

Vouch with me, heaven⁵, I therefore beg it not,
 To please the palate of my appetite;
 Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,
 In my disjunct and proper satisfaction;
 But to be free and bounteous to her mind⁶:

And

⁵ *Vouch with me, heaven,*] Thus the folio. These words are not in the original copy, 1622. MALONE.

⁶ *Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,
 In my disjunct and proper satisfaction;
 But to be free and bounteous to her mind:]* The old copies read:

In my *defunct* and proper satisfaction.

For the emendation now made I am responsible. Some emendation is absolutely necessary, and this appears to me the least objectionable of those which have been proposed. Dr. Johnson, in part following Mr. Upton, reads and regulates the passage thus:

Nor to comply with heat (the young affects

In *me* *defunct*) and proper satisfaction.

To this reading there are, I think, three strong objections. The first is, the suppression of the word *being* before *defunct*, which is absolutely necessary to the sense, and of which the omission is so harsh, that it affords an argument against the probability of the proposed emendation. The second and the grand objection is, that it is highly improbable that Othello should declare on the day of his marriage that heat and the youthful affections were dead or *defunct* in him; that he had outlived the passions of youth. He himself (as Theobald has observed,) informs us afterwards, that he is "declined into the vale of years;" but adds, at the same time, "yet that's *not much*." This surely is a decisive proof that the text is corrupt. My third objection to this regulation is, that by the introduction of a parenthesis, which is not found in the old copies, the words *and proper satisfaction* are so unnaturally disjoined from those with which they are connected in sense, as to form a most lame and impotent conclusion; to say nothing of the awkwardness of using the word *proper* without any possessive pronoun prefixed to it.

All these difficulties are done away, by retaining the original word *my*, and reading *disjunct*, instead of *defunct*; and the meaning will be, I ask it not for the sake of my *separate* and private enjoyment, by the gratification of appetite, but that I may indulge the wishes of my wife.

The *young affects*, may either mean the affections or passions of youth, (considering *affects* as a substantive,) or these words may be connected with *heat*, which immediately precedes: "I ask it not, for the purpose of gratifying that appetite *which* peculiarly stimulates the young." So in Spenser's *Faery Queene*, B. V. c. ix.

"Layes of sweete love, and *youth's* delightful *heat*."

Mr. Tyrwhitt would transpose the last two lines:

Nor

And heaven defend⁷ your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,

For

Nor to comply with heat, the young affects;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind
In my desunct and proper satisfaction.

and "recommends it to consideration, whether the word *desunct*, (which would be the only remaining difficulty,) is not capable of a signification, drawn from the primitive sense of its Latin original, which would very well agree with the context."

The mere English reader is to be informed, that *desunctus* in Latin signifies *performed*, *accomplished*, as well as *dead*: but is it probable that Shakspeare was apprized of its bearing that signification? In Bullokar's *English Expofitor*, 8vo. 1616, the work of a physician and a scholar, *desunct* is only defined by the word *dead*; nor has it, I am confident, any other meaning annexed to it in any dictionary or book of the time. Besides; how, as Mr. Tollet has observed, could his conjugal duties be said to be *discharged* or *performed*, at a time when his marriage was not yet consummated?—On this last circumstance however I do not insist, as Shakspeare is very licentious in the use of particples, and might have employed the past for the present: but the former objection appears to me fatal.

Proper is here and in other places used for *peculiar*. In this play we have *unproper* beds; not *peculiar* to the rightful owner, but *common* to him and others.

In the present tragedy we have many more uncommon words than *disjunct*: as *facile*, *agnize*, *acerb*, *sequestration*, *injointed*, *congregated*, *guttured*, *sequent*, *extincted*, *exsufficate*, *indign*, *segregated*, &c.—Iago in a subsequent scene says to Othello, "let us be *conjunctive* in our revenge;" and our poet has *conjunct* in *King Lear*, and *disjoin* and *disjunctive* in two other plays. In *King John* we have *adjunct* used as an adjective:

"Though that my death be *adjunct* to the act,—"
and in *Hamlet* we find *disjoint* employed in like manner:

"Or thinking——"

"Our state to be *disjoint*, and out of frame." MALONE.

Theobald has observed the impropriety of making Othello confess, that all youthful passions were *desunct* in him; and Hanmer's reading [*disinct*] may, I think, be received with only a slight alteration. I would read,

"—— I beg it not,

"To please the palate of my appetite,

"Nor to comply with heat, and young affects,

"In my *disinct* and proper satisfaction;

"But to be," &c.

Affects stands for *affections*, and is used in that sense by Ben Jonson in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609:

For she is with me : No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid feel with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments^s,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities

“ — I shall not need to urge

“ The sacred purity of our *affects*.”

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

“ For every man with his *affects* is born.”

Again, in *The Wars of Cyrus*, 1594 :

“ The frail *affects* and errors of my youth.”

There is, however, in *The Bondman*, by Massinger, a passage which seems to countenance and explain — the young *affects* in *me defunct*, &c.

“ ——— youthful heats,

“ That look no further than your outward form,

“ Are long since buried in me.”

Timoleon is the speaker. STEEVENS.

7 — defend, &c.] To defend, is to forbid. So, in Chaucer's *Wife of Bathes Prologue*, late edit. ver. 5641 :

“ Wher can ye seen in any maner age

“ That highe God defended mariage,

“ By expresse word ?”

From *defendra*, Fr. STEEVENS.

^s — when light-wing'd toys

Of feather'd Cupid feel with wanton dulness

My speculative and active instruments,] Thus the folio, except that instead of *active instruments*, it has *offic'd instrument*. MALONE.

The quarto reads—

——— when light-wing'd toys

And feather'd Cupid foils with wanton dulness

My speculative and active instruments—

All these words (in either copy) mean no more than this : *When the pleasures and idle toys of love make me unfit either for seeing the duties of my office, or for the ready performance of them*, &c. STEEVENS.

Speculative instruments, in Shakspeare's language, are the eyes; and *active instruments*, the hands and feet. So, in *Coriolanus* :

“ — where, the other instruments

“ Did see, hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel, &c.”

To *feel* is to close the eyelids of a hawk by running a thread through them. As it is here metaphorically used, it applies very properly to the *speculative instruments*; but *foils*, the reading of the quarto, agrees better with *active instruments*.

Wanton dulness is dulness arising from wanton indulgences.

MALONE.

Make

Make head against my estimation⁹!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: the affair cries—haste,
And speed must answer it; you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you,

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty, and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—

Good night to every one.—And, noble signior, [*to Bra.*]
If virtue no delighted beauty lack¹,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see²;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*]

⁹ — my estimation!] Thus the folio; the quarto—*reputation*.

STEEVENS.

¹ *If virtue no delighted beauty lack,*] The meaning, I believe, is, if virtue comprehends every thing in itself, then your virtuous son-in-law of course is beautiful: he has that beauty which delights every one. *Delighted*, for *delighting*; Shakspeare often uses the active and passive participles indiscriminately. Of this practice I have already given many instances. The same sentiment seems to occur in *Twelfth Night*:

“In nature is no blemish, but the mind;

“None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind;

“*Virtue is beauty.*”—STEEVENS.

Delighted is used by Shakspeare in the sense of *delighting*, or *delightful*. See *Cymbeline*, Act V:

“Whom best I love, I cross, to make my gift,

“The more delay'd, *delighted*.” TYRWHITT.

² — *have a quick eye to see*;}] Thus the eldest quarto. The folio reads,—*if thou hast eyes to see*. STEEVENS.

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee :
I pr'ythee let thy wife attend on her ;
And bring them after³ in the best advantage⁴.—
Come, Desdemona ; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee : we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, and DESDEMONA.*

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart ?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou ?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after
it. Why, thou silly gentleman !

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment :
and then have we a prescription to die, when death is
our physician.

Iago. O villainous ! I have look'd upon the world for
four times seven years⁵ : and since I could distinguish

³ *And bring them after*.—] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622,
reads—and bring her after. MALONE.

⁴ — *best advantage*.—] Fairest opportunity. JOHNSON.

⁵ *I have look'd upon the world for four times seven years* :] From
this passage Iago's age seems to be ascertained ; and it corresponds
with the account in the novel on which *Othello* is founded, where he
is described as a young, handsome man. The French translator of
Shakspeare is however of opinion, that Iago here only speaks of those
years of his life in which he had looked on the world with an eye of
observation. But it would be difficult to assign a reason why he should
mention the precise term of *twenty-eight* years ; or to account for his
knowing so accurately when his understanding arrived at maturity,
and the operation of his sagacity, and his observations on mankind,
commenced.

That Iago meant to say he was but twenty eight years old, is clearly
ascertained, by his marking particularly, though indefinitely, a period
within that time, [“ and since I could distinguish,” &c.] when he began
to make observations on the characters of men.

Waller on a picture which was painted for him in his youth, by
Cornelius Jansen, and which is now in the possession of his heir,
has expressed the same thought : “ *Anno ætatis 23 ; vitæ vix primo.*”

MALONE.

between

between a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea hen⁶, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it sterile with idleness⁷, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance⁸ of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: But we have reason, to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts⁹; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect, or scion¹.

⁶ — a Guinea hen,] A showy bird with fine feathers. JOHNSON.

A Guinea-ben was anciently the cant term for a prostitute. So, in *Albertus Wallenstein*, 1640:

“ — Yonder's the cock o' the game,

“ About to tread yon *Guinea-ben*; they're billing.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ — either to have it sterile with idleness,—] Thus the authentic copies. The modern editors following the second folio, have omitted the word *to*.—I have frequently had occasion to remark that Shakespeare often begins a sentence in one way, and ends it in a different kind of construction. Here he has made Iago say, if we will plant, &c. and he concludes, as if he had written—if our will is—either to have it, &c. See p. 467, n. 7. MALONE.

⁸ If the balance.—] The folio reads—If the brain. STEEVENS.

⁹ — reason to cool—our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts;] So, in *A Knack to know an Honest Man*, 1596:

“ —Virtue ne'er taught thee that;

“ She sets a bit upon her bridled lusts.”

See also *As you Like it*, Act II. sc. vi.

“ For thou thyself hast been a libertine;

“ As sensual as the brutish sting itself.” MALONE.

¹ — a sect or scion.] Thus the folio and quarto. A sect is what the more modern gardeners call a cutting. The modern editors read—a set. STEEVENS.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness²; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard³; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration⁴;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse

² *I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness;*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts

“With an *unslipping knot*.”

Again, in our author's 26th Sonnet:

“Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage

“Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit.” MALONE.

³ —defeat thy favour with an usurped beard;] To defeat, is to undo, to change. JOHNSON.

Defeat is from *defaire*, Fr. to undo. STEEVENS.

To defeat, Minshew in his Dictionary, 1617, explains by the words—“to abrogate, to undo.” See also Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598:

“*Disfacere*. To undoe, to marre, to unmake, to defeat.” MALONE.

⁴ —it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—] There seems to be an opposition of terms here intended, which has been lost in transcription. We may read, *it was a violent conjunction, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration*; or, what seems to me preferable, *it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequel*. JOHNSON.

I believe the poet uses *sequestration* for *sequel*. He might conclude that it was immediately derived from *sequor*. *Sequestration*, however, may mean no more than *separation*. So, in this play—“a *sequester* from liberty.” STEEVENS.

Surely *sequestration* was used in the sense of *separation* only, or in modern language, *parting*. *Their passion began with violence, and it shall end as quickly, of which a separation will be the consequence*. A total and voluntary *sequestration* necessarily includes the cessation or end of affection.—We have the same thought in several other places. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“These

purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida⁵. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice. —She must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse. —If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring Barbarian⁶ and a super-subtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou

“These violent delights have violent ends,

“And in their triumph die.”

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“Thy violent vanities can never last.”

I have here followed the first quarto. The folio reads—it was a violent commencement *in her*, &c. The context shews that the original is the true reading. Othello's love for Desdemona has been just mentioned, as well as her's for the Moor. MALONE.

⁵ —as luscious as locusts,—as bitter as coloquintida.] The old quarto reads—as *acerb* as coloquintida.

At *Tonquin* the insect locusts are considered as a great delicacy, not only by the poor but by the rich; and are sold in the markets, as larks and quails are in Europe. It may be added, that the Levitical law permits four sorts of them to be eaten.

An anonymous correspondent informs me, that the fruit of the locust-tree is a long black pod, which contains the seeds, among which there is a very sweet luscious juice of much the same consistency as fresh honey. This (says he,) I have often tasted. STEEVENS.

Mr. Daines Barrington suggests to me, that Shakspeare perhaps had the third chapter of St. Matthew's gospel in his thoughts, in which we are told that John the Baptist lived in the wilderness on locusts and wild honey. MALONE.

⁶ —betwixt an erring Barbarian—] So, in *Hamlet*:

“Th'extravagant and erring spirit bies

“To his confine.” STEEVENS.

An *erring Barbarian*; perhaps means a rover from Barbary. He had before said, “You'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse.” MALONE.

The word *erring* is sufficiently explained by a passage in the first scene of this play, where Roderigo tells Brabantio, that his daughter was

“Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortune

“In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,

“Of here and every where.”

Erring is the same as *erraticus* in Latin. MASON.

rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue ?

Iago. Thou art sure of me;—Go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive⁸ in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse.

[Exit RODERIGO.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport, and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets

7 — *If I depend on the issue?* These words are wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

8 — *conjunctive*—] The first quarto reads, *communicative*. STEEV.

9 — *Do you hear, Roderigo?*] In the folio, instead of this and the following speeches, we find only these words:

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. I'll sell all my land. [Exit.]

Iago. Thus do I ever, &c.

The quarto, 1622, reads:

Iago. Go to; farewell:—do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am chang'd. [Exit Rod.]

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse.

Thus do I ever, &c.

The reading of the text is formed out of the two copies. MALONE.

He

He has done my office: I know not, if't be true;
 But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
 Will do, as if for surety¹. He holds me well;
 The better shall my purpose work on him.
 Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;
 To get his place, and to plume up my will²,
 A double knavery,—How? how?—Let me see:—
 After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
 That he is too familiar with his wife:—
 He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
 To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
 The Moor is of a free and open nature³,
 That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
 As asses are.
 I have't;—it is engender'd:—Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. [*Exit.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A Sea-port town in Cyprus. A Platform.*

Enter MONTANO, and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1. Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
 I cannot

¹ — *as if for surety.*] i. e. as if I were certain of the fact. MASON.

² — *to plume up, &c.*] The first quarto reads—*to make up, &c.* STEEV.

³ *The Moor is of a free and open nature,*] The first quarto reads:

The Moor, a free and open nature too,

That thinks, &c. STEEVENS.

* All the modern editors, following Mr. Rowe, have supposed the capital of Cyprus to be the place where the scene of *Othello* lies during four acts: but this could not have been Shakspeare's intention; NICOSIA, the capital city of Cyprus, being situated nearly in the center of the island, and thirty miles distant from the sea. The principal sea-port town of Cyprus was FAMAGUSTA; where there was formerly a strong fort and a commodious haven, the only one of any magnitude in the island; and there undoubtedly the scene should be placed. "Neere unto the haven (says Knolles,) standeth an old CASTLE, with four towers after the ancient manner of building." To this castle, we find, Othello presently repairs.

It is observable that Cinthio in the novel on which this play is founded, which was first published in 1565, makes no mention of any attack

I cannot, 'twixt the haven⁴ and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea⁵,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them⁶,

Can

attack being made on Cyprus by the Turks. From our poet's having mentioned the preparations against this island, which they first assaulted and took from the Venetians in 1570, we may suppose that he intended that year as the era of his tragedy; but by mentioning *Rhodes* as also likely to be assaulted by the Turks, he has fallen into an historical inconsistency; for they were then in quiet possession of that island, of which they became masters in December, 1522; and if, to evade this difficulty, we refer *Oebello* to an era prior to that year, there will be an equal incongruity; for from 1473, when the Venetians first became possessed of Cyprus, to 1522, they had not been molested by any Turkish armament. MALONE.

4 — 'twixt the haven—] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio has—the *beaven*, which affords a bolder image; but the article prefixed strongly supports the original copy; for applied to *beaven*, it is extremely awkward. Besides; though in *The Winter's Tale* our poet has made a Clown talk of a *ship boring the moon with her mainmast*, and say that "*between the sea and the firmament you cannot thrust a bodkin's point*," is it probable, that he should put the same hyperbolical language into the mouth of a gentleman, answering a serious question on an important occasion? In a subsequent passage indeed he indulges himself without impropriety in the elevated diction of poetry.

Of the *haven* of Famagusta, which was defended from the main by two great rocks, at the distance of forty paces from each other, Shakspeare might have found a particular account in Knolles's *History of the Turks*, ad ann. 1570, p. 363. MALONE.

5 *If it barb ruffian'd so upon the sea,*] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"But let the *russian* Boreas once enrage

"The gentle *Tbetis*,— MALONE.

6—*when mountains melt on them,*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads:

—when the *huge mountain melts*.

This latter reading might be countenanced by the following passage in the second Part of *King Henry IV*.

"——— the continent

"Weary of solid firmness, *melt* itself

"Into the sea——" STEEVENS.

The quarto 1622—reads, when the huge mountain *meslt*; the letters, which perhaps belongs to *mountain*, having wandered at the press from its place.

I apprehend, that in the quarto reading (as well as in the folio,) by *mountains* the poet meant not land-mountains, which Mr. Steevens seems

Can hold the mortice? what shall we hear of this?

2. *Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore⁷,
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole⁸:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchain'd flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not in shelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3. *Gent.* News, lords! our wars are done;
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: A noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3. *Gent.* The ship is here put in,
A Veronesé⁹: Michael Cassio,

Lieutenant

seems by his quotation to have thought, but those huge surges, (resembling mountains in their magnitude,) which "with high and monstrous main seem'd to cast water on the burning bear."

So, in a subsequent scene:

"And let the labouring bark climb *billis* of seas,

"*Olympus* high,—".

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"— and anon behold

"The strong-ribb'd bark through *liquid mountains* cuts."

MALONE.

7 — *the foaming shore*,] The elder quarto reads—*banning* shore, which offers the bolder image; i. e. the shore that execrates the ravage of the waves. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

"Fell, *banning* hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue." STEEV.

8 *And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole*:] Alluding to the *Star Arctophylax*. JOHNSON.

The elder quarto reads—*ever-fired* pole. STEEVENS.

9 *A Veronesé*:] The quarto, 1622, has—a *Veronessa*: the folio, *Veronessa*. The true spelling was pointed out by Mr. Heath. In Thomas's *History of Italy*, already quoted, the people of Verona are called the *Veronesi*.

'This

Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governour.

3. *Gent.* But this same Cassio,—though he speak of
comfort,

Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. Pray heaven he be;

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier¹. Let's to the sea-side, ho!

As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
Even till we make the main², and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;

For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle³,
That so approve the Moor; O, let the heavens

This ship has been already described as a ship of Venice. It is now called "*a Veronesé*;" that is, a ship belonging to and furnished by the inland city of Verona, for the use of the Venetian state; and newly arrived from Venice. "Besides many other towns, (says Contareno,) castles, and villages, they [the Venetians,] possess seven faire cities; as Trevigi, Padoua, Vicenza, Verona, Breſcia, Bergamo, and Crema." *Commonwealth of Venice*, 1599.

Mr. Heath, Mr. Steevens, and Mr. Warton, concur in observing that *Veronesé* must be pronounced as a quadrisyllable. In our poet's age, "it was common" Mr. Warton observes, "to introduce Italian words, and in their proper pronunciation then familiar. So Spenser, in *The Faery Queene*, B. II. c. xiii. st. 10.

"With sleeves dependant *Albanesé* wife." MALONE.

¹ Like a full soldier.] Like a complete soldier. So before, p. 447:

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

² Even till we make the main, &c.] This line and half is wanting in the eldest quarto. STEEVENS.

³ — warlike isle.] Thus the folio. The first quarto reads—*worthy isle*. STEEVENS.

Give

Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance⁴;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure⁵.

Within.] A fail, a fail, a fail!

Enter another Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

4. *Gent.* The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a fail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governour.

2. *Gent.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy;
Our friends, at least. [*Guns heard.*]

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,

And

4 *Of very expert and approv'd allowance;*] *Expert and approv'd allowance* is put for *allow'd and approv'd expertness*. This mode of expression is not unfrequent in Shakspeare. STEVENS.

5 *Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death, Stand in bold cure.]* Dr. Johnson says, "he knows not why *hope* should be considered as a disease." But it is not *hope* which is here described as a disease; those misgiving apprehensions which diminish hope, are in fact the disease, and hope itself is the patient.

A surfeit being a disease arising from an *excessive* overcharge of the stomach, the poet with his usual licence uses it for any species of *excess*.—Therefore, says Cassio, my hopes, which, though faint and sickly with apprehension, are not totally destroyed by an excess of despondency, erect themselves with some degree of confidence that they will be relieved, by the safe arrival of Othello, from those ill-divining fears under which they now languish.

The word *surfeit* having occurred to Shakspeare, led him to consider such a hope as Cassio entertained, not a sanguine, but a faint and languid hope, ("ficklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,") as a *disease*, and to talk of its *cure*.

A passage in *Twelfth Night*, where a similar phraseology is used, may serve to strengthen this interpretation:

"Give me *excess* of it; that, *surfeiting*,

"The appetite may *sicken*, and so die."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"O, I have fed upon this *woe* already,

"And now *excess* of it will make me *surfeit*." MALONE:

To *stand in bold cure*, is to erect themselves in confidence of being fulfilled. A parallel expression occurs in *K. Lear*, Act III. sc. vi.

"This

And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2. *Gent.* I shall.

[*Exit.*

Mon. But, good lieutenant is your general wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragon's description, and wild fame;

One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens⁶,

And, in the essential vesture of creation,

Does bear all excellency⁷.—How now? who has put in?

Re-enter

"This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,

"Which, if conveniency will not allow,

"Stand in hard cure."

Again:

"—— his life, with thine, &c.

"Stand in assured loss."

In bold cure means, in confidence of being cured. STEVENS.

I believe that Solomon upon this occasion will be found the best interpreter: "*Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.*" HENLEY.

⁶ *One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,*] So, in our poet's 103d Sonnet:

"—— a face

"That over-goes my blunt invention quite,

"Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace." MALONE.

⁷ *And, in the essential vesture of creation*

Does bear all excellency.] The author seems to use *essential*, for *existent*, *real*. She excels the praises of invention, says he, and in *real* qualities, with which *creation* has *invested* her, *bears all excellency*.

JOHNSON.

Does bear all excellency.—] Such is the reading of the quartos; for which the folio has this:

And in the essential vesture of creation

Do's tyre the ingeniuer.

Which I explain thus:

Does tire the ingenious verse.

This is the best reading, and that which the author substituted in his revival. JOHNSON.

The reading of the quarto is so flat and unpoetical, when compared with that sense which seems meant to have been given in the folio, that I heartily wish some emendation could be hit on, which might entitle it to a place in the text. I believe the word *tire* was not introduced to signify—to *fatigue*, but to *arrive*, to *dress*. The verb *to arrive*, is often so abbreviated. So, in *Holland's Leaguer*, 1633:

"—— Cupid's a boy,

"And would you *tire* him like a senator?"

Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*, Act II. sc. ii.

"—To save the money he spends in *tiring*," &c.

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Re-enter second Gentleman.

2. *Gent.* 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd⁸ to clog the guiltless keel,

As

The essential vesture of creation tempts me to believe it was so used on the present occasion. I would read something like this:

And in the essential vesture of creation

Does tire the ingenuous virtue.

i. e. invests her artless virtue in the fairest form of earthly substance.

In the *Merchant of Venice*, Act V. Lorenzo calls the body—"the muddy vesture of decay."

It may, however, be observed, that the word *ingenier* did not anciently signify one who manages the engines or artillery of an army, but any ingenious person, any master of liberal science.

So, in B. Jonson's *Sejanus*, A & I. sc. i:

"No, Silius, we are no good *ingeniers*,

"We want the fine arts," &c.

Ingenere therefore may be the true reading of this passage: and a similar thought occurs in the *Tempest*, Act IV. sc. i:

"For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,

"And make it *bast* behind her."

In the argument of *Sejanus*, Jonson likewise says, that his hero "worketh with all his *ingene*," apparently from the Latin *ingenium*. STEEV.

Perhaps the words intended in the folio, were,

Does tire the ingene ever.

Ingenere is used for *ingenium* by Puttenham, in his *Arte of Poesie*, 1589: "—such also as made most of their workes by translation out of the Latin and French tongue, and few or none of their owne engines." *Engine* is here without doubt a misprint for *ingene*.—I believe, however, the reading of the quarto is the true one.—If *tire* was used in the sense of *wear*, then *ingenier* must have been used for the ingenious person who should attempt to enumerate the merits of Desdemona. To the instance produced by Mr. Steevens from *Sejanus*, may be added another in Fleckno's *Discourse of the English Stage*, 1664. "Of this curious art the Italians (this latter age) are the greatest masters, the French good proficient, and we in England only scholars and learners, yet, having proceeded no further than to bare painting, and not arrived to the stupendous wonders of your great *ingeniers*." In one of Daniel's Sonnets, we meet with a similar imagery to that in the first of these lines:

"Though time doth spoil her of the fairest wails

"That ever yet mortalitie did cover." MALONE.

⁸ *Traitors ensteep'd*—] Thus the folio and one of the quartos. The first copy reads—*enserp'd*, of which every reader may make what he pleases.

As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Caf. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nights speed.—Great Jove,* Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,⁹
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO,
and Attendants.*

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Caf. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

pleases. Perhaps *escarp'd* was an old English word borrowed from the French *escarpé*, which Shakspeare not finding congruous to the image of clogging the keel, afterwards changed.

I once thought that the poet had written—traitors *enscarf'd*, i. e. muffled in their robes, as in *Julius Cæsar*. So, in *Hamlet*: "My sea-gown scarf'd about me;" and this agrees better with the idea of a traitor: yet whatever is gained one way is lost another. The poet too often adopts circumstances from every image that arose in his mind, and employing them without attention to the propriety of their union, his metaphorical expressions become inextricably confused. STEEVENS.

* *Great Jove, &c.*] For this absurdity I have not the smallest doubt that the Master of the Revels, and not our poet, is answerable. See *The Historical Account of the English Stage*, Vol. I. Part II. MALONE.

⁹ *Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, with less animation:

And swiftly come to Desdemona's arms. STEEVENS.

* *And bring all Cyprus comfort!*] This passage is only found in the quartos. STEEVENS.

Des.

Des. O, but I fear;—How lost you company?

Caf. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail.

[*Cry within.* A sail, a sail! *Then guns heard.*

z. Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.

Caf. See for the news².— [Exit Gentleman.
Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, mistress:—
[to Emilia.]

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold shew of courtesy. [*kissing her.*

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much³;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints

² See for the news.] The first quarto reads, *So speaks this voice.* STEEV.

³ In faith, too much;] Thus the folio. The first quarto thus:

I know too much;

I find it, I; for women, &c. STEEVENS.

⁴ Saints in your injuries, &c.] When you have a mind to do injuries, you put on an air of sanctity. JOHNSON.

In Puttenham's *Art of Poetry*, 1589, I meet with almost the same thoughts:—"We limit the comely parts of a woman to consist in four points; that is, to be a shrew in the kitchen, a saint in the church, an angel at board, and an ape in the bed; as the chronicle reports by mistress Shore, paramour to K. Edward the Fourth."

Again, in a play of Middleton's, called *Blurt Master Constable*, or, *The Spaniard's Night-walk*, 1602:

"—according to that wise saying of you, you be saints in the church, angels in the street, devils in the kitchen, and apes in your beds."

Again, in the *Miseries of enforced Marriage*, 1607: "Women are in churches saints, abroad angels, at home devils."

Saints in your injuries⁴, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer⁵!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou should'st
praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical⁶.

Des. Come on, assay:—There's one gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as bird-lime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit⁷.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair⁸;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des.

Puttenham, who mentions all other contemporary writers, has not
once spoken of Shakspeare; so that it is probable he had not produced
any thing of so early a date. STEEVENS.

⁵ O, fie upon thee, slanderer! This short speech is, in the quarto,
unappropriated; and may as well belong to *Æmilia* as to *Desdemona*.

STEEVENS.

⁶ — critical.] That is, censorious. JOHNSON.

So, in our authour's 122d Sonnet:

“ ——— my adder's sense

“ To critick and to flatterer stopped are.” MALONE.

⁷ — her blackness fit.] The first quarto reads *bit*. STEEVENS.

⁸ She never yet was foolish, &c.] We may read,

She

Def. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto, But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Def. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one, that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—*now I may*;
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wildom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail²;

*She ne'er was yet so foolish that was fair,
But even her folly help'd her to an heir.*

Yet I believe the common reading to be right: the law makes the power of cohabitation a proof that a man is not a *natural*; therefore, since the foolishest woman, if *pretty*, may have a child, no *pretty* woman is ever foolish. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed?*] The hint for this question, and the metrical reply of Iago is taken from a strange pamphlet, called *Choice, Chance, and Change, or Conceits in their Colours*, 1606; when after Tidero has described many ridiculous characters in verse, *Arnosilo* asks him, “but I pray thee, didst thou write none in commendation of some worthy creature?” *Tidero* then proceeds, like Iago, to repeat more verses. STEEV.

¹ — *one, that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?*] The sense is this: One that was so conscious of her own merit, and of the authority her character had with every one, that she durst venture to call upon malice itself to vouch for her. This was some commendation. And the character only of clearest virtue; which could force malice, even against its nature, to do justice.

WARBURTON.

To put on is to provoke, to incite. So, in *Macbeth*:

“— the powers above

Put on their instruments.” STEEVENS.

² To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;] *i. e.* to exchange a delicacy for coarser fare. STEEVENS.

Surely the poet had a further allusion, which it is not necessary to explain. The word *frail* in the preceding line shews that *vians* were not alone in his thoughts. MATONE.

She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind³;
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

Def. To do what?

Iago. 'To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer⁴.

Def. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane⁵ and liberal counsellor⁶?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will give thee⁷ in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry; it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the fir in. Very good; well kiss'd! an

³ See *suitors following, and not look behind*;] The first quarto omits this line. STEEVENS.

⁴ *To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.*] After enumerating the perfections of a woman, Iago adds, that if ever there was such a one as he had been describing, she was, at the best, of no other use, than to suckle children, and keep the accounts of a household. The expressions *to suckle fools, and chronicle small beer*, are only instances of the want of natural affection, and the predominance of a critical censoriousness in Iago, which he allows himself to be possessed of, where he says *O! I am nothing, if not critical.* STEEVENS.

⁵ — *profane* —] Gross of language, of expression broad and brutal. So Brabantio, in the first act, calls Iago *profane* wretch. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson, in describing the characters in *Every Man out of his Humour*, styles Carlo Buffone, a publick, scurrilous, and *profane* jester.

STEEVENS.

⁶ — *liberal counsellor* F] *Liberal*, for *licentious*. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Fair Maid of Brissow*, 1605, bl. l.

"Put Vallenger, most like a *liberal* villain,

"Did give her scandalous, ignoble terms." STEEVENS.

See p. 382, n. 4. MALONE.

Counsellor seems to mean, not so much a man that gives counsel, as one that discourses fearlessly and volubly. A talker. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *I will give thee* —] i. e. catch, snackle. POPE.

The first quarto reads—"I will catch you in your own courtship;" the second quarto—"I will catch you in your own courtship." The folio as it is in the text. STEEVENS.

excellent

excellent courtesy⁸! 'tis so, indeed, Yet again your fingers to your lips? would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake!—[*Trumpet.*] The Moor,—I know his trumpet,

Caf. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Caf. Lo, where comes!

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms⁹,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy¹; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,

⁸ —well kiss'd! an excellent courtesy!—] Spoken when Cassio kisses his hand, and Desdemona courtsies. JOHNSON.

This reading was recovered from the quarto, 1622, by Dr. Johnson. The folio has—and excellent courtesy.

I do not believe that any part of these words relates to Desdemona. In the original copy, we have just seen, the poet wrote—"ay, smile upon her, do; I will catch you in your own courtesies." Here therefore he probably meant only to speak of Cassio, while kissing his hand. "Well kiss'd! an excellent courtesy!" i. e. an excellent salute. *Courtesy*, in the sense of an obeisance or salute, was in Shakspeare's time applied to men as well as women. See Vol. X. p. 160, n. 9.

MALONE.

⁹ —come such calms,] Thus the original quarto, 1622. The folio has calmes. MALONE.

¹ —If it were now to die,

'Twere now to be most happy;] So Cherea, in *The Eunuch* of Terence, Act III. sc. v.:

"——— Proh Jupiter!

"Nunc tempus profecto est, cum perpeti me possum interfeci,

"Ne visa aliquâ hoc gaudium contaminet ægritudine."

MALONE.

Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be, [*kissing her*].
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll set down³ the pegs that make this musick,
As honest as I am. [*Aside.*]

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.—
News, friends⁴; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this isle?—
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion⁵, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master⁶ to the citadel; He

² And this, and this, &c.—*kissing her.*] So, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*:

“I pr'ythee, chide, if I have done amiss,

“But let my punishment be *this and this*.” [*“kissing the Moor.”*]

MALONE.

Marlowe's play was written before that of Shakspeare, who might possibly have acted in it. STEEVENS.

³ *I'll set down*.—] Thus the old copies, for which the modern editors, following Mr. Pope, have substituted—*let down*. But who can prove that to *set down* was not the language of Shakspeare's time, when a viol was spoken of?—To *set* formerly signified to *tune*, though it is no longer used in that sense. “It was then,” says Anthony Wood in his *Diary*, “that I *set* and tuned in strings and fourths,” &c. So in *Skiaethela*, a Collection of Satires, &c. 1598:

“——— to a nimbler key

“*Set thy wind instrument.*” MALONE.

⁴ *News, friends*.—] The modern editors read (after Mr. Rowe) *Now, friends*. I would observe once for all, that (in numberless instances in this play, as well as in others) where my predecessors had silently and without reason made alteration, I have as silently restored the old readings. STEEVENS.

⁵ *I prattle out of fashion*.—] Out of method, without any settled order of discourse. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *the master*.—] Dr. Johnson supposed, that by the *master* was meant the *pilot* of the ship, and indeed had high authority for this supposition; for our poet himself seems to have confounded them. See Act. III. sc. ii. l. i. But the master is a distinct person, and has the principal command, and care of the navigation of the ship, under the

the

He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.*]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.
Come hither. If thou be'st valiant, as (they say) base
men, being in love, have then a nobility in their na-
tures more than is native to them*,—list me. The lieu-
tenant to-night watches on the court of guard⁷;—First, I
must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus⁸, and let thy soul be in-
structed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the
Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies:
And will she love him still for prating⁹? let not thy
discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what
delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the
blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be,
—again to inflame it¹, and to give satiety a fresh ap-
petite,—loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, man-
ners and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in:
Now, for want of these required conveniences, her deli-
cate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave
the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature
will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second
choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most preg-
nant and unforced position,) who stands so eminently in

the captain, where there is a captain; and in chief, where there is
none. The pilot is employed only in navigating the ship into or out
of port. MALONE.

* — base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their na-
tures—] So, in *Hamlet*:

"Nature is fine in love." MALONE.

⁷ — the court of guard:] i. e. the place where the guard musters.
So, in *The Family of Love*, 1608:

"Thus have I pass'd the round and court of guard."

Again, in the *Beggar's Bush*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Visit your courts of guard, view your munition." STEEV.

⁸ Lay thy finger—thus,—] On thy mouth, to stop it while thou art
listening to a wiser man. JOHNSON.

⁹ And will she love him still for prating?] The folio reads—To love
him still for prating! STEEVENS.

¹ — again to inflame it,] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads
—a game. STEEVENS.

the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no farther conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming², for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: A slippery and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds³ look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blest condition⁴.

Iago. Blest'st fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blest'd, she would never have loved the Moor: Blest'st pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue⁵ to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish!—But sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting⁶ his discipline; or from what other course⁷ you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

² — and humane seeming,] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—and hand-seeming. MALONE.

³ — green minds—] Minds unripe, minds not fully formed. JOHNS.

⁴ — condition.] Qualities, disposition of mind. JOHNSON.

See Vol. V. p. 600, n. 1. MALONE.

⁵ — an index and obscure prologue, &c.] That indexes were formerly prefixed to books, appears from a passage in *Troilus and Cressida*. See p. 334, n. 4, of this volume, and Vol. VIII. p. 180, n. 6. MALONE.

⁶ — tainting—] Throwing a slur upon his discipline. JOHNSON.

⁷ — other course—] The first quarto reads, *cause*. STEEVENS.

Rod.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler⁸; and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you: Provoke him, that he may: for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come⁹ into no true taste¹ again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them⁶; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity².

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessities ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [Exit.]

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it, That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit; The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,— Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin,) But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lustful Moor Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof Doth, like a poisonous mineral³, gnaw my inwards; And nothing can or shall content my soul,

⁸ — *sudden in choler*;—] *Sudden*, is precipitately violent. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *whose qualification shall come, &c.*] Whose resentment shall not be so qualified or tempered, as to be well tasted, as not to retain some bitterness. The phrase is harsh, at least to our ears. JOHNSON.

Perhaps qualification means *fitness to preserve good order, or the regularity of military discipline*. STEEVENS.

¹ — *no true taste*—] So the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—no true trust. MALONE.

² — *to prefer them*;] i. e. to advance them. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*: "The short and the long is, our play is preferred." MALONE.

³ — *if I can bring it to any opportunity.*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—if you can bring it, &c. MALONE.

³ — *like a poisonous mineral,*] This is philosophical. Mineral poisons kill by corrosion. JOHNSON.

Till I am even with him ⁴, wife for wife;
 Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
 At least into a jealousy so strong
 That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
 If this poor trash of Venice, whom I crush
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on ⁵,

I'll

⁴ *Till I am even with him,*] Thus the quarto, 1622; the first folio reads:

Till I am even'd with him—

i. e. Till I am on a level with him by retaliation.

So, in *Tancred and Gismund*, 1592:

“For now the walls are even'd with the plain.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *If this poor trash of Venice, whom I crush*

For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,—] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—whom I trace. To crush is again used in *Troilus and Cressida*, where it signifies, to diminish, or abase:

“Why then we did our main opinion crush,

“In taint of our best man.”

Again, in one of Shakspeare's Sonnets:

“Bated and crush'd with tann'd antiquity.”

Here therefore it may certainly mean to keep down and restrain.

Mr. Mason is of opinion, that there is no proof that Roderigo was so eager in the chase, that Iago had occasion to correct and restrain him, and therefore thinks the reading of the folio right; and that the meaning is, “If this poor trash of Venice, whom I follow solely in order to quicken him in his hunting, does but pursue the trail on which I have put him, I shall have our Michael Cassio on the hip.” But the doubt which Iago expresses concerning Roderigo's standing the putting on, proves, in my apprehension, that he did think him too impetuous in the chase.—Iago, I think, fears that Roderigo's impatience will hasten too fast to the conclusion he had in view, the possession of Desdemona; and that by his impetuous folly their plan may be discovered before it is yet ripe for execution.

Our poet in *K. Henry V.* has made that king say, in his address to his soldiers before Harfleur:

“I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,

“Straining upon the start.—The game's afoot.”

This, I think, was the particular species of hound here in Shakspeare's thoughts. Iago finding Roderigo too eager after his game, “*straining upon the start,*” feared he would not stand the putting on.

It has been suggested by Mr. Pegge, that to trace signifies to put a trace or pair of couples on a dog; and that therefore *whom I trace*, &c. may mean here, “whom I lead in my band on account of his too great eagerness in the pursuit.” MALONE.

If

I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip⁶;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb⁷.—

If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace,

For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,] Dr. Warburton, with his usual happy sagacity, turned the old reading *trash* into *brach*. But it seems to me, that *trash* belongs to another part of the line, and that we should read *trash* for *trace*. The old quartos (in the same part of the line) read *crush*, signifying indeed the same as *trash*, but plainly corrupted from it. To *trash* a hound is a term of hunting still used in the north, and perhaps not uncommon in other parts of England. It is, to *correct*, to *rate*. *Crush* was never the *technical* expression on this occasion; and only found a place here as a more familiar word with the printers. The sense is, "If this hound Roderigo, whom I *rate* for quick hunting, for over-running the scent, will but *stand the putting on*, will but have patience to be fairly and properly put upon the scent," &c. This very hunting-term, to *trash*, is metaphorically applied by our author in the *Tempest*, Act I. sc. ii.

Pros. "Being once perfected how to grant suits,

"How to deny them, whom to advance, and whom

"To *trash* for overtopping,—"

To trash for overtoppings; i. e. "what suitors to check for their too great forwardness." Here another phrase of the field is joined with *trash*. To *overtop*, is when a hound gives his tongue above the rest, too loudly or too readily: for which he ought to be *trash'd* or *rated*. *Topper*, in the good sense of the word, is a common name for a hound. Shakspeare is fond of allusions to hunting, and appears to be well acquainted with its language. WARTON.

To *trash* likewise signifies to *follow*. So, in *The Puritan*, 1607: "A guarded lackey to run before it, and py'd liveries to come *trashing* after it." The repetition of the word *trash* is much in Shakspeare's manner, though in his worst. In a subsequent scene, Iago calls Bianca—*trash*. STEEVENS.

To *trash* is used in the instance quoted from the *Puritan*, to express the awkward gait of the lackeys, and ought, I think, to be written *trashing*. When coupled with the word *after*, as it is there, it may signify to *follow*; but to *trash*, simply by itself, I believe, never had that signification. MALONE.

⁶ *I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;*] A phrase from the art of wrestling. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *in the rank garb,*] The quarto reads in the *rank* garb, which I think is right, *Rank* garb, I believe, means, *grossly*, i. e. *without minding the matter*. So, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1605:

"Whither, in the *rank* name of madness, whither?" STEEV.

The folio reads—in the *right* garb. *Rank* perhaps means not only *gross*, but *lascivious*. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"—the ewes, being *rank*,

"In end of autumn," &c. MALONE.

For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an ass,
 And practising upon his peace and quiet
 Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd;
 Knavery's plain face is never seen^b, till us'd. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

A Street.

Enter a Herald, with a proclamation: people following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition⁹ of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction^a leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials: So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting^{*}, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven blest the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general Othello!

S C E N E III.

A Hall in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night: Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop, Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
 But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye

^a *Knavery's plain face is never seen;—*] An honest man acts upon a plan, and forecasts his designs; but a knave depends upon temporary and local opportunities, and never knows his own purpose, but at the time of execution. JOHNSON.

⁹ *— mere perdition;—*] *Mere* in this place signifies *entire*. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— possesses it *merely*. STEEVENS.

^a *— his addiction;]* The first quarto reads, *his mind*. STEEVENS.

^{*} *— of feasting;—*] These words are not in the original quarto, 1622. MALONE.

Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.

Michael, good night: To-morrow, with our earliest,
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love;
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue; [*to Des.*
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night.

[*Exeunt OTH. DES. and Attendants.*

Enter IAGO.

Caf. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock: Our general cast us² thus early, for the love of his Desdemona: whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

Caf. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Caf. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks, it sounds a parley of provocation³.

Caf. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarm⁴ to love⁵?

Caf. She is, indeed, perfection.

² *Our general cast us—*] That is, appointed us to our stations. To cast the play, is, in the stile of the theatres, to assign to every actor his proper part. JOHNSON.

Perhaps cast us only means, dismissed us, or got rid of our company. So, in one of the following scenes, "You are but now cast in his mood;" i. e. turn'd out of office in his anger; and in the first scene it means to dismiss.

So, in *The Witch*, a MS. Tragi-comedy, by Middleton:

"——— She cast off

"My company betimes to night, by tricks," &c. STEEVENS.

³ — *a parley of provocation.*] So the quarto, 1622. Folio:—*a* provocation. MALONE.

⁴ — *an alarm—*] The voice may sound an alarm more properly than the eye can sound a parley. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *is it not an alarm to love?*] The quartos read,—'tis an alarm to love. STEEVENS.

Iago.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a sloop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Caf. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Caf. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified⁶ too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Caf. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Caf. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [Exit Cassio.]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,
Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus⁷,—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements⁸ of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunk-
ards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action

That may offend the isle;—But here they come:

⁶ — *craftily qualified* —] Slily mixed with water. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Three lads of Cyprus*,—] The folio reads—*Three esse of Cyprus*.

STEEVENS.

⁸ *The very elements*—] As quarrellsome as the discordia semina rerum; as quick in opposition as fire and water. JOHNSON.

If consequence do but approve my dream⁹,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO; with him MONTANO, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already¹.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint,
As I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink; [sings.

And let me the canakin clink:

A solai^r's a man;

A life's but a span²;

Why then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys! [Wine brought in.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England, where (indeed) they
are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German³,
and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are no-
thing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking⁴?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane
dead

⁹ If consequence do but approve my dream,] Every scheme subsisting only in the imagination may be termed a dream. JOHNSON.

¹ —given me a rouse, &c.] A rouse appears to be a quantity of liquor rather too large. So, in *Hamlet*: and in *The Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612:

“ — our friends may tell,

“ We drank a rouse to them.” STEEVENS.

² A life's but a span;] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

Ob, man's life's but a span. STEEVENS.

³ — most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, &c.] “ Enquire at ordinaries: there must be fallets for the Italian, toothpicks for the Spaniard, pots for the German!” Prologue to Lilly's *Midas*, 1592. MALONE.

⁴ — so expert in his drinking?] Thus the quarto, 1622. Folio —so exquisite. MALONE.

This accomplishment in the English is likewise mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Captain*:

Lod. “ Are the Englishmen such stubborn drinkers?

dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen ⁵ *was a worthy peer* ⁶,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them six-pence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor—lown ⁷.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Piso. "Not a leak at sea

"Can suck more liquor; you shall have their children

"Christen'd in mull'd sack, and at five years old

"Able to knock a Dane down." STEEVENS.

⁵ *King Stephen, &c.*] These stanzas are taken from an old song, which the reader will find recovered and preserved in a curious work lately printed, intitled *Relicks of Ancient Poetry*, consisting of old heroick ballads, songs, &c. 3 vols. 12°. JOHNSON.

So, in Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*: "*King Stephen wore a pair of cloth breeches of a noble a pair, and thought them passing costly.*" STEEVENS.

⁶ — *a worthy peer,*] i. e. a worthy fellow. In this sense *peer*, *feré*, and *pheere*, are often used by the writers of our earliest romances.

STEEVENS.

See Vol. X. p. 429, n. 3. MALONE.

⁷ — *lown.*] Sorry fellow, paltry wretch. JOHNSON.

Iago. And so I do too, lieutenant.

Caf. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs,—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Caf. Why, very well then: you must not think then that I am drunk. [Exit.]

Mon. To the platform, masters; come let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before;—
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set*,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils; Is not this true?

* *He'll watch the horologe a double set,*] If he have no drink, he'll keep awake while the clock strikes two rounds, or four-and-twenty hours.

Chaucer uses the word *horologe* in more places than one:

“ Well fikerer was his crowing in his loge

“ Than is a clock or abbey *horologe*.” JOHNSON.

So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

“ — my gracious lord,

“ By Sisto's *horologe* 'tis struck eleven.” STEEVENS.

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago, How now, Roderigo? [*Aside.*
 I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit Rod.*

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
 Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
 With one of an ingraft infirmity⁹:
 It were an honest action, to say
 So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
 I do love Cassio well; and would do much
 To cure him of this evil. But, hark! what noise?
 [*Cry within,—Help! help!*

*Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.**Cas.* You rogue! you rascal!*Mont.* What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty!
 I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle¹.

Rod. Beat me!*Cas.* Dost thou prate, rogue? [*Striking Rod.**Mon.* Nay, good lieutenant? [*Slaying him.*

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.*Cas.* Drunk? [*They fight.*

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny.
 [*Aside to Rod. who goes out:*

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—

Help, ho!—Lieutenant.—sir,—Montano,—sir;—

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!

[*Bell rings.*

9 — ingraft infirmity:] An infirmity rooted, settled in his constitution. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is certainly just, though it has been controverted. So, in *King Lear*:—"then must we look to receive from his age not alone the imperfection of long ingrafted condition, but therewithal," &c. MALONE.

¹ — into a twiggen bottle.] A twiggen bottle is a wicker'd bottle; and so the quarto reads. STEVENS.

Who's

THE MOOR OF VENICE. 517

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo², ho!
The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant! hold;
You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. 'Zounds, I bleed still, I am hurt to the death³.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant⁴,—sir, Montano,—gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty⁵?

Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl;

He that stirs next to carve forth his own rage,

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion,—

Silence that dreadful bell⁶, it frights the isle

From

² — *Diablo,*] I meet with this exclamation in Marlowe's *King Edward II.* "*Diablo! what passions call you these?*" STEEVENS.

³ *'Zounds, I bleed still, I am hurt to the death.*] Thus the quarto 1622. The editor of the folio, thinking it necessary to omit the first word in the line, absurdly supplied its place by adding at the end of the line, *He dies.*

I had formerly inadvertently said that the marginal direction, *He faints*, was found in the quarto, 1622: but this was a mistake. It was inserted in a quarto of no value or authority, printed in 1630.

MALONE.

— *I am hurt to death—he dies.*] *Montano* thinks he is mortally wounded; yet by these words he seems determined to continue the duel, and to kill his antagonist *Cassio*. So when *Roderigo* runs at *Cassio*, in the fifth act, he says,—“Villain, thou dy'st.” TOLLET.

He dies, i. e. he shall die. He may be supposed to say this as he renews the fight. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Hold, hold, lieutenant,*] Thus the original quarto. The folio reads—*Hold ho, lieutenant.* MALONE.

⁵ — *all sense of place and duty?*] So Hamner. The rest,

— *all place of sense and duty?* JOHNSON.

⁶ *Silence that dreadful bell,*] It was a common practice formerly, when any great affray happened in a town, to ring the alarm bell. When David Rizzio was murdered at Edinburgh, the Provost ordered

From her propriety⁷.—What is the matter, masters?—
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now, even now,
In quarter⁸, and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed: and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitted men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And 'would in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot⁹?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure; What's the matter,
That you unlace¹ your reputation thus,

the common bell to be rung, and five hundred persons were immediately assembled. See Saunderson's Hist. of Queen Mary, p. 41. MALONE.

⁷ From her propriety.—] From her regular and proper state.

JOHNSON.

⁸ In quarter,] i. e. on our station. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“————— to atone your fears

“ With my more noble meaning, not a man

“ Shall pass his quarter.”

Their station or quarter in the present instance, was the guard-room in Othello's castle. In *Cymbeline* we have—“their quarter'd fires,”
i. e. their fires regularly disposed.

In quarter Dr. Johnson supposed to mean, at their lodgings; but that cannot be the meaning, for Montano and the gentlemen who accompanied him, had continued, from the time of their entrance, in the apartment in Othello's castle, in which the carousal had been; and Cassio had only gone forth for a short time to the platform, to set the watch. On his return from the platform into the apartment, in which he left Montano and Iago, he meets Roderigo; and the scuffle, first between Cassio and Roderigo, and then between Montano and Cassio, ensues.

MALONE.

⁹ —you are thus forgot?] i. e. you have forgot yourself.

STEEVENSON.

¹ That you unlace—] Slacken, or loosen. Put in danger of dropping; or perhaps strip of its ornaments. JOHNSON.

And

And spend your rich opinion², for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught,
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity³ be sometime a vice;
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collid⁴,
Assays to lead the way: If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence⁵,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimfull of fear,
To manage private and domestick quarrel,

² — *spend your rich opinion,*] Throw away and squander a reputation so valuable as yours. JOHNSON.

³ — *self-charity*—] Care of one's self. JOHNSON.

⁴ *And passion, having my best judgment collid,*] Thus the folio reads, and I believe rightly. Othello means, that passion has discoloured his judgment. The word is used in *The Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“ ——— like lightning in the collid night.”

To *colly* anciently signified to besmut, to blacken as with coal. So, in a comedy called *The Family of Love*, 1608:—“ carry thy link a t'other side the way, thou *collow'st* me and my rustic.” The word (as I am assured) is still used in the midland counties. STEEVENS.

Coles in his Dictionary, 1679, renders “ *collow'd* by *denigratus* :— “ to *colly*,” *denigro*.

The quarto, 1622, reads—having my best judgment *cool'd*. A modern editor supposed that *quell'd* was the word intended. MALONE.

⁵ *And he that is approv'd in this offence,*] He that is convicted by proof, of having been engaged in this offence. JOHNSON.

In night, and on the court of guard and safety⁶!

'Tis monstrous*.—Iago, who began it?

Mon. If partially affin'd⁷, or leagu'd in office⁸,

⁶ *In night, and on the court of guard and safety!*] The old copies have—on the court and guard of safety; the words having undoubtedly been transposed by negligence at the press. For this emendation, of which I am confident every reader will approve, I am answerable. The *court of guard* was the common phrase of the time for the *guard-room*. It has already been used by Iago in a former scene; and what still more strongly confirms the emendation, Iago is there speaking of *Cossio*, and describing him as about to be placed in the very station where he now appears: "The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"If we be not reliev'd within this hour,

"We must return to the court of guard."

The same phrase occurs in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600, and in many other old plays. A similar mistake has happened in the present scene, where in the original copy we find,

"Have you forgot *all place of sense* and duty?"

instead of—*all sense of place* and duty.

I may venture to assert with confidence, that no editor of Shakspeare has more sedulously adhered to the ancient copies than I have done, or more steadily opposed any change grounded merely on obsolete or unusual phraseology. But the error in the present case is so apparent, and the phrase, *the court of guard*, so established by the uniform usage of the poets of Shakspeare's time, that not to have corrected the mistake of the compositor in the present instance, would in my apprehension have been unwarrantable. If the phraseology of the old copies had merely been unusual, I should not have ventured to make the slightest change: but the frequent occurrence of the phrase, *the court of guard*, in all our old plays, and that being *the word of art*, leave us not room to entertain a doubt of its being the true reading.

Mr. Steevens says, a phraseology as unusual occurs in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*; but he forgets that it is supported by the usage of contemporary writers. When any such is produced in support of that before us, it ought certainly to be attended to.

I may add, that *the court of safety* may in a metaphorical sense be understood; but who ever talked of *the guard* [i. e. *the safety*] of safety?

MALONE.

* *'Tis monstrous.*] This word was used as a trisyllable, as if it were written *monstherous*. MALONE.

⁷ *If partially affin'd,*] *Affin'd* is bound by proximity of relationship; but here it means related by nearness of office. In the first scene it is used in the former of these senses:

"If I, in any just term, am *affin'd*

"To love the Moor." STEEVENS.

⁸ *—leagu'd in office,*] Old copies—*league*. Corrected by Mr. Pope.

MALONE.

Thou

Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:

I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth⁹,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help;
And Cassio following him¹ with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Left, by his clamour (as it fell out)
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Out-ran my purpose; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,
I ne'er might say before: When I came back,
(For this was brief,) I found them close together,
At blow, and thrust; even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter can I not report:—
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio:—Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—

⁹ —cut from my mouth,] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads —this tongue out from my mouth. MALONE.

¹ And Cassio following him—] The word *him* in this line seems to have crept into it from the compositor's eye glancing on that below.

MALONE.

Enter

Enter Desdemona, attended,

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up ;—
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter, dear ?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting ; Come away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon : [*to Mon.*
Lead him off². [*Montano is led off.*

Iago, look with care about the town ;
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
Come, Desdemona ; 'tis the soldiers' life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.*

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid !

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation ! O, I have
lost my reputation ! I have lost the immortal part, fir,
of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation,
Iago, my reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had re-
ceived some bodily wound ; there is more offence³ in
that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and
most false imposition ; oft got without merit, and lost
without deserving : You have lost no reputation at all,
unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man !
there are ways to recover the general again : You are
but now cast in his mood⁴, a punishment more in po-
licy than in malice ; even so as one would beat his of-
fenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion : sue to him
again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive

² *Lead him off.*] I am persuaded, these words were originally a marginal direction. In our old plays all the stage-directions were couched in imperative terms : *Play musick ;—Ring the bell ;—Lead him off.* MALONE.

³ — *there is more offence, &c.*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads, — *there is more sense, &c.* STEEVENS.

⁴ — *cast in his mood,*] Ejected in his anger. JOHNSON.

so good a commander, with so slight⁵, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot⁶? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse follia with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? What had he done to you?

Caf. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Caf. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough; How came you thus recover'd?

Caf. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moralist: As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caf. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O

⁵ — *so slight,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—*so light.* MALONE.

⁶ — *and speak parrot?*] A phrase signifying to act foolishly and childishly. So Skelton:

“These maidens full mekely with many a divers flour
“Freshly they dress and make sweete my boure,
“With *speake parrot* I pray you full courteously thei saye.”

WARBURTON.

So, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

“Thou pretty parrot, *speak*, awhile.” STEEVENS.

From *Drunk*, &c. to *shadow*, inclusively, is wanting in the quarto, 1622. By “*speak parrot*,” surely the poet meant, “*talk idly*,” and not, as Dr. Warburton supposes, “*act foolishly*.” MALONE.

strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Caf. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement⁷ of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested: This broken joint⁸, between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Caf. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Caf. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, will I beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Caf. Good night, honest Iago. [Exit Cassio.]

Iago. And what's he then, that says—I play the villain?

When this advice is free⁹, I give, and honest,

⁷ — mark, and denotement—] The old copies, by an accidental inversion of the letter u, have—*devotement*. The same mistake has happened in *Hamlet*, and in several other places. See Vol. I. p. 292, n. 9. Mr. Theobald made the correction. MALONE.

⁸ This broken joint,] Thus the folio. The original copy reads—This *brawl*. MALONE.

⁹ — this advice is free,] This counsel has an appearance of honest openness, of frank good-will, JOHNSON.

Probal to thinking¹, and (indeed) the course
 To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
 The inclining Desdemona to subdue²
 In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful
 As the free elements³. And then for her
 To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,
 All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
 His soul is so enfetters'd to her love,
 That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
 Even as her appetite shall play the god
 With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
 To counsel Cassio to this parallel course⁴,
 Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
 When devils will their blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest⁵ at first with heavenly shews,
 As I do now: For, while this honest fool
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
 I'll pour this pestilence⁶ into his ear,—

¹ Probal to thinking,] Mr. Steevens observes, that "the old editions concur in reading *probab*. There may be such a contraction of the word, [*probable*] but I have not met with it in any other book. Yet, abbreviations as violent occur in our ancient writers." He, however, reads—*probable*. MALONE.

² The inclining Desdemona—] Inclining here signifies compliant.

MALONE.

³ — as fruitful as the free elements:] Liberal, bountiful, as the elements, out of which all things are produced. JOHNSON.

⁴ — to this parallel course,] Parallel, for even, because parallel lines run even and equidistant. WARBURTON.

So, in our author's 70th Sonnet:

"Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,

"And delves the parallels in beauty's brow." MALONE.

Parallel course; i. e. a course level, and even with his design.

JOHNSON.

⁵ When devils will their blackest sins put on,

They do suggest—] When devils mean to instigate men to commit the most atrocious crimes. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause."

To put on, has already occurred twice in the present play, in this sense. To suggest in old language is to tempt. See Vol. I. p. 139, n. 6.

MALONE.

⁶ I'll pour this pestilence —] Pestilence, for poison. WARBURTON.
That

That she repeals him ⁷ for her body's lust;
 And, by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
 And out of her own goodness make the net,
 That shall enmesh them all⁸.—How now, Roderigo?

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgell'd; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit⁹, return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!—What wound did ever heal, but by degrees? Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft. And wit depends on dilatory time. Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee, And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio: Though other things grow fair against the sun,

Content

⁷ *That she repeals him—*] That is, recalls him. JOHNSON.

⁸ *That shall enmesh them all.—*] A metaphor from taking birds in meshes. POPE.

Why not from taking fish, for which purpose nets are more frequently used. MASON.

⁹ *—a little more wit,*] Thus the folio. The first quarto reads—*And with that wit.* STEEVENS.

¹ *Though other things grow fair against the sun,*

Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe:] Of many different things, all planned with the same art, and promoted with the same diligence, some must succeed sooner than others, by the order of nature. Every thing cannot be done at once; we must proceed by the necessary gradation. We are not to despair of slow events any more than of tardy fruits, while the causes are in regular progress, and the fruits grow fair against the sun. Hammer has not, I think, rightly conceived the sentiment; for he reads,

Those fruits which blossom first, are not first ripe.

I have therefore drawn it out at length, for there are few to whom that will be easy which was difficult to Hammer. JOHNSON.

The blossoming, or fair appearance of things, to which Iago alludes, is, the removal of Cassio. As their plan had already blossomed, so there was good ground for expecting that it would soon be ripe. Iago does

Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe¹ :
 Content thyself a while.—By the mase, 'tis morning² ;
 Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.—
 Retire thee ; go where thou art billeted :
 Away, I say ; thou shalt know more hereafter :
 Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Rod.*] Two things are to be
 done,—
 My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress ;
 I'll set her on ;
 Myself, the while, to draw³ the Moor apart,
 And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
 Soliciting his wife :—Ay, that's the way ;
 Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Before the Castle.

Enter CASSIO, and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains,
 Something that's brief ; and bid—good-morrow, general.
 [*Musick.*]

Enter Clown.

Clown. Why, masters, have your instruments been at
 Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus⁴ ?

1. *Mus.* How, sir, how !

Clown. Are these, I pray you, call'd wind instruments ?

not, I think, mean to compare *their* scheme to *tardy* fruits, as Dr. Johnson seems to have supposed. MALONE.

² By the mase, 'tis morning ;] Here we have one of the numerous arbitrary alterations made by the Master of the Revels in the playhouse copies, from which a great part of the folio was printed. It reads—*In troth*, 'tis morning. See *The Historical Account of the English Stage*, Vol. I. Part II. MALONE.

³ *Myself, the while, to draw—*] The old copies have *awhile*. Mr. Theobald made the correction.

The modern editors read—*Myself, the while, will draw*. But the old copies are undoubtedly right. An imperfect sentence was intended. Iago is ruminating on his plan. MALONE.

⁴ *Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus ?*] The venereal disease first appeared at the siege of Naples. JOHNSON.

Mus.

1. *Mus.* Ay, marry, are they, fir.

Clown. O, thereby hangs a tail.

1. *Mus.* Whereby hangs a tale, fir?

Clown. Marry, fir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your musick, that he desires you, of all loves⁵, to make no more noise with it.

1. *Mus.* Well, fir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any musick that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear musick, the general does not greatly care.

1. *Mus.* We have none such, fir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away⁶: Go; vanish into air⁷; away. [*Exeunt Mus.*

Caf. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Caf. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets⁸. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife, be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is stirring, fir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit.*

Enter IAGO.

Caf. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago,

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Caf. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [*Exit,*

Caf. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew

5 — of all loves,] The folio reads — for love's sake. STEEVENS.

6 — for I'll away:] Hanmer reads, and he away. JOHNSON.

7 — vanish into air:] So the folio and one of the quartos. The eldest quarto reads — Vanish away. STEEVENS.

8 — thy quilllets.] See p. 390, n. 9. MALONE.

A Florentine more kind and honest².

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will soon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly: The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wisdom,
He might not but refuse you: but, he protests, he loves
you;

And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
To take the safest occasion by the front¹,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you².

[*Exeunt.*]

² ———— *I never knew*

A Florentine more kind and honest.] In consequence of this line, a doubt has been entertained concerning the country of Iago. Cassio was undoubtedly a Florentine, as appears by the first scene of the play, where he is expressly called one. That Iago was a *Venician*, is proved by a speech in the third scene of this act, and by what he says in the fifth act, after having stabbed Roderigo:

Iago. Alas, my dear friend and countryman, Roderigo!

Gra. What, of *Venice*?

Iago. Yes.

All that Cassio means to say in the passage before us is, I never experienced more honesty and kindness even in one of my own countrymen, than in this man.

Mr. Steevens has made the same observation in another place.

MALONE.

¹ *To take the safest occasion by the front,*] This line is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

² *I am much bound to you.*] This speech is omitted in the first quarto.
STEEVENS.

S C E N E II.

*A Room in the Castle.**Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.*

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
 And, by him, do my duties to the state³:
 That done, I will be walking on the works,
 Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Before the Castle.**Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.*

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
 All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do; I know it grieves my husband,

As if the case were his⁴.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
 But I will have my lord and you again
 As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
 Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
 He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O, sir, I thank you⁵: You do love my lord;
 You have known him long; and be you well assur'd,
 He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
 Than in a politick distance.

Cas. Ay, but lady,

³ — to the state :] Thus the quarto, 1602. Folio: to the senate.

MALONE.

⁴ *As if the case were his.*] The folio reads—as if the cause were his. STEEVENS.

⁵ O, sir, I thank you :] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads —I know't, I thank you. MALONE.

That

That policy may either last so long⁶,
 Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
 Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
 That, I being absent, and my place supply'd,
 My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,
 I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
 If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
 To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
 I'll watch him tame⁷, and talk him out of patience;
 His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
 I'll intermingle every thing he does
 With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cassio;
 For thy solicitor shall rather die,
 Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
 Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion.

[*Exit Cassio.*]

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

⁶ *That policy may either last so long,*] He may either of himself think it politick to keep me out of office so long, or he may be satisfied with such slight reasons, or so many accidents may make him think my re-admission at that time improper, that I may be quite forgotten.

JOHNSON.

⁷ *I'll watch him tame,*—] It is said, that the ferocity of beasts, insuperable and irreclaimable by any other means, is subdued by keeping them from sleep. JOHNSON.

Hawks and other birds are tamed by keeping them from sleep, and it is to the management of those Shakspeare alludes. So in Cartwright's *Lady Errant*:

"——— we'll keep you,

"As they do hawks, *watching*, untill you leave

"Your wildness."

Again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Just Italian*, 1630:

"They've *watch'd* my hardy violence so tame."

Again in the *Booke of Haukyng, Huntynge, &c.* bl. l. no date:
 "Wake her all nyght, and on the morrowe all daye, and then she
 will be previ enough to be reclaimed." STEEVENS.

— M m 2

Iago.

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe, 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord?

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't, you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take⁸;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning⁹,
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me;
I suffer with him¹. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;

I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or tuesday morn;

⁸ *His present reconciliation take;*] To take his reconciliation, may be, to accept the submission which he makes in order to be reconciled.

JOHNSON.

⁹ — *and not in cunning,*] *Cunning*, for design, or purpose, simply.

WARBURTON.

Perhaps rather for *knowledge*, the ancient sense of the word. So, in *Measure for Measure*: “In the boldness of my *cunning* I will lay myself in hazard.” The opposition which seems to have been intended between *cunning* and *ignorance*, favours this interpretation. MALONE.

¹ *I suffer with him.*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—*To suffer with him*, MALONE.

Or tuesday noon, or night; or wednesday morn;—
 I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
 Exceed three days: in faith he's penitent;
 And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
 (Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
 Out of their best²;) is not almost a fault
 To incur a private check: When shall he come?
 Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,
 What you could ask me, that I should deny,
 Or stand so mammering on³. What! Michael Cassio,
 That came a wooing with you⁴; and so many a time,
 When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
 Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
 To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—
Oth. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will;
 I will deny thee nothing.
Des. Why, this is not a boon;
 'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
 Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm;
 Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
 To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit,
 Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,

² — the wars must make examples

Out of their best,] The severity of military discipline must not spare the *best men* of the army, when their punishment may afford a wholesome example. JOHNSON.

The old copies read—*best*. Mr. Rowe made this necessary emendation. MALONE.

³ — so mammering on.] To hesitate, to stand in suspense. The word often occurs in old English writings, and probably takes its original from the French *M'Amour*, which men were apt often to repeat when they were not prepared to give a direct answer. HAMMER.

I find the same word in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: "I stand in doubt, or in a *mamorynge* between hope and fear." STEEVENS.

Again in Lily's *Euphues*, 1580:—"neither stand in a *mamering* whether it be best to depart or not." The quarto, 1622, reads *muttering*. *Mammering* is the reading of the folio. MALONE.

⁴ — What! Michael Cassio,

That came a wooing with you;] And yet in the first act Cassio appears perfectly ignorant of the amour, and is indebted to Iago for the information of Othello's marriage, and of the person to whom he is married. STEEVENS.

See the notes on the passage alluded to, p. 459, n. 8. MALONE.

It shall be full of poize^s and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this, —
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewel, my lord.

Oth. Farewel, my Desdemona: I will come to thee
straight.

Des. Emilia, come:—Be it as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit, with Emil.*]

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee⁶! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again⁷.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth.

^s — full of poize—] i. e. of weight. So, in *The Dumb Knight*,
1633:

“But we are all prest down with other poize.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Excellent wretch!*—*Perdition catch my soul,*

But I do love thee! &c.] The meaning of the word *wretch*, is not generally understood. It is now, in some parts of England, a term of the softest and fondest tenderness. It expresses the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea, which perhaps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of protection. Othello, considering Desdemona as excelling in beauty and virtue, soft and timorous by her sex, and by her situation absolutely in his power, calls her—*Excellent wretch!* It may be expressed:

Dear, harmless, helpless excellence. JOHNSON.

Sir W. D'Avenant uses the same expression in his *Cruel Brother*, 1630, and with the same meaning. It occurs twice: “—*Excellent wretch!* with a timorous modesty she stifleth up her utterance.” STEEV.

⁷ — *when I love thee not,*

Chaos is come again.] When my love is for a moment suspended by suspicion, I have nothing in my mind but discord, tumult, perturbation, and confusion. JOHNSON.

— *when I love thee not,*

Chaos is come again.] There is another meaning possible. *When I cease to love thee, the world is at an end;* i. e. there remains nothing valuable or important. The first explanation may be elegant, the second is perhaps more easy. Shakspeare has the same thought in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,

“And, beauty dead, black Chaos comes again.” STEEVENS.

This passage does not strike me in the same light in which it appeared to Dr. Johnson; as Othello had not yet any experience of that perturbation and discord, by which he afterwards is so fatally agitated. He

means

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed;—Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Honest! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord!—By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought⁸,

means, I think, to say,—and ere I cease to love thee, the world itself
shall be reduced to its primitive chaos. Shakspeare probably preferred—
“chaos is come again,” to “chaos shall come again,” as more bold
and expressive. *Muretus*, a poet of the 16th century, has exactly the
same thought:

“Tunc meo elabi possis de pectore, Lacci,

“Aut ego, dum vivam, non meminisse tui?

“Ante, vel illius mundi compage soluta,

“Tetras in antiquum sit reditura Chaos.”

The meaning of Shakspeare appears very clearly from the following
passage in *The Winter's Tale*, where the same thought is more fully
expressed:

“It cannot fail, but by

“The violation of my faith,—and then

“Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,

“And mar the seeds within!” MALONE.

⁸ — By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought, &c.] Thus the eldest
quarto. The second quarto reads:

— — — — — Why dost thou echo me,

As if there were some monster in thy thought, &c.

The folio reads:

— — — — — Alas, thou echo'st me. STEEVENS.

This is one of the numerous alterations made in the folio copy by
the Licenser. MALONE.

Too hideous to be shewn.—Thou dost mean something;
 I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'st not that,
 When Cassio left my wife; What did'st not like?
 And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel
 In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, *Indeed?*
 And did'st contract and purse thy brow together,
 As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain
 Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me,
 Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think, thou dost;

And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
 And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—
 Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
 For such things in a false disloyal knave
 Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
 They are close denotements¹, working from the heart,
 That passion cannot rule,

¹ *They are close denotements, &c.*] i. e. indications, or discoveries, not openly revealed, but involuntarily working from the heart, which cannot rule and suppress its feelings.

Thus the original copy, 1622. The folio reads—*They are close dilations*; but nothing is got by the change, for *dilations* was undoubtedly used in the sense of *dilatements*, or *large and full expositions*. See Minshew's Dict. 1617: "To dilate or make large."

Dilatement is used in the sense of *dilation* by Lodge, our poet's contemporary: "After all this foul weather follows a calm *dilatement* of others too forward harmfulness" *Rosalynde, or Euphues Golden Legacie*, 4to. 1592.

Dr. Johnson very elegantly reads—*They are close delations*; "i. e. occult and secret accusations, working involuntarily from the heart, which, though resolved to conceal the fault, cannot rule its passion of resentment."

But the objection to this conjectural reading is, that there is strong ground for believing that the word was not used in Shakspeare's age. It is not found in any dictionary of the time, that I have seen, nor has any passage been quoted in support of it. On the contrary, we find in Minshew the verb, "To *delate*," not signifying, to *accuse*, but thus interpreted: "to *speak at large* of any thing. *vid. to dilate*:" so that if even *delations* were the word of the old copy, it would mean no more than *dilations*. To the reading of the quarto no reasonable objection can be made. MALONE.

Iago.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,—

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem ;

Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none !

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this :

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate ; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me ;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to ².
Utter my thoughts ? Why, say, they are vile and false,—
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not ³ who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days ⁴, and in session sit
With meditations lawful ?

Oth.

¹ Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none !] I believe the meaning is, would they might no longer seem, or bear the shape of men.

JOHNSON.

May not the meaning be, 'Would they might not seem honest !

MALONE.

² — to that all slaves are free to.] I am not bound to do that, which even slaves are not bound to do. MALONE.

³ — where's that palace, whereinto foul things

Sometimes intrude not ?] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

" ——— no perfection is so absolute,

" That some impurity doth not pollute." MALONE.

⁴ ——— who has a breast so pure,

But some uncleanly apprehensions

Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit

With meditations lawful ?] Who has so virtuous a breast, that some uncharitable surmizes and impure conceptions will not sometimes enter into it ; hold a session there as in a regular court, and " bench by the side" of authorised and lawful thoughts ?—In our poet's 30th Sonnet we find the same imagery :

" When to the sessions of sweet silent thought

" I summon up remembrance of things past."

A leet and law-day were synonymous terms, "A leet," says Bullokar,

in

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago I do beseech you,—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guesses,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague

in his *English Expositor*, 1636, "is a court or law-day, holden commonly every half year." To keep a leet was the *verbum juris*; the title of one of the chapters in Kitchin's book on Courts, being, "The manner of keeping a court-leet." The leet, according to Lambard, was a court or jurisdiction above the wapentake or hundred, comprehending three or four hundreds. The jurisdiction of this court is now in most places merged in that of the County Court. MALONE.

5 *Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guesses,*] That abruptness in the speech which Dr. Warburton complains of, and would alter, may be easily accounted for. Iago seems desirous, by his ambiguous hint, *Though I*—to inflame the jealousy of Othello, which he knew would be more effectually done in this manner, than by any expression that bore a determinate meaning. The jealous Othello would fill up the pause in the speech, which Iago turns off at last to another purpose, and find a more certain cause of discontent, and a greater degree of torture arising from the doubtful consideration how it might have concluded, than he could have experienced, had the whole of what he enquired after been reported to him with every circumstance of aggravation.

We may suppose him imagining to himself, that Iago mentally continued the thought thus, *Though I—know more than I choose too speak of.*

Vicious in my guess does not mean that he is an ill guesser, but that he is apt to put the worst construction on every thing he attempts to account for. STEEVENS.

The reader should be informed, that the mark of abruption which I have placed after the word *you*, was placed by Mr. Steevens after the word *perchance*: and his note, to which I do not subscribe, is founded on that regulation. I think the poet intended that Iago should break off at the end of the first hemistich, as well as in the middle of the fifth line. What he would have added, it is not necessary very nicely to examine. The adversative particle, *though*, in the second line, does not indeed appear very proper; but in an abrupt and studiously clouded sentence like the present, where more is meant to be conveyed than meets the ear, strict propriety may well be dispensed with. The word *perchance*, if strongly marked in speaking, would sufficiently shew that the speaker did not suppose himself *vicious in his guess*.

By the latter words, Iago, I apprehend, means only, "though I perhaps am mistaken, led into an error by my natural disposition, which is apt to shape faults that have no existence." MALONE.

To

To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy
 Shapes faults that are not,—I entreat you then ⁶,
 From one that so imperfectly conceits,
 You'd take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
 Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—
 It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
 Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
 To let you know my thoughts.

Orb. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
 Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, no-
 thing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
 But he, that filches from me my good name,
 Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed.

Orb. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
 Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Orb. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;

⁶ — *I entreat you then, &c.*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads:

————— and of, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not) that your wisdom
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice. MALONE.

To *conject*, i. e. to *conjecture*, is a verb used by other writers. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540:

"Now reason I, or *conject* with myself."

Again:

"I cannot forget thy saying, or thy *conjecting* words."

STEEVENS.

⁷ Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls:

Who steals my purse, steals trash; &c.] The sacred writings were here perhaps in our poet's thoughts: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour than silver and gold." PROVERBS, chap. xxii, verse 1. MALONE.

It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth make
The meat it feeds on²: That cuckold lives in bliss,

Who,

² *It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth make
The meat it feeds on:]* The old copies have *mock*. The correction
was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer. MALONE.

—*which doth mock*

The meat it feeds on:] i. e. loaths that which nourishes and
sustains it. This being a miserable state, Iago bids him beware of it.
The Oxford editor reads:

———— *which doth make*

The meat it feeds on.

Implying that its suspicions are unreal and groundless, which is the
very contrary to what he would here make his General think, as ap-
pears from what follows:

That cuckold lives in bliss, &c.

In a word, the villain is for fixing him jealous: and therefore bids him
beware of jealousy, not that it was an *unreasonable*, but a *miserable*
state; and this plunges him into it, as we see by his reply, which is
only, *O misery!* WARBURTON.

I have received Hanmer's emendation; because *to mock* does not
signify *to loath*; and because, when Iago bids Othello *beware of*
jealousy, the green-ey'd monster, it is natural to tell why he should be-
ware; and for caution he gives him two reasons, that jealousy *often*
creates its own cause, and that, when the causes are real, jealousy is
misery. JOHNSON.

In this place and some others, *to mock* seems the same with *to*
manmock. FARMER.

If Shakspeare had written—a green-ey'd monster, we might have
supposed him to refer to some creature existing only in his particular
imagination; but *the green-ey'd monster* seems to have reference to an
object as familiar to his readers as to himself.

It is known that the *tyger* kind have *green eyes*, and always play with
the victim to their hunger, before they devour it. So, in our author's
Tarquin and Lucrece:

“Like foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,

“While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth;—”

Thus, a jealous husband, who discovers no certain cause why he
may be divorced, continues to sport with the woman whom he sus-
pects, and, on more certain evidence, determines to punish. There is
no beast that can be literally said to *make* its own food, and therefore
I am unwilling to receive the emendation of Hanmer, especially as I
flatter myself that a glimpse of meaning may be produced from the
ancient reading.

In *Antony and Cleopatra* the contested word occurs again:

“———— tell him

“He *mocks* the pauses that he makes.”

Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,

Who

i. e. he plays wantonly with those intervals of time which he should improve to his own preservation.

Should such an explanation be admissible, the advice given by Iago will amount to this:—*Beware, my lord, of yielding to a passion which as yet has no proofs to justify its excess. Think how the interval between suspicion and certainty must be filled. Though you doubt her fidelity, you cannot yet refuse her your bed, or drive her from your heart; but like the capricious savage, must continue to sport with one whom you wait for an opportunity to destroy.*

A similar idea occurs in *All's well that ends well*:

“ ————— so lust doth play

“ With what it loaths.”

Such is the only sense that I am able to draw from the original text. What I have said, may be liable to some objections, but I have nothing better to propose. That jealousy is a monster which often creates the suspicions on which it feeds, may be well admitted according to Hamner's proposition; but is it *the* monster? (*i. e.* a well known and conspicuous animal) or whence has it *green eyes*? *Yellow* is the colour which Shakspeare appropriates to jealousy. It must be acknowledged that he afterwards characterizes it as

“ ————— a monster,

“ Begot upon itself, born on itself.”

but yet — “ What damned minutes counts he o'er, &c.” is the best illustration of my attempt to explain the passage. To produce Hamner's meaning, a change in the text is necessary. I am counsel for the old reading. STEEVENS.

I have not the smallest doubt that Shakspeare wrote *make*, and have therefore inserted it in the text. The words *make* and *mocke* (for such was the old spelling) are often confounded in these plays, and I have assigned the reason in a note on *Measure for Measure*, Vol. II. p. 21, n. 5.

Mr. Steevens in his paraphrase on this passage interprets the word *mock* by *sport*; but in what poet or prose-writer, from Chaucer and Mandeville to this day, does the verb *to mock* signify to *sport with*? In the passage from *Anthony and Cleopatra*, I have proved, I think incontestably, from the metre, and from our poet's usage of this verb in other places, (in which it is followed by a personal pronoun,) that Shakspeare must have written —

“ Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks *us* by

“ The pauses that he makes.” [See Vol. VII. p. 575, n. 8.]

Besides; is it true as a general position, that jealousy (*as* jealousy) *sports or plays with* the object of love (allowing this not very delicate interpretation of the words, *the meat it feeds on*, to be the true one)? The position certainly is not true. It is *Love*, not *Jealousy*, that sports with

Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves ?
Oth. O misery !

Iago.

with the object of its passion ; nor can those circumstances which create suspicion, and which are *the meat it feeds on*, with any propriety be called the *food* of LOVE, when the poet has clearly pointed them out as the food or cause of JEALOUSY ; giving it not only being, but nutriment.

"There is no beast," it is urged, "that can *literally* be said to make its own food." It is indeed acknowledged, that jealousy is a monster which often *creates* the suspicions on which it feeds, but is it, we are asked, "*the monster* ? (i. e. a *well known and conspicuous animal* ;) and whence has it *green-eyes* ? *Yellow* is the colour which Shakspeare appropriates to jealousy."

To this I answer, that *yellow* is not the only colour which Shakspeare appropriates to jealousy, for we have in *The Merchant of Venice*,

"—shuddering fear, and *green-ey'd jealousy*."

and I suppose, it will not be contended that he was *there* thinking of any of the tyger kind.

If our poet had written only—"It is *the green-ey'd monster* ; beware of it ;" the other objection would hold good, and some particular monster, *κατ' εἶδος*, must have been meant ; but the words, "It is *the green-ey'd monster, which* doth, &c. in my apprehension have precisely the same meaning, as if the poet had written, "it is *that green-ey'd monster, which, &c.*" or, "it is *a green-ey'd monster*." He is the man in the world *whom* I would least wish to meet,—is the common phraseology of the present day.

When Othello says to Iago in a former passage, "By heaven, he echoes me, as if there were some *monster* in his thought," does any one imagine that any *animal* whatever was meant ?

The passage in a subsequent scene, to which Mr. Steevens has alluded, strongly supports the emendation which has been made :

"—*jealousy* will not be answer'd so ;

"They are not ever jealous for the cause,

"But jealous, for they are jealous ; 'tis a *monster*,

"*Begot upon itself, born on itself.*"

It is, *strictly* speaking, as false that any monster can be *begot*, or *born*, on itself, as it is, that any monster (whatever may be the colour of its eyes, whether green or yellow) can *make* its own food ; but, poetically, both are equally true of that monster, JEALOUSY. Mr. Steevens seems to have been aware of this, and therefore has added the word *literally* : "No monster can be *literally* said to make its own food."

It should always be remembered, that Shakspeare's allusions scarcely ever answer precisely on both sides ; nor had he any care upon this subject. Though he has introduced the word *monster*,—when he talk'd of its *making its own food*, and being *begot by itself*, he was still

thinking

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough¹ ;
 But riches, fineless², is as poor as winter³,
 To him that ever fears he shall be poor :—
 Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
 From jealousy !

Oth. Why ? why is this ?

thinking of jealousy *only*, careless whether there was any animal in the world that would correspond with his description.

That by the words, *the meat it feeds on*, is meant, not *Desdemona* herself, as has been maintained, but *pabulum zelotypiæ*, may be likewise inferred from a preceding passage in which a kindred imagery is found :

“ That *policy* may either last so long,

“ Or *feed* upon such nice and waterish diet,” &c.

And this obvious interpretation is still more strongly confirmed by Daniel's *Rosamond*, 1592, a poem which Shakspeare had diligently read, and has more than once imitated in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ O *Jealousy*, —————

“ *Feeding* upon *suspect* that doth *renew* thee,

“ Happy were lovers, if they never knew thee.”

In this and the few other places in which I have ventured to depart from the ancient copies, I have thought it my duty to state in the fullest and clearest manner the grounds on which the emendation stands; which in some cases I have found not easily accomplished, without running into greater prolixity than would otherwise be justifiable.

MALONE.

The same idea occurs in Massinger's *Picture*, where Mathias, speaking of the groundless jealousy which he entertained of Sophia's possible inconstancy, says,

“ I am strangely troubled ; yet why should I *nourish*

“ A *fury* here, and with *imagin'd food*,—

“ Holding no real ground on which to raise

“ A building of suspicion she was ever

“ Or can be false hereafter ?”

Imagin'd food is food created by imagination, the food that jealousy makes, and feeds on. MASON.

9 — strongly loves !] Thus the quarto ; the folio,—*soundly* loves.

STEEVENS.

¹ Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough ;] So in *Dorastus and Fawnia*, (the novel on which *The Winter's Tale* is formed,) 1592 :

“ We are rich, in that we are poor with content.” MALONE.

² But riches, fineless,] Unbounded, endless, unnumbered treasures.

JOHNSON.

³ — as poor as winter,] Finely expressed : winter producing no fruits. WARBURTON.

Think'st

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
 To follow still the changes of the moon
 With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,
 Is—once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a goat,
 When I shall turn the business of my soul
 To such exsufflicate and blown surmises⁴.
 Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
 To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
 Where virtue is, these are more virtuous⁵:
 Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
 The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
 For she had eyes, and chose me: No, Iago;
 I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
 And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
 Away at once with love, or jealousy.

⁴ *To such exsufflicate and blown surmises.*] Whether our poet had any authority for the word *exsufflicate*, which I think is used in the sense of *swollen*, and appears to have been formed from *sufflatus*, I am unable to ascertain: but I have not thought it safe to substitute for it another word equally unauthorized. *Suffolare* in Italian signifies to *whistle*. How then can Dr. Johnson's interpretation of *exsufflicate* be supported? The introducer of this word explains it, by "whispered, buzz'd in the ears." MALONE.

To such exsufflicate and blown surmises.] This old and far-fetched word was made yet more uncouth in all the editions before Hamner's by being printed, *exsufflicate*. The allusion is to a bubble. Do not think, says the Moor, that I shall change the noble designs that now employ my thoughts, to suspicions which, like bubbles *blown* into a wide extent, have only an empty flew without solidity; or that, in consequence of such empty fears, I will close with thy inference against the virtue of my wife. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Where virtue is, these are more virtuous &c.*] An action in itself indifferent, grows *virtuous* by its end and application. JOHNSON.

I know not why the modern editors, in opposition to the first quarto and folio, read *most* instead of *more*.

A passage in *All's well that ends well*, is perhaps the best comment on the sentiment of Othello: "I have those good hopes of her, education promises: his disposition she inherits; which makes *farr* *giss* *fairer*." *Gratior & pulchro veniens et corpore virtus*.

STEEVENS.

Most was arbitrarily introduced by the ignorant editor of the second folio. MALONE.

— Iago.

Iago. I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason
To shew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd⁶; look to't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice⁷ they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not shew their husbands; their best conscience
Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown⁸.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks⁹,
She lov'd them most.

⁶ *Out of self-bounty, be abus'd*;] *Self-bounty* for inherent generosity. WARBURTON.

⁷ — our country disposition—

In Venice——] Here Iago seems to be a Venetian. JOHNSON.
Various other passages, as well as the present, prove him to have been a Venetian, nor is there any ground for doubting the poet's intention on this head. See p. 529, n. 9. MALONE.

⁸ *Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.*] The folio perhaps more clearly reads:

Is not to leav't undone, but keep't undone. STEEVENS.

The folio, by an evident error of the press, reads—*kept unknown*.

MALONE.

⁹ *And, when she seem'd, &c.*] This and the following argument of Iago ought to be deeply impressed on every reader. Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniencies they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those, who profit by the cheat, distrust the deceiver, and the act, by which kindness was fought, puts an end to confidence.

The same objection may be made with a lower degree of strength against the imprudent generosity of disproportionate marriages. When the first heat of passion is over, it is easily succeeded by suspicion, that the same violence of inclination, which caused one irregularity, may stimulate to another; and those who have shewn, that their passions are too powerful for their prudence, will with very slight appearances against them, be censured, as not very likely to restrain them by their virtue. JOHNSON.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then ;

She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,

'To feel her father's eyes up, close as oak'¹,—

He thought, 'twas witchcraft :—But I am much to blame ;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,

For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope, you will consider, what is spoke

Comes from my love ;—But, I do see you are mov'd :—

I am to pray you, not to strain my speech

To grosser issues², nor to larger reach,

Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,

My speech should fall into such vile success³

As

¹ *To feel her father's eyes up, close as oak,—*] The oak is, I believe, the most close-grained wood of general use in England. *Close as oak*, means, *close as the grain of the oak*. To feel is an expression from falconry. STEEVENS.

To feel a hawk is to sew up his eyes-lids. See Vol. VII. p. 589, n. 9. In the *Winter's Tale*, Paulina says,

"The root of his opinion, which is rotten

"As ever oak, or stone, was sound." MALONE.

² *To grosser issues,*] *Issues*, for conclusions. WARBURTON.

³ *My speech should fall into such vile success,*] If *success* be the right word, it seems to mean *consequence or event*, as *successo* is used in Italian.

JOHNSON.

I think *success* may, in this instance, bear its common interpretation. What Iago means, seems to be this : "Should you do so, my lord, my words would be attended by such an infamous degree of success, as my thoughts do not even aim at." Iago, who counterfeits the feelings of virtue, might have said *fall into success*, and *vile success*, because he would appear to Othello, to wish that the enquiry into Desdemona's guilt might prove fruitless and unsuccessful.

STEEVENS:

The

As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend :—
My lord, I see you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd :—

I do not think, but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point: As,—to be bold with
you,—

Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank *,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural,—
But pardon me; I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (hapily) repent.

Oth. Farewel, Farewel:

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [going.]

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature,
doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time;
And though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,

The following passages will perhaps be considered as proofs of Dr.
Johnson's explanation:

"Then the poore desolate women, fearing lest their case would sorte
to some pitifull *success*,—" *Palace of Pleasure*, bl. let.

"God forbid all his hope should turne to such *success*." *Promos
and Cassandra*, 1578. HENDERSON.

* — a will most rank,] *Will*, is for wilfulness. It is so used by
Ascham. A rank will, is self-will, overgrown and exuberant.

JOHNSON.

You shall by that perceive him and his means⁵;
 Note, if your lady strain his entertainment⁶
 With any strong or vehement importunity;
 Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
 Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
 (As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am,)
 And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government⁷.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
 And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit⁸,
 Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard⁹,
 Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings¹,

I'd

⁵ *You shall by that perceive him, and his means:*] You shall discover whether he thinks his best means, his most powerful interest, is by the solicitation of your lady. JOHNSON.

⁶ —*strain his entertainment*—] Press hard his re-admission to his pay and office. *Entertainment* was the military term for admission of soldiers. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Fear not my government.*] Do not distrust my ability to contain my passion. JOHNSON.

⁸ —*with a learned spirit,*] Learned, for experienced.

WARBURTON.

The construction is, He knows with a learned spirit all qualities of human dealings. JOHNSON.

⁹ —*If I do prove her haggard,*] A *baggard* hawk is a wild hawk, a hawk unreclaimed, or irreclaimable. JOHNSON.

A *baggard* is a particular species of hawk. It is difficult to be reclaimed, but not irreclaimable.

From a passage in *Vittoria Corembona*, it appears that *baggard* was a term of reproach sometimes applied to a wanton: "Is this your perch, you *baggard*? fly to the stews."

Turberville says, that "the *baggart* falcons are the most excellent birds of all other falcons." *Latham* gives to the *baggart* only the second place in the *valued file*. In *Holland's Leaguer*, a comedy, by *Shakerly Marmyon*, 1633, is the following illustrative passage:

"Before these courtiers lick their lips at her,

"I'll trust a wanton *baggard* in the wind."

Haggard, however, had a popular sense, and was used for wild by those who thought not on the language of falconers. STEEVENS.

¹ *Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,*] *Jesses* are short straps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which she is held on the fist. HANMER.

I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
 To prey at fortune². Haply, for I am black;
 And have not those soft parts of conversation
 That chamberers³ have: Or, for I am declin'd
 Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—
 She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
 Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage,
 That we can call these delicate creature ours,
 And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
 For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
 Prerogativ'd are they less than the base⁴:

'Tis

In Heywood's comedy, called *A Woman killed with Kindness*, 1617, a number of these terms relative to hawking occur together:

"Now the bath seiz'd the fowl, and 'gins to plume her;

"Rebeck her not; rather stand still and check her.

"So: seize her gets, her jesses, and her bells." STEEVENS.

² I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,

To prey at fortune.] The falconers always let fly the hawk against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind*, and from that time shifted for herself, and preyed at fortune. This was told me by the late Mr. Clark.

JOHNSON.

I'd whistle her off, &c.] This passage may possibly receive illustration from a similar one in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, p. 2. sect. 1. mem. 3. "As a long-winged hawk, when he is first whistled off the fist, mounts aloft, and for his pleasure fetcheth many a circuit in the ayre, still soaring higher and higher, till he come to his full pitch, and in the end, when the game is sprung, comes down amaine, and *souper* upon a sudden."

PERCY;

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*:

"—— he that basely

"Whistled his honour off to the wind," &c. STEEVENS.

³ — chamberers—] i. e. men of intrigue. So, in the Countess of Pembroke's *Antonius*, 1590:

"Fal'n from a souldier to a chamberer." STEEVENS.

Chambering and wantonness are mentioned together in the sacred writings. MALONE.

⁴ Prerogativ'd are they less than the base:] In asserting that the

'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death⁵;
 Even then this⁶ forked plague is fated to us,
 When we do quicken. Desdemona comes⁷:

babe have more prerogative in this respect than the great, that is, that the babe or poor are less likely to endure this forked plague, our poet has maintained a doctrine contrary to that laid down in *As you like it*:—"Horns? even so.—*Poor men* alone? No, no; the *noblest* deer has them as huge as the *rascal*." Here we find all mankind are placed on a level in this respect, and that it is "destiny unshunnable, like death."

Shakspeare would have been more consistent, if he had written,

"Prerogativ'd are they *more* than the babe?"

Othello would then have answered his own question: [*No*]; 'Tis destiny, &c. MALONE.

⁵ 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;] To be consistent, Othello must mean, that it is destiny unshunnable by *great ones*, not by all mankind.

MALONE.

⁶ — forked plague—] In allusion to a *barbed* or *forked* arrow, which, once infix'd, cannot be extracted. JOHNSON.

Or rather, the *forked plague* is the cuckold's horns. PERCY.

Dr. Johnson may be right. I meet with the same thought in Middleton's comedy of, *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608:

"While the broad arrow, with the *forked head*,

"Misses his brows but narrowly."

Again, in *King Lear*:

"—though the *fork* invade

"The region of my heart,—." STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that Dr. Percy's interpretation is the true one. Let our poet speak for himself. "Quoth she," says Pandarus, in *Troilus and Cressida*, "which of these hairs is Paris, my husband? The *forked* one, quoth he; pluck it out, and give it him." Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"—— o'er head and ears a *fork'd* one."

So, in Tarleton's *News out of Purgatorie*:—"but the old squire, knight of the *forked* order,—"

One of Sir John Harrington's epigrams, in which our poet's very expression is found, puts the matter beyond a doubt:

"Actæon guiltless unawares espying

"Naked Diana bathing in her bowre,

"Was plagu'd with *hornes*; his dogs did him devour;

"Wherefore take heed, ye that are curious, prying,

"With some such *forked plague* you be not smitten,

"And in your foreheads see your faults be written."

MALONE.

⁷ Desdemona comes:] Thus the quartos. The folio reads: *Look where she comes*. STEEVENS.

Enter DESDEMONA, and EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself⁸!—
I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders⁹
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin¹ is too little;

[*He puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops.*
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt DES. and OTH.*

Emil. I am glad, I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it: but she so loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it,)
That she reserves it evermore about her,

⁸ *If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!*—] i. e. renders its own labours fruitless, by forming so beautiful a creature as Desdemona, and suffering the elegance of her person to be disgraced and sullied by the impurity of her mind.—Such, I think is the meaning.—The construction, however, may be different. If she be false, O, then even *heaven itself* cheats us with “unreal mockeries,” with false and specious appearances, intended only to deceive. MALONE.

⁹ — *the generous islanders*—] are the islanders of rank, distinction. So, in *Measure for Measure*.

“The generous and gravest citizens

“Have hent the gates.”

Generous has here the power of *generosus*, Lat. This explanation, however, may be too particular. STEEVENS.

¹ *Your napkin*—] In the North of England, and in Scotland, this term for a handkerchief is still used. The word has already often occurred. See Vol. IV. p. 337, n. 7, and Vol. VII. p. 374, n. 7. MALONE.

To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out²,
And give it Iago:

What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;

I nothing, but to please his fantasy³.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me?—it is a common thing.

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Emil. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence;

² — *I'll have the work ta'en out,*] That is, copied. Her first thoughts are, to have a copy made of it for her husband, and restore the original to Desdemona. But the sudden coming in of Iago, in a surly humour, makes her alter her resolution, to please him. The same phrase afterwards occurs between Cassio and Bianca, in sc. iv.

BLACKSTONE.

This scheme of getting the work of this valued handkerchief copied, and restoring the original to Desdemona, was, I suppose, introduced by the poet, to render Emilia less unamiable.

It is remarkable, that when she perceives Othello's fury on the loss of this token, though she is represented as affectionate to her mistress, she never attempts to relieve her from her distress; which she might easily have done by demanding the handkerchief from her husband, or divulging the story, if he refused to restore it.—But this would not have served the plot.

Shakspeare fell into this incongruity by departing from Cinthio's novel; for there, while the artless Desdemona is caressing the child of Othello's ancient, (the Iago of our play,) the villain steals the handkerchief which hung at her girdle, without the knowledge of his wife.

MALONE.

³ *I nothing, but to please his fantasy.*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads:

I nothing know but for his fantasy. STEEVENS.

And,

THE MOOR OF VENICE. 553

And, to the advantage⁴, I, being here, took it up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with it, that you have been so earnest

To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you? [*snatching it.*]

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give it me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known of't⁵; I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit Emil.*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison⁶:—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so⁷:

Enter

4 — to the advantage, &c.] I being opportunely here, took it up.

⁵ *Be not you known of't*;] Thus the quarto, except that it has *on't*, the vulgar corruption in speaking and writing, of *of't* or *of it*; as is proved by various passages in these plays as exhibited in the folio and quarto, where in one copy we find the corrupt and in the other the genuine words: and both having the same meaning. The folio reads, as Mr. Steevens has observed—Be not *acknowen* on't, i. e. do not acknowledge any thing of this matter. The reading of the quarto affords the same meaning.

The participial adjective, found in the folio, is used by Thomas Kyd, in his *Cornelia*, a tragedy, 1594:

“ Our friends' misfortune doth increase our own,

“ *Cic.* But ours of others will not be *acknowen*.” MALONE.

Again, in *The Life of Ariosto*, subjoined to Sir John Harrington's translation of *Orlando*, p. 418. edit. 1607: “ Some say, he married to her privlie, but durst not be *acknowne of it*.” PORSON.

⁶ *The Moor already, &c.*] Thus the folio. The line is not in the original copy, 1622. MALONE.

⁷ — *I did say so*:] As this passage is supposed to be obscure, I shall attempt an explanation of it.

Iago

Enter OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora⁷,
Nor all the drowfy syrups of the world,
Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday⁸.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me? to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:—
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust⁹?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:

I slept

Iago first ruminates on the qualities of the passion which he is labouring to excite; and then proceeds to comment on its effects. *Jealousy* (says he) *with the smallest operation on the blood, flames out with all the violence of sulphur, &c.*

— I did say so;

Look where he comes!—

i. e. I knew that the least touch of such a passion would not permit the Moor to enjoy a moment of repose:—I have just said that jealousy is a restless commotion of the mind; and look where Othello approaches, to confirm the propriety and justice of my observation.

STEEVENS.

7 — nor mandragora,] The *mandragoras* or *mandrake* has a soporific quality, and the ancients used it when they wanted an opiate of the most powerful kind. So *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act. I. sc. vi.

“ — give me to drink *mandragora*,

“ That I may sleep out this great gap of time

“ My Antony is away.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. VII. p. 451, n. 9. MALONE.

8 *Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep,*

Which thou ow'dst yesterday.] To *cure*, as Dr. Johnson has observed, signified formerly to *possess*. See Vol. IV. p. 473, n. 7.

MALONE.

9 *What sense had I, &c.*] A similar passage to this and what follows it, is found in an unpublished tragi-comedy by Thomas Middleton, called *The Witch*:

I feel

I slept the next night well¹, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,

"I feele no ease; the burthen's not yet off,

"So long as the abuse sticks in my knowledge.

"Oh, 'tis a paine of hell to know one's shame!

"Had it byn hid and done, it had ben don happy,

"For he that's ignorant lives long and merry."

Again:

"Had'st thou byn secret, then had I byn happy,

"And had a hope (like man) of joies to come.

"Now here I stand a stayne to my creation;

"And, which is heavier than all torment to me,

"The understanding of this base adultery," &c.

This is utter'd by a jealous husband, who supposes himself to have just destroy'd his wife.

Again, *Iago* says:

Dangerous conceits, &c.

——— with a little act upon the blood

Burn like the mines of sulphur.

Thus *Sebastian*, in Middleton's play:

"When a suspect doth catch once, it burns maynely."

A scene between *Francisca* and her brother *Antonio*, when she first excites his jealousy, has likewise several circumstances in common with the dialogue which passes between *Iago* and *Othello* on the same subject.

This piece contains also a passage very strongly resembling another in *Hamlet*, who says:—"I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw."—Thus, *Almabildes*:—"There is some difference betwixt my jovial condition and the lunary state of madness. I am not quite out of my wits: I know a bawd from an aqua-vitæ shop, a strumpet from wild fire, and a beadle from brimstone."

For a further account of this MS. play, see a note on Mr. Malone's *Attempt to ascertain the order in which the pieces of Shakspeare were written*:—Article, *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

¹ *I slept the next night well, was free and merry;*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads:

I slept the next night well, fed well; was free and merry.

STEEVENS.

Pioneers and all², had tasted her sweet body,
 So I had nothing known : O now, for ever,
 Farewel the tranquil mind ! farewel content !
 Farewel the plumed troop, and the big wars,
 That make ambition virtue ! O, farewel !
 Farewel the neighing steed³, and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife⁴,

The

² — if the general camp,

Pioneers and all,] That is, the most abject and vilest of the camp. Pioneers were generally degraded soldiers, appointed to the office of pioneer, as a punishment for misbehaviour.

"A soldier ought ever to retaine and keep his arms in fastie and forth comming, for he is more to be detested than a coward, that will lose or play away any part thereof, or refuse it for his ease, or to avoid paines ; wherefore such a one is to be dismissed with punishment, or to be made some *abject pioner*." *The Art of War and Englands Traynings*, &c. by Edward Davies, Gent. 1619.

So, in *The Laws and Ordinances of War* established by the earl of Essex, printed in 1640 : "If a trooper shall loose his horse or hackney, or a footman any part of his arms, by negligence or lewdnesse, by dice or cardes ; he or they shall remain in qualitie of *pioners*, or scavengers, till they be furnished with as good as were lost, at their own charge." GROSE.

³ Farewel the plumed troop and the big wars, —

Farewel the neighing steed, &c.] In a very ancient drama entitled *Common Conditions*, printed about 1576, Sedmond, who has lost his sister in a wood, thus expresses his grief :

"But farewell now, my courfers brave, attraped to the ground !

"Farewell ! adue all pleasures eke, with comely hauke and hounde !

"Farewell, ye nobles all, farewell eche martial knight,

"Farewell, ye famous ladies all, in whom I did delight !

"Adue, my native soile, adue, Arbaccus kyng,

"Adue, eche wight, and martial knight, adue, eche living thyng !"

One is almost tempted to think that Shakspeare had read this old play. MALONE.

⁴ *The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife*,] In mentioning the fife joined with the drum, Shakspeare, as usual, paints from the life ; those instruments accompanying each other being used in his age by English soldiery. The fife, however, as a martial instrument, was afterwards entirely discontinued among our troops for many years, but at length revived in the war before the last. It is commonly supposed that our soldiers borrowed it from the Highlanders in the last rebellion :

but

The royal banner; and all quality,

Pride

but I do not know that the *fife* is peculiar to the Scotch, or even used at all by them. It was first used within the memory of man among our troops by the British guards, by order of the duke of Cumberland, when they were encamped at Maastricht, in the year 1747, and thence soon adopted into other English regiments of infantry. They took it from the Allies with whom they served. This instrument accompanying the drum is of considerable antiquity in the European armies, particularly the German. In a curious picture in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, painted 1525, representing the siege of Pavia by the French king, where the emperor was taken prisoner, we see *fifes* and *drums*. In an old English treatise written by William Garrard before 1587, and published by one captain Hichecock in 1591, intitled *The Art of Warre*, there are several wood cuts of military evolutions, in which these instruments are both introduced. In *Rymer's Fœdera*, in a diary of king Henry's siege of Bulloigne 1544, mention is made of the *drommes* and *viffleurs* marching at the head of the king's army. Tom. xv. p. 53.

The *drum* and *fife* were also much used at ancient festivals, shews, and processions. Gerard Leigh in his *Accidence of Armorie*, printed in 1576, describing a Christmas magnificently celebrated at the Inner Temple, says, "We entered the prince his hall, where anon we heard the noise of *drum* and *fife*." p. 119. At a stately masque on Shrove-Sunday 1510, in which Henry VIII. was an actor, Holinshed mentions the entry "of a *drum* and *fife* apparelled in white damaske and grene bonettes." Chron. iii. 805. col. 2. There are many more instances in Holinshed, and Stowe's *Survey of London*.

From the old French word *viffleur*, above-cited, came the English word *whiffler*, which anciently was used in its proper *literal* sense. Strype, speaking of a grand tilting before the court in queen Mary's reign 1554, says, from an old journal, that king Philip and the challengers entered the lists, preceded by "their *whifflers*, their footmen, and their armourers." Eccles. Memor. iii. p. 211. This explains the use of the word in Shakspeare, where it is also literally applied. *Hen. V. Act. IV. sc. ult.*

" ——— behold, the British beach

" Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,

" Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,

" Which, like a mighty *whiffler* fore the king,

" Seems to prepare his way."

By degrees, the word *whiffler* hence acquired the metaphorical meaning, which it at present obtains in common speech, and became an application of contempt: *Whiffler*, a light trivial character, a fellow bired to pipe at processions. T. WARTON.

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!¹
 And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats⁶
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewel! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible?—My lord,—

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
 Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;

[*taking him by the throat.*]

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,⁷
 Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
 Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Oth. Make me to see it; or (at the least) so prove it,
 That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
 To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

In the old dramatic piece, intituled *Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco*,
 2d edit. 1630, *Tobacco* says to *Beer*:

" ——— it will become your duty to obey me."

To which *Wine* replies:

" You our sovereign! a mere *wobiffler*!"

Again, in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

" ——— he was known

" But only for a swaggering *wobiffler*. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!*] Sir William
D'Avenant does not appear to have been scrupulous of adopting al-
 most Shakspeare's own words. So, in *Albion*, 1629:

" Then *glorious war*, and all *proud circumstance*

" That gives a soldier noise, for evermore farewell!"

STEEVENS.

Fletcher has parodied this passage of *Othello*, in his *Prophets*, which
 was first represented in May, 1622:

" ——— and to keep

" My faith untainted, *farewel pride, and pomp,*

" *And circumstance of glorious majesty,*

" Farewel, for ever! MALONE.

⁶ —*whose rude throats*—] So Milton, *P. L. B. VI.*

" From those *deep-throated engines*," &c.

The quarto, 1622, reads—*whose wide throats*. STEEVENS.

⁷ —*mine eternal soul*,] Perhaps the quarto, 1622, more forcibly
 reads:

—*man's eternal soul*.

Shakspeare might have designed an opposition between *man* and *dog*.

STEEVENS.

Iago.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse⁸;
On horror's head horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep⁹, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st¹ to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love² breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—Thou should'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world³,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof: My name⁴, that was as fresh

As

⁸ — *abandon all remorse*;] All tenderness of nature, all pity; in which sense, as Mr. Steevens has justly observed, the word was frequently used in Shakspeare's time. See p. 565, n. 5. The next line shews it is used in this sense here. MALONE.

⁹ *Do deeds to make heaven weep*,] So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"Plays such fantastick tricks before high heaven,

"As make the angels weep." STEEVENS.

¹ *That liv'st*—] Thus the quarto. The folio—that *liv'st*—.

STEEVENS.

² — *since love*—] So, the quarto, 1622. Folio: *sith love*—.

MALONE.

³ *By the world, &c.*] This speech is not in the first edition.

POPE.

⁴ — *My name, &c.*] Thus the folio, where alone this speech is found. Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read—*Her name*: but this, like a thousand other changes introduced by the same editor, was made without either authority or necessity. Shakspeare undoubtedly might have written *Her name*; but the word which the old copy furnishes, affords also good sense. Othello's name or reputation, according

As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it,—Would, I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, I will.

Iago. And may: But, how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?⁵

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that prospect: Damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
It is impossible, you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats⁶, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason that she's disloyal?⁷

Iago.

ing to the usual unjust determination of the world, would be sullied by the infidelity of his wife. Besides, how could either transcriber or printer have substituted *My* for *Her*. MALONE.

⁵ *Behold her tupp'd?*] A ram in Staffordshire and some other counties is called a *tup*. So, in the first act:

“———— an old black ram

“*Is tupp'ing your white ewe.*” STEEVENS.

The old copies have—*topp'd*. Mr. Theobald made the correction.

MALONE.

⁶ *Were they as prime as goats,*] *Prime* is *prompt*, from the Celtic or British *prim*. HANMER.

So, in the *Vow-breaker*, or *the Faire Maid of Clifton*, 1636;

“More *prime* than goats or monkeys in their prides.” STEEV.

⁷ *Give me a living reason that she's disloyal.*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio omits the word *that*, probably for the sake of the metre; but our poet often uses such words as *reason*, as a monosyllable.

A li-

Iago. I do not like the office :

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately ;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs ;
One of this kind is Cassio :

In sleep I heard him say,—“ *Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves !*”

And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
Cry,—*O sweet creature !* and then kifs me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots ,
That grew upon my lips : then lay'd his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kifs'd ; and then
Cry'd,—*Curst fate ! that gave thee to the Moor !*

Oth. O monstrous ! monstrous !

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion² ;
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream¹.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise : yet we see nothing done² ;

A *living reason* is a reason founded on fact and experience, not on surmise or conjecture : a reason that convinces the understanding as perfectly as if the fact were exhibited to the life. MALONE.

¹ — and sigh'd, and kifs'd ; and then

Cry'd,—] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads :

— then lay'd his leg o'er my thigh,

And sigh'd, and kifs'd, and then cry, curst fate, &c.

The omission of the personal pronoun before *lay'd* is much in our authour's manner. See Vol. VIII. p. 560, n. 8. MALONE.

² — a foregone conclusion ;] A conclusion in Shakspeare's time meant an experiment or trial. See Vol. VII. p. 384, n. 3. MALONE.

¹ *Othel.* 'Tis a shrewd doubt, &c.] The old quarto gives this line, with the two following, to Iago ; and rightly. WARBURTON.
In the folio this line is given to Othello. MALONE.

I think it more naturally spoken by Othello, who, by dwelling so long upon the proof, encouraged Iago to enforce it. JOHNSON.

² — yet we see nothing done ;] This is an oblique and secret mock at Othello's saying, *Give me the ocular proof.* WARBURTON.

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief,
(I am sure, it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was her's³,
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 'tis true⁴.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven⁵:
'Tis gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell⁶!

Yield

³ — that *was her's*.] The only authentick copies, the quarto, 1622, and the folio, read—or any, it was hers. For the emendation I am answerable. The mistake probably arose from *yt* only being written in the manuscript. The modern editors, following an amendment made by the editor of the second folio, read—if 'twas her's. MALONE.

⁴ Now do I see 'tis true.—] The old quarto reads,

Now do I see 'tis time.

And this is Shakspeare's, and has in it much more force, and solemnity, and preparation for what follows: as alluding to what he had said before:

—— No, Iago!

I'll see before I doubt, when I doubt, prove;

And, on the proof, there is no more but this,

Away at once with love or jealousy.

This time was now come. WARBURTON.

⁵ All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:] So, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, 1657:

"Are these your fears? thus blow them into air." MALONE.

⁶ — from thy hollow cell!] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—from the hollow bell. *Hollow*, Dr. Warburton considers as "a poor unmeaning epithet." MALONE.

I do not perceive that the epithet *hollow* is at all unmeaning, when applied to hell, as it gives the idea of what Milton calls

"—— the void profound

"Of unessential night." STEEVENS.

And in *Paradise Lost*, B. I. ver. 314, the same epithet and subject occur:

He

THE MOOR OF VENICE. 563

Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne⁷,
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught⁸,
For 'tis of aspicks' tongues!

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, Iago⁹. Like to the Pontick sea¹,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb², but keeps due on

To

"He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep

"Of bell reſounded." H. T. W.

Milton was a great reader and copier of Shakspeare, and he undoubtedly read his plays in the folio, without thinking of examining the more ancient quartos. In the first book of *Paradise Lost*, we find—

"—— the universal host up sent

"A shout that tore bell's concave." MALONE.

7 — hearted throne,] *Hearted throne*, is the heart on which thou wast enthroned. JOHNSON.

So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"It gives a very echo to the seat,

"Where love is thron'd."

See also *Romeo and Juliet*, p. 154, n. 5. MALONE.

8 — swell, bosom, &c.] i. e. swell, because the fraught is of poison. WARBURTON.

9 *Never, Iago.*] From the word *Like to marble heaven*, inclusively, is not found in the quarto, 1622. MALONE.

1 — *Like to the Pontick sea*, &c.] This simile is omitted in the first edition: I think it should be so, as an unnatural excursion in this place. POPE.

Every reader will, I durst say, abide by Mr. Pope's censure on this passage. When Shakspeare grew acquainted with such particulars of knowledge, he made a display of them as soon as opportunity offered. He found this in the second book and 97th Chapter of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* as translated by Philemon Holland, 1601: "And the sea Pontus evermore floweth and runneth out into Propontis, but the sea never retireth backe againe within Pontus."

Mr. Edwards, in his MSS. notes, conceives this simile to allude to Sir Philip Sidney's device, whose impresa, Camden, in his *Remains*, says, was the Caspian sea, with this motto, SINE REFLUXU.

STEEVENS.

2 *Ne'er feels retiring ebb.*] The folio, where alone this passage is found, reads—*Ne'er keeps retiring ebb*, &c. Many similar mistakes have

To the Propontick, and the Hellespont ;
 Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
 Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
 Till that a capable and wide revenge³
 Swallow them up.—Now, by yond⁴ marble heaven⁵,
 In the due reverence of a sacred vow [kneels.
 I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.— [kneels.
 Witness, you ever-burning lights above !
 You elements that clip us round about !
 Witness, that here Iago doth give up
 The execution⁵ of his wit, hands, heart,
 To wrong'd Othello's service ! let him command,
 And to obey shall be in me remorse,

happened in that copy, by the compositor's repeating a word twice in the same line. So, in *Hamlet* :

" My *news* shall be the *news* [i. fruit] to that great feast."

Again, *ibidem* :

" The spirit, upon whose *spirit* depend and rest," &c.
 instead of—upon whose *weal*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope.
 MALONE.

³ — a capable and wide revenge—] *Cap* able perhaps signifies ample, capacious. So, in *As you like it* :

" The cicatrice and *capable* impressure."

Again, in *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, by Nashe, 1592 : " Then belike, quoth I, you make this word, *Dæmon*, a *Capable* name, of Gods, of men, and of devils."

It may however mean *judicious*. In *Hamlet* the word is often used in the sense of *intelligent*. What Othello says in another place seems to favour this latter interpretation :

" Good ; good ;—the *justice* of it pleases me." MALONE.

⁴ — by yond⁴ marble heaven,] In *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599, I find the same expression :

" Now by the *marble* face of the welkin," &c. STEEVENS.
 So, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602 :

" And pleas'd the *marble* heavens." MALONE.

⁵ The execution—] The first quarto reads *excellency*.

STEEVENS.

By *execution* Shakspeare meant *employment* or *exercise*. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

" Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,

" Which you on all estates will *execute*."

The quarto, 1622, reads—*band*. MALONE.

What

What bloody work soever ⁶.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And

⁶ — let him command,

And to obey shall be in me remorse,

[What bloody work soever.] Let him command whatever bloody business, and in me it shall be an act, not of cruelty, but of tenderness, to obey him; not of malice to others, but of tenderness for him. If this sense be thought too violent, I see nothing better than to follow Pope's reading, as it is improved by Theobald. JOHNSON.

The quarto, 1622, has not the words—in me. They first appeared in the folio. Theobald reads, Nor to obey, &c.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of this passage is so just, that any further comment on it appears to me unnecessary. We have so often had occasion to point out the ancient usage of the word *remorse*, i. e. *pity*, that I shall only here refer to some of the passages in which it may be found. See Vol. II. p. 112, n. 1, and Vol. IV. p. 295, n. 2, and p. 544, n. 1. See also p. 559, n. 8, of the play before us. About the year 1680 the word began to be disused in this sense; for in Anthony Wood's *Diary*, we find the following passage, *ad ann.* 1652: "One of these, a most handsome virgin, arrai'd in costly and gorgeous apparel, kneel'd down to Thomas Wood, with tears and prayers to save her life: And, being stricken with a deep *remorse*, took her under his arme, went with her out of the church," &c. In his revised work, which he appears to have finished about the year 1680, instead of the words "a deep *remorse*," we find "a profound *pitie*." In the prologue to *Town Shifts*, a comedy, printed in 1671, *remorse* is employed in its ancient sense:

"Why should you be such strangers to *remorse*,

"To judge before you try?" MALONE.

Again, in *King Edward III.* 1599, that prince speaking to the citizens of Calais:

"But for yourselves, look you for no *remorse*."

I could add many more instances, but shall content myself to observe that the sentiment of *Iago* bears no small resemblance to that of *Arviragus* in *Cymbeline*:

"I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,

"And praise myself for charity." STEEVENS.

Before I saw Dr. Johnson's edition of Shakspeare, my opinion of this passage was formed, and written, and thus I understood it: "Let him command any bloody business, and to obey shall be in me an act of pity and compassion for wrong'd Othello." *Remorse* frequently signifies pity, mercy, compassion, or a tenderness of heart, unattended with the stings of a guilty conscience. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV. sc. iii. the crimeless Eglamour is called *remorsefull*. So, in *King Richard III.* Act III. sc. vii.

And will upon the instant put thee to't :
 Within these three days let me hear thee say,
 That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead ; 'tis done, at your request * :
 But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx ! O. damn her ? !
 Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw,
 To furnish me with some swift means of death
 For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, firrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies ?

Clown. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man ?

Clown. He is a soldier ; and for me to say a soldier
 lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to ; Where lodges he ?

“ As well we know your tendernefs of heart,

“ And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse.”

So, in Holinshed's *Conquest of Ireland*, p. 13. “ —to have remorse
 and compassion upon others distresses ;” and in the dedication, “ to
 have regard and remorse to your said land.” TOLLET.

If I am not deceived, this passage has been entirely mistaken. I
 read :

“ ————— Let him command,

“ An' to obey shall be in me remorse,

“ What bloody business ever——”

And for if is sufficiently common : and *Othello's* impatience
 breaks off the sentence ; I think, with additional beauty.

FARMER.

What bloody work soever.] So the quartos. The folio :

What bloody business ever. STEEVENS.

* — at your request :] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—
 as you request. MALONE.

? O, damn her !] Thus the quarto, 1622. Folio : O damn her,
 damn her. MALONE.

Clown.

Clown. To tell you ^s where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Def. Can any thing be made of this ?

Clown. I know not where he lodges ; and for me to devise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in my own throat.

Def. Can you enquire him out ? and be edify'd by report ?

Clown. I will catechize the world for him ; that is, make questions, and by them answer ⁹.

Def. Seek him, bid him come hither : tell him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clown. To do this, is within the compass of man's wit ; and therefore I will attempt the doing of it ¹.

[*Exit.*

Def. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia ?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Def. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of cruzadoes ². And, but my noble Moor Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous ?

⁸ *To tell you, &c.*] This and the following speech are wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

⁹— and *by* them answer.] i. e. and by them, *when answered*, form my own answer to you. The quaintness of the expression is in character. Dr. Warburton for *by*, which is found both in the quarto, 1622, and the folio, reads—*bid*, “i. e. bid the world, those whom he questions.”

The modern editors, following a quarto of no authority, printed in 1630, read—and *make* them answer. MALONE.

¹ *To do this is* within the compass of man's wit ; and *therefore, &c.*] So, in *K. Lear* :

“ I cannot draw a cart, nor eat wild oats ;

“ *If it be man's work, I'll do it.*” MALONE.

² — *cruzadoes* :—] A Portuguese coin, in value three shillings, sterling. GREY.

So called from the cross stamped upon it. JOHNSON.

Des. Who, he? I think, the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio be call'd to him³.—How is it with you, my lord?

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good lady:—[*Aside.*] O, hardness to
dissemble!—

How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: This hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart;—
Hot, hot, and moist⁴: This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout⁵;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

³ — till *Cassio be call'd to him.*—] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—*Let Cassio be call'd to him.* MALONE.

⁴ *Hot, hot, and moist:*] Ben Jonson seems to have attempted a ridicule on this passage, in *Every man out of his Humour*, Act.V. sc. ii. where Sogliardo says to Saviolina: "How does my sweet lady? *hot and moist?* beautiful and lusty?" STEEVENS.

Ben Jonson was ready enough on all occasions to depreciate and ridicule our authour, but in the present instance, I believe, he must be acquitted; for *Every Man out of his Humour* was printed in 1600, and written probably in the preceding year; at which time, we are almost certain that *Othello* had not been exhibited. MALONE.

⁵ — *exercise devout;*] *Exercise* was the religious term. Henry the seventh (says Bacon) "had the fortune of a true christian as well as of a great king, in living exercised, and dying repentant."

So, Lord Hastings in *K. Richard III.* says to a priest:

"I am in debt for your last exercise."

See Vol. VI. p. 531, n. 1. MALONE.

Oth.

Oth. Aliberal hand: The hearts, of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts⁶.

Def.

⁶ — *The hearts, of old, gave hands;*

But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.] It is evident that the first line should be read thus,

The hands of old gave hearts:

Otherwise it would be no reply to the preceding words,

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart:

Not so, says her husband: *The hands of old indeed gave hearts; but the custom now is to give hands without hearts.* The expression of *new heraldry* was a satirical allusion to the times. Soon after James the First came to the crown, he created the new dignity of baronets for money. Amongst their other prerogatives of honour, they had an addition to their paternal arms, of a hand *gules* in an escutcheon *argent*. And we are not to doubt but that this was the *new heraldry* alluded to by our author: by which he insinuates, that some then created had *hands* indeed, but not *hearts*; that is, *money* to pay for the creation, but no *virtue* to purchase the honour. But the finest part of the poet's address in this allusion, is the compliment he pays to his old mistress Elizabeth. For James's pretence for raising money by this creation, was the reduction of Ulster, and other parts of Ireland; the memory of which he would perpetuate by that addition to their arms, it being the arms of Ulster. Now the method used by Elizabeth in the reduction of that kingdom was so different from this, the dignities she conferred being on those who used their *steel*, and not their *gold* in this service, that nothing could add more to her glory, than the being compared to her successor in this point of view: nor was it uncommon for the dramatick poets of that time to satirize the ignominy of James's reign. So Fletcher in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*. One says, *I will send thee to Amboyna in the East Indies for pepper.* The other replies, *To Amboyna? so I might be pepper'd.* Again in the same play, a sailor says, *Despise not this pitch'd canvas; the time was, we have known them lined with Spanish ducats.* WARBURTON.

The historical observation is very judicious and acute, but of the emendation there is no need. She says, that her hand gave away *her heart*. He goes on with his suspicion, and the hand which he had before called *frank* he now terms *liberal*; then proceeds to remark that *the hand was formerly given by the heart*; but now it neither gives it, nor is given by it. JOHNSON.

— *our new heraldry, &c.*] I believe this to be only a figurative expression, without the least reference to King James's creation of baronets. The absurdity of making Othello so familiar with British heraldry, the utter want of consistency as well as policy in any sneer of Shakspeare at the badge of honours instituted by a Prince whom on all other occasions he was solicitous to flatter, and at whose court
this

Def. I cannot speak of this. Come now your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Def.

this very piece was acted in 1613, very strongly incline me to question the propriety of Dr. Warburton's historical explanation.

STEEVENS.

To almost every sentence of Dr. Warburton's note, an objection may be taken; but I have preserved it as a specimen of this commentator's manner.

It is not true that king James created the order of baronets soon after he came to the throne. It was created in the year 1611.—The conceit that by the word *bearts* the poet meant to allude to the gallantry of the reign of Elizabeth, in which men distinguished themselves by their *steel*, and that by *bands* those courtiers were pointed at, who served her inglorious successor only by their *gold*, is too fanciful to deserve an answer.

Thus Dr. Warburton's note stood as it appeared originally in Theobald's edition; but in his own, by way of confirmation of his notion, we are told, that "it was not uncommon for the satirical poets of that time to satirise the ignominy of James's reign;" and for this assertion we are referred to Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*. But, unluckily, it appears from the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, a Ms. of which an account is given in Vol. I. Part II. that Fletcher's plays were generally performed at court soon after they were first exhibited at the theatre, and we may be assured that he would not venture to offend his courtly auditors. *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, indeed, never was performed before King James, being the last play but one that Fletcher wrote, and not produced till the 22d of Jan. 1625-6, after the death both of its authour and king James; but when it was written, he must, from the circumstance already mentioned, have had the court before his eyes.

In various parts of our poet's works he has alluded to the custom of plighting troth by the union of hands. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Since love our *bearts*, and *Hymen* did our *hands*

"Unite co-mutual in most sacred bands."

Again, in *The Tempest*, which was probably written at no great distance of time from the play before us:

"*Mir.* My husband then?

"*Fer.* Ay, with a heart as willing

"As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my *band*."

"*Mir.* And mine, with my *bearts* in't."

The hearts of old, says Othello, dictated the union of *bands*, which formerly were joined with the *bearts* of the parties in them; but in our modern marriages, *bands* alone are united, without *bearts*. Such evidently is the plain meaning of the words. I do not, however, undertake to maintain that the poet, when he used the word *heraldry*,
had

THE MOOR OF VENICE. 571

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum⁷ offends me ;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not ?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault : That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give⁸ ;

She

had not the new order of baronets in his thoughts, without intending any satirical allusion. MALONE.

I think, with Dr. Warburton, that the new order of baronets is here again alluded to. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, p. 221, and Spelman's Epigram there cited :

" ————— florentis nomen honoris

" Indicat in clypei fronte cruenta manus.

" Non quod sævi aliquid, aut stricto fortiter ense

" Hostibus occisis gesserit iste cohors." BLACKSTONE.

The reader will not find the epigram alluded to by Sir William Blackstone, in the page to which he has referred ; for I have omitted that part of his note, (an omission of which I have there given notice,) because it appeared to me extremely improbable that any passage in that play should allude to an event that did not take place till 1611. The omitted words I add here, (distinguishing them by Italic characters,) as they may appear to add weight to his opinion and that of Dr. Warburton.

" I suspect this is an oblique reflection on the prodigality of James the first in bestowing these honours, and creating a new order of knighthood called baronets ; which few of the ancient gentry would condescend to accept. See Sir Henry Spelman's epigram on them, GLOSS. p. 76, which ends thus :

" ————— dum cauponare recusant

" Ex verâ geniti nobilitate viri,

" Interea è caulis hic prorepat, ille tabernis,

" Et modo fit dominus, qui modo servus erat.

See another stroke at them in *Othello*." MALONE.

⁷ — salt and sullen rheum—] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio, for sullen, has sorry. MALONE.

Sullen, that is, a rheum obstinately troublesome. I think this better.

JOHNSON.

⁸ — That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give :] In the account of this tremendous handkerchief, are some particulars, which lead me to think that

She was a charmer, and could almost read
 The thoughts of people : she told her, while she kept it,
 'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
 Entirely to her love ; but if she lost it,
 Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
 Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
 After new fancies : She, dying, gave it me ;
 And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
 To give it her. I did so : and take heed of't,
 Make it a darling like your precious eye ;
 To lose't or give't away, were such perdition,
 As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible ?

Oth. 'Tis true : there's magick in the web of it :
 A sibyl⁹, that had number'd in the world

that here is an allusion to a fact, heightened by poetical imagery. It is the practice in the eastern regions for persons of both sexes to carry handkerchiefs very curiously wrought. In the Ms. papers of Sir J. Chardin, that great oriental traveller, is a passage which fully describes the custom. " The mode of wrought handkerchiefs (says this learned inquirer) is general in Arabia, in Syria, in Palestine, and in all the Turkish empire. They are wrought with a needle, and it is the amusement of the fair sex there, as among us the making tapestry and lace. The young women make them for their fathers, their brothers, and by way of preparation before hand for their spouses ; bestowing them as favours on their lovers. They have them almost constantly in their hands, in those warm countries, to wipe off sweat." But whether this circumstance ever came to Shakspeare's knowledge and gave rise to the incident, I am not able to determine.

WHAALLEY.

Shakspeare found in Cinthio's novel the incident of Desdemona's losing a handkerchief finely wrought in Morisco work, which had been presented to her by her husband, or rather of its being stolen from her by the villain who afterwards by his machinations robbed her of her life. The eastern custom of brides presenting such gifts to their husbands, certainly did not give rise to the incident on which this tragedy turns, though Shakspeare should seem to have been apprized of it. However, I have retained the preceding note as illustrative of the passage before us. MALONE.

⁹ *A sibyl, &c.*] This circumstance perhaps is imitated by Ben Jonson in *The Sad Shepherd* :

" A Gypsy lady, and a right beldame,

" Wrought it by moon-shine for me, and star-light," &c.

STEVENS.

The

"The sun to make ¹ two hundred compasses,
In her prophetick fury sew'd the work :
"The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk ;
And it was dy'd in mummy ², which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts ³.

Des. Indeed ! is it true ?

Oth. Most veritable ; therefore look to it well.

Des. Then 'would to heaven, that I had never seen it.

Oth. Ha ! wherefore ?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash ⁴ ?

Oth. Is't lost ? is't gone ? speak, is it out of the way ?

Des. Heaven blefs us !

Oth. Say you ?

Des. It is not lost ; But what an if it were ?

¹ *The sun to make two hundred compasses,*] Thus the quarto, 1622.
The folio reads—to *course* two hundred compasses. I have preferred
the original reading, because we have in *Hamlet*,

"When yon same star, that's eastward from the pole,

"Had made his *course*, to illume that part of heaven."

MALONE.

— *number'd* —

The sun to course, &c.] i. e. number'd the sun's courses : badly
expressed. WARBURTON.

The expression is not very infrequent : we say, *I counted the clock to
strike four* ; so the *number'd* the sun to *course*, to run *two hundred com-
passes*, two hundred circuits. JOHNSON.

² *And it was dy'd in mummy,*] The balsamick liquor run-
ning from *mummies* was formerly celebrated for its anti-epileptick
virtues. We are now wise enough to know, that the qualities ascribed
to it are all imaginary ; and yet I have been informed that this fauciful
medicine still holds a place in the shops where drugs are sold. So, in
The Bird in a Cage, by Shirley, 1633 :

"—make *mummy* of my flesh, and sell me to the apothecaries."

Again, in *The Honest Lawyer*, 1616 :

"That I might tear their flesh in mamocks, raise

"My losses, from their carcases turn'd *mummy*."

STEEVENS.

³ — *which the skilful*
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.] Thus the folio. The quarto
reads :

— *with the skilful*

Conserves, &c. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *rash* ?] Is *vehement, violent.* JOHNSON.

Oth.

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch it, let me see it.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now;

This is a trick, to put me from my suit;

I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind misgives.

Des. Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio⁵.

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. A man that, all his time,

Hath founded his good fortune on your love;

Shar'd dangers with you;—

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. In sooth you are to blame.

Oth. Away!

[*Exit OTHELLO.*]

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shews us a man⁶:

They

⁵ *I pray, talk me of Cassio.*] This and the following short speech are omitted in all ancient editions but the first quarto. STEEVENS.

⁶ *'Tis not a year or two shews us a man:*] From this line it may be conjectured, that the author intended the action of this play to be considered as longer than is marked by any note of time. Since their arrival at Cyprus, to which they were hurried on their wedding-night, the fable seems to have been in one continual progress, nor can I see any vacuity into which a year or two, or even a month or two, could be put. On the night of Othello's arrival, a feast was proclaimed; at that feast Cassio was degraded, and immediately applies to Desdemona to get him restored. Iago indeed advises Othello to hold him off a while, but there is no reason to think, that he has been held off long. A little longer interval would increase the probability of the story, though it might violate the rules of the drama. See Act. V. sc. ii.

JOHNSON.

This line has no reference to the duration of the action of this play, or to the length of time that Desdemona had been married.

What

'They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
'They eat us hungrily, and when they are full,
'They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter IAGO, and CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't;
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.
Des. How now, good Cassio? what's the news with you?
Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,
That, by your virtuous means, I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,
Intirely honour; I would not be delay'd:
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again.
But to know so must be my benefit⁷;

What Emilia says, is a sort of proverbial remark, of general application, where a definite time is put for an indefinite. Besides; there is no necessity for fixing the commencement of Emilia's *year or two*, to the time of the marriage or the opening of the piece. She would with more propriety refer to the beginning of the acquaintance and intimacy between the married couple, which might extend beyond that period.

STEEVENS.

7 — *the duty of my heart,*] The elder quarto reads,
— *the duty of my heart.*

The author used the more proper word, and then changed it I suppose, for fashionable diction; [*"the office of my heart,"* the reading of the folio;] but, as fashion is a very weak protectress, the old word is now ready to resume its place. JOHNSON.

A careful comparison of the quartos and folio inclines me to believe that many of the variations which are found in the later copy, did not come from the pen of Shakspeare. See p. 395, n. 9. That *duty* was the word intended here, is highly probable from other passages in his works. So, in his 26th *Sonnet*:

"Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage

"Thy merit has my duty strongly knit."

Again, in his Dedication of *Lucrece*, to Lord Southampton: "Were my worth greater, my duty would shew greater; mean time, as it is, it is bound to your lordship." MALONE.

⁸ *But to know so, must be my benefit;*]

"Si nequeo placidas affari Cæsaris aures,

"Saltem aliquis veniat, qui mihi, dicat, abi." JOHNSON.

So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms⁹.

Des. Alas ! thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocacy is not now in tune ;
My lord is not my lord ; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour¹, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best :
And stood within the blank of his displeasure²,
For my free speech ! You must a while be patient :
What I can do, I will ; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare : let that suffice you.

⁹ *And shut myself up in some other course,*

To fortune's alms.] The quarto, 1622, reads—*And shoot myself,*
&c. I think, with Mr. Steevens, that it was a corruption, and that
the reading of the folio is the true one.

Hammer reads :

And shoot myself upon some other course,
To fortune's alms.

To fortune's alms means, waiting patiently for whatever bounty fortune
or chance may bestow upon me.

We have the same uncommon phrase in *King Lear* :

" ——— Let your study

" Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you

" *At fortune's alms.*" MALONE.

The quarto, 1630, (like the folio) reads,

And shut myself up —

I cannot help thinking this reading to be the true one. The idea
seems taken from the confinement of a monastick life. The words,
forc'd content, help to confirm the supposition. The meaning will
therefore be, " I will put on a constrained appearance of being con-
tented, and shut myself up in a different course of life, no longer to
depend on my own efforts, but to wait for relief from the accidental
hand of charity."

Shakspeare uses the same expression in *Macbeth* :

" ——— and shut up

" In measureless content."

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

" Whose basest stars do shut us up in wishes." STEEVENS.

¹ — *in favour,*] In look, in countenance. JOHNSON.

² — *within the blank of his displeasure,*] Within the shot of his
anger. JOHNSON.

Iago.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;³
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—And can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I prythee, do so.—Something, sure, of state,—
[*Exit IAGO.*

Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd practice⁴,
Made démonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis ev'n so;
For let our finger ach, and it indues
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense
Of pain⁵: Nay, we must think, men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am⁶)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;

3 — *I have seen the cannon,*

When it hath blown, &c.] In Iago's speech something is suppressed. He means to say, I have seen his ranks blown into the air, and his own brother puff'd from his side,—and mean while have seen him quite cool and unruffled. And can he now be angry? MALONE.

4 — *some unhatch'd practice,]* Some treason that has not taken effect. JOHNSON.

5 — *for let our finger ache, and it indues*

Our other healthful members, ev'n to that sense

Of pain:] I believe it should be rather, Subdues our other healthful members to a sense of pain. JOHNSON.

To induce appears to have signified in Shakspeare's time, to tincture or embue, and is so used here. See p. 383, n. 7.

The words—*'Tis even so,* relate to what Desdemona has just conjectured. "*This is certainly the case;* some state affair has disturbed him." MALONE.

6 — *(unhandsome warrior as I am)]* Unhandsome warrior, is unfair assailant. JOHNSON.

But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indited falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven, it be state matters as you think;
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA, and EMILIA.*]

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I'faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall, in a more continue time⁷,

7 — in a more continue time,] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, has—a more convenient time. MALONE.

A more continue time is time less interrupted, time which I can call more my own. It gives a more distinct image than convenient.

JOHNSON,

The word occurs again in *Timon*, sc. i.

“ ——— breath'd, as it were,

“ To an untirable and continue goodness.” STEEVENS.

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.]

Take me this work out^s.

Bian. O, Cassio, whence came this?
 This is some token from a newer friend.
 To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
 Is it come to this? Well, well.

Caf. Go to, woman!
 Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
 From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
 That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
 No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Caf. I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.
 I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
 (As like enough it will,) I'd have it copy'd:
 Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Caf. I do attend here on the general;
 And think it no addition, nor my wish,
 To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you²?

Caf. Not, that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.
 I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
 And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

^s *Take me this work out.*] The meaning is not, "Pick out the work, and leave the ground plain;" but, "Copy this work in another handkerchief." JOHNSON.

So, in a comedy, by Middleton, called *Women beware Women*:

" ————— she intends

" To take out other works in a new sampler."

Again, in the preface to P. Holland's *Pliny*, 1601: "Nicophanes (a famous painter) gave his mind wholly to antique pictures, partly to exemplifie and take out their patterns, after that in long continuance of time they were decayed." STEEVENS.

So, in Hearne's *Liber Niger Scaccarii*, Vol. II. p. 578, 581, and 585, "to take out the arms," means, to copy them.

TOLLET.

² *Why, I pray you?*] This and the following speech are wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd¹.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter OTHELLO, and IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago?

Iago. What,

To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?

It is hypocrisy against the devil²:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

The

¹ — *I must be circumstanc'd.*] i. e. your civility is now grown conditional. WARBURTON.

Particular circumstances and your own convenience have, I see, more weight with you than Bianca has. I must be postponed to these considerations. MALONE.

² *Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?*

It is hypocrisy against the devil:] This observation seems strangely abrupt and unoccasioned. We must suppose that Iago had, before they appear in this scene, been applying cases of false comfort to Othello; as that, though the parties had been even found in bed together, there might be no harm done; it might be only for the trial of their virtue; as was reported of the Romish saint, Robert D'Arbrissel and his nuns: To this we must suppose Othello here replies; and like a good protestant. For so the sentiment does but suit the character of the speaker, Shakspeare little heeds how these sentiments are circumstanced. WARBURTON.

Hypocrisy against the devil, means, hypocrisy to cheat the devil. As common hypocrites cheat men, by seeming good, and yet living wickedly, these men would cheat the devil, by giving him flattering hopes,

The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven³.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip :
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then ?

Iago. Why, then 'tis hers, my lord ; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too ;
May she give that ?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen ;
They have it very oft, that have it not :
But, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it :—
Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all*,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that ?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong ?
Or heard him say,—As knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,

hopes, and at last avoiding the crime which he thinks them ready to commit. JOHNSON.

³ *The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.*] As the devil makes a trial of their virtue by often throwing temptation in their way, so they presumptuously make a trial whether the divine goodness will enable them to resist a temptation which they have voluntarily created for themselves, or abandon them to the government of their passions. MALONE.

Shakspeare had probably in view a very popular book of his time, *The Beehive of the Roman Church*. "There was an old wife, called *Julia*, which would take the young men and maidens, and lay them together in a bed. And for that they should not one byte another, nor kicke backwards with their heeles, she did lay a crucifix between them." FARMER.

⁴ *Boding to all,—*] Thus all the old copies. The moderns, less grammatically, *Boding to ill*. JOHNSON.

The raven was thought to be a constant attendant on a house in which there was infection. So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633 :

"Thus, like the sad-presaging raven, that tolls

"The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,

"And in the shadow of the silent night

"Does shake contagion from her fable wing." MALONE.

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
 Convinced or supplied them⁵, cannot choose
 But they must blab—

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
 No more than he'll unswear,

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on
 her, when they belie her: Lie with her! that's fulsome.
 Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief.—To con-
 fess, and be hang'd for his labour⁶.—First, to be hang'd,
 and then to confess:—I tremble at it. Nature would not

⁵ *Who having, by their own importunate suit,
 Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
 Convinced or supplied them,—* Mr. Theobald for *supplied* would
 read *suppled*; but the emendation evidently hurts, instead of improv-
 ing, the sense; for what is *suppled*, but *convinced*, i. e. subdued.
Supplied relates to the words—"voluntary dotage," as *convinced* does
 to "their own importunate suit." *Having by their importunacy con-*
quered the resistance of a mistress, or, in compliance with her own request,
and in consequence of her unsolicited fondness, gratified her desires.

MALONE.

Convinced, for conquer'd, subdued. WARBURTON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"—his two chamberlains

"Will I with wine and wassell so convince."

Again, in the same play:

"—their malady convinces

"The great assay of art." STEEVENS.

⁶ — *to confess and be hang'd*—] This is a proverbial saying. It is
 used by Marlowe in his *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"Blame us not, but the proverb—*Confess, and be hang'd*."

It occurs again, in *The Travels of the 3 English Brothers*, 1607.
 And in one of the old collections of small poems there is an epigram
 on it. All that remains of this speech, including the words *to confess*,
 is wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

invest,

invest herself in such shadowing passion⁷, without some instruction⁸. It is not words, that shake me thus:—
Pish!

⁷ — *shadowing passion*,] The modern editions have left out *passion*. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *without some instruction*.] The starts and broken reflections in this speech have something very terrible, and shew the mind of the speaker to be in inexpressible agonies. But the words we are upon, when set right, have a sublime in them that can never be enough admired. The ridiculous blunder of writing *instruction* for *induction* (for so it should be read) has indeed sunk it into arrant nonsense. Othello is just going to fall into a swoon; and, as is common for people in that circumstance, feels an unusual mist and darkness, accompanied with horror, coming upon him. This, with vast sublimity of thought, is compared to the season of the sun's eclipse, at which time the earth becomes shadowed by the *induction* or bringing over of the moon between it and the sun. This being the allusion, the reasoning stands thus: "My nature could never be thus overshadowed, and
" falling, as it were, into dissolution, for no cause. There must be an
" *induction* of something: there must be a real cause. My jealousy
" cannot be merely imaginary. Ideas, words only, could not shake
" me thus, and raise all this disorder. My jealousy therefore must be
" grounded on matter of fact." Shakspeare uses this word in the same sense, in *Richard III*.

" A dire *induction* am I witness to."

Marston seems to have read it thus in some copy, and to allude to it in these words of his *Fame*:

" Plots ha' you laid? *inductions* dangerous!" WARBURTON.

This is a noble conjecture, and whether right or wrong does honour to its author. Yet I am in doubt whether there is any necessity of emendation. There has always prevailed in the world an opinion, that when any great calamity happens at a distance, notice is given of it to the sufferer by some dejection or perturbation of mind, of which he discovers no external cause. This is ascribed to that general communication of one part of the universe with another, which is called sympathy and antipathy; or to the secret monition, *instruction*, and influence of a superiour Being, which superintends the order of nature and of life. Othello says, *Nature could not invest herself in such shadowing passion without instruction*. It is not words that shake me thus. This passion, which spreads its clouds over me, is the effect of some agency more than the operation of words; it is one of those notices, which men have, of unseen calamities. JOHNSON.

However ingenious Dr. Warburton's note may be, it is certainly too forced and far-fetched. Othello alludes only to Cassio's dream, which had been invented and told him by Iago. When many confused and very interesting ideas pour in upon the mind all at once, and with such rapidity that it has not time to shape or digest them, if it does not re-

Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips⁹:—Is it possible?—Confess!—
Handkerchief!—O devil!— [falls in a trance.

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

Enter CASSIO.

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio?

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear:
The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.—

[Exit CASSIO.

lieve itself by tears, (which we know it often does, whether for joy or grief,) it produces stupefaction and fainting.

Othello, in broken sentences and single words, all of which have a reference to the cause of his jealousy, shews that all the proofs are present at once to his mind, which so over-powers it, that he falls into a trance, the natural consequence. Sir J. REYNOLDS.

If Othello by the words *shadowing passion* alludes to his own feelings, and not to Cassio's dream, Dr. Warburton's interpretation, if we substitute *insurrection* for *induction*, (which was introduced merely to usher in the image of an eclipse) is perhaps nearly correct. *Induction*, in Shakspeare's time, meant introduction, or prelude, (as in the instance quoted from *K. Richard III.*) and at no time signified *bringing over*, as Dr. Warburton interprets it.

MALONE.

⁹ *Noses, ears, and lips:*] Othello is imaging to himself the familiarities which he supposes to have passed between Cassio and his wife. So, in the *Winter's Tale*:

“Cheek to cheek,—meeting noses—

“Kissing with inside lip,” &c.—

If this be not the meaning, we must suppose he is meditating a cruel punishment for Desdemona and her suspected paramour:

——— raptis

Auribus, et truncas inhonesto vulnere naves. STEEVENS.

How

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven:
Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper beds¹,
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.
O, 'tis the spight of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch²,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you a while apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list³.

¹ — in those unproper beds,] *Unproper*, for common. WARE.
So, in *The Arcadia*, by Shirley, 1640:

“Every woman shall be common.—

“Every woman common! what shall we do with all the
proper women in *Arcadia*?

“They shall be common too.”

Again, in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, B. 2. fol.

“And is his *proper* by the lawe.” STEEVENS.

² — in a secure couch,] In a couch in which he is lulled into a false security and confidence in his wife's virtue. A Latin sense. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “Though Page be a *secure* fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty,” &c. See also Vol. VIII. p. 259, n. 4.

MALONE.

³ Confine yourself but in a patient list,] Keep your temper within the bounds of patience. So, in *Hamlet*:

“The ocean over-peering of his list,

“Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,” &c. COLLINS.

Again, in *King Henry V.* Act. V. sc. ii. “—you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country fashion.”

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

“The very list, the very utmost bound,

“Of all our fortunes.” STEEVENS.

Whilst you were here, ere while mad with your grief⁴,
 (A passion most unsuited such a man,)
 Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
 And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
 Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
 The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself⁵,
 And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
 That dwell in every region of his face⁶;
 For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
 Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
 He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
 I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
 Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen⁷,
 And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
 I will be found most cunning in my patience;
 But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;
 But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[Othello withdraws.]
 Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,

4 — *ere while, mad with your grief,*] Thus the first quarto.
 The folio reads:

— *o'erwhelmed with your grief.* STEEVENS.

5 — *encave yourself,*] Hide yourself in a private place.

JOHNSON.
 6 *That dwell in every region of his face;*] The same uncommon
 expression occurs again in *King Henry VIII*:

" ————— The respite shook

" The bosom of my conscience —

" ————— and made to tremble

" The region of my breast." MALONE.

7 *Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,*] I read:

Or I shall say, you're all in all a spleen.

I think our author uses this expression elsewhere. JOHNSON.

" A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen." — The old reading, however, is not inexplicable. We still say, such one is in wrath, in the dumps, &c. The sense therefore is plain. Again, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

" That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth", —.

STEEVENS.

A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and cloaths: it is a creature,
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's ⁸ *g*ue,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;—
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain,
From the excess of laughter:—Here he comes:—

Enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy ⁸ must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure of't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power, [*speaking lower.*]
How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [*Aside.*]

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

[*Aside.*]

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said. [*Aside.*]

Iago. She gives out, that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

[*Aside.*]

Cas. I marry her!—what? a customer! I prythee,

⁸ And his unbookish jealousy—] Unbookish, for ignorant. WARB.

⁹ Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?] Othello calls him Roman ironically. Triumph, which was a Roman ceremony, brought Roman into his thoughts. What, (says he,) you are now triumphing as great as a Roman? JOHNSON.

— a customer!] A common woman, one that invites custom.

JOHNSON.

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

“I think thee now some common customer.” STEEVENS.

bear

bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so un-wholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so: They laugh, that win. [*Aside.*

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Caf. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me²? Well. [*Aside.*

Caf. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

[*Aside.*
Caf. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble; by this hand³ she falls thus about my neck;—

² *Have you scored me?*] Have you made my reckoning? have you settled the term of my life? The old quarto reads—*scored me.* Have you disposed of me? have you laid me up.

JOHNSON.

To *score* originally meant no more than to cut a notch upon a tally, or to mark out a form by indenting it on any substance. Spenser, in the first Canto of his *Faery Queen*, speaking of the Cross, says:

“Upon his shield the like was also *scar'd*.”

Again, b. 2. c. 9:

“—why on your shield, so goodly *scar'd*,

“Bear you the picture of that lady's head?”

But it was soon figuratively used for setting a *brand* or *mark* of disgrace on any one. “Let us *score* their backs,” says Scarus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*; and it is employed in the same sense on the present occasion. STEEVENS.

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, we find:

“———— I know not

“What *counts* harsh fortune *casts* upon my face,” &c.

But in the passage before us our poet might have been thinking of the ignominious punishment of slaves. So, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

“Worse than a *flawish wipe*, or birth-hour's blot.” MALONE.

3 — *by this hand*—] This is the reading of the first quarto.

STEEVENS.

Instead of which, the editor of the folio, or rather the licenser of plays, substituted—thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus, &c.

MALONE.

Oth.

THE MOOR OF VENICE. 589

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it. [*Aside.*]

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. Now he tells, how she pluck'd him to my chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [*Aside.*]

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew⁴! marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work.—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There,—give it your hobby-horse: where-soever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*]

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith, I must, she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come; Will you?

⁴ — *fitchew*!—] A polecat. POPE.

Shakspeare has in another place mentioned the lust of this animal. He tells Iago that she is as lewd as the *polecat*, but of better scent, the polecat being a very stinking animal. JOHNSON.

A *pole-cat* was anciently one of the cant terms for a strumpet.

STEEVENS.

Iago.

Iago. Go to ; say no more. [*Exit Cassio.*]

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago ?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice ?

Oth. O, Iago !

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief ?

Oth. Was that mine ?

Iago. Yours, by this hand⁵ : and to see how he prizes the foolish woman, your wife ! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing :—

A fine woman ! a fair woman ! a sweet woman !

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damn'd to-night ; for she shall not live : No, my heart is turn'd to stone ; I strike it, and it hurts my hand⁶. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature : she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him talks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her ! I do but say what she is :—So delicate with her needle !—An admirable musician ! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear⁷ !—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention !—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times :—And then, of so gentle a condition⁷ !—

⁵ *Yours, by this hand, &c.*] This speech is not in the original quarto, 1622. MALONE.

⁶ — *No, my heart is turn'd to stone ; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.*] This thought, as often as it occurs to Shakspeare, is sure to be received, and as often counteracts his pathos. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. sc. viii :

“ — throw my heart

“ Against the flint and hardness of my fault,

“ Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,

“ And finish all foul thoughts.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *O, she would sing the savageness out of a bear !*] So, in *Venus and Adonis* :

“ — when he hath sung,

“ *The tyger would be tame.*” MALONE.

⁷ *And then, of so gentle a condition !*] i. e. of so sweet a disposition. So, in *King Henry V* : “ Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth.” MALONE.

Iago.

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it,
Iago!—O, *Iago*, the pity of it, *Iago!*

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend⁸; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes:—Cuckold me!

Iago. O, tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, *Iago*; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker: You shall hear more by midnight. [*A trumpet within.*]

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico, Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Lod. God save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir⁹.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*gives him a packet.*]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*opens the packet, and reads.*]

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;

Welcome to Cyprus.

⁸ If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend;] So, in *King Edward III.* a tragedy, 1596:

"Why then give sin a passport, to offend." MALONE.

⁹ With all my heart, sir.] This does not relate to what Lodovico has just said, but is spoken by Othello while he salutes him.

MALONE.

Lod.

Lod. I thank you : How does lieutenant Cassio ?

Iago. Lives, fir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach : but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that ?

Des. My lord ?

Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will—* [reads.

Lod. He did not call ; he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio ?

Des. A most unhappy one ; I would do much
To atone them *, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone !

Des. My lord ?

Oth. Are you wise ?

Des. What, is he angry ?

Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him ;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed ?

Des. My lord ?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How, sweet Othello ?

Oth. Devil !

[striking her.

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw it : 'Tis very much ;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil !

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears ²,
Each

* — atone them,—] Make them one ; reconcile them. JOHNSON.
See Vol. VII. p. 272, n. 8. MALONE.

² If that the earth could teem, &c.] If women's tears could impregnate the earth. By the doctrine of equivocal generation, new animals were supposed producible by new combinations of matter. See Bacon. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare here alludes to the fabulous accounts of crocodiles. Each tear, says Othello, which falls from the false Desdemona, would generate a crocodile, the most deceitful of all animals, and whose own tears are proverbially

Each drop she falls³ would prove a crocodile :—
Out of my sight !

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

[*going.*]

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady :—

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress,—

Des. My lord ?

Oth. What would you with her, sir ?

Lod. Who, I, my lord ?

Oth. Ay ; you did wish, that I would make her turn :

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again ; and she can weep, sir, weep ;
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
Very obedient ;—Proceed you in your tears⁴.—
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion !
I am commanded home⁵ :—Get you away ;

proverbially fallacious. “ It is written”, says Bullokar, “ that he will weep over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and then he will eat up the head too. Wherefore in Latin there is a proverb, *crocodili lacrymæ*, crocodile's tears, to signify such tears as are fained, and spent only with intent to deceive, or doe harme.” *English Expofitor*, Svo. 1616. It appears from this writer, that a dead crocodile, “ but in perfect forme,” of about nine feet long, had been exhibited in London, in our poet's time. MALONE.

³ *Each drop she falls*—] To *fall* is here a verb active. So, in *The Tempest* :

“ — when I rear my hand, do you the like,

“ To *fall* it on Gonzalo.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — *Proceed you in your tears.*] I cannot think that the poet meant to make Othello bid Desdemona to *continue weeping*, which *proceed you in your tears* (as the passage is at present pointed) must mean. He rather would have said,

— *Proceed you in your tears ?*—

What ! will you still continue to be a hypocrite by a display of this *well-painted passion* ? WARNER.

I think the old punctuation is the true one. MALONE.

⁵ *I am commanded home* :] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads, perhaps better :

I am commanded *here*—Get you away, &c.

The alteration, I suspect, was made, from the editor of the folio not perceiving that an abrupt sentence was intended. MALONE.

I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice;—Hence, avaunt!—

[Exit Des.]

Cassio shall have my place⁶. And,—sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys⁷!

[Exit.]

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate
Call—all-in-all sufficient? This the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce⁸?

Iago.

⁶ *Cassio shall have my place.*] Perhaps this is addressed to *Desdemona*, who had just expressed her joy on hearing *Cassio* was deputed in the room of her husband. Her innocent satisfaction in the hope of returning to her native place, is construed by *Othello* into the pleasure she received from the advancement of his rival. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Goats and monkeys!*] In this exclamation Shakspeare has shewn great art. *Iago*, in the first scene in which he endeavours to awaken *Othello's* suspicion, being urged to give some evident proof of the guilt of *Cassio* and *Desdemona*, tells him it were impossible to have ocular demonstration of it, though they should be “as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys.” These words, we may suppose, still ring in the ears of *Othello*, who being now fully convinced of his wife's infidelity, rushes out with this emphatic exclamation:—“*Iago's* words were but too true; now indeed I am convinced that they are as hot as “goats and monkeys.” MALONE.

⁸ ——— whose solid virtue

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,

Could neither graze nor pierce?] For *graze*, Dr. Warburton arbitrarily substituted *rase*; and Mr. Theobald, because “he could not for his bears see the difference between shot of accident and dart of chance,” instead of the latter word reads, *change*. I do not see the least ground for supposing any corruption in this passage. As *pierce* relates to the dart of chance, so *graze* is referred to the shot of accident. The expression is still used; we still say—he was grazed by a bullet.

MALONE.

To *graze* is not merely to touch superficially, [as Dr. Warburton has stated.] but to strike not directly, not so as to bury the body of of the thing striking in the matter struck.

Theobald trifles, as usual. *Accident* and *chance* may admit a subtle distinction; *accident* may be considered as the act, and chance

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my censure. What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—I would to heaven, he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; Yet 'would I knew, That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me, to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech: Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

Oth.

as the power or agency of fortune; as, *It was by chance that this accident befel me.* At least, if we suppose all corrupt that is inaccurate, there will be no end of emendation. JOHNSON.

* *A Room in the Castle.*] There are great difficulties in ascertaining the place of this scene. Near the close of it, Iago says to Desdemona, "Go in, and weep not," which would lead us to place it in the court before Othello's castle. These words may indeed be explained to mean, "Go into the supper-room" (though I do not think that the meaning): but immediately afterwards Roderigo enters, and converses with Iago, which decisively ascertains the scene not to be in Othello's house: for Roderigo, who had given the first intelligence to Brabantio, of his daughter's flight, and had shortly afterwards drawn his sword on Othello and his partisans, certainly would not take the liberty of walking into his house at pleasure.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable, that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor
nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither;—go.— [*Exit Emilia.*]
She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA, with DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

On the other hand, what Othello says early in the scene to Emilia,

“Leave procureants alone, and *shut the door*;

and his subsequent address to her as he goes out, as decisively point out a room in Othello's castle as the place of the scene; and compel us to place the several interlocutors there, however inconsistent with Roderigo's entry, and Iago's address to Desdemona.

The truth is, that our poet and his audience, in this instance as in many other, were content, from want of scenery, to consider the very same spot, at one and the same time, as the outside and inside of a house. See Vol. VII. p. 122, n. 7, and *The Historical Account of the English Stage*, &c. Vol. I. Part II. p. 74. MALONE.

9 — *of their wives*.] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—*of her sex*. MALONE.

Des.

Def. What is your pleasure ?

Oth. Let me see your eyes ;
Look in my face.

Def. What horrible fancy's this ?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress ; [to Emil.
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door ;
Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come :
Your mystery, your mystery ;—nay, dispatch.

[Exit EMILIA.

Def. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import ?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words¹.

Oth. Why, what art thou ?

Def. Your wife, my lord ;
Your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself ;
Left, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee : therefore be double-damn'd,
Swear—thou art honest.

Def. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.

Def. To whom, my lord ? With whom², How am I
false ?

Oth. O Desdemona!—away ! away ! away !

Def. Alas, the heavy day !—Why do you weep ?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord ?
If, haply, you my father do suspect,
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me ; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction ; had he rain'd
All kinds of foreshadows, and shames, on my bare head ;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips ;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes ;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience : but (alas !) to make me

¹ But not the words.] This line is added out of the first edition.

A fixed figure, for the time of scorn²
To point his slow unmoving finger at,—
O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:

But

² — *time of scorn*—] The reading of both the eldest quartos and the folio is,

— for the time of scorn.

Mr. Rowe reads—*band of scorn*; and succeeding editors have silently followed him.

I would (though in opposition to so many great authorities in favour of the change) continue to read with the old copy:

— *the time of scorn*.

We call the *hour in which we are to die*, the *hour of death*;—the time when we are to be judged,—*the day of judgment*;—the instant when we suffer calamity,—*the moment of evil*; and why may we not distinguish the time which brings contempt along with it, by the title of *the time of scorn*? Thus, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

“So sings the mariner upon the shore,

“When he hath past the dangerous *time of storms*.”

Again, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:

“I'll poison thee; with murder curbe thy paths,

“And make thee know a *time of infamy*.”

Othello takes his idea from a clock. *To make me (says he) a fixed figure (on the dial of the world) for the hour of scorn to point and make a full stop at!* STEEVENS.

Might not Shakspeare have written—

— for the scorn of time

To point his slow unmoving finger at,—

i. e. the marked object for the contempt of all ages and all time. So, in *Hamlet*:

“For who would bear the whips and *scorns of time*?”

However, in support of the reading of the old copies, it may be observed, that our authour has personified *scorn* in his 88th Sonnet:

“When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,

“And place my merit in the *eye of scorn*—.”

The epithet *unmoving* may likewise derive some support from Shakspeare's 104th Sonnet, in which this very thought is expressed:

“Ah! yet doth beauty, like a *dial-hand*,

“*Steal from his figure*, and no pace perceiv'd;

“So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,

“Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.”

In the clocks of the last age there was, I think, in the middle of the dial-plate a figure of time, which, I believe, was in our poet's thoughts, when he wrote the passage in the text.

The

But there, where I have garner'd up my heart³;
 Where either I must live, or bear no life;
 The fountain from the which my current runs,
 Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
 Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
 To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there⁴!
 Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin;
 Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
 That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed⁵,

Who

The *finger* of the dial was the technical phrase. So, in *Albion*
King of the Lombards, by D'Avenant, 1629:

“ Even as the *slow finger* of the dial

“ Doth in its motion circular remove

“ To distant figures,—”

D'Avenant was a great reader of Shakspeare, and probably had read his plays, according to the fashion of the time, in the folio, without troubling himself to look into the quarto copies.

Unmoving is the reading of the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—*and moving*; and this certainly agrees with the image presented and its counter-part, better than *unmoving*, which can be applied to a clock, only by licence of poetry, (*not appearing to move*,) and as applied to scorn, has but little force: to say nothing of the superfluous epithet *slow*; for there needs no ghost to tell us, that that which is *unmoving* is *slow*. *Slow* implies some sort of motion, however little it may be, and therefore appears to me to favour the reading of the folio.

I have given the arguments on both sides, and, from respect to the opinion of others, have printed *unmoving*, though I am very doubtful whether it was the word intended by Shakspeare. The quarto, 1622, has—*fingers*; the folio—*finger*. MALONE.

³ —*garner'd up my heart*;] That is, *treasured up*; the *garner* and the *fountain* are improperly conjoined. JOHNSON.

⁴ —*turn thy complexion there*! &c.] At such an object do thou, *patience*, thyself *change colour*; at this do thou, even thou, *rosy cherub* as thou art, *look grim as hell*. The old editions and the new have it,

I here look grim as hell.

I was written for *ay*, and not since corrected. JOHNSON.

Here in the old copies was manifestly an error of the press. See the line next but one above. Mr. Theobald made the correction.

MALONE.

⁵ —*O thou weed*,] Dr. Johnson has, on this occasion, been unjustly censured for having stifled difficulties where he could not remove them. I would therefore observe, that Othello's speech is printed word for word from the folio edition, though the quarto reads:

—*O thou black weed!*

Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee,—'Would, thou had'st
ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper⁶, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed!
Committed!—O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets*,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it: What committed!—
Impudent strumpet!

Had this epithet, *black*, been admitted, there would still have remained an incomplete verse in the speech: no additional beauty would have been introduced; but instead of it, a paltry antithesis between the words *black* and *fair*. STEEVENS.

The quarto, 1622, reads:

"O thou *black* weed, *why* art so lovely fair?"

"Thou smell'st so sweet, that the sense aches at thee," &c.

MALONE.

⁶ *Was this fair paper, &c.*] Massinger has imitated this passage in *The Emperor of the East*:

"—— can you think,

"This masterpiece of heaven, this precious vellum

"Of such a purity and virgin whiteness,

"Could be design'd to have perjury and whoredom

"In capital letters writ upon't?" STEEVENS.

⁷ *Committed!*] This, and the three following lines, are omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

This word in Shakspeare's time, beside its general signification, seems to have been applied particularly to unlawful acts of love. Hence perhaps it is so often repeated by Othello. So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's *CHARACTERS, (A Very Woman)* 1614: "She *commits* with her ears for certain; after that, she may go for a maid, but she has been lain with in her understanding." The word is used in the same sense in *King Lear*: "Commit not with man's sworn spouse."

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, P. I.

"—— if all *committers* rood in a rank,

"They'd make a lane, in which your shame might dwell."

MALONE.

* *The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,*] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"Hugg'd and embrac'd by the strumpet wind." MALONE.

Des.

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a christian:

If to preserve this vessel for my lord³,

From any other⁹ foul unlawful touch,

Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none,

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,

That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,

And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!

We have done our course; there's money for your pains;

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With who?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam?

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia;

I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,

But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—

And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here is a change indeed!

[*Exit.*

³ *If to preserve this vessel for my lord,*] This expression, as well as many others, our authour has borrowed from the sacred writings: “—to possess his vessel in sanctification.”—1 Thess. iv. 4. MALONE.

⁹ *—any other—*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—any hated.

STEEVENS.

¹ *Who is thy lord?*] This, and the following speech, are omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

Des.

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet,
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?²

Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet³.

Iago. Why did he so?

² —on my great'st abuse?] This is the reading of the quarto, 1622, which Dr. Johnson thought preferable to the reading of the folio—on my least misuse. MALONE.

³ —upon his callet.] *Callet* is a lewd woman; so called (says Dr. Grey) from the French *calote*, which was a sort of head-dress worn by country girls. This head-dress is mentioned by Ben Jonson in his *Magnetick Lady*:

“The wearing the *callet*, the politic hood.”

The word is likewise found in *Cocke Loralles Bote*, a satyre, bl. l. printed by Wynkyn de Worde; no date:

“Yf he call her *calat*, she calleth hym knave agayne.”

STEEVENS.

This word is of great antiquity in the English language. Chaucer has it in his *Remedy of Love*:

“C, for calet, for of, we have O,

“L, for leude, D, for demeanure,” &c. PERCY.

I meet this word in *The Translation of Ariosto*, 1591:

“And thus this old ill-favour'd spiteful *callet*—”

Harrington, in a note on that line, says that “*callet* is a nickname used to a woman,” and that “in Irish it signifies a *witch*.”

I have no faith in Dr. Grey's etymology of this word, *Calote* is a coif or light cap, worn by others beside country girls. MALONE.

Des.

• *Des.* I do not know ; I am sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep ; Alas, the day !

Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd—where ? would it not make one weep ?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it !

How comes this trick upon him ?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander ; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man ; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him !

Emil. A halter pardon him ! and hell gnaw his bones !
Why should he call her, whore ? who keeps her company ?
What place ? what time ? what form ? what likelihood ?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave⁴,
Some base notorious⁵ knave, some scurvy fellow :—
O, heaven, that such companions⁶ thou'dst unfold ;
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal⁷ naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west !

Iago. Speak within door⁸.

⁴ — *some most villainous knave,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—*some outrageous knave.* MALONE.

⁵ — *notorious* —] For *gross*, not in its proper meaning for *known*.

JOHNSON.

⁶ — *such companions* —] *Companion*, in the time of Shakspeare, was used as a word of contempt, in the same sense as *fellow* is at this day. So, in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612 : "Hew now, base companion !" Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605 :

"And better 'tis, that base companions die,

"Than by their life to hazard our good haps." MALONE.

⁷ — *the rascal* —] Thus the quarto, 1622 ; folio—*rascals*. Emilia first wishes that *all* base fellows were detected, and then that heaven would put a whip in every honest hand to punish in a signal manner that villainous knave, particularly in her thoughts, who had abused the too credulous Moor. MALONE.

⁸ *Speak within door.*] Do not clamour so as to be heard beyond the house. JOHNSON.

Emil. O, fie upon him ! some such squire he was,
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without²,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool ; go to.

Des. O good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again ?
Good friend, go to him ; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel¹ :—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought², or actual deed ;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form ;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much ;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say, where ;
It does abhor me, now I speak the word ;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content ; 'tis but his humour ;
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you³.

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. It is but so, I warrant you.

[*Trumpets.*

² — the seamy side without :] That is, inside out. JOHNSON.

¹ Here I kneel, &c.] These words, and the following lines of this speech, are omitted in the quarto, 1622. MALONE.

² Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed ;] Thus the old copies. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ O heaven ! a beast, that wants *discourse of reason*,

“ Would have mourn'd longer.”

The modern editors, following Mr. Pope, read—discourse, or thought. MALONE.

³ And he does chide with you.] This line is from the quarto, 1622. STEEVENS.

To chide with was the phraseology of the time. We have, I think, the same phrase in one of our poet's *Sonnets*. MALONE.

Hark,

THE MOOR OF VENICE. 605

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
And the great messengers of Venice stay⁴:
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA, and EMILIA,

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dost me with some device, Iago; and rather (as it seems to me now) keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; for your words, and performances, are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: You have told me—she has received them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance⁵; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobb'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make my-

⁴ *And the great messengers of Venice stay:]* Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

The messengers of Venice stay the meat. STEEVENS.

⁵ — and acquittance;] This is the reading of the original quarto, 1622. The folio reads—and acquaintance.

Acquittance is requital. So, in *K. Henry V.*

“And shall forget the office of our hand

“Sooner than ‘quittance of desert and merit.”

See also *Hamlet*, p. 405, n. 6. MALONE.

self known to Desdemona: If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment⁶. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night shew it: if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it,⁷ is it within reason, and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission⁷ come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be linger'd here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him?

⁶ — *your suspicion is not without wit and judgment.*] Shakspeare knew well, that most men like to be flattered on account of these endowments in which they are most deficient. Hence Iago's compliment to this snipe on his sagacity and shrewdness. MALONE.

⁷ — *there is especial commission —*] Shakspeare probably wrote—*special.* MALONE.

Iago.

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste^s: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

^s —and the night grows so waste:] I suppose Iago means to say, that it is near midnight. Perhaps we ought to print *waiſt*. Both the old copies, the quarto, 1622, and the folio, 1623, read—*waiſt*, which was the old spelling of *waiſt*. So *Hamlet*:

“ In the dead *waiſt* [*waiſt*] and middle of the night.”

See the note on that passage, p. 208, n. 2.

So also, in *The Puritan*, a comedy, 1607:

“ ——— ere the day

“ Be spent to the girdle, thou shalt be free.”

The words, however, may only mean—the night is wasting away.

MALONE.

Oth.

Oth. Will you walk, fir?—O,—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be return'd forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done.

Des. I will, my lord. [*Exeunt OTH. LOD. and Attend.*]

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent: He hath commanded me to go to bed, And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia, Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu: We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would, you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him, That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one:—Good father! how foolish are our minds!—

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid, call'd—Barbara;
She was in love; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of willow,

⁹ —*Good father!*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—*all's one, good father.* MALONE.

¹ —*and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,*

And did forsake her:] I believe that *mad* only signifies *wild, frantic, uncertain.* JOHNSON.

We still call a wild-girl a *mad-cap*: and, in The First Part of *King Henry VI.* are mentioned,

“*Mad, natural graces, that extinguish art.*”

Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“*Come on, you mad-cap.*”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: “*Do you hear, my mad wenches?*”

STEEVENS.

An

An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she dy'd singing it: That song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head² all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, dispatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice, would have walk'd
barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. The poor soul³ sat sighing⁴ by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow; [singing.
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:

² — I have much to do,

But to go hang my head—] I have much ado to do any thing but
hang my head. We might read:

Not to go hang my head.

This is perhaps the only insertion made in the latter editions which
has improved the play. The rest seem to have been added for the sake
of amplification, or of ornament. When the imagination had subsided,
and the mind was no longer agitated by the horror of the action, it
became at leisure to look round for specious additions. This addition is
natural. Desdemona can at first hardly forbear to sing the song; she
endeavours to change her train of thoughts, but her imagination at last
prevails, and she sings it. JOHNSON.

These words, and all that follows, to *Nay that's not next*, inclusive-
ly, are not in the original quarto, 1622; and appeared first in the folio.
The remaining lines of the song also appeared first in that copy.

MALONE.

³ *The poor soul, &c.*] This song, in two parts, is printed in a late
collection of old ballads; the lines preserved here differ somewhat from
the copy discovered by the ingenious collector. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *sat sighing*—] The folio reads—*singing*. The passage, as has
been already observed, is not in the original copy printed in 1622. The
reading of the text is taken from a quarto of no authority printed in
1630. *Sighing*, as Mr. Steevens has observed, is also the reading in the
black-letter copy of this ballad in the Pepys Collection, which Dr.
Percy followed. See the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. I. 192.

MALONE.

*The fresh streams⁵ ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, &c.*

*Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;
Lay by these:*

*Sing willow, willow, willow;
Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon.—
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.*

2.

*Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve⁶,—
Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?*

Emil. It is the wind.

*Des. I call'd my love, false love⁷; but what said he
then?*

Sing willow, &c.

If I court no women, you'll couch with no men⁸.

*So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?*

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

⁵ *The fresh streams, &c.]* These lines are formed with some additions from two couplets of the original song:

"The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;

"O willow, &c.

"The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face;

"O willow, &c.

"The mute birds sate by him, made tame by his moans;

"O willow, &c.

"The salt tears fell from him, which soften'd the stones."

⁶ *Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,]* In the original:

"Let nobody blame me, her scorn I do prove,

"O willow, &c.

"She was born to be fair; I to die for her love." MALONE.

⁷ *I call'd my love, false love;]* This couplet is not in the ballad, which is the complaint, not of a woman forsaken, but of a man rejected. These lines were probably added when it was accommodated to a woman. JOHNSON.

⁸ *—you'll couch with no men.]* This verb is found also in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

"———O, if thou couch

"But one night with her, —." MALONE.

Des.

Def. I have heard it said so^o.—O, these men, these men!—

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Def. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Def. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light;

I might do't as well i' the dark.

Def. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a great price
For a small vice.

Def. Good troth, I think thou would'st not.

Emil. By my troth, I think I should; and undo't, when
I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a
joint-ring; nor for measures of lawn; nor for gowns,
petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition: but,
for the whole world,—Why, who would not make her
husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should
venture purgatory for't.

Def. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world;
and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in
your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Def. I do not think, there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage¹, as
Would store the world they play'd for.

But, I do think², it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps³;

¹ *I have heard it said so.*] This, as well as the following speech, is omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

² —*to the vantage,*] i. e. to boot, over and above. STEEVENS.

³ *But, I do think, &c.*] The remaining part of this speech is omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

⁴ *And pour our treasures into foreign laps;*] So, in one of our author's poems:

“Robb'd other beds' revenues of their rents.” MALONE.

Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
 Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,
 Or scant our former having³ in despight;
 Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,
 Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
 Their wives have sense like them⁴: they see, and smell,
 And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
 As husbands have. What is it that they do,
 When they change us for others? Is it sport?
 I think, it is; And doth affection breed it?
 I think, it doth; Is't frailty, that thus errs?
 It is so too: And have not we affections?
 Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?
 Then, let them use us well: else, let them know,
 The ills we do, their ills instruct us so⁵.

Des. Good night, good night: Heaven me such usage
 send⁶,
 Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter IAGO, and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he
 come:

³ — *our former having* —] Our former allowance of expence.

⁴ — *have sense like them*:] *Sense* is used here, as in *Hamlet*, for sensation or sensual appetite. See p. 336. n. 2. MALONE.

⁵ — *instruct us so*.] This passage, as has been already observed, is not in the quarto, 1622. The reading of the text is that of the folio, 1623. The modern editors, following an alteration made by the editor of the second folio, read—*instruct us so*. Our poet, for the sake of rhyme, often uses an uncommon phraseology; I have therefore adhered to the authentick copy. MALONE.

⁶ — *heaven me such usage send*.] *Such uses* is the reading of the folio, and of the subsequent editions; but the old quarto has:

— *such usage send*, —

Usage is an old word for *custom*, and, I think, better than *uses*.

JOHNSON.
 Wear

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy
sword. [retires to a little distance.]

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons:—
'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.

[goes to his stand.]

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry⁷. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain⁸: Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him⁹,

⁷ *I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,*

And he grows angry.] This is a passage much controverted among the editors. Sir T. Hanmer reads *quab*, a gudgeon; not that a gudgeon can be *rubb'd* to much *sense*, but that a man grossly deceived is often called a gudgeon. Mr. Upton reads *quail*, which he proves, by much learning, to be a very choleric bird. Dr. Warburton retains *gnar*, which is found in the early quarto. Theobald would introduce *knot*, a small bird of that name. I have followed the text of the folio, and third and fourth quartos.

A *quat* in the midland counties is a *pimple*, which by rubbing is made to smart, or is *rubb'd to sense*. Roderigo is called a quat by the same mode of speech, as a low fellow is now termed in low language a *scab*. To rub to the sense, is to rub to the quick. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Devil's Law-case*, 1623: "O young quat! incontinence is plagued in all creatures in the world."

Again, in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: "—whether he be a young quat of the first yeeres revennew, or some austere and sullen-faced steward," &c.

Such another thought occurs in Ben Jonson's *Catiline*:

"—— must have their disgraces still new rubb'd,

"To make them smart," &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ —my gain:] The quartos read—my game. STEEVENS.

⁹ —that I bobb'd from him,] That I fool'd him out of. A *bob* formerly signified a mock, or jeer. Coles renders it in his Dictionary, 1679, by *sanna*, as he does *bobb'd* by *illusit*. MALONE.

As gifts to Desdemona;
 It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
 He hath a daily beauty in his life,
 That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
 May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril;
 No, he must die:—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he;—Villain, thou dy'st.

[rushes from his post, and makes a pass at Cassio.]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
 But that my coat is better than thou think'st;
 I will make proof of thine.

[draws, and wounds Roderigo.]

Rod. O, I am slain! *[falls.]*

[Iago rushes from his post, cuts Cassio behind in the leg¹, and exit.]

Cas. I am maim'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder!
 murder! *[falls.]*

Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. Hark! 'tis even so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honest, and just,
 That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
 Thou teachest me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,
 And your fate hies apace²:—Strumpet, I come:
 Forth of my heart³ those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
 Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[Exit OTHELLO.]

Enter

¹ — *in the leg.*] Iago maims Cassio in the leg, in consequence of what he has just heard him say, from which he supposed that his body was defended by some secret armour. MALONE.

² *And your fate hies apace:*] Thus the first quarto. The second quarto and the folio read—*And your unblest fate hies.* STEEVENS.

³ *Forth of my heart, &c.*] Thus the first quarto. The folio reads, *For off:* perhaps the true reading is, *For off, &c.* STEEVENS.

Enter LODOVICO, and GRATIANO, at a distance.

Caf. What, ho! no watch? no passage⁴? murder! murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Caf. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans;—it is a heavy night⁵:
These may be counterfeits; let's think't unsafe
To come in to the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO, with a light.

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries on murder⁶?

Lod.

For off is the conjectural reading introduced by the editor of the second folio, and is one of a thousand proofs of capricious alterations made in that copy, without any regard to the most ancient editions. The original reading is undoubtedly the true one. So, in *Mount Tabor, or Private Exercises of a penitent Sinner*, 1639; "— whilst all this was acting, there came forth of another door at the farthest end of the stage, two old men," &c.

Again, as Mr. Henley has observed, in *K. Richard III.*

"—— I cloath my naked villainy

"With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ."

Again, *ibidem*:

"Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace

"To breakfast once, forth of my company." MALONE.

4 —no passage?—] No passenger? nobody going by? JOHNSON.
So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"Now in the stirring passage of the day." STEEVENS.

5 —a heavy night:] A thick cloudy night, in which an ambush may be commodiously laid. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"Upon the heavy middle of the night." STEEVENS.

6 —whose noise is this, that cries on murder?] Thus the quarto, 1622, and the folio, 1623; and such was the phraseology of Shakespeare's age. So, in *Eastward Ho*, a comedy, 1605:

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [to *Bian.*] What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o' the air.—[*Cassio and Rod. are borne off.*]
Stay you, good gentlewoman⁸:—look you pale, mistress?—

Do you perceive the gastsness⁹ of her eye?—

Nay, if you stare¹, we shall hear more anon:—

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,

Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter; what's the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd;
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night²:—

⁸ — good gentlewoman:] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads —gentlemen. That the original is the true reading, may be collected from the situation and feelings of the parties on the scene. No reason can be assigned why *Lodewico* and *Gratiano* should immediately quit the spot where they now are, before they had heard from *Iago* further particulars of the attack on Cassio, merely because Cassio was borne off: whereas, on the other hand, his mistress, Bianca, who has been officiously offering him assistance, would naturally endeavour to accompany him to his lodgings. MALONE.

⁹ — the gastsness—] So the folio. The quartos read, *jestures*. STEEV.

¹ *Nay, if you stare,*] So the folio. The quartos read, *stirre*.

STEEVENS.

² — Pr'ythee, Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night:] In the last scene of the preceding act *Iago* informs Roderigo, that Cassio was to sup with Bianca; that he would accompany Cassio to her house, and would take care to bring him away from thence between twelve and one. Cassio too had himself informed *Iago*, in Act IV. sc. i. that he would sup with Bianca, and *Iago* had promised to meet him at her house. Perhaps, however, here *Iago* chose to appear ignorant of this fact, conscious that he had way-laid Cassio, and therefore desirous of being thought ignorant of his motions during the evening. MALONE.

What,

What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, trumpet!

Bian. I am no trumpet; but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd:—
Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what has happ'd.—

Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night, *[Aside,*
That either makes me, or fordoes³ me quite. *Exeunt.*

* SCENE II.

A Bed-chamber: DESDEMONA in bed, asleep. A light burning.

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it⁴ to you, you chaste stars!—

It

³ —or fordoes me quite.] *To fordo* is to undo, to ruin, to destroy.
STEEVENS.

See p. 244, n. 6. MALONE.

⁴ *It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—*

Let me not name it—] The abruptness of this soliloquy makes it obscure. The meaning, I think, is this: "I am here (says Othello in his mind) overwhelmed with horror. What is the reason of this perturbation? Is it want of resolution to do justice? Is it the dread of shedding blood? No; it is not the action that shocks me, but it is the cause, it is the cause, my soul; let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars! it is the cause." JOHNSON.

Othello, full of horror at the cruel action which he is about to perpetrate, seems at this instant to be seeking his justification, from representing to himself the cause, i. e. the greatness of the provocation he had received. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare seems to have had the following verse in the fifth chapter of Jeremiah in view: "They overpass the deeds of the wicked; they judge not the cause, the cause of the fatherless;—shall not my soul

It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood ;
Nor fear that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[takes off his sword.

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men⁵.
Put out the light, and then put out the light⁶ :
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

I can

feel be avenged on such as this ?" In imitation of this the poet meant, if his interrupted expressions were completed, to say, "It is the cause, the cause of virtue and chastity, which I am going to maintain : my soul, this is the offence thou hast to avenge : but let me not name the offence to you, ye chaste stars ; it is the cause of chastity, and she must die, else she'll betray more men. Justice demands it from me.

ANONYMUS.

5 Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.] This is the second attempt of Othello to justify what he has undertaken. First he says, *It is the cause*, i. e. his own cause ; now he is willing to suppose himself the preventer of succeeding mischief to others. STEVENS.

6 Put out the light, and then put out the light :] This is one of the passages to which I alluded in a note on *As you like it*, Vol. III. p. 133, n. 5 ; in which by a modern regulation our poet's words have obtained a meaning, which in my opinion was not in his thoughts. Mr. Upton was the first person who introduced the correction in this line, which has been adopted since his book appeared, by pointing it thus :

Put out the light, and then—Put out the light ! &c.

His explanation is as follows. "I'll put out the light, and then—strangle her, he was going to say ; but this recalls a thousand tender thoughts to his troubled soul : he stops short ; *If I quench the taper, how easy is it to restore its former light* ; but O Desdemona, if I once put out thy light," &c.

On this Dr. Warburton grounded the following note :

"The meaning is, I will put out the light, and then proceed to the execution of my purpose. But the expression of *putting out the light*, bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks short, and questions himself about the effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repetition of his first words ; as much as to say, But hold, let me first weigh the reflections which this expression so naturally excites."

I entirely agree with Dr. Farmer, that this regulation gives a spirit to this passage that was not intended. The poet, I think, meant merely to say,—“ I will now put out the lighted taper which I hold, and then put out the light of life ;” and this introduces his subsequent reflection and comparison, just as aptly, as supposing the latter words of the line to be used in the same sense as in the beginning of it, which cannot be done without destroying that equivocal and play of words of which Shakspeare was so fond,

There

I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me :—but once put out thy light⁶,

There are few images which occur more frequently in his works than this. Thus, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. the dying Clifford says,

"Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies."

Again, in *Macbeth* :

"Out, out, brief candle !"

Again, in *K. Henry VIII.* :

"This candle burns not clear ; 'tis I must snuff it ;

"Then out it goes."

Again, in his *Rape of Lucrece* :

"Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not

"To darken her, whose light excelleth thine !"

Let the words—*put out her light*, stand for a moment in the place of—*darken her*, and then the sentence will run—*Burn out thy light, fair torch, and lend it not to put out her light, whose light is more excellent than thine*. In the very same strain, says Othello, "*let me first extinguish the light I now hold, and then put out the light of life*. But how different in effect and importance are these two acts ! The extinguished taper can be lighted again, but the light of life, when once extinguished, can never, alas, be relumed."

The question is not, which regulation renders the passage most elegant and spirited, but what was the poet's idea.—I believe, however, that Shakspeare wrote—and then put out *thy* light ; and the reading of the original copy in a subsequent line, "*—but once put out thine*," seems to me to countenance this emendation.

In *The Merchant of Venice* the word *light* is used with equal ambiguity :

"Let me give *light*, but let me not be *light*." MALONE.

This has been considered as a very difficult line. *Fielding* makes *Betterton* and *Booth* dispute about it with the *author himself* in the other world. The punctuation recommended by Dr. Warburton, gives a spirit to it which I fear was not intended. It seems to have been only a play upon words. To put the light out was a phrase for to kill. In *The Maid's Tragedy*, *Melantius* says,

"—'Tis a justice, and a noble one,

"To put the light out of such base offenders." FARMER.

Put out the light. This phrase is twice used in *Sidney's Arcadia*, for killing a lady, p. 460, and 470, edit. 1633.

Again, in an unpublished play, called *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, by George Chapman, licensed by Sir George Buc, October 3rd, 1611, (now in the library of the Marquis of Lansdown, who honoured me with the use of it) :

"——— O soul of cunning,

"Came that arch subtilty from thy lady's counsel,

"Or thine own sudden craft ? confess to me

"How oft thou hast been a bawd to their close actions,

"Or all thy light goes out." STEEVENS.

⁶ —put out thy light,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—put out thine. STEEVENS.

Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature⁷,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat,
 That can thy light relume⁸. When I have pluck'd thy
 rose⁹,

I cannot give it vital growth again,
 It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.—

[*kissing her.*]

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
 Justice herself to break her sword!—Once more.—
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after:—Once more, and this the last:
 So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
 But they are cruel tears: 'This sorrow's heavenly'¹
 It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,

⁷ *Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,*] So, in *Palmerin D'Oli-*
voa, 1588, P. I. "—those that beheld her, esteemed her for the
 chiefest piece of workmanship that ever Nature framed." REED.

⁸ *That can thy light relume.*] Thus the folio. The quarto 1622,
 for *relume* has—*return*. The modern editors, following the quarto print-
 ed in 1630, read—*relumine*.

Our poet has *illume*, for *illuminate*, in *Hamlet*:

"Had made his course, to *illum*e that part of heaven,

"Where now it burns." MALONE.

⁹ —*thy rose,*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads,—*the rose*.
 Again, the quarto reads,

"I'll smell *it* on the tree,"

The folio,

"I'll smell *thee* on the tree." STEEVENS.

¹ —*This sorrow's heavenly;*] This tenderness, with which I lament
 the punishment which justice compels me to inflict, is a holy passion.

I wish these two lines could be honestly ejected. It is the fate of
 Shakspeare to counteract his own pathos. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the poet would not have retained both these images, had
 he published the play himself, though in the hurry of composition he
 threw them both upon paper. The first seems adopted from the fabu-
 lous history of the crocodile, the second from a passage in the scripture.

STEEVENS.

"Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." MASON.

Unreconcil'd

Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;

No,—Heaven forefend!—I would not kill thy soul².

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, heaven

Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humph!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so: Why I should fear, I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'st.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving³.

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:

These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so: What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave
thee,

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul;

² *I would not kill thy soul.*] Sir W. D'Avenant has borrowed this thought in his *Albion, King of Lombardy*, 1629:

"I am not fraught with devil's spleen; I would

"Not hurt thy soul." STEEVENS.

³ *That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.*] This thought is likewise found in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, a poem, by H. L. 16mo. 1597:

"Unnatural, which kill where you should kiss."

Again, in our poet's *K. Richard III.*

"It is a quarrel most unnatural,

"To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee." MALONE.

Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,—
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice⁴:
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee⁵.

⁴ *A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:*] This line is difficult. *Thou hast harden'd my heart, and makest me kill thee with the rage of a murderer, when I thought to have sacrificed thee to justice with the calmness of a priest striking a victim.*

It must not be omitted, that one of the elder quartos reads, *thou dost stone thy heart*; which I suspect to be genuine. The meaning then will be, *thou forcest me to dismiss thee from the world in the state of the murdered without preparation for death, when I intended that thy punishment should have been a sacrifice atoning for thy crime.*

I am glad that I have ended my revival of this dreadful scene. It is not to be endured. JOHNSON.

Thy heart, is the reading of the original quarto, 1622. MALONE.

⁵ *That he hath—us'd thee.*] The quarto, 1622, exhibits this line thus:

That he hath—us'd death. MALONE.

Des.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't⁶.

Des. My fear interprets then,—What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives⁷, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,

There is no pause⁸.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late⁹.

[*He smothereth her.*

Emil.

⁶ — *batb ta'en order for't.*] i. e. has taken measures. So, in Holinshed's *Reign of King John*: "— he took such order for him, that he was despoiled of all his goods and benefices." p. 174. STEEVENS.

Again, in *Dido Queen of Carthage*, by Marlowe and Nashe, 1594:

"I will take order for that presently." MALONE.

⁷ *Had all his hairs been lives.*—] This thought appears to have been very common, as it occurs frequently in dramatic performances prior to Shakspeare's *Othello*. So, in *The Devil's Charter*, by Barnaby Barnes, 1607:

"Know, Cæsar, had I now as many lives

"As there are stones, or hairs upon my head,

"I would," &c.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and no King*:

"— but if all

"My hairs were lives, I would not be engaged

"In such a cause." STEEVENS.

King and no King, as appears from Sir Henry Herbert's papers, was produced in 1611. See Vol. I. P. II. *Historical Account of the English Stage*. MALONE.

⁸ *Being done,*

There is no pause.] The first quarto omits this speech.

STEEVENS.

⁹ *It is too late.*] After this speech of Othello, the elder quarto adds an invocation from Desdemona, consisting only of the sacred-name thrice repeated. As this must be supposed to have been uttered while

Emil. [*within.*] My lord, my lord! what ho! my lord,
my lord!

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite
dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—
So, so.

Emil. [*within.*] What ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [*within.*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word
with you.

Oth. Yes;—'tis Emilia:—by and by.—She's dead.
'Tis like, she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave: Shall she come in? Were't good?
I think, she stirs again:—No.—What's the best?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:—
My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife¹:
O insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*within.*] I do beseech you I may speak with you,
O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—
Soft,—by and by:—Let me the curtains draw.—

she is yet struggling with death, I think an editor may be excused from inserting such a circumstance of supererogatory horror, especially as it is found in but one of the ancient copies. STEEVENS.

This alteration was probably made in consequence of the statue of the 3d of James I. c. 21. which lays a penalty for the profane use of the name of God, &c. in stage-plays, enterludes, May-games, &c.

TOLLET.

The statute was necessary; for not only the ancient moralities, but the plays (those of *Chapman* in particular) abound with the most wanton and shocking repetitions of a name which never ought to be mentioned in such an irreverend manner on the stage. STEEVENS.

The alteration was undoubtedly made by the Master of the Revels.

MALONE.

¹ *My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife!* [*“Filius unicum adolescentulum habeo: ah! quid dixi habere me? imo habui, Chremes.” Ter. Heautont.* STEEVENS.

Where

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

[*unlocks the door.*]

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done:

Oth. What? now?

Emil. But now, my lord?

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;

She comes more near the earth than she was wont,

And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian;
Call'd—Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!

And Cassio kill'd?

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd²!

Emil.

² *O falsely, falsely murder'd!*] It cannot be supposed that a person who had been effectually *strangled* or *smothered*, could speak again; for if the power of breathing returned after the instrument of suffocation was removed, no act of violence had in reality taken place, by which the conclusion of life could be brought on. But such is the peculiar fate of Desdemona, that she is supposed to be smothered, revives to acquaint us that *she smothered herself*, and then dies without any ostensible cause of death. I am of opinion that some theatrical direction has been omitted; and that when Othello says,

Not dead? not yet quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain:—

So, so.

he then stabs her, repeating the two last words, as he repeats the blow.
Thus Virgil:

—*sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.*

After a repetition of wounds, Desdemona might speak again, with propriety, and yet very soon expire; as says Cassio of Roderigo:

—even but now he spake,

After long seeming dead.

The first resolution of Othello was to poison her, but from this measure he is dissuaded by the policy of Iago. He is next determined to use the poniard; but, his tenderness awaking, he cannot bear to deform those beauties which he had so often approached with other sensations and for different purposes. Therefore, says he,

Emil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done

This deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:

Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell. [*dies.*]

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so; I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore³.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water⁴.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!

——— I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster:

And this resolution we are to imagine he would have kept, but that he was averse to employing those means again, which had already appeared to be uncertain in their effect.

If this apparent want of a play-house direction had occasioned any absurdity in the original representation of the play, probably it is glanced at by Ben Jonson in the *Alchemist*, Act V.: "Did'st hear a cry, said'st thou? Yes, sir, like unto a man that had been strangled an hour, and could not speak." STEEVENS.

The *Alchemist* was first represented in the year 1610, and this passage is found in the original copy printed in that year. MALONE.

³ *She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.*] *Folly* signifies here, as in the sacred writings, *depravity of mind*. So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucretia*:

"Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture *folly*." MALONE.

⁴ — *false as water.*] As water, that will support no weight, nor keep any impression. JOHNSON.

Oth.

Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity; Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iteration⁶, woman?
I say, thy husband.

*Emil.*⁷ O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with love⁸!
My husband say, that she was false?

Oth. He, woman;
I say, thy husband; Dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain,

Oth. Ha!

⁵ — *that told me first*;] The folio reads,—*that told me on her first.* STEEVENS.

⁶ — *iteration*;] The folio reads—*iteration.* STEEVENS.

⁷ *Emil.*] The first quarto omits this and the following speech.

STEEVENS.

⁸ — *villainy hath made mocks with love*!] *Villainy* has taken advantage to *play upon* the weakness of a violent passion. JOHNSON.

I have sometimes thought that these words might mean, that "*villainy hath play'd on its object under a pretence of kindness.*" So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——— the surfeited grooms

" *Do mock their charge with snores.*"

But in this I have very little confidence. MALONE.

Emil. Do thy worst:

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt^o. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives:—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor has kill'd my mistress; Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general?

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false;
I know, thou did'st not, thou'rt not such a villain;
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—
She false with Cassio!—Did you say, with Cassio?

^o *Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,*

As I have to be hurt.] She means to say, *I have in this cause*
power to endure more than thou hast power to inflict. JOHNSON.

This sentiment is more expanded in *K. Henry VIII.*

“—I am able now, methinks,

“ (Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)

“ To endure more miseries and greater far,

“ Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.”

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

“ More can I bear than you dare execute.”

Of this last line there is no trace in the old play on which Shakspeare
formed the Second Part of *K. Henry VI.* MALONE.

Iago.

Iago. With Cassio, mistress; Go to, charm your tongue¹.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak;

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed².

All. O heavens forefend!

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villainy, villainy, villainy!—

I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't;—O villainy!

I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief.—

O villainy, villainy!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [*hanging over his wife.*]

Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,

That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul!— [*rising.*]

I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:

¹ — *charm your tongue.*] By this expression, *Charm your tongue*, the poet means no more than to make Iago say, Apply some power, strong as a *charm* would be, to your tongue; for nothing less can stop its volubility. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II.

"Peace, wilful boy, or I will *charm* your tongue."

So, Ben Jonson, in *Cynthia's Revels*:

"—*charm* your skipping tongue."

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, b. 5. c. 9.:

"That well could *charm* his tongue, and time his speech."

Again, in *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1619:

"The surest way to *charm* a woman's tongue,

"Is to break her neck;—a politician did it."

Pliny informs us, that *favete linguis* was the constant exclamation before any religious *charm* was applied. From this circumstance the phrase, to *charm* a tongue, might have originated. STEEVENS.

² *My mistress, &c.*] This line, and the following six speeches, are wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

I know, this act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This fight would make him do a desperate turn;
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation³.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed⁴; Cassio confess'd it:

And

³ *Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.*] So, in our authour's 144th Sonnet:
" ——— my female evil

"Tempteth my better angel from my side." MALONE.

⁴ *A thousand times committed;*] This is another passage which seems to suppose a longer space comprised in the action of this play than the scenes include. JOHNSON.

*That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed;—*

And again:

'Tis not a year or two shews us a man.] I am not convinced from these passages only, that a longer space is comprised in the action of this play than the scenes include.

What Othello mentions in the first instance, might have passed still more often, before they were married, when Cassio went between them; for she, who could find means to elude the vigilance of her father in respect of Othello, might have done so in respect of Cassio, when there was time enough for the occurrence supposed to have happened. A jealous person will aggravate all he thinks, or speaks of; and might use a *thousand* for a much less number, only to give weight to his censure: nor would it have answered any purpose to have made Othello a little nearer or further off from truth in his calculation. We might apply the poet's own words in *Cymbeline*:

"—spare your arithmetic;

"Once, and a million."

The latter is a proverbial expression, and might have been introduced with propriety, had they been married only a day or two. Emilia's reply perhaps was dictated by her own private experience; and seems to mean only, "that it is too soon to judge of a husband's disposition; or that Desdemona must not be surprized at the discovery of Othello's jealousy, for it is not even a year or two that will display all the failings of a man."

Mr. Tollet; however, on this occasion has produced several instances in support of Dr. Johnson's opinion; and as I am unable to explain them in favour of my own supposition, I shall lay them before the public.

"Act

And she did gratify his amorous works
 With that recognizance and pledge of love
 Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;
 It was a handkerchief^s, an antique token
 My father gave my mother.

Emil.

“ ACT III. sc. iii. Othello says:

“ What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?

“ I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:

“ I slept the next night well, was free and merry:

“ I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.”

“ On *Othello's* wedding-night he and Cassio embarked from Venice, where *Desdemona* was left under the care of *Iago*. They all meet at Cyprus; and since their arrival there, the scenes include only one night, the night of the celebration of their nuptials. *Iago* had not then infused any jealousy into *Othello's* mind, nor did he suspect any former intimacy between *Cassio* and *Desdemona*, but only thought it “ apt, and of great credit that she loved him.” What night then was there to intervene between *Cassio's* kisses and *Othello's* sleeping the next night well? *Iago* has said, “ I lay with *Cassio* lately,” which he could not not have done, unless they had been longer at Cyprus than is represented in the play; nor could *Cassio* have kept away, for the space of a whole week, from *Bianca*.” STEEVENS.

5 *It was a handkerchief, &c.*] Othello tells his wife, ACT III. sc. iv:

— that handkerchief

Did an *Ægyptian* to my mother give.

And here he says:

It was a handkerchief,—

My father gave my mother.

This last passage has been censured as an oversight in the poet; but perhaps it exhibits only a fresh proof of his art. The first account of the handkerchief, as given by Othello, was purposely ostentatious, in order to alarm his wife the more. When he mentions it a second time, the truth was sufficient for his purpose.

This circumstance of the handkerchief is perhaps ridiculed by Ben Jonson, in his *Poetaster*: “ You shall see me do *the Moor*; master, lend me your scarf.” STEEVENS.

I question whether Othello was written early enough to be ridiculed in the *Poetaster*. There were many other *Moors* on the stage. It is certain at least, that the passage,

“ —our new heraldry is *hands*, not *beards*.”

could not be inserted before the middle of the year 1611. FARMER.

If the allusion in the *Poetaster* (which was printed in 1601) were to *Othello*, it would fix its date much earlier than I conceive it to have been written. But the allusion in the passage quoted, is not to *Othello*, but to an old play called the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594.—In the *Poetaster*, Pyrgus, who says, “ you shall see me do *the Moor*,” proceeds in the

If

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out:—I hold my peace, fir? no;
No, I will speak as liberal as the air⁶;
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not. [*Iago offers to stab his wife.*

Gra. Fie!

Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st
of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villainous whore!

Emil. She gave it Cassio! no, alas; I found it,
And I did give it my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
O murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

[*Iago stabs Emilia, then runs out.*

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,

same scene, and repeats an absurd speech of the Moor in the *Battle of Alcazar*, beginning with this line:

"Where art thou, boy? where is Calipolis?"

which ascertains the allusion to be to that play. MALONE.

⁶ *No I will speak as liberal as the air;*] The quarto, 1622, reads:

I'll be in speaking liberal as the air.

The folio:

No, I will speak as liberal as the north.

The text is formed out of the two copies. MALONE.

Liberal, is free, under no controul. This quality of the North-wind is mentioned in *Vittoria Corombona*, &c. 1612:

"And let th' irregular North wind sweep her up."

Again, in *Jeronimo*, i. e. the first part of the *Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

"Now let your bloods be liberal as the sea." STEEVENS.

But

But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he has kill'd his wife,

Emil. Ay, ay; O, lay me by my mistress' side!

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:

Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,

But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain,

For 'tis a damned slave. [*Exeunt MON. and GRA.*]

Oth. I am not valiant neither,

But every puny whipster gets my sword:—

But why should honour out-live honesty?

Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?

Hark, can'st thou hear me? I will play the swan,

And die in musick;—*Willow, willow, willow*!—

7 *Are there no furies in heaven,*

But what serve for the thunder?] Othello does not want a thunder-bolt for Iago. He only asks, if there are no lesser degrees of chastisement more proportioned to the guilt of mortals, ready to drop down on such villains as Iago, though Omnipotence withholds its thunder, as too noble an instrument for the punishment of crimes like his?

The same thought occurs in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607:

“Is here no thunder left? or is't kept up

“In stock, for heavier vengeance?”

Shakspeare might however mean, does heaven reserve its thunder only to make a noise? has it no implements of mischief to punish as well as terrify?

“—quum fulmina torques,

“Necquicquam horremus? cœcique in nubibus ignes

“Terrificant animos, et inania murmura miscent?” STEEV.

The meaning, I think, is, Has not Heaven one supernumerary bolt, to hurl directly at the head of this atrocious villain? Must all the stores of its arsenal be reserved for common and ordinary thunder, which, though sometimes destructive, is in the usual course of nature not specifically pointed at a particular object?

“———Magne regnator desum,

“Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

“Ecquando ferâ fulmen emittes manu,

“Si nunc serenum est?—

“Cur dextra, divum rector atque hominum, vacat

“Tua, nec trifidâ mundus ardescit face?

“In hunc tones, hunc figas.” MALONE.

8 *And die in musick, &c.*] This, and the two former lines of the speech, are wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

Moor,

Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor:

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;

So speaking as I think, I die,—I die.

[*dies.*]

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,

It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper⁹;—

O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,

Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold! I have a weapon:

⁹ —the ice-brook's temper;] The quarto, 1622, has *Ice brookes*, which is only the old spelling of *Ice-brooke's*, the reading of the folio. Sir William Blackstone doubts whether *ice-brooks* are usual in the climate of Spain. How that fact may be, I know not; and I am confident Shakespeare did not inquire. MALONE.

I believe the old reading changed to *ice-brook* is right. Steel is hardened by being put red hot into very cold water. JOHNSON.

The particular name of the *ice-brook* may be determined by the following passages in Martial. It was undoubtedly the *brook* or *rivulet* called *Salo* (now *Xalon*), near *Bilbilis* in Celtiberia. In this the Spaniards plunged all their swords and other weapons while hot from the forge; and to the *icy* qualities of the waters, they were indebted for their stubborn temper:

Sævo Bilbilin optimam metallo

Et ferro Plateam suo sonantem,

Quam fluctu tenui sed inquieto

Armorum Salo temperator ambit.

Again:

Quibus remissum corpus astringens brevi,

Satone qui ferrum gelat.

Again:

Pupio, quem curvis signat brevis orbita venis,

Stridentem gelidis hunc Salo tinxit aquis.

Again, in *Justin*, l. 44. "Præcipua his quidem ferri materia, sed aqua ipsa ferro violentior; quippe temperamento ejus ferrum acrius redditur; nec ullum apud eos telum probatur quod non aut in *Bilbili* fluvio aut *Chalybe* tingatur. Unde etiam *Chalybes* fluvii hujus finitimi appellati, ferroque cæteris præstare dicuntur." These parts of Spain have been at all times famous for the temper of their arms.

STEEVENS.

A better

A better never did itself sustain
 Upon a foldier's thigh¹: I have seen the day,
 That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
 I have made my way through more impediments
 Than twenty times your stop:—But, O vain boast!
 Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—
 Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd².
 Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
 And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
 Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
 Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
 And he retires;—Where should Othello go?—
 Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench³!
 Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
 Even like thy chastity.—
 O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
 From the possession of this heavenly sight!
 Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
 O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?
 Dead? O! O! O!

¹ *A better never did itself sustain*

Upon a foldier's thigh :] So, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634.

“ On his thigh a sword

“ Hung by a curious baldrick, when he frowns,

“ To seal his will by; better, on my conscience,

“ *Never was soldier's friend.*” MALONE.

² — *though you do see me weapon'd :*] This uncommon participle is used by Sidney in his *Arcadia*. MALONE.

³ — *O ill-starr'd wench !*] This, and the six preceding lines, are omitted in the first quarto. *Wench* originally signified only a young woman. *Cassandra*, in Whetstone's *Promos*, &c. 1578, says of herself,

“ Oh wretched *wench*, where may I first complayne ?”

Again:

“ Therefore, sweet *wenche*, helpe me to rue my woe.”

The word is used without any dishonourable meaning in the Bible.

“ And a *wench* told him,” &c.

And again, by Gawin Douglas, in his version of the *Æneid*;

“ — audetque viris concurrere *virgo*.”

“ This *wensche* stoutlye rencounter durst with men.” STEEV.

Enter

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, *carried in a chair;*
and Officers, with IAGO, prisoner.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he, that was Othello; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet⁴;—but that's a fable:

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Othello wounds Iago.*

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die⁵.

Lod. O thou Othello, that wast once so good,
Fall'n in the practice⁶ of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:

An honourable murderer, if you will;

For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy;
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause⁷.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know, you
know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.

⁴ — *towards his feet*;—] To see if, according to the common opinion, his feet be cloven. JOHNSON.

⁵ *For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.*] The same thought has already occurred in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ———— 'Tis well thou'rt gone,—

" If it be well to live." STEEVENS.

⁶ — *in the practice*—] In the snare, by the stratagem. JOHNSON.
See Vol. VIII. p. 564, n. 2. MALONE.

⁷ *Dear general, I never gave you cause.*] Our poet, probably without knowing it, has used the words of *The Spanish tragedy*, 1605:

" Hieronimo, I never gave thee cause?" MALONE.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here, another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim^a
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious castiff!—

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confess'd, but even now*,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: And even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,

^a —in the interim—] The first copy has—in the nick. It was, I suppose, thought upon revision, that *nick* was too familiar. JOHNSON.

* —confess'd, but even now,] The quarto, 1622, reads—confess'd it even now. The folio—confess'd it, but even now. The word *it* was manifestly caught by the compositor's eye glancing on the subsequent line. MALONE.

That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state:—Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or too, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it;
No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am^o; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe¹; of one, whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit

^o *Speak of me as I am;*] The first quarto reads, *Speak of them as they are*. The present reading, which is the reading of the folio, has more force. JOHNSON.

¹ —*of one, whose hand,*

Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away

Richer than all his tribe;] Thus the folio. The first quarto, 1622, reads—*Indian*. Mr. Theobald therefore is not accurate in the following note, in his account of the old copies. MALONE.

I have restored *Judean*, from the elder quarto, as the genuine and more eligible reading. Mr. Pope thinks this was occasioned probably by the word *tribe* just after: I have many reasons to oppose this opinion. In the first place, the most ignorant Indian, I believe, is so far the reverse of the *dunghill-cock* in the *fable*, as to know the estimation of a pearl beyond that of a barley-corn. So that, in that respect, the thought itself would not be just. Then, if our author had designed to reflect on the ignorance of the Indian without any farther reproach, he would have called him *rude*, and not *base*. Again, I am persuaded, as my friend Mr. Warburton long ago observed, the phrase is not here *literal*, but *metaphorical*; and, by his *pearl*, our author very properly means *a fine woman*. But Mr. Pope objects farther to reading *Judean*, because, to make sense of this, we must pre-suppose some particular story of a Jew alluded to; which is much less obvious: but has Shakspeare never done this, but in this single instance? I am satisfied, in his *Judean*, he is alluding to Herod; who, in a fit of blind jealousy, threw away such a jewel of a wife as Mariamne was to him. What can be more parallel in circumstance, than the conduct of Herod and Othello? Nor was the story so little obvious, as Mr. Pope seems to imagine: for, in the year, 1613, the lady Elizabeth Carew published a tragedy