſion is certainly ſufficiently ſuitable to the other *riddling* terms uſed by the legate. In ſupport of this interpretation the next line but one has been quoted:

"*The* TRUTH *is then* moſt *done*, NOT *doing* it."

So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"It is *religion*, to be thus *forſworn*."

By placing the ſecond couplet of this ſentence before the firſt, the paſſage will appear perfectly clear. *Where doing tends to ill*, where an intended act is criminal, the *truth* is *moſt done*, by *not doing* the act. The criminal act therefore which thou haſt ſworn to do, *is not amiſs*, will not be imputed to you as a crime, if it be done *truly*, in the ſenſe I have now affixed to *truth*; that is, if you do *not* do it." MALONE.

[5] *But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion*; &c.] The propoſitions, that the *voice of the church is the voice of heaven*, and that *the pope utters the voice of the church*, neither of which Pandulph's auditors would deny, being once granted, the argument here uſed is irreſiſtible; nor is it eaſy, notwithſtanding the gingle, to enforce it with greater brevity or propriety:

But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion:
By what *thou ſwear'ſt*, &c.

By *what*. Sir T. Hanmer reads, By *that*. I think it ſhould be rather By *which*. That is, *thou ſwear'ſt againſt the thing, by* which *thou ſwear'ſt*; that is, *againſt religion*.

The moſt formidable difficulty is in theſe lines:

And

By what thou ſwear'ſt, againſt the thing thou ſwear'ſt;
And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth
Againſt an oath: The truth thou art unſure
To ſwear, ſwear only not to be forſworn [6];
Elſe, what a mockery ſhould it be to ſwear?
But thou doſt ſwear only to be forſworn;
And moſt forſworn, to keep what thou doſt ſwear.
Therefore, thy latter vows, againſt thy firſt,
Is in thyſelf rebellion to thyſelf:
And better conqueſt never canſt thou make,
Than arm thy conſtant and thy nobler parts
Againſt theſe giddy looſe ſuggeſtions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchſafe them: but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curſes light on thee;
So heavy, as thou ſhalt not ſhake them off,

And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth,
Againſt an oath the truth thou art unſure &c.

I know not whether there is any corruption beyond the omiſſion of a point. The ſenſe, after I had conſidered it, appeared to me only this: *In ſwearing by religion againſt religion, to which thou haſt already ſworn, thou makeſt an oath the ſecurity for thy faith againſt an oath already taken.* I will give, *ſays he*, a rule for conſcience in theſe caſes. Thou may'ſt be in doubt about the matter of an oath; *when thou ſweareſt thou may'ſt* not *be always* ſure *to ſwear rightly*; but let this be thy ſettled principle, *ſwear only not to be forſworn*; let not the latter oaths be at variance with the former.

Truth, through this whole ſpeech, means *reſtitude* of conduct.

JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading is right, and that the line "By *what*," &c. is put in appoſition with that which precedes it: "But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion; thou haſt ſworn, *by what thou ſweareſt*, i. e. in that which thou haſt ſworn, *againſt the thing thou ſweareſt* by; i. e. religion. Our author has many ſuch elliptical expreſſions. See Vol. V. p. 488, n. 8. MALONE.

[6] —ſwear *only not to be forſworn*;] The old copy reads—*ſwears*, which in my apprehenſion ſhews that two half lines have been loſt, in which the perſon ſuppoſed *to ſwear*, was mentioned. When the ſame word is repeated in two ſucceeding lines, the eye of the compoſitor often glances from the firſt to the ſecond, and in conſequence the intermediate words are omitted. For what has been loſt, it is now in vain to ſeek; I have therefore adopted the emendation made by Mr. Pope, which makes ſome kind of ſenſe. MALONE.

But,

But, in deſpair, die under their black weight.
Auſt. Rebellion, flat rebellion!
Baſt. Will't not be?
Will not a calf's-ſkin ſtop that mouth of thine?
Lew. Father, to arms!
Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?
Againſt the blood that thou haſt married?
What, ſhall our feaſt be kept with ſlaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churliſh drums,—
Clamours of hell,—be meaſures[7] to our pomp?
O huſband, hear me!—ah, alack, how new
Is huſband in my mouth!—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Againſt mine uncle.
Conſt. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore-thought by heaven.
Blanch. Now ſhall I ſee thy love; What motive may
Be ſtronger with thee than the name of wife?
Conſt. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!
Lew. I muſe[8], your majeſty doth ſeem ſo cold,
When ſuch profound reſpects do pull you on.
Pand. I will denounce a curſe upon his head.
K. Phi. Thou ſhalt not need:—England, I'll fall from thee.
Conſt. O fair return of baniſh'd majeſty!
Eli. O foul revolt of French inconſtancy!
K. John. France, thou ſhalt rue this hour within this hour.

[7] —*be* meaſures—] The *meaſures*, it has already been more than once obſerved, were a ſpecies of ſolemn dance in our author's time. This ſpeech is formed on the following lines in the old play:
"*Blanch.* And will your grace upon your wedding day
"Forſake your bride, and follow dreadful drums?
"*Phil.* Drums ſhall be muſick to this wedding day." MALONE.
[8] *I* muſe,] I wonder. See p. 371, n. 8. MALONE.

Baſt. Old time the clock-ſetter, that bald ſexton time,
Is it as he will? well then, France ſhall rue.
Blanch. The ſun's o'ercaſt with blood: Fair day, adieu!
Which is the ſide that I muſt go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And, in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl aſunder, and diſmember me.
Huſband, I cannot pray that thou may'ſt win;
Uncle, I needs muſt pray that thou may'ſt loſe;
Father, I may not wiſh the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wiſh thy wiſhes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that ſide ſhall I loſe;
Aſſured loſs, before the match be play'd.
Lew. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.
Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.
K. John. Couſin, go draw our puiſſance together.—
[*Exit* Baſtard.
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whoſe heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and deareſt-valu'd blood, of France.
K. Phi. Thy rage ſhall burn thee up, and thou ſhalt turn
To aſhes, ere our blood ſhall quench that fire:
Look to thyſelf, thou art in jeopardy.
K. John. No more than he that threats.—To arms, let's hie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums, Excurſions. Enter the BASTARD, *with* AUSTRIA'S *head.*

Baſt. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the ſky[9],
And

[9] *Some* airy *devil*—] Shakſpeare here probably alludes to the diſtinctions and diviſions of ſome of the demonologiſts, ſo much read and regarded

And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there;
While Philip breathes.

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, *and* HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip [1], make up;
My mother is assailed in our tent [2],
And ta'en, I fear.

regarded in his time. They distributed the devils into different tribes and classes, each of which had its peculiar properties, attributes, &c. These are described at length in Burton's *Anatomie of Melancholy*, Part I. sect ii. p. 45, 1632: "Of these sublunary devils—Psellus makes six kinds; fiery, aeriall, terrestriall, watery, and subterranean devils, besides those faieries, satyres, nymphes," &c.

"Fiery spirits or divells are such as commonly worke by blazing starres, fire drakes, and counterfeit sunnes and moones, and sit on ship's masts," &c. &c.

"Aeriall spirits or divells are such as keep quarter most part in the aire, cause many tempests, thunder and lightnings, teare oakes, fire steeples, houses, strike men and beasts, make it raine stones," &c.

PERCY.

There is a minute description of different devils or spirits, and their different functions in *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devill*, 1592. With respect to the passage in question take the following: "— the spirits of the *aire* will mix themselves with thunder and lightning, and so infect the clyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainely great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants. The spirits of *fire* have their mansions under the region of the moone." HENDERSON.

1 —*Philip*,] Here the king, who had knighted him by the name of Sir *Richard*, calls him by his former name. Mr. Tyrwhitt would read:

Hubert, keep [thou] *this boy*, &c. STEEVENS.

2 *My mother is assailed in our tent*,] The author has not attended closely to the history. The Queen-mother, whom King John had made Regent in Anjou, was in possession of the town of Mirabeau in that province. On the approach of the French army with Arthur at their head, she sent letters to King John to come to her relief; which he did immediately. As he advanced to the town, he encountered the army that lay before it, routed them, and took Arthur prisoner. The Queen in the mean while remained in perfect security in the castle of Mirabeau.

Such is the best authenticated account. Other historians however say that Arthur took Elinor prisoner. The author of the old play has followed them. In that piece Elinor is taken by Arthur, and rescued by her son. MALONE.

Bast.

Baſt. My lord, I reſcu'd her;
Her highneſs is in ſafety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame.

Alarums; Excurſions; Retreat. Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, *the* BASTARD, HUBERT, *and Lords.*

K. John. So ſhall it be; your grace ſhall ſtay behind, [*to* Elinor.
So ſtrongly guarded.—Couſin, look not ſad:
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Couſin, [*to the* Baſt.] away for England; haſte before:
And, ere our coming, ſee thou ſhake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; impriſoned angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Muſt, by the hungry, now be fed upon[3]:
Uſe our commiſſion in his utmoſt force.

Baſt.

[3] —*the fat ribs of peace*
Muſt, by the hungry, *now be fed upon:*] The meaning, I think, is, "—the fat ribs of peace muſt now be fed upon by the hungry troops,"—to whom ſome ſhare of this eccleſiaſtical ſpoil would naturally fall. The expreſſion, like many other of our author's, is taken from the ſacred writings: "And there he maketh *the hungry* to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation." 107th *Pſalm.* — Again: "He hath filled *the hungry* with good things," &c. *St. Luke*, c. i. 53.

This interpretation is ſupported by the paſſage in the old play, which is here imitated:

"Philip, I make thee chief in this affair;
"Ranſack their abbeys, cloyſters, priories,
"Convert their coin unto my *ſoldiers'* uſe."

When I read this paſſage in the old play, the firſt idea that ſuggeſted itſelf was, that a word had dropped out at the preſs, in the line before us, and that our author wrote:

Muſt by the hungry ſoldiers now be fed on.

But

Baſt. Bell, book, and candle[4] ſhall not drive me back,
When gold and ſilver becks me to come on.
I leave your highneſs:—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair ſafety; ſo I kiſs your hand.
Eli. Farewel, gentle couſin.
K. John. Coz, farewel. [*Exit* Baſt.
Eli. Come hither, little kinſman; hark, a word.
[*She takes* Arthur *aſide.*

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of fleſh
There is a ſoul, counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love;
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this boſom, dearly cheriſhed.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to ſay,—
But I will fit it with ſome better time[5].
By heaven, Hubert, I am almoſt aſham'd
To ſay what good reſpect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your majeſty.
K. John. Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo yet;

But the interpretation above given renders any alteration unneceſſary. MALONE.

The *hungry now* is *this hungry inſtant.* Shakſpeare perhaps uſes the word *now* as a ſubſtantive, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" —— till this very *now*,
" When men were fond, I ſmil'd and wonder'd how." STEEV.

4 *Bell, book, and candle* —] In an account of the Romiſh curſe given by Dr. Grey, it appears that three candles were extinguiſhed, one by one, in different parts of the execration. JOHNSON.

In Archbiſhop Winchelſea's ſentences of excommunication, anno 1298, (ſee Johnſon's *Eccleſiaſtical Laws*, Vol. II.) it is directed that the ſentence againſt infringers of certain articles ſhould be " —throughout explained *in order in Engliſh*, with *bells tolling*, and *candles lighted*, that it may cauſe the greater dread; for laymen have greater regard to this ſolemnity, than to the effect of ſuch ſentence." REED.

5 — *with ſome better* time,] The old copy reads—*tune.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. The ſame miſtake has happened in *Twelfth Night.* See that play, p. 40, n. 1. In *Macbeth*, Act IV. ſc. ult. we have—"This *time* goes manly," inſtead of—"This *tune* goes manly." MALONE.

In the handwriting of Shakſpeare's age, the words *time* and *tun* are ſcarcely to be diſtinguiſhed from each other. STEEVENS.

But

But thou ſhalt have; and creep time ne'er ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to ſay,—But let it go:
The ſun is in the heaven; and the proud day,
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds [6],
To give me audience:—If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowſy race of night [7];

If

[6] —*full of* gawds,] *Gawds* are any ſhowy ornaments. STEEVENS.

[7] *Sound* one *unto the drowſy race of night*;] The word *one* is here, as in many other paſſages in theſe plays, written *on* in the old copy. Mr. Theobald made the correction. He likewiſe ſubſtituted *unto* for *into*, the reading of the original copy; a charge that requires no ſupport. In Chaucer and other old writers *one* is uſually written *on*. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's Gloſſary to the *Canterbury Tales*. So *once* was anciently written *ons*. And it ſhould ſeem from a quibbling paſſage in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, that *one*, in ſome counties at leaſt, was pronounced in our author's time as if written *on*. See Vol. I. p. 122, n. 5. Hence the tranſcriber's ear might have eaſily deceived him.—One of the perſons whom I employed to read aloud to me each ſheet of the preſent work before it was printed off, conſtantly ſounded the word *one* in this manner. He was a native of Herefordſhire.

The inſtances that are found in the original editions of our author's plays, in which *on* is printed inſtead of *one*, are ſo numerous, that there cannot, in my apprehenſion, be the ſmalleſt doubt that *one* is the true reading in the line before us. Thus, in *Coriolanus*, edit. 1623, p. 153

" ——This double worſhip,—
" Where *on* part does diſdain with cauſe, the other
" Inſult without all reaſon."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, 1623, p. 380:

" —— perchance he ſpoke not; but,
" Like a full-acorn'd boar, a Jarmen *on*," &c.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, 1623, p. 66:

" And thou, and Romeo, preſs *on* heavie bier."

Again, in *the Comedy of the Errors*, 1623, p. 94:

" *On*, whoſe hard heart is button'd up with ſteel."

Again, in *All's Well that ends well*, 1623, p. 240: " A good traveller is ſomething at the latter end of a dinner,—but *on* that lies three thirds," &c. Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, quarto, 1598:

" *On*, whom the muſick of his own vain tongue—."

Again, *ibid.* edit. 1623, p. 133:

" *On*, her hairs were gold, cryſtal the other's eyes."

The

If this fame were a church-yard where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs;
Or if that ſurly ſpirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
(Which, elſe, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that ideot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And ſtrain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A paſſion hateful to my purpoſes;)
Or if that thou could'ſt ſee me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, uſing conceit alone[8],
Without eyes, ears, and harmful ſound of words;
Then, in deſpight of brooded watchful day[9],
I would into thy boſom pour my thoughts:

But

The fame ſpelling is found in many other books. So, in Holland's *Suetonius*, 1606, p. 14: "—he caught from *on* of them a trumpet," &c.

I ſhould not have produced ſo many paſſages to prove a fact of which no one can be ignorant, who has the *ſlighteſt knowledge* of the early editions of theſe plays, or of our old writers, had not the author of *Remarks, &c. on the laſt edition of Shakſpeare*, aſſerted, with that *modeſty and accuracy* by which his pamphlet is diſtinguiſhed, that the obſervation contained in the former part of this note was made by one totally unacquainted with the old copies, and that "it would be difficult to find a *ſingle inſtance*" in which *on* and *one* are confounded in thoſe copies.

Mr. Steevens juſtly obſerves, that "the repeated ſtrokes have leſs of ſolemnity than the ſingle notice, as they take from the horror and awful ſilence here deſcribed as ſo propitious to the dreadful purpoſes of the king. Though (he acts) the hour of *one* be not the natural midnight, it is yet the moſt ſolemn moment of the poetical one, and Shakſpeare himſelf has choſen to introduce his ghoſt in *Hamlet*,

"The bell then beating *one*—." MALONE.

[8] —*uſing* conceit *alone*,] *Conceit* here, as in many other places, ſignifies *conception*, thought. So, in *King Richard III*:

"There's ſome *conceit* or other likes him well,
"When that he bids good-morrow with ſuch ſpirit."

MALONE.

[9] —*in deſpight of* brooded *watchful day*,] *Brooded*, I apprehend, is here uſed, with our author's uſual licence, for *brooding*; watchful day who is as vigilant, as ready with open eye to mark what is done in his preſence, as an animal at brood. For the hint of this interpretation I

But, ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'ſt me well.
Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.
K. John. Do not I know, thou would'ſt?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very ſerpent in my way;
And, whereſoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: Doſt thou underſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I'll keep him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your majeſty.
K. John. Death.
Hub. My lord?
K. John. A grave.
Hub. He ſhall not live.
K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not ſay what I intend for thee:

am indebted to Mr. Steevens. Shakſpeare appears to have been ſo fond of domeſtick and familiar images, that one cannot help being ſurprized that Mr. Pope in reviſing theſe plays ſhould have gained ſo little knowledge of his manner, as to ſuppoſe any corruption here in the text. He however, inſtead of *ebrooded*, ſubſtituted *broad-ey'd*, a more poetical epithet perhaps, but certainly an unneceſſary emendation; though it has been adopted in all the ſubſequent editions. Had this alteration been made by Theobald, and had Pope been better acquainted with our author's manner and the language of his time, ſuch a change would have afforded him an abundant topick for merriment; for it is very ſimilar to many of thoſe which he has introduced, by way of ridicule on all *reſtorers* and annotators, in his VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS: "— pronuſque *magis* ter," for pronuſque *magiſter*;" "et *brevi* ter *Troje*," for "breviter *Troje*—"; "*Infantum* regina," inſtead of "*Infandum* regina." &c. MALONE.

All animals while *brooded*, i. e. *with a brood of young under their protection*, are remarkably vigilant. The king ſays of Hamlet,

"— ſomething's in his ſoul,
"O'er which his melancholy ſits at *brood*." STEEVENS.

Remember[1].—Madam, fare you well:
I'll ſend thoſe powers o'er to your majeſty.
Eli. My bleſſing go with thee!
K. John. For England, couſin, go[2]:
Hubert ſhall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. The French *King's Tent.*

Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, *and Attendants.*

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempeſt on the flood,
A whole armado[3] of convicted ſail[4]
Is ſcatter'd, and diſjoin'd from fellowſhip.
Pand. Courage and comfort! all ſhall yet go well.
K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run ſo ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers loſt?
Arthur ta'en priſoner? divers dear friends ſlain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, ſpite of France?

[1] *Remember.*—] This is one of the ſcenes to which may be promiſed a laſting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection, and time itſelf can ſubſtract nothing from its beauties. STEEVENS.

[2] *For England, couſin, go.*] King John, after he had taken Arthur priſoner, ſent him to the town of Falaiſe in Normandy, under the care of Hubert, his Chamberlain; from whence he was afterwards removed to *Rouen*, and delivered to the cuſtody of Robert de Veypont. Here he was ſecretly put to death. MALONE.

[3] *A whole* armado—] *Armado* is a Spaniſh word ſignifying a *fleet of war.* The *armado* in 1588 was called ſo by way of diſtinction. STEEVENS.

[4] —*of* convicted *ſail*—] Overpowered, baffled, deſtroyed. To *convict* and to *convince* were in our author's time ſynonymous. See Minſheu's DICT. 1617: "To *convict*, or convince, a lat. *convictus*, overcome." So, in *Macbeth*:

"—— their malady *convinces*
"The great aſſay of art."

Mr. Pope, who ejected from the text almoſt every word that he did not underſtand, reads—*collected* ſail; and the change was too haſtily adopted by the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

Lewis,

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a ſpeed with ſuch advice diſpos'd,
Such temperate order in ſo fierce a cauſe[5],
Doth want example: Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praiſe,
So we could find ſome pattern of our ſhame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a ſoul;
Holding the eternal ſpirit, againſt her will,
In the vile priſon of afflicted breath[6]:—
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Conſt. Lo, now! now ſee the iſſue of your peace!

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Conſtance!

Conſt. No, I defy all counſel[7], all redreſs,

[5] — *in ſo fierce a* cauſe,] A *fierce cauſe* is a cauſe conducted with precipitation. "*Fierce* wretchedneſs," in *Timon*, is, *haſty, ſudden miſery*. STEEVENS.

[6] ——— *a* grave *unto a ſoul*;
Holding the eternal ſpirit, againſt her will,
In the vile priſon *of afflicted* breath:] I think we ſhould read—*earth*. The paſſage ſeems to have been copied from Sr Thomas More: "If the *body* be to the *ſoule* a *priſon*, how ſtrait a priſon maketh he the body, that ſtuffeth it with *riff-raff*, that the ſoul can have no room to ſtirre itſelf—but is, as it were, encloſed not in a priſon, but in a *grave*." FARMER.

There is ſurely no need of change. "The vile priſon of afflicted breath," is the body, the priſon in which the *diſtreſſed ſoul* is confined. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene, John ſpeaking of himſelf ſays,

"Nay, in the body of this fleſhly land,
"This kingdom, this *confine* of blood and *breath*,—".

Here the body is called the *confine* of *breath*, as in the text it is called the *priſon* of breath. Again:

"If I in act, conſent, or ſin of thought,
"Be guilty of the ſtealing that ſweet *breath*
"Which was *embounded* in this beauteous clay;" &c. MALONE.

Perhaps the old reading is juſtifiable. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
"To be *impriſon'd* in the viewleſs *winds*." STEEVENS.

[7] *No, I defy*, &c.] To *defy* anciently ſignified to *refuſe*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"I do *defy* thy commiſeration." STEEVENS.

But that which ends all counſel, true redreſs,
Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous ſtench! ſound rottenneſs!
Ariſe forth from the couch of laſting night,
Thou hate and terror to proſperity,
And I will kiſs thy deteſtable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring theſe fingers with thy houſhold worms;
And ſtop this gap of breath[8] with fulſome duſt,
And be a carrion monſter like thyſelf:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou ſmil'ſt,
And buſs thee as thy wife! Miſery's love[9],
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace.

Conſt. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a paſſion would I ſhake the world;
And rouze from ſleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which ſcorns a modern invocation[1].

Pand. Lady, you utter madneſs, and not ſorrow.

Conſt. Thou art not holy[2] to belie me ſo;
I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Conſtance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my ſon, and he is loſt:

[8] — *this* gap of breath—] The *gap of breath* is the mouth; the outlet from whence the breath iſſues. MALONE.

9 *Miſery's* love, &c.] Thou, death, who art *courted* by *Miſery* to come to his relief, O come to me. So before:

"Thou *hate* and terror to *proſperity*." MALONE.

[1] —modern *invocation*.] It is hard to ſay what Shakſpeare means by *modern*: it is not oppoſed to *ancient*. In *All's Well that ends well*, ſpeaking of a girl in contempt, he uſes this word: "her *modern* grace." It apparently means ſomething *ſlight* and *inconſiderable*. JOHNSON.

Modern, I believe, is *trite, common*. So, in *As you like it*:

"Full of wiſe ſaws and *modern* inſtances." STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 472, n. 9. MALONE.

[2] *Thou art* not *holy*—] The word *not*, which is not in the old copy, (evidently omitted by the careleſſneſs of the tranſcriber, or compoſitor,) was inſerted in the fourth folio. MALONE.

I am not mad;—I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like I ſhould forget myſelf:
O, if I could, what grief ſhould I forget!—
Preach ſome philoſophy to make me mad,
And thou ſhalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but ſenſible of grief,
My reaſonable part produces reaſon
How I may be deliver'd of theſe woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myſelf:—
If I were mad, I ſhould forget my ſon;
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up thoſe treſſes [3]: O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of thoſe her hairs!
Where but by chance a ſilver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thouſand wiry friends [4]
Do glew themſelves in ſociable grief;
Like true, inſeparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Conſt. To England, if you will [5].

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Conſt. Yes, that I will; And wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds; and cry'd aloud,
O that these hands could ſo redeem my ſon,
As they have given theſe hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,

[3] *Bind up thoſe treſſes:*] It was neceſſary that Conſtance ſhould be interrupted, becauſe a paſſion ſo violent cannot be borne long. I wiſh the following ſpeeches had been equally happy; but they only ſerve to ſhew, how difficult it is to maintain the pathetick long. JOHNSON.

4 —*wiry* friends] The old copy reads—*wiry* fiends. STEEVENS. Mr. Pope made the emendation. MALONE.

5 *To England, if you will.*] Neither the French king, nor Pandulph, has ſaid a word of England, ſince the entry of Conſtance. Perhaps therefore, in deſpair, ſhe means to addreſs the abſent King John: "Take my ſon to England, if you will;"—now that he is in your power, I have no proſpect of ſeeing him again. It is therefore of no conſequence to me where he is. MALONE.

Becauſe my poor child is a priſoner.—
And, father cardinal, I have heard you ſay,
That we ſhall ſee and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I ſhall ſee my boy again;
For, ſince the birth of Cain, the firſt male-child,
To him that did but yeſterday ſuſpire[6],
There was not ſuch a gracious creature born[7].
But now will canker ſorrow eat my bud,
And chaſe the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghoſt;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And ſo he'll die; and, riſing ſo again,
When I ſhall meet him in the court of heaven
I ſhall not know him: therefore never, never
Muſt I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a reſpect of grief.

Conſt. He talks to me, that never had a ſon.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Conſt. Grief fills the room up of my abſent child[8],
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;

[6] — *but yeſterday* ſuſpire,] To *ſuſpire* in Shakſpeare, I believe, only means to *breathe*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

" Did he *ſuſpire*, that light and weightleſs down
" Perforce muſt move." STEEVENS.

[7] — *a* gracious *creature born*] *Gracious*, in this inſtance, as in ſome others, ſignifies *graceful*. So, in *Albion's Triumph*, a Maſque, 1631: " — they ſtood about him, not in ſet ranks, but in ſeveral *gracious* poſtures." STEEVENS.

A paſſage quoted by Mr. Steevens from Marſton's *Malcontent*, 1604, induces me to think that *gracious* likewiſe in our author's time included the idea of *beauty*: " — he is the moſt exquiſite in forging of veins, ſpright'ning of eyes,—fleeking of ſkinnes, bluſhing of cheeks,—blanching and bleaching of teeth, that ever made an ould lady *gracious* by torch-light." See alſo Vol. II. p. 273, n. 3. MALONE.

[8] *Grief fills the room up of my abſent child,*]

" Perfruitur lachrymis, et amat *pro conjuge luctum*."
Lucan. lib. ix.

Maynard, a French poet, has the ſame thought:

" Qui me conſole, excite ma colere,
" Et le repos eſt un bien que je crains:
" Mon deuil me plaît, et me doit toujours plaire,
" *Il me tient lieu de celle que je plains*." MALONE.

Puts

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reaſon to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you ſuch a loſs as I,
I could give better comfort than you do[9].—
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her head-dreſs.*
When there is ſuch diſorder in my wit.
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair ſon!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my ſorrows' cure! [*Exit.*

K. Phi. I fear ſome outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*

Lew. There's nothing in this world, can make me joy[1]:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale[2]
Vexing the dull ear of a drowſy man;
And bitter ſhame hath ſpoil'd the ſweet word's taſte[3],
That it yields nought, but ſhame, and bitterneſs.

Pand. Before the curing of a ſtrong diſeaſe,

9 —*had you ſuch a loſs as I,*
I could give better comfort than you do.] This is a ſentiment which great ſorrow always dictates. Whoever cannot help himſelf caſts his eyes on others for aſſiſtance, and often miſtakes their inability for coldneſs. JOHNSON.

1 *There's nothing in this world,* &c.] The young prince feels his defeat with more ſenſibility than his father. Shame operates moſt ſtrongly in the earlier years; and when can diſgrace be leſs welcome than when a man is going to his bride? JOHNSON.

2 *Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,*] Our author, here and in another play, ſeems to have had the 90th Pſalm in his thoughts: "For when thou art angry, all our days are gone, we bring *our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.*" So again, in *Macbeth*:

"Life's but a walking ſhadow;—
"————— it is a tale
"Told by an ideot, full of ſound and fury,
"Signifying nothing." MALONE.

3 —*the ſweet word's taſte,*] The *ſweet word* is *life*; which, ſays the ſpeaker, is no longer ſweet, yielding now nothing but ſhame and bitterneſs. Mr. Pope, with ſome plauſibility, but certainly without neceſſity, reads—the ſweet *world's* taſte. MALONE.

Even in the inſtant of repair and health,
The fit is ſtrongeſt; evils, that take leave,
On their departure moſt of all ſhew evil:
What have you loſt by loſing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happineſs.

Pan. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no: when fortune means to men moſt good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.
'Tis ſtrange, to think how much king John hath loſt
In this which he accounts ſo clearly won:
Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his priſoner?

Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me ſpeak, with a prophetick ſpirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to ſpeak
Shall blow each duſt, each ſtraw, each little rub,
Out of the path which ſhall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.
John hath ſeiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The miſplac'd John ſhould entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of reſt;
A ſcepter, ſnatch'd with an unruly hand,
Muſt be as boiſt'rouſly maintain'd as gain'd:
And he, that ſtands upon a ſlippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to ſtay him up:
That John may ſtand, then Arthur needs muſt fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but ſo.

Lew. But what ſhall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And loſe it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and freſh in this old world!
John lays you plots[4]; the times conſpire with you:
For he, that ſteeps his ſafety in true blood[5],

[4] *John lays you plots;*] That is, lays plots, which muſt be ſerviceable to you. Perhaps our author wrote—*your* plots. John is doing your buſineſs. MALONE.

[5] —*true blood,*] The blood of him that has the *juſt* claim. JOHNSON.

Shall find but bloody ſafety, and untrue.
This act, ſo evilly born, ſhall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That none ſo ſmall advantage ſhall ſtep forth,
To check his reign, but they will cheriſh it:
No natural exhalation in the ſky,
No ſcape of nature[6], no diſtemper'd day,
No common wind, no cuſtomed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cauſe,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and ſigns,
Abortives, preſages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himſelf ſafe in his priſonment.

Pand. O, ſir, when he ſhall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people ſhall revolt from him,
And kiſs the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick ſtrong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I ſee this hurly all on foot;
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd!—The baſtard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ranſacking the church,
Offending charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call[7]
To train ten thouſand Engliſh to their ſide;

[6] *No* ſcape *of nature,*] The old copy reads:—No *ſcope,* &c. STEEVENS.

It was corrected by Mr. Pope. The word *abortives* in the latter part of this ſpeech, referring apparently to theſe *ſcapes of nature,* confirms the emendation that has been made. MALONE.

The author very finely calls a *monſtrous birth,* an *eſcape of nature.* As if it were produced while ſhe was buſy elſewhere, or intent on ſome other thing. WARBURTON.

[7] —*they would be as a* call—] The image is taken from the manner in which birds are ſometimes caught; one being placed for the purpoſe of drawing others to the net, by his note or *call.* MALONE.

Or,

Or, as a little ſnow[8], tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful;
What may be wrought out of their diſcontent:
Now that their ſouls are top-full of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reaſons make ſtrange actions[9]: Let us go;
If you ſay, ay, the king will not ſay, no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Northampton[1]. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter HUBERT, *and two* Attendants.

Hub. Heat me theſe irons hot; and, look thou ſtand
Within the arras; when I ſtrike my foot
Upon the boſom of the ground, ruſh forth;
And bind the boy, which you ſhall find with me,
Faſt to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

1. *Attend.* I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly ſcruples! Fear not you: look to't.—
[*Exeunt* Attendants.

[8] *Or, as a little ſnow,*] Bacon, in his *Hiſtory of Henry* II. ſpeaking of Simnel's march, obſerves, that "their *ſnow-ball* did not gather as it went." JOHNSON.

[9] — ſtrange *actions:*] Thus the old copy. The editor of the ſecond folio for *ſtrange* ſubſtituted *ſtrong*; and the two words ſo nearly reſemble each other that they might certainly have been eaſily confounded. But in the preſent inſtance I ſee no reaſon for departing from the reading of the original copy; which is perfectly intelligible. MALONE.

[1] Northampton.] The fact is, as has been already ſtated, that Arthur was firſt confined at Falaiſe, and afterwards at Rouen in Normandy, where he was put to death.—Our author has deviated in this particular from the hiſtory, and brought King John's nephew to England; but there is no circumſtance, either in the original play, or in this of Shakſpeare, to point out the particular caſtle in which he is ſuppoſed to be confined. The caſtle of Northampton has been mentioned in ſome modern editions as the place, merely becauſe in the firſt act King John *ſeems* to have been in that town. In the old copy there is no where any notice of place. MALONE.

Young

Young lad, come forth; I have to ſay with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having ſo great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are ſad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, no body ſhould be ſad, but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as ſad as night[2],
Only for wantonneſs. By my chriſtendom[3],
So I were out of priſon, and kept ſheep,
I ſhould be as merry as the day is long;
And ſo I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practiſes more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's ſon?
No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven,
I were your ſon, ſo you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:

[2] *young gentlemen*, &c.] It ſhould ſeem that this affectation had found its way into England, as it is ridiculed by Ben Jonſon in the character of Maſter Stephen in *Every Man in his Humour*, 1601. Again in Lylly's *Midas*, 1592: "*Melancholy!* is *melancholy* a word for a barber's mouth? Thou ſhould'ſt ſay, heavy, dull, and doltiſh; *melancholy* is the creſt of *courtiers*, and now every baſe companion, &c. ſays he is *melancholy*." STEEVENS.

I doubt whether our author had any authority for attributing this ſpecies of affectation to the French. He generally aſcribes the manners of England to all other countries. MALONE.

[3] *By my* chriſtendom,] This word is uſed both here and in *All's Well that ends well*, for *baptiſm*, or rather *the baptiſmal name*: nor is this uſe of the word peculiar to our author. Lilly, his predeceſſor, has employed the word in the ſame way: "Concerning the body, as there is no gentlewoman ſo curious to have him in print, ſo there is no one ſo careleſs to have him a wretch,—only his right ſhape to ſhew him a man, his *chriſtendome* to prove his faith." *Euphues and his England*, 1581. See alſo Vol. III. p. 363, n. 6. MALONE.

Therefore

Therefore I will be ſudden, and diſpatch. [*Aſide.*
Arth. Are you ſick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In ſooth, I would you were a little ſick;
That I might ſit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.
Hub. His words do take poſſeſſion of my boſom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*ſhewing a paper.*] How now,
fooliſh rheum! [*Aſide.*
Turning diſpiteous torture out of door!
I muſt be brief; leſt reſolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womaniſh tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for ſo foul effect:
Muſt you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I muſt.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The beſt I had, a princeſs wrought it me,)
And I did never aſk it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's ſon would have lain ſtill,
And ne'er have ſpoke a loving word to you;
But you at your ſick ſervice had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning; Do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleas'd that you muſt uſe me ill,
Why, then you muſt.—Will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes, that never did, nor never ſhall,
So much as frown on you?
Hub. I have ſworn to do it;
And with hot irons muſt I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!

The

The iron of itſelf, though heat red-hot [4],
Approaching near theſe eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench this fiery indignation [5],
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, conſume away in ruſt,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more ſtubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel ſhould have come to me,
And told me, Hubert ſhould put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hubert's [6].

Hub. Come forth. [*ſtamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, *with cord, irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you.

Arth. O, ſave me, Hubert, ſave me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of theſe bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I ſay, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be ſo boiſt'rous-rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone-ſtill.
For heaven's ſake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not ſtir, nor wince, nor ſpeak a word,

[4] —*though* heat *red-hot*,] The participle *beat*, though now obſolete, was in uſe in our author's time. See *Twelfth Night*, p. [illegible], n. 6.

So, in the ſacred writings: "He commanded that they ſhould heat the furnace one ſeven times more than it was wont to be *heat*." *Dan.* ch. iii. v. 19. MALONE.

[5] —*and quench this* fiery indignation,] As the iron is not yet produced, perhaps our author wrote—*his* fiery indignation. By *this* fiery indignation, however, he may mean,—the indignation *thus* produced by the iron being made red-hot for ſuch an inhuman purpoſe. MALONE.

Theſe laſt words are taken from the Bible. In the Epiſtle to the Hebrews, we read—"a certain fearful looking-for of judgment and *fiery indignation*." WAKEFIELD.

[6] *I would not have believ'd him*; no tongue but Hubert's.] Shakſpeare very probably meant this line to have been broken off imperfectly, thus:

I would not have believ'd him: no tongue, but Hubert's—

The old reading is, however, ſenſe. STEEVENS.

Nor

Not look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1. *Attend.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.
[*Exeunt* Attendants.

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a moth in yours[7],
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue[8],
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

[7] —*a* moth *in yours*,] Surely we should read—a *mote*. Our author, who has borrowed so much from the sacred writings, without doubt remembered,—"And why beholdest thou the *mote* that is in thy brother's eye," &c. Matth. c. vii. v. 3. So, in *Hamlet*:

"A *mote* it is, to *trouble* the mind's eye."

A *mote* is a small particle of straw or chaff. *Moth* is likewise used by old writers for an *atom*. MALONE.

[8] *Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue*,] This is according to nature. We imagine no evil so great as that which is near us. JOHNSON.

Arth.

Arth. No, in good ſooth; the fire is dead with grief[9],
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeſerv'd extremes: See elſe yourſelf;
There is no malice in this burning coal[1];
The breath of heaven hath blown his ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will ſparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you ſhould uſe to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uſes.

Hub. Well, ſee to live[2]; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treaſure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I ſworn, and I did purpoſe, boy,
With this ſame very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were diſguiſed.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle muſt not know but your are dead:
I'll fill theſe dogged ſpies with falſe reports.
And, pretty child, ſleep doubtleſs, and ſecure,

9 — *the fire is dead with grief*, &c.] The ſenſe is: *the fire*, being *created* not to hurt, but *to comfort*, *is dead with grief for* finding itſelf *uſed* in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have *not deſerved*. JOHNSON.

1 *There is no malice in this burning coal*;] Dr. Grey ſays, "that *no malice in a burning coal* is certainly abſurd, and that we ſhould read:

"*There is no malice burning in this coal.*" STEEVENS.

Dr. Grey's remark in this paſſage is an hyper-criticiſm. The coal was ſtill burning, for Hubert ſays, "he could revive it with his breath:" but it had loſt for a time its power of injuring by the abatement of its heat. MALONE.

2 — *ſee to live*;] The meaning is not, I believe,—keep your eye-ſight, that you may live (for he might have lived though blind). The words, agreeably to a common idiom of our language, mean, I conceive, no more than *live*. MALONE.

That

That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: Go closely in with me[3];
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of state in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, *crown'd*; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other Lords. The king takes his state.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd[*],
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.

Pemb. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous[4]: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title[5] that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light

[3] *Go* closely *in with me*;] i. e. secretly, privately. So, in the *Atheist's Tragedy*, 1612, Act IV. sc. i. "Enter Friſco *cloſely*.—Again, in Sir Henry Wotton's *Parallels* "—that when he was free from reſtraint, he ſhould *cloſely* take out a lodging at Green[wich]." REED.

[*] —*once* again—] Old Copies—*twice*. Corrected in the fourth folio. MALONE.

4 *This once again,—was of the ſuperfluous*;] *This one time more was one time more than enough.* JOHNSON.

John's ſecond coronation was at Canterbury in the year 1201. He was crowned a third time at the ſame place, after the murder of his nephew, in April 1202; probably with a view of confirming his title to the throne, his competitor no longer ſtanding in his way. MALONE.

5 *To* guard *a title*—] To *guard*, is to *fringe*. JOHNSON.

Rather, to ornament with a border, or lace. See Vol. II. p. 66, n. 9. MALONE.

To

To ſeek the beauteous eye of heaven to garniſh,
Is waſteful, and ridiculous exceſs.

Pemb. But that your royal pleaſure muſt be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told[6];
And, in the laſt repeating, troubleſome,
Being urged at a time unſeaſonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:
And, like a ſhifted wind unto a ſail,
It makes the courſe of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights conſideration;
Makes ſound opinion ſick, and truth ſuſpected,
For putting on ſo new a faſhion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen ſtrive to do better than well,
They do confound their ſkill in covetouſneſs[7];
And, oftentimes, excuſing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worſe by the excuſe;
As patches, ſet upon a little breach,
Diſcredit more in hiding of the fault[8],
Than did the fault before it was ſo patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counſel: but it pleas'd your highneſs
To over-bear it; and we are all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would[9],

[6] *—an ancient tale new told;*] We have already had this alluſion in a former ſcene. See p. 519, n. 2. MALONE.

[7] *When workmen ſtrive to do better than well,*
They do confound their ſkill in covetouſneſs:] So, in our author's 103d Sonnet:

"were it not ſinful then, ſtriving to mend,
"To mar the ſubject that before was well?"

Again, in *King Lear:*

"Striving to better, oft we mar what's well." MALONE.

—*in* covetouſneſs:] i. e. Not by their avarice, but in an eager emulation, an intenſe deſire of excelling; as in *King Henry V.*

"But if it be a ſin to *covet honour*,
"I am the moſt offending ſoul alive." THEOBALD.

[8] —*in hiding of the* fault,] *Fault* means *blemiſh.* STEEVENS.

[9] *Since all and every part of what we would,*] Since the whole and each particular part of our wiſhes, &c. MALONE.

Do you make a ſtand at what your highneſs will.

K. John. Some reaſons of this double coronation
I have poſſeſs'd you with, and think them ſtrong.
And more, more ſtrong (when leſſer is my fear[1])
I ſhall indue you with: Mean time, but aſk
What you would have reform'd, that is not well;
And well ſhall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requeſts.

Pemb. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of theſe,
To ſound the purpoſes[2] of all their hearts,)
Both for myſelf and them, (but, chief of all,
Your ſafety, for the which myſelf and them
Bend their beſt ſtudies,) heartily requeſt
The enfranchiſement of Arthur; whoſe reſtraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of diſcontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If, what in reſt you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears[3] (which, as they ſay, attend
The ſteps of wrong) ſhould move you to mew up
Your tender kinſman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exerciſe[4]?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occaſions, let it be our ſuit,
That you have bid us aſk his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further aſk,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,

[1] —(when *leſſer is my fear*)] The old copy reads—*then* leſſer. Corrected by Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

[2] *To ſound the purpoſes*—] To explore, to *publiſh* the deſires of all thoſe. JOHNSON.

[3] *Why then your fears*, &c.] The conſtruction is, If you have a good title to what you now poſſeſs, why then *ſhould your* fears move you, &c. MALONE.

[4] —*good exerciſe?*] In the middle ages the whole education of princes and noble youths conſiſted in martial exerciſes, &c. Theſe could not be eaſily had in a priſon, where mental improvements might have been afforded as well as any where elſe; but this ſort of education never entered into the thoughts of our active, warlike, but illiterate nobility. PERCY.

Counts

Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

Pemb. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience[5],
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set[6]:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pemb. And, when it breaks[7], I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead;
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

[5] *Between his purpose and his conscience,*] Between the criminal act that he *planned* and commanded to be executed, and the reproaches of his conscience consequent on the execution of it. So, in the next scene:

"It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
"The practice, and the *purpose*, of the king."

We have almost the same expressions afterwards:

"Nay, in the body of this fleshly land, [in John's own person]
"Hostility, and civil tumult, reigns
"*Between my conscience and my cousin's death.*" MALONE.

[6] *Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:*] But heralds are not wanted, I presume, in the midst betwixt two lines of battle; though they, and trumpets, are often sent over from party to party, to propose terms, demand a parley, &c. I have therefore ventured to read—*sent.* THEOBALD.

Set is not *fixed*, but only *placed*; heralds must be *set* between battles in order to be *sent* between them. JOHNSON.

[7] *And, when it breaks,*] This is but an indelicate metaphor, taken from an impostumated tumour. JOHNSON.

Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was
Before the child himſelf felt he was ſick:
This muſt be anſwer'd, either here, or hence.
K. John. Why do you bend ſuch ſolemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the ſhears of deſtiny?
Have I commandment on the pulſe of life?
Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis ſhame,
That greatneſs ſhould ſo groſsly offer it:—
So thrive it in your game! and ſo farewel.
Pemb. Stay yet, lord Saliſbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this iſle,
Three foot of it doth hold; Bad world the while!
This muſt not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our ſorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt* Lords.
K. John. They ſcorn in indignation; I repent:
There is no ſure foundation ſet on blood;
No certain life atchiev'd by others' death.—

Enter a Meſſenger.

A fearful eye thou haſt; Where is that blood,
That I have ſeen inhabit in thoſe cheeks?
So foul a ſky clears not without a ſtorm:
Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?
Meſ. From France to England[8].—Never ſuch a power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land!
The copy of your ſpeed is learn'd by them:
For, when you ſhould be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.
K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it ſlept[9]? Where is my mother's care;

[8] *From France to England.*—] The king aſks *how all goes in France*; the meſſenger catches the word *goes*, and anſwers, that *whatever* is in France *goes* now *into* England. JOHNSON.

[9] *O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?*
Where hath it ſlept?] So, in *Macbeth*:
" —— Was the hope *drunk*
" Wherein you dreſs'd yourſelf? hath it *ſlept* ſince?" MALONE.

That

That ſuch an army could be drawn in France,
And ſhe not hear of it?

Mef. My liege, her ear
Is ſtopp'd with duſt; the firſt of April, dy'd
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Conſtance in a frenzy dy'd
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or falſe, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy ſpeed, dreadful occaſion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My diſcontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my eſtate in France[1]!—
Under whoſe conduct came thoſe powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'ſt out, are landed here?

Mef. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the BASTARD, *and* Peter *of* Pomfret.

K. John. Thou haſt made me giddy
With theſe ill tidings.—Now, what ſays the world
To your proceedings? do not ſeek to ſtuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Baſt. But, if you be afeard to hear the worſt,
Then let the worſt, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, couſin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, ſpeak it of what it will.

Baſt. How I have ſped among the clergymen,
The ſums I have collected ſhall expreſs.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people ſtrangely fantaſy'd;
Poſſeſs'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:

[1] *How wildly then walks my eſtate in France!*—] i. e. How ill my affairs go in France!—The verb, to *walk*, is uſed with great licence by old writers. It often means to *go*; to *move*. So, in the *Continuation* of Harding's *Chronicle*, 1543: "Evil words *walke* far." Again, in Fenner's *Compter's Commonwealth*, 1618: "The keeper, admiring he could not hear his priſoner's tongue *walk* all this while," &c. MALONE.

And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the ſtreets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he ſung, in rude harſh-ſounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Aſcenſion-day at noon,
Your highneſs ſhould deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'ſt thou ſay ſo?

Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out ſo.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; impriſon him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he ſays,
I ſhall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:
Deliver him to ſafety [2], and return,
For I muſt uſe thee.—O my gentle couſin,
[*Exit* HUBERT, *with* Peter.
Hear'ſt thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Baſt. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Beſides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Saliſbury,
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)
And others more, going to ſeek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they ſay [*], is kill'd to-night
On your ſuggeſtion.

K. John. Gentle kinſman, go,
And thruſt thyſelf into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Baſt. I will ſeek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haſte; the better foot before.—
O, let me have no ſubject enemies,
When adverſe foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of ſtout invaſion!—
Be Mercury, ſet feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Baſt. The ſpirit of the time ſhall teach me ſpeed.
[*Exit.*

[2] *Deliver him to ſafety,*] That is, *Give him into ſafe cuſtody.* JOHNSON.

[*] — who, *they ſay,*] Old Copy—*whom.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

K. John. Spoke like a ſprightful noble gentleman.—
Go after him; for he, perhaps, ſhall need
Some meſſenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.
Meſ. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*
K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they ſay, five moons were ſeen to-night[1]:
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.
K. John. Five moons?
Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the ſtreets
Do propheſy upon it dangerouſly:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they ſhake their heads,
And whiſper one another in the ear;
And he, that ſpeaks, doth gripe the hearer's wriſt;
Whilſt he, that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I ſaw a ſmith ſtand with his hammer, thus,
The whilſt his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth ſwallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his ſhears and meaſure in his hand,
Standing on ſlippers, (which his nimble haſte
Had falſely thruſt upon contrary feet[2],)

Told

[1] —*five moons were ſeen to-night:* &c.] This incident is mentioned in the old *King John*. STEEVENS.

[2] —*ſlippers, (which his nimble haſte*
Had falſely thruſt upon contrary feet,)] Shakſpeare ſeems to have confounded the man's ſhoes with his gloves. He that is frighted or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either ſhoe will equally admit either foot. The author ſeems to be diſturbed by the the diſorder which he deſcribes. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon forgets that ancient *ſlippers* might poſſibly be very different from modern ones. Scott in his *Diſcoverie of Witchcraft* tells us: "He that receiveth a miſchance, will conſider, whether he put not on his ſhirt the wrong ſide outwards, or his *left ſhoe* on his *right foot*."

Told of a many thouſand warlike French,
That were embatteled and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwaſh'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſs me with theſe fears?
Why urgeſt thou ſo oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cauſe
To wiſh him dead, but thou hadſt none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord[4]! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curſe of kings[5], to be attended
By ſlaves, that take their humours for a warrant

One of the jeſts of Scogan by Andrew Borde, is how he defrauded two ſhoemakers, one of a *right foot* boot, and the other of a *left foot* one. FARMER.

Barrett in his *Alvearie*, 1580, as an inſtance of the word *wrong*, ſays: "—to put on his *ſhooes wrong*." Again, in *A merye Jeſt of a Man that was called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date: "Howleglas had cut all the lether for the *leſte foote*. Then when his maſter ſawe all his lether cut for the *leſte foote*, then aſked he Howleglas if there belonged not to the *leſte foote* a *right foote*. Then ſayd Howleglas to his maiſter, If that he had tolde that to me before, I would have cut them; but an it pleaſe you I ſhall cut as many *right ſhoone* unto them." STEEVENS.

See the *Philoſophical Tranſactions abridged*, Vol. III. p. 432, and Vol. VII. p. 23, where are exhibited ſhoes and ſandals ſhaped to the feet, ſpreading more to the outſide than the inſide. TOLLET.

So, in Holland's tranſlation of *Suetonius*, 1606: "—if in a morning his ſhoes were put one [r. *on*] wrong, and namely *the left for the right*, he held it unlucky." Our author himſelf alſo furniſhes an authority to the ſame point. Speed in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* ſpeaks of a *left* ſhoe.—It ſhould be remembered that tailors generally work barefooted: a circumſtance which Shakſpeare probably had in his thoughts when he wrote this paſſage. I believe the word *contrary* in his time was frequently accented on the ſecond ſyllable, and that it was intended to be ſo accented here. So Spenſer, in his *Faery Queen*:

"That with the wind *contrary* courſes few." MALONE.

[4] Had none, *my lord!*] Old copy—*No bad.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[5] *It is the curſe of kings*, &c.] This plainly hints at Daviſon's caſe, in the affair of Mary queen of Scots. WARBURTON.

It is extremely probable that our author meant to pay his court to Elizabeth by this covert apology for her conduct to Mary. The queen of Scots was beheaded in 1587, ſome years, I believe, before he had produced any play on the ſtage. MALONE.

To

To bre[illegible] within the bloody houſe of life:
And, on [illegible] winking of authority,
To underſtand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majeſty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd reſpect.

Hub. Here is your hand and ſeal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the laſt account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then ſhall this hand and ſeal
Witneſs againſt us to damnation!
How oft the ſight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done? Hadſt not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted[6], and ſign'd, to do a deed of ſhame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aſpect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conſcience to deſtroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadſt thou but ſhook thy head[7], or made a pauſe,

[6] *Quoted,*—] i. e. obſerved, diſtinguiſh'd. So, in *Hamlet*:

"I am ſorry, that with better heed and judgment
"I had not *quoted* him." STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 378, n. 6. MALONE.

[7] *Hadſt thou but ſhook thy head,* &c.] There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedneſs would keep the profit to himſelf, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. Theſe reproaches vented againſt Hubert are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind ſwelling with conſciouſneſs of a crime, and deſirous of diſcharging its miſery on another.

This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn *ab ipſis receſſibus mentis*, from the intimate knowledge of mankind; particularly that line in which he ſays, that *to have bid him tell his tale* in *expreſs* words, would have *ſtruck him dumb*: nothing is more certain, than that bad men uſe all the arts of fallacy upon themſelves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themſelves from their own detection in ambiguities and ſubterfuges. JOHNSON.

When

When I ſpake darkly what I purpoſed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
And bid[8] me tell my tale in expreſs words;
Deep ſhame had ſtruck me dumb, made me break off,
And thoſe thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didſt underſtand me by my ſignal.
And didſt in ſigns again parley with ſin;
Yea, without ſtop, didſt let thy heart conſent,
And, conſequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my ſight, and never ſee me more!
My nobles leave me; and my ſtate is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleſhly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hoſtility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conſcience, and my couſin's death.

Hub. Arm you againſt your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your ſoul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimſon ſpots of blood.
Within this boſom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought[9],
And you have ſlander'd nature in my form;
Which, howſoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haſte thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incenſed rage,

* *

[8] And *bid*—] The old copy reads—*As* bid—. For the preſent emendation I am anſwerable. Mr. Pope reads—*Or* bid me, &c. but *As* is very unlikely to have been printed for *Or*. MALONE.

[9] *The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought.*] Nothing can be falſer than what Hubert here ſays in his own vindication; for we ſaw, from a preceding ſcene, *the motion of a murd'rous thought had entered into him*, and that very deeply: and it was with difficulty that the tears, the intreaties, and the innocence of Arthur had diverted and ſuppreſſed it. WARBURTON.

And make you tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my paſſion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Preſented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, anſwer not; but to my cloſet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haſte:
I conjure thee but ſlowly; run more faſt[6]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. Before the Caſtle.

Enter ARTHUR *on the walls.*

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down[7]:—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ſhip-boy's ſemblance hath diſguis'd me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thouſand ſhifts to get away:
As good to die, and go, as die, and ſtay. [*leaps down.*

[6] The old play is divided into two parts, the firſt of which concludes with the king's diſpatch of Hubert on this meſſage; the ſecond begins with "Enter Arthur, &c." as in the following ſcene. STEEVENS.

[7] *The wall is high, and yet will I leap down:—*] Our author has here followed the old play. In what manner Arthur was deprived of his life, is not aſcertained. Matthew Paris, relating the event, uſes the word *evanuit*, and indeed as King Philip afterwards publickly accuſed King John of putting his nephew to death, without mentioning either the manner of it or his accomplices, we may conclude that it was conducted with impenetrable ſecrecy. The French hiſtorians however ſay, that John coming in a boat, during the night-time, to the caſtle of Rouen, where the young prince was confined, ordered him to be brought forth, and having ſtabbed him, while ſupplicating for mercy, the king faſtened a ſtone to the dead body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give ſome colour to a report, which he afterwards cauſed to be ſpread, that the prince attempting to eſcape out of a window of the tower of the caſtle, fell into the river, and was drowned. MALONE.

O me!

O me! my uncle's ſpirit is in theſe ſtones:
Heav'n take my ſoul, and England keep my bones! [dies.

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at ſaint Edmundſbury;
It is our ſafety, and we muſt embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pemb. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whoſe private with me[8], of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than theſe lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or, rather, then ſet forward: for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet[9].

Enter the BASTARD.

Baſt. Once more to-day well met, diſtemper'd lords!
The king, by me, requeſts your preſence ſtraight.

Sal. The king hath diſpoſſeſs'd himſelf of us;
We will not line his thin beſtained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks:
Return, and tell him ſo; we know the worſt.

Baſt. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were beſt.

[8] *Whoſe* private, &c.] i. e. whoſe private account of the Dauphin's affection to our cauſe, is much more ample than the letters. POPE.

[9] — or e'er *we meet.*] This phraſe, ſo frequent in our old writers, is not well underſtood. *Or* is here the ſame as *ere*, i. e. *before*. The addition of *ever*, or *e'er*, is merely augmentative.

That *or* has the full ſenſe of *before*, and that *e'er* when joined with it is merely augmentative, is proved from innumerable paſſages in our ancient writers, wherein *or* occurs ſimply without *e'er*, and muſt bear that ſignification. Thus, in the old tragedy of *Maſter Arden of Feverſham*, 1599, quarto, (attributed by ſome, though falſely, to Shakſpeare) the wife ſays,

"He ſhall be murdered *or* the gueſts come in." Sig. H. 3. b.
PERCY.

Again, in *Every Man*, a *Morality*, no date:

"As, *or* we departe, thou ſhalt know."

Again, in the interlude of the *Diſobedient Child*, bl. l. no date:

"To ſend for victuals *or* I came away." STEEVENS.

Sal.

Sal. Of griefs, and not our manners, reason now[1].
Baſt. But there is little reaſon in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reaſon, you had manners now.
Pemb. Sir, in, impatience hath his privilege.
Baſt. 'Tis true; to hurt his maſter, no man elſe[2].
Sal. This is the priſon: What is he lies here?
[*Seeing* ARTHUR.
Pemb. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himſelf hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.
Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld[3],
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almoſt think, although you ſee,
That you do ſee? could thought, without this object,
Form ſuch another? This is the very top,
The height, the creſt, or creſt unto the creſt,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodieſt ſhame,
The wildeſt ſavag'ry, the vileſt ſtroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or ſtaring rage,
Preſented to the tears of ſoft remorſe.
Pemb. All murders paſt do ſtand excus'd in this:
And this, ſo ſole, and ſo unmatchable,
Shall give a holineſs, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten ſin of times[4];

[1] —reaſon now.] To *reaſon*, in Shakſpeare, is not ſo often to *argue*, as to *talk*. JOHNSON.
So, in *Coriolanus*:
" —— *reaſon* with the fellow,
" Before you puniſh him." STEEVENS.

[2] —*no man elſe.*] Old Copy—no *man's*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[3] Have you *beheld*,—] Old Copy—*You have*, &c. Corrected by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

[4] —in *oft* times;] That is, of all future times. So, in *K. Henry V.*
" By cuſtom and the ordinance of *times*.
Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors more elegantly read—*ſins of time*; but the peculiarities of Shakſpeare's diction ought, in my apprehenſion, to be faithfully preſerved. MALONE.

And

And prove a deadly bloodſhed but a jeſt,
Exampled by this heinous ſpectacle.

Baſt. It is a damned and a bloody work!
The graceleſs action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would enſue:
It is the ſhameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpoſe, of the king:—
From whoſe obedience I forbid my ſoul,
Kneeling before this ruin of ſweet life,
And breathing to his breathleſs excellence
The incenſe of a vow, a holy vow;
Never to taſte the pleaſures of the world[5],
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor converſant with eaſe and idleneſs,
Till I have ſet a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worſhip of revenge[6].

Pemb.

5 —*a holy vow*;
Never to taſte the pleaſures of the world,] This is a copy of the vows made in the ages of ſuperſtition and chivalry. JOHNSON.

6 *Till I have ſet a glory to this* hand,
By giving it the worſhip of revenge.] The *worſhip* is the *dignity*, the *honour*. We ſtill ſay *worſhipful* of *magiſtrates*. JOHNSON.

I think it ſhould be—*a glory to this* head;—pointing to the dead prince, and uſing the word *worſhip* in its common acceptation. *A glory* is a frequent term:

" Round a quaker's beaver caſt a *glory*,"

ſays Mr. Pope: the ſolemn confirmation of the other lords ſeems to require this ſenſe. The late Mr. Gray was much pleaſed with this correction. FARMER.

The old reading ſeems right to me, and means,—*'till I have famed and renowned my own hand by giving it the honour of revenge for ſo foul a deed. Glory* means *ſplendor* and magnificence in St. Matthew, vi. 29. A thought, almoſt ſimilar to the preſent, occurs in Ben Jonſon's *Catiline*, who, Act IV. ſc. iv. ſays to Cethegus: " When we meet again we'll ſacrifice to liberty. *Cet.* And revenge. That we may praiſe our hands once!" i. e. O! that we may ſet a *glory*, or procure honour and praiſe, to our *hands*, which are the inſtruments of action. TOLLET.

I think the old reading the true one. In the next act we have the following lines:

" —— I will

Pemb. Our ſouls religiouſly confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haſte in ſeeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath ſent for you.
Sal. O, he is bold, and bluſhes not at death:—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Muſt I rob the law? [*drawing his ſword.*
Baſt. Your ſword is bright, ſir; put it up again.
Sal. Not till I ſheath it in a murderer's ſkin.
Hub. Stand back, lord Saliſbury, ſtand back, I ſay;
By heaven, I think, my ſword's as ſharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourſelf,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence[7];
Leſt I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatneſs, and nobility.
Big. Out, dunghill! dar'ſt thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life againſt an emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me ſo;
Yet, I am none[8]: Whoſe tongue ſoe'er ſpeaks falſe,
Not truly ſpeaks; who ſpeaks not truly, lies.
Pemb. Cut him to pieces.
Baſt. Keep the peace, I ſay.
Sal. Stand by, or I ſhall gaul you, Faulconbridge.
Baſt. Thou wert better gaul the devil, Saliſbury:
If thou but frown on me, or ſtir thy foot,
Or teach thy haſty ſpleen to do me ſhame,
I'll ſtrike thee dead. Put up thy ſword betime;

" ——— I will not return,
" Till my *attempt* ſo much be glaſs'd
" As to my ample hope was promiſed." MALONE.

7 —true *defgace*;] *Honeſt* defence; defence in a *good cauſe*. JOHNSON.

8 *Do not prove me ſo;*
Yet, I am none.] Do not make me a murderer by compelling me to kill you; I am *hitherto* not a murderer. JOHNSON.

Or

Or I'll ſo maul you and your toaſting-iron[9],
That you ſhall think the devil is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour ſince I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out, for his ſweet life's loſs.
Sal. Truſt not thoſe cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without ſuch rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it ſeem
Like rivers of remorſe[1] and innocency.
Away, with me, all you whoſe ſouls abhor
The uncleanly ſavours of a ſlaughter-houſe;
For I am ſtifled with this ſmell of ſin.
Big. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!
Pemb. There, tell the king, he may enquire us out.
[*Exeunt* Lords.
Baſt. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundleſs reach
Of mercy, if thou didſt this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.
Hub. Do but hear me, ſir.
Baſt. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is ſo black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer[2]:

9 —*your toaſting iron,*] The ſame thought is found in *K. Henry V:* "I dare not fight, but I will wiſh and hold out mine *iron*. It is a ſimple one, but what though? it will *toaſt cheeſe*." STEEVENS.

1 *Like rivers of* remorſe—] *Remorſe* here, as almoſt every where in theſe plays, and the contemporary books, ſignifies *pity*. MALONE.

2 *Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:*] So, in the old play:

"Hell, Hubert, truſt me, all the plagues of hell
"Hangs on performance of this damned deed;
"This ſeal, the warrant of the body's bliſs,
"Enſureth Satan chieftain of thy ſoul." MALONE.

There

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell[3]
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.
Hub. Upon my soul,—
Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on; or, would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
I do suspect thee very grievously.
Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.
Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug, and scamble[4], and to part by the teeth
The unowed interest[5] of proud-swelling state.
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,

[3] *There is not yet*, &c.] I remember once to have met with a book, printed in the time of Henry VIII. (which Shakspeare possibly might have seen) where we are told that the deformity of the condemned in the other world is exactly proportioned to the degrees of their guilt. The author of it observes how difficult it would be, on this account, to distinguish between Belzebub and Judas Iscariot. STEEVENS.

[4] —*and* scamble,] i. e. *scramble*. See Vol. V. p. 452, n. 5. MALONE.

[5] *The unowed interest*—] That is, the interest which is not at this moment legally *possessed* by any one, however rightfully entitled to it. On the death of Arthur, the *right* to the English crown devolved to his sister, Eleanor. MALONE.

Doth dogged war briſtle his angry creſt,
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and diſcontents at home
Meet in one line; and vaſt confuſion waits
(As doth a raven on a ſick-fallen beaſt)
The imminent decay of wreſted pomp[6].
Now happy he, whoſe cloak and cincture[7] can
Hold out this tempeſt. Bear away that child,
And follow me with ſpeed; I'll to the king:
A thouſand buſineſſes are brief in hand,
And heaven itſelf doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH *with the Crown, and Attendants.*

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.
Pand. Take again [*giving* John *the crown.*
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your ſovereign greatneſs and authority.
K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;
And from his holineſs uſe all your power
To ſtop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our diſcontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of ſoul,
To ſtranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour

[6] *The imminent decay of* wreſted pomp.] *Wreſted pomp* is *greatneſs obtained by violence.* JOHNSON.
Rather, greatneſs wreſted from its poſſeſſor. MALONE.

[7] —*and* cincture—] The old copy reads—*center*, probably for *ceinture*, Fr. STEEVENS.
The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Rests by you only to be qualify'd.
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope:
But, since you are a gentle convertite[1],
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose, it should be on constraint;
But heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

[1] *a gentle* convertite,] A *convertite* is a *convert*. So, in Marlow's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"*Gov.* Why, Barabas, wilt thou be christen'd?

"*Bar.* No, governour; I'll be no *convertite*." STEEVENS.

A *convertite* (a word often used by our old writers, where we should now use *convert*,) signified either, one converted *to the faith*, or one reclaimed from wordly pursuits, and devoted to penitence and religion.

Mr. Mason says, a *convertite* cannot mean a *convert*, because the latter word "in the *language of the present times* means a person that changes from one religion to another." But the question is, not what is the language of the present time, but what was the language of Shakspeare's age. Marlowe uses the word *convertite* exactly in the sense now affixed to *convert*. John, who had in the former part of this play asserted in very strong terms the supremacy of the king of England in all ecclesiastical matters, and told Pandulph that he had no reverence for "the Pope or his *usurp'd* authority," having now made his peace with "*holy church*," and resigned his crown to the Pope's representative, is considered by the legate as one newly converted to the true faith, and very properly styled by him a *convertite*. The same term, in the second sense above mentioned, is applied to the *usurper*, Duke Frederick, in *As you like it*, on his having "put on a religious life, and thrown into neglect the pompous court:"

"—— out of these *convertites*

"There is much matter to be heard and learn'd." MALONE.

Enter the BASTARD.

Baſt. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover caſtle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind hoſt, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer ſervice to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Baſt. They found him dead, and caſt into the ſtreets;
An empty caſket, where the jewel of life [9]
By ſome damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me, he did live.

Baſt. So, on my ſoul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you ſad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world ſee fear, and ſad diſtruſt,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be ſtirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horrour: ſo ſhall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntleſs ſpirit of reſolution [1].
Away; and gliſter like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldneſs, and aſpiring confidence.
What, ſhall they ſeek the lion in his den?
And fright him there; and make him tremble there?

9 *An empty caſket, where the jewel of life*—] The ſame kind of imagery is employed in *K. Richard II.*

" A *jewel* in a ten-times-barr'd-up *cheſt*
" Is a bold ſpirit in a loyal breaſt." MALONE.

1 —*and put on*
The dauntleſs ſpirit of reſolution.] So, in *Macbeth*:
" Let's briefly *put on manly readineſs*,
" And meet i' the hall together." MALONE.

O, let

O, let it not be ſaid!—Forage, and run[1]
To meet diſpleaſure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come ſo nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promiſ'd to diſmiſs the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Baſt. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromiſe,
Inſinuation, parley, and baſe truce,
To arms invaſive? ſhall a beardleſs boy,
A cocker'd ſilken wanton brave our fields,
And fleſh his ſpirit in a warlike ſoil,
Mocking the air with colours idly ſpread[3],
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at leaſt be ſaid,
They ſaw we had a purpoſe of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this preſent time.

Baſt. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe[4]. [*Exeunt.*

[1] —Forage, *and run*—] To *forage* is here uſed in its original ſenſe, for to *range abroad.* JOHNSON.

[3] *Mocking the air with colours idly ſpread,*] He has the ſame image in *Macbeth:*

" *Where the Norweyan banners flout the ſky,*
" *And fan our people cold.*" JOHNSON.

From theſe two paſſages Mr. Gray ſeems to have formed the firſt ſtanza of his celebrated ode:

" Ruin ſeize thee, ruthleſs king!
" Confuſion on thy *banners* wait!
" Though *fann'd* by conqueſt's crimſon wing
" They *mock the air* with *idle* ſtate." MALONE.

[4] *Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,*
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.] Faulconbridge means; for all their boaſting I know very well that our party is able to cope with one yet prouder and more confident of its ſtrength than theirs. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

A Plain near St. Edmund's-bury.

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and Soldiers.*

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it ſafe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent[5] to theſe lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, peruſing o'er theſe notes,
May know wherefore we took the ſacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our ſides it never ſhall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we ſwear
A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that ſuch a ſore of time
Should ſeek a plaiſter by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many: O, it grieves my ſoul,
That I muſt draw this metal from my ſide
To be a widow-maker; O, and there,
Where honourable reſcue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Saliſbury:
But ſuch is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and phyſick of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of ſtern injuſtice and confuſed wrong.—
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends!
That we, the ſons and children of this iſle,
Were born to ſee ſo ſad an hour as this;
Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger march[6]
Upon her gentle boſom, and fill up

[5] —*the* precedent—] i. e. the original treaty between the Dauphin and the Engliſh lords. STEEVENS.

[6] —*after a* ſtranger *march*] Our author often uſes *ſtranger* as an adjective. See the laſt ſcene; and Vol. II. p. 450, n. 1. MALONE.

Her

Her enemies' ranks, (I muſt withdraw and weep
Upon the ſpot [7] of this enforced cauſe,)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou could'ſt remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyſelf,
And grapple thee [8] unto a pagan ſhore [9];
Where theſe two Chriſtian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to ſpend it ſo unneighbourly [1]!

Bew. A noble temper doſt thou ſhew in this;
And great affections, wreſtling in thy boſom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat haſt thou fought [2],
Between compulſion, and a brave reſpect [3]!

Let

[7] *Upon the* ſpot—] *Spot* is uſed here for *ſtain*. So, in a former paſſage:

"To look into the *ſpots* and ſtains of right." MALONE.

[8] *And* grapple *thee*, &c.] The old copy reads—*And* cripple *thee*, &c. Perhaps our author wrote *gripple*, a word uſed by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, ſong 1:

"This thruſts his *gripple* hand into her golden maw."
STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[9] —*unto a* pagan *ſhore*;] Our author ſeems to have been thinking on the wars carried on by Chriſtian princes in the holy land againſt the Saracens; where the united armies of France and England might have laid their mutual animoſities aſide, and fought in the cauſe of Chriſt, inſtead of fighting againſt brethren and countrymen, as Saliſbury and the other Engliſh noblemen who had joined the Dauphin, were about to do. MALONE.

[1] *And not* to *ſpend it ſo unneighbourly!*] This is one of many paſſages, in which Shakſpeare concludes a ſentence without attending to the manner in which the former part of it is conſtructed. See Vol. III. p. 356, n. 8. MALONE.

[2] —*haſt* thou *fought*,] *Thou*, which appears to have been accidentally omitted by the tranſcriber or compoſitor, was inſerted by the editor of the fourth folio. MALONE.

[3] *Between* compulſion, *and a brave reſpect!*] This *compulſion* was the neceſſity of a reformation in the ſtate; which, according to Saliſ-

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That ſilverly doth progreſs on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effuſion of ſuch manly drops,
This ſhower, blown up by tempeſt of the ſoul[4],
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I ſeen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Saliſbury,
And with a great heart heave away this ſtorm:
Commend theſe waters to thoſe baby eyes,
That never ſaw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feaſts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of goſſiping.
Come, come; for thou ſhalt thruſt thy hand as deep
Into the purſe of rich proſperity,
As Lewis himſelf:—ſo, nobles, ſhall you all,
That knit your ſinews to the ſtrength of mine.

[*Enter* PANDULPH, *attended.*

And even there, methinks, an angel ſpake[5]:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;

bury's opinion (who, in his ſpeech preceding, calls it an *enforced cauſe*,) could only be procured by foreign arms: and the *brave reſpect* was the love of his country. WARBURTON.

4 *This* ſhower, blown up by tempeſt *of the ſoul*,] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"This windy *tempeſt*, till it *blow up rain*,
"Held back his ſorrow's tide—." MALONE.

5 —*an angel ſpake:*] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton read here—*an angel bleeds*. I think unneceſſarily. The Dauphin does not yet hear the legate indeed, nor pretend to hear him; but ſeeing him advance, and concluding that he comes to animate and authorize him with the power of the church, he cries out, *at the ſight of this holy man, I am encouraged as* by the voice of an angel. JOHNSON.

Rather, *In what I have now ſaid*, an angel ſpake; for ſee, the holy legate approaches, to give a warrant from *heaven*, and the name of *right* to our cauſe. MALONE.

And

And on our actions ſet the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this,—king John hath reconcil'd
Himſelf to Rome; his ſpirit is come in,
That ſo ſtood out againſt the holy church,
The great metropolis and ſee of Rome:
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the ſavage ſpirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foſter'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in ſhew.

Lew. Your grace ſhall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high-born to be property'd,
To be a ſecondary at control,
Or uſeful ſerving-man, and inſtrument,
To any ſovereign ſtate throughout the world.
Your breath firſt kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chaſtis'd kingdom and myſelf,
And brought in matter that ſhould feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that ſame weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with intereſt to this land,
Yea, thruſt this enterprize into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, muſt I back,
Becauſe that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's ſlave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition ſent,
To underprop this action? is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who elſe but I,
And ſuch as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this buſineſs, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard theſe iſlanders ſhout out,

Vive

Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns[6]?
Have I not here the beſt cards for the game,
To win this eaſy match play'd for a crown?
And ſhall I now give o'er the yielded ſet?
No, no, on my ſoul, it never ſhall be ſaid.

Pand. You look but on the outſide of this work.

Lew. Outſide or inſide, I will not return
Till my attempt ſo much be glorify'd
As to my ample hope was promiſed
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd theſe fiery ſpirits from the world,
To out-look conqueſt, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—
[*Trumpet ſounds.*
What luſty trumpet thus doth ſummon us?

Enter the BASTARD, *attended.*

Baſt. According to the fair-play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am ſent to ſpeak:—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you anſwer, I do know the ſcope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-oppoſite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly ſays, he'll not lay down his arms.

Baſt. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth ſays well:—Now hear our Engliſh king;

[6] —*as I have* bank'd their towns?] *Bank'd their towns* may mean, thrown up entrenchments before their towns.

The old play of *King John*, however, leaves this interpretation extremely diſputable. It appears from thence that theſe ſalutations were given to the Dauphin as he *ſailed along the banks* of the river. This, I ſuppoſe, Shakſpeare calls *banking* the towns.

"——from the hollow holes of Thameſis
"Echo apace replied, *Vive le roy!*
"From thence along the wanton rolling glade,
"To Troynovant, your fair metropolis."

We ſtill ſay to *coaſt* and to *bank*; and to *bank* has no leſs of propriety, though it is not reconciled to us by modern uſage. STEEVENS.

For

For thus his royalty doth ſpeak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reaſon too[7], he ſhould:
This apiſh and unmannerly approach,
This harneſs'd maſque, and unadviſed revel,
This unhair'd ſawcineſs[8], and boyiſh troops,
The King doth ſmile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfiſh war, theſe pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the ſtrength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch[9];
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells[1];
To crouch in litter of your ſtable planks;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in cheſts and trunks;
To hug with ſwine; to ſeek ſweet ſafety out
In vaults and priſons; and to thrill, and ſhake,

[7] —*and reaſon* too,] Old Copy—*is*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[8] *This* unhair'd *ſawcineſs*,] The old copy reads—un*beard*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. *Hair* was formerly written *bear*. See p. 398, n. 2. Hence the miſtake might eaſily happen. Faulconbridge has already in this act exclaimed,

"—— Shall a *beardleſs* boy,
"A cocker'd ſilken wanton, brave our fields?"

Again, in the fifth act of *Macbeth*, Lenox tells Cathneſs that the Engliſh army is near, in which he ſays, there are

"—— many *unrough* youths, that even now
"Proteſt their firſt of manhood."

Again, in *King Henry V.*:

"For who is he, whoſe chin is but enrich'd
"With one appearing *hair*, that will not follow
"Theſe cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?"

Another reading has been ſuggeſted—this *unair'd* (i. e. untravell'd) ſawcineſs: but the French troops, who were now in a foreign country, could not be called *untravelled*. MALONE.

[9] —*take the hatch*;] To *take the hatch*, is to *leap the hatch*. To *take a hedge* or a *ditch* is the hunter's phraſe. STEEVENS.

So, in Maſſinger's *Fatal Dowry*, 1632:

"I look about and neigh, *take hedge* and ditch,
"Feed in my neighbour's paſtures." MALONE.

[1] —*in* concealed *wells*;] I believe our author, with his accuſtomed licence, uſed *concealed* for *concealing*; wells that afforded *concealment* and protection to thoſe who took refuge there. MALONE.

Even

Even at the crying of your nation's crow *,
Thinking this voice an armed Engliſhman;—
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chaſtiſement?
No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his aiery towers [2],
To ſouſe annoyance that comes near his neſt.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neros, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, bluſh for ſhame:
For your own ladies, and pale-viſag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gantlets change,
Their needs to lances [3], and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant, thou canſt out-ſcold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be ſpent
With ſuch a brabler.

Pand. Give me leave to ſpeak.

Baſt. No, I will ſpeak.

Lew. We will attend to neither:—
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our intereſt, and our being here.

Baſt. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;

* —*of* your *nation's crow*,] Mr. Pope, and ſome of the ſubſequent editors, read—*our* nation's crow; not obſerving, that the Baſtard is ſpeaking of John's atchievements in *France*. He likewiſe reads in the next line—*his* voice; but *this* voice, *the voice or caw of the French crow*, is ſufficiently clear. MALONE.

[2] —*like an eagle o'er his* aiery *towers*,] An *aiery* is the neſt of an eagle. STEEVENS.

[3] *Their* n*eeds to lances*,] Here we ſhould read—*needs*, as in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*:

"Have with our *needs* created both one flower."

Fairfax has the ſame contraction of the word. STEEVENS.

In the old copy the word is contractedly written *needl's*, but it was certainly intended to be pronounced *needs*, as it is frequently written in old Engliſh books. Many diſſyllables are uſed by Shakſpeare and other writers as moniſyllables, as *whether*, *ſpirit*, &c. though they generally appear at length in the original editions of theſe plays. MALONE.

And

And ſo ſhall you, being beaten: Do but ſtart
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That ſhall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another ſhall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not truſting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for ſport than need,)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead ſits
A bare-ribb'd death, whoſe office is this day
To feaſt upon whole thouſands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Baſt. And thou ſhalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A field of battle.

Alarums. Enter King JOHN, *and* HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear: How fares your majeſty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me ſo long,
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is ſick!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My lord, your valiant kinſman, Faulconbridge,
Deſires your majeſty to leave the field;
And ſend him word by me, which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinſtead, to the abbey there.

Meſ. Be of good comfort; for the great ſupply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd[4] three nights ago on Goodwin ſands.
This news was brought to Richard[5] but even now:

4 —*for the great* ſupply,—
Are *wreck'd*—] *Supply* is here and in a ſubſequent paſſage in Scene V. uſed as a noun of multitude. MALONE.

5 —*Richard*—] *Sir Richard Faulconbridge*;—and yet the king a little before (Act III. ſc. ii.) calls him by his original name of *Philip*. STEEVENS.

The

The French fight coldly, and retire themſelves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on toward Swinſtead: to my litter ſtraight;
Weakneſs poſſeſſeth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. Another part of the ſame.

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and Others.*

Sal. I did not think the king ſo ſtor'd with friends.

Pemb. Up once again; put ſpirit in the French;
If they miſcarry, we miſcarry too.

Sal. That miſbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In ſpight of ſpight, alone upholds the day.

Pemb. They ſay king John, ſore ſick, hath left the field.

Enter MELUN *wounded, and led by ſoldiers.*

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pemb. It is the count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble Engliſh, you are bought and ſold[6].
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion[7],

And

[6] —*you are* bought and ſold;] This expreſſion appears to have been proverbial; intimating that *foul play* has been uſed. I have met with it in many old Engliſh books, but cannot at preſent turn to the inſtances. It is again uſed in *K. Richard III.*

"Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,
"For Dickon, thy maſter, is *bought and ſold.*" MALONE.

[7] Unthread *the rude* eye *of rebellion,*] Shakſpeare in *King Lear* uſes the ſame expreſſion, "*threading* dark-*ey'd* night." STEEVENS.

Some one, obſerving on this paſſage, has been idle enough to ſuppoſe that the *eye* of *rebellion* was uſed like the *eye* of the *mind*, &c. Shakſpeare's metaphor is of a much humbler kind. He was evidently thinking of the *eye of a needle.* Undo (ſays Melun to the Engliſh nobles) what you have done; deſert the rebellious project in which you have engaged. In *Coriolanus* we have a kindred expreſſion:

"They would not *thread the gates.*"

Our

And welcome home again diſcarded faith.
Look out king John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means [8] to recompence the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he ſworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at ſaint Edmund's-bury;
Even on that altar, where we ſwore to you
Dear amity and everlaſting love.

Sal. May this be poſſible! may this be true!

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax [9]
Reſolveth [1] from his figure 'gainſt the fire?
What in the world ſhould make me now deceive,
Since I muſt loſe the uſe of all deceit?
Why ſhould I then be falſe; ſince it is true
That I muſt die here, and live hence by truth?
I ſay again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forſworn, if e'er thoſe eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the eaſt:
But even this night,—whoſe black contagious breath
Already ſmokes about the burning creſt
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied ſun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing ſhall expire;

Our author is not always careful that the epithet which he applies to a figurative term ſhould anſwer on both ſides. *Rude* is applicable to *rebellion*, but not to *eye*. He means in fact,—the eye of rude rebellion. MALONE.

[8] He *means*—] The Frenchman, i. e. Lewis, means, &c. See Melun's next ſpeech: "If Lewis do win the day—." MALONE.

[9] —*even as a form of wax*—] This is ſaid in alluſion to the images made by witches. Holinſhed obſerves that it was alledged againſt dame Eleanor Cobham and her confederates, "that they had deviſed *an image of wax*, repreſenting the king, which by their ſorcerie by little and little conſumed, intending thereby in concluſion to waſte and deſtroy the king's perſon." STEEVENS.

[1] Reſolveth—] i. e. *diſſolveth*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"'Thaw, and *reſolve* itſelf into a dew." MALONE.

Paying

Paying the fine of rated treachery[2],
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman[3],—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course[4],
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye[5].—Away, my friends! New flight;
And happy newness[6], that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off* Melun.

[2] —*rated treachery,*] It were easy to change *rated*, to *bated*, for an easier meaning; but *rated* suits better with *fine*. The Dauphin has *rated* your treachery, and set upon it a *fine* which your lives must pay. JOHNSON.

[3] *For that my grandsire was an Englishman,*—] This line is taken from the old play, printed in quarto, in 1591. MALONE.

[4] *Leaving our* rankness *and irregular course,*] *Rank*, as applied to water, here signifies *exuberant, ready to overflow*: as applied to the actions of the speaker and his party, it signifies *inordinate*. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Rain added to a *river* that is *rank*,
"Perforce will force it overflow the bank." MALONE.

[5] Right *in thine eye.*] *Right* signifies *immediate*. It is now obsolete. STEEVENS.

[6] —*happy newness*, &c.] Happy innovation, that purposed the restoration of the ancient rightful government. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE V.

The ſame. The French *Camp.*

Enter LEWIS, *and his Train.*

Lew. The ſun of heaven, methought, was loth to ſet;
But ſtay'd, and made the weſtern welkin bluſh,
When the Engliſh meaſur'd [7] backward their own ground
In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needleſs ſhot,
After ſuch bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tattering colours clearly up [8],
Laſt in the field, and almoſt lords of it!—

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lew. Here:—What news?
Meſ. The count Melun is ſlain; the Engliſh lords,
By his perſuaſion, are again fallen off:
And your ſupply, which you have wiſh'd ſo long,
Are caſt away, and ſunk, on Goodwin ſands.
Lew. Ah, foul ſhrewd news!—Beſhrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be ſo ſad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that ſaid,

[7] *When* the *Engliſh* meaſur'd—] Old Copy—When *Engliſh meaſure*, &c. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[8] *And wound our* tattering *colours clearly up.*] *Tattering*, which in the ſpelling of our author's time was *tottering*, is uſed for *tatter'd*. The active and paſſive participles are employed by him very indiſcriminately. MALONE.

It is remarkable through ſuch old copies of our author as I have hitherto ſeen, that wherever the modern editors read *tatter'd*, the old editions give us *totter'd* in its room. Perhaps the preſent broad pronunciation, almoſt particular to the Scots, was at that time common to both nations.

So, in Marlowe's *K. Edward II.* 1598:

"This *tottered* enſign of my anceſtors."

Again, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"I will not bid my enſign-bearer wave
"My *totter'd* colours in this worthleſs air." STEEVENS.

King John did fly, an hour or two before
The ſtumbling night did part our weary powers?
Meſ. Whoever ſpoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lew. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night:
The day ſhall not be up ſo ſoon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinſtead Abbey.

Enter the BASTARD, *and* HUBERT, *meeting.*

Hub. Who's there? ſpeak, ho! ſpeak quickly, or I ſhoot.
Baſt. A friend:—What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of England.
Baſt. Whither doſt thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
Baſt. Hubert, I think.
Hub. Thou haſt a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'ſt my tongue ſo well:
Who art thou?
Baſt. Who thou wilt: an if thou pleaſe,
Thou may'ſt befriend me ſo much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeleſs night[9],
Have

9 — *thou, and* eyeleſs *night,*] The old copy has—*endleſs* night. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. Dr. Warburton ſupports it by obſerving that Pindar calls the moon the *eye of night*. With Pindar our author had certainly no acquaintance; but, I believe, the correction is right. Shakſpeare has, however, twice applied the epithet *endleſs* to *night*, in *K. Richard II.*

" Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
" To dwell in ſolemn ſhades of *endleſs* night."

Again:

" My oil-dry'd lamp—
" Shall be extinct with age and *endleſs* night."

But

Have done me ſhame:—Brave ſoldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should ſcape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Baſt. Come, come; ſans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Baſt. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my ſweet ſir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortleſs, and horrible.

Baſt. Shew me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not ſwoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poiſon'd by a monk[1]:
I left him almoſt ſpeechleſs, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the ſudden time,
Than if you had at leiſure known of this[2].

Baſt.

But in the latter of theſe paſſages a natural, and in the former, a kind of civil, *death*, is alluded to. In the preſent paſſage the epithet *endleſs* is inadmiſſible, becauſe, if underſtood literally, it is falſe. On the other hand, *eyeleſs* is peculiarly applicable. The emendation is alſo ſupported by our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Poor grooms are *ſightleſs* night; kings, glorious day."

MALONE.

[1] This epithet I find in Jarvis Markham's *Engliſh Arcadia*, 1607:

"O *eyeleſs* night, the portraiture of death!"

Again, in Gower *De Confeſſione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 102. b:

"The daie made ende, and *loſte his ſight*,
"And comen was the darke night,
"The whiche all the daies *eie blent*." STEEVENS.

[2] *The king, I fear, is poiſon'd by a monk:*] Not one of the hiſtorians who wrote within ſixty years after the death of King John, mentions this very improbable ſtory. The tale is, that a monk, to revenge himſelf on the king for a ſaying at which he took offence, poiſoned a cup of ale, and having brought it to his majeſty, drank ſome of it himſelf to induce the king to taſte it, and ſoon afterwards expired. Thomas Wykes is the firſt who relates it in his Chronicle, as a *report*. According to the beſt accounts John died at Newark, of a fever. MALONE.

[2] —*that you might*
The better arm you to the ſudden time,
Than if you had at leiſure known of this.] That you might be able

Baſt. How did he take it? who did taſte to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a reſolved villain,
Whoſe bowels ſuddenly burſt out: the king
Yet ſpeaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Baſt. Who didſt thou leave to tend his majeſty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords[3] are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whoſe requeſt the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majeſty.

Baſt. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Paſſing theſe flats, are taken by the tide,
Theſe Lincoln waſhes have devoured them;
Myſelf, well-mounted, hardly have eſcap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Orchard of Swinſtead-Abbey.

Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly[4]; and his pure brain
(Which ſome ſuppoſe the ſoul's frail dwelling-houſe)

to prepare inſtantly for the ſudden revolution in affairs which the king's death will occaſion, in a better manner than you could have done, if you had not known of it till the event had actually happened, and the kingdom was reduced to a ſtate of compoſure and quiet. MALONE.

[3] *Why, know you not? the lords, &c.*] Perhaps we ought to point thus:

Why know you not, the lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company? MALONE.

[4] *Is touch'd* corruptibly;] i. e. *corruptively*. Such was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age. So, in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

"The Romans *plauſibly* did give conſent—."

i. e. with acclamations. Here we ſhould now ſay—*plauſibly*. MALONE.

Doth,

Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pemb. His highneſs yet doth ſpeak; and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poiſon which aſſaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he ſtill rage? [*Exit* BIGOT.

Pemb. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he ſung.

P. Hen. O vanity of ſickneſs! fierce extremes,
In their continuance[5], will not feel themſelves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them inviſible; and his ſiege is now
Againſt the mind[6], the which he pricks and wounds
With

[5] *In their continuance,*] I ſuſpect our author wrote—In *thy* continuance. In his Sonnets the two words are frequently confounded. If the text be right, *continuance* means *continuity*. Bacon uſes the word in that ſenſe. MALONE.

[6] *Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,*
Leaves them inviſible; *and his ſiege is now*
Againſt the mind,] *Inviſible* is here uſed adverbially. Death, having glutted himſelf with the ravage of the almoſt waſted body, and knowing that the diſeaſe with which he has aſſiſted it is mortal, before its diſſolution, proceeds, from mere ſatiety, to attack the mind, leaving the body *inviſibly*; that is, in ſuch a ſecret manner that the eye cannot *preciſely* mark his progreſs, or ſee when his attack on the vital powers has ended, and that on the mind begins; or in other words, at what particular moment reaſon ceaſes to perform its function, and the underſtanding, *in conſequence of a corroding and mortal malady*, begins to be diſturbed.

Henry is here only purſuing the ſame train of thought which we find in his firſt ſpeech in the preſent ſcene.

Our author has in many other paſſages uſed adjectives adverbially. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "Was it not meant *damnable* in us," &c. Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I: "—ten times more *diſhonourable* ragged than an old faced ancient." See Vol. III. p. 441, n. 2; and Vol. V. p. 234, n. 3, where many other inſtances of the ſame kind are cited.

Mr. Rowe reads—*her* ſiege—, an error derived from the corruption

of

With many legions of ſtrange fantaſies;
Which, in their throng and preſs to that laſt hold,
Confound themſelves[7]. 'Tis ſtrange, that death ſhould ſing.—
I am the cygnet[8] to this pale faint ſwan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, ſings
His ſoul and body to their laſting reſt.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To ſet a form upon that indigeſt
Which he hath left ſo ſhapeleſs and ſo rude[9].

of the ſecond folio. I ſuſpect, that this ſtrange miſtake was Mr. Gray's authority for making *Death* a female; in which, I believe, he has neither been preceded or followed by any poet:

"The painful family of *Death*,
"More hideous than their *queen*."

The old copy, in the paſſage before us, reads—Againſt the *wind*; an evident errour of the preſs, which was corrected by Mr. Pope, and which I ſhould ſcarcely have mentioned, but that it juſtifies an emendation made in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, (p. 45, n. 3.) where by a ſimilar miſtake the word *flawes* appears in the old copy inſtead of *flames*. MALONE.

7 *With many legions of ſtrange* fantaſies;
Which, in their throng *and* preſs *to that laſt hold*,
Confound themſelves.] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Much like a *preſs* of people at a door,
"*Throng* his *inventions*, which ſhall go before."

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

"——— which forc'd ſuch way,
"That many maz'd *conſiderings did throng*,
"And *preſs* in, with this caution." MALONE.

—*in their* throng *and* preſs *to that laſt hold*,] In their tumult and hurry of reſorting to the laſt tenable part. JOHNSON.

8 *I am the* cygnet—] Old Copy—*Symet*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

9 *To ſet a form upon that indigeſt*
Which he hath left ſo ſhapeleſs and ſo rude.] A deſcription of the Chaos almoſt in the very words of Ovid:

Quem dixere Chaos; rudis indigeſtaque moles. *Met. I.* WHALLEY.

"Which Chaos hight, a huge *rude* heap,—:
"No ſunne as yet with lightſome beames the *ſhapeleſs* world did view." Golding's Tranſlation, 1587. MALONE.

Enter

Re-enter BIGOT, *and* Attendants, *who bring in King* JOHN *in a chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my ſoul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is ſo hot a ſummer in my boſom,
That all my bowels crumble up to duſt:
I am a ſcribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and againſt this fire
Do I ſhrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majeſty?

K. John. Poiſon'd,—ill fare[1];—dead, forſook, caſt off:
And none of you will bid the winter come[2],
To thruſt his icy fingers in my maw[3];

[1] *Poiſon'd;—ill fare;*] The word *fare* is here uſed as a diſſyllable. So *fire, hour,* &c. MALONE.

[2] This ſcene has been imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Wife for a Month*, Act IV. STEEVENS.

[3] *To thruſt his icy fingers in my maw;* &c.] Decker, in the *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609, has the ſame thought: "—the morning waxing cold, *thruſt his froſty fingers* into thy boſome."

Again, in a pamphlet entitled *The great Froſt, Cold Doings in London*, 1608: "The cold hand of winter is thruſt into our boſoms." STEEVENS.

The correſponding paſſage in the old play runs thus:

"Phil. ſome drink. O, for the frozen Alps
"To tumble on, and cool this inward heat,
"That rageth as a furnace ſeven-fold hot."

There is ſo ſtrong a reſemblance, not only in the thought, but in the expreſſion, between the paſſage before us and the following lines in two of Marlowe's plays, that we may fairly ſuppoſe them to have been in our author's thoughts:

"O, I am dull, and the cold hand of ſleep
"*Hath thruſt his icy fingers in my breaſt*,
"And made a froſt within me." *Luſt's Dominion.*

Again:

"O, poor Zabina, O my queen, my queen,
"Fetch me ſome *water* for my *burning breaſt*,
"To *cool* and *comfort* me with longer date." *Tamburlaine*, 1593.

Luſt's Dominion, like many of the plays of that time, remained unpubliſhed for a great number of years, and was firſt printed in 1657, by Francis Kirkman, a bookſeller. It muſt however have been written before 1593, in which year Marlowe died. MALONE.

Nor

Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their courſe
Through my burn'd boſom; nor intreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiſs my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold:—I do not aſk you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are ſo ſtrait,
And ſo ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were ſome virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The ſalt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poiſon
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the BASTARD.

Baſt. O, I am ſcalded with my violent motion,
And ſpleen of ſpeed to ſee your majeſty.

K. John. O couſin, thou art come to ſet mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the ſhrouds [4], wherewith my life ſhould ſail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor ſtring to ſtay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou ſee'ſt, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty [5].

Baſt. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward;
Where, heaven he knows, how we ſhall anſwer him:
For, in a night, the beſt part of my power,

4 *And all the* ſhrouds,] Shakſpeare here uſes the word *ſhrouds* in its true ſenſe. The *ſhrouds* are the great ropes, which come from each ſide of the maſt. In modern poetry the word frequently ſignifies the ſails of a ſhip. MALONE.

5 *And module of confounded royalty.*] *Module* and *model*, it has been already obſerved, were in our author's time only different modes of ſpelling the ſame word. *Model* ſignified not an archetype after which ſomething was to be formed, but the thing formed after an archetype; and hence it is uſed by Shakſpeare and his contemporaries for a *repreſentation*. So, in *the London Prodigal*, 1605:

"Dear copy of my huſband! O let me kiſs thee! [*kiſſing a picture.*
"How like him is this *model*!"

See Vol. III. p. 443, n. 6. MALONE.

As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood [6]. [*The king dies.*
Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king.—now thus.
P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!
Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Shew now your mended faiths;
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land!
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.
Sal. It seems, you know not then so much as we:
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.
Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.
Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.
Bast. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,

[6] *Were in the washes, all unwarily, &c.*] This untoward accident really happened to king John himself. As he passed from Lynn to Lincolnshire, he lost by an inundation all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia. MALONE.

Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worceſter muſt his body be interr'd;
For ſo he will'd it.

Baſt. Thither ſhall it then.
And happily may your ſweet ſelf put on
The lineal ſtate and glory of the land!
To whom, with all ſubmiſſion, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful ſervices
And true ſubjection everlaſtingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To reſt without a ſpot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind ſoul, that would give you[7] thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Baſt. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs[8].—
This England never did (nor never ſhall)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it firſt did help to wound itſelf.
Now theſe her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we ſhall ſhock them: Nought ſhall make us rue,
If England to itſelf do reſt but true[9]. [*Exeunt.*

7 — *that would give* you—] *You*, which is not in the old copy, was added for the ſake of the metre, by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

8 — *let us pay the time but needful woe,*
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—] Let us now indulge in ſorrow, ſince there is abundant cauſe for it. England has been long a ſcene of confuſion, and its calamities have anticipated our tears. By thoſe which we now ſhed, we only *pay* her what is her due. MALONE.

9 — *Nought ſhall make us rue,*
If England to itſelf do reſt but true.] This concluſion ſeems to have been formed on theſe two lines of the old play:
"*Let England live but true within itſelf,*
"And all the world can never wrong her ſtate." MALONE.

The tragedy of *King John*, though not written with the utmoſt power of Shakſpeare, is varied with a very pleaſing interchange of incidents and characters. The lady's grief is very affecting; and the character of the Baſtard contains that mixture of greatneſs and levity which this author delighted to exhibit. JOHNSON.

THE END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.