SHAKESPEARE'S
TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE.

William Lyon Phelps,

March 10, 1887.

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EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

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VIEW NEAR MILFORD.

INTRODUCTION

TO

CYMBELINE.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

Cymbeline was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it is the last play in the volume, occupying pages 369–399 (misprinted 993) in the division of "Tragedies." The earliest allusion to it that has been discovered is in Dr. Simon Forman's MS. Diary (see *Richard II.* p. 13, *M. N. D.* p. 10, and *W. T.* p. 10), which belongs to the years 1610 and 1611. His sketch of the plot (not dated) is as follows:*

* As given in the *New Shaks. Soc. Transactions* for 1875–6, p. 417.

"Remember also the storri of Cymbalin king of England, in Lucius tyme, howe Lucius Cam from Octauus Cesar for Tribut, and being denied, after sent Lucius *with* a greate Arme of Souldiars who landed at milford hauen, and Affter wer vanquished by Cimbalin, and Lucius taken prisoner, and all by means of 3 outlawes, of the w*hi*ch 2 of them were the sonns of Cimbalim, stolen from him when they but 2 yers old by an old man whom Cymbalin banished, and he kept them as his own sonns 20 yers w*ith* him in A caue. And howe [one] of them slewe Clotan, that was the quens sonn, goinge To milford hauen to sek the loue of Innogen the king*es* daughter, whom he had banished also for louinge his daughter. and howe the Italia*n* that cam from her loue conveied him self*e* into A Cheste, and said yt was a chest of plate sent from her loue & others, to be p*re*sented to the kinge. And in the depest of the night, she being aslepe, he opened the cheste & cam forth of yt, And vewed her in her bed, and the markes of her body, & toke a-wai her braslet, & after Accused her of adultery to her loue, &c. And in thend howe he came w*ith* the Romains into England & was taken prisoner, and after Reueled to Innogen who had turned her self into mans apparrell & fled to mete her loue at milford hauen, & chanchsed to fall on the Caue in the wod*es* wher her 2 brothers were, & howe by eating a sleping Dram they thought she had bin deed, & laid her in the wod*es*, & the body of cloten by her in her loues apparrell that he left behind him, & howe she was found by lucius, &c."

The play was probably a new one when Forman saw it in 1610 or 1611. Drake dates it in 1605, Chalmers in 1606, Malone in 1609 (after having at first assigned it to 1605), Fleay (*Introd. to Shakespearian Study*) "*circa* 1609," White "1609 or 1610," Delius, Furnivall, and Stokes in 1610, Dowden and Ward at about the time when Forman saw it. The internal evidence of style and metre indicates that it was one of the latest of the plays.

Cymbeline is badly printed in the folio, and the involved style makes the correction of the text a task of more than usual difficulty. The critics generally agree that the vision in v. 4 cannot be Shakespeare's. Ward considers that "there is no reason, on account of its style, which reminds one of the prefatory lines to the cantos of the *Faerie Queene*, to impugn Shakespeare's authorship of it;" but it seems to us very clearly the work of another hand. Cf. the rhymed episode in *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 113 fol., and see our ed. p. 199 (note on 136).

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

The poet took the names of Cymbeline and his two sons from Holinshed, together with a few historical facts concerning the king; but the story of the stealing of the princes and of their life in the wilderness appears to be his own.*

The story of Imogen, which is so admirably interwoven with that of the sons of Cymbeline, was taken, directly or indirectly, from the *Decamerone* of Boccaccio, in which it forms the ninth novel of the second day. No English translation of it is known to have been made in Shakespeare's time. A version appeared in a tract entitled *Westward for Smelts*, which was published in 1620. Malone speaks of an edition of 1603; but this is probably an error, as the book was not entered upon the Stationers' Registers until 1619–20. This translation, moreover, lacks some important details which the play has in common with the Italian original.†

* It has been pointed out by K. Schenkl that the incidents of Imogen's seeking refuge in the wilderness and her deathlike sleep occur in the German fairy-tale of *Schneewittchen*.

† For an outline of Boccaccio's novel, see the extract from Mrs. Jameson below. The chief incidents of the story had been used in a French miracle-play of the Middle Ages, and also in the old French romances of *La Violette* and *Flore et Jehanne;* but we have no reason to suppose that Shakespeare made any use of these. In one of the romances the lady has a mole upon her right breast; in Boccaccio, as in Shakespeare, it is on her *left* breast. This mark is not mentioned at all in *Westward for*

But, as Verplanck remarks, "from whatever source the idea of the plot might have been immediately drawn, the poet owes to his predecessors nothing more than the bare outline of two or three leading incidents. These he has raised, refined, and elevated into a higher sphere; while the characters, dialogue, circumstances, details, descriptions, — the lively interest of the plot, its artful involution and skilful development,—are entirely his own. He has given to what were originally scenes of coarse and tavern-like profligacy a dignity suited to the state and character of his personages, and has poured over the whole the golden light, the rainbow hues, of imaginative poetry."

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[*From Schlegel's "Dramatic Literature."* *]

Cymbeline is one of Shakspeare's most wonderful compositions. He has here combined a novel of Boccaccio's with traditionary tales of the ancient Britons, reaching back to

Smelts. In the latter, moreover, the person corresponding to Iachimo conceals himself under the bed in the lady's chamber, while in the French and Italian versions he is conveyed thither in a chest.

White has noted another circumstance which seems to show that Shakespeare went directly to Boccaccio, and that the *Winter's Tale* and *Cymbeline* were composed at about the same period: "In Boccaccio's novel the convicted slanderer is condemned by the Sultan to be anointed with honey, and exposed to the rays of the sun, tied to a stake upon some elevated spot, and to remain there until his flesh falls away from his bones. From this doom it seems quite clear that Shakespeare took the hint for that mock sentence which Autolycus passes upon the young clown in *W. T.* iv. 4. 812: 'He has a son who shall be flayed alive; then 'nointed over with honey . . . then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death.'"

Westward for Smelts is reprinted in the "Variorum" ed. of 1821, vol. xiii., and in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. ii.

* *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*, by A. W. Schlegel; Black's translation, revised by Morrison (London, 1846), p. 397 fol.

the times of the first Roman Emperors, and he has contrived, by the most gentle transitions, to blend together into one harmonious whole the social manners of the newest times with olden heroic deeds, and even with appearances of the gods. In the character of Imogen no one feature of female excellence is omitted: her chaste tenderness, her softness, and her virgin pride, her boundless resignation, and her magnanimity towards her mistaken husband, by whom she is unjustly persecuted, her adventures in disguise, her apparent death, and her recovery, form altogether a picture equally tender and affecting. The two Princes, Guiderius and Arviragus, both educated in the wilds, form a noble contrast to Miranda and Perdita. Shakspeare is fond of showing the superiority of the natural over the artificial. Over the art which enriches nature, he somewhere says, there is a higher art created by nature herself. As Miranda's unconscious and unstudied sweetness is more pleasing than those charms which endeavour to captivate us by the brilliant embellishments of a refined cultivation, so in these two youths, to whom the chase has given vigour and hardihood, but who are ignorant of their high destination, and have been brought up apart from human society, we are equally enchanted by a naïve heroism which leads them to anticipate and to dream of deeds of valour, till an occasion is offered which they are irresistibly compelled to embrace. When Imogen comes in disguise to their cave; when, with all the innocence of childhood, Guiderius and Arviragus form an impassioned friendship for the tender boy, in whom they neither suspect a female nor their own sister; when, on their return from the chase they find her dead, then "sing her to the ground," and cover the grave with flowers—these scenes might give to the most deadened imagination a new life for poetry. If a tragical event is only apparent in such case, whether the spectators are already aware of it or ought merely to suspect it, Shakspeare always knows how to mitigate the impres-

sion without weakening it: he makes the mourning musical, that it may gain in solemnity what it loses in seriousness. With respect to the other parts, the wise and vigorous Belarius, who after long living as a hermit again becomes a hero, is a venerable figure; the Italian Iachimo's ready dissimulation and quick presence of mind is quite suitable to the bold treachery which he plays; Cymbeline, the father of Imogen, and even her husband Posthumus, during the first half of the piece, are somewhat sacrificed, but this could not be otherwise; the false and wicked Queen is merely an instrument of the plot; she and her stupid son Cloten (the only comic part in the piece) whose rude arrogance is portrayed with much humour, are, before the conclusion, got rid of by merited punishment. As for the heroical part of the fable, the war between the Romans and Britons, which brings on the denouement, the poet in the extent of his plan had so little room to spare that he merely endeavours to represent it as a mute procession. But to the last scene, where all the numerous threads of the knot are untied, he has again given its full development, that he might collect together into one focus the scattered impressions of the whole. This example and many others are a sufficient refutation of Johnson's assertion, that Shakspeare usually hurries over the conclusion of his pieces. Rather does he, from a desire to satisfy the feelings, introduce a great deal which, so far as the understanding of the denouement requires, might, in a strict sense, be justly spared: our modern spectators are much more impatient to see the curtain drop, when there is nothing more to be determined, than those of his day could have been.

[*From Drake's "Shakespeare and his Times."* *]

This play, if not in the construction of its fable one of the most perfect of our author's productions, is, in point of poetic

* *Shakespeare and his Times*, by Nathan Drake, M.D. (London, 1817), vol. ii. p. 466.

beauty, of variety and truth of character, and in the display of sentiment and emotion, one of the most lovely and interesting. Nor can we avoid expressing our astonishment at the sweeping condemnation which Johnson has passed upon it; charging its fiction with folly, its conduct with absurdity, its events with impossibility; terming its faults too evident for detection and too gross for aggravation.

Of the enormous injustice of this sentence, nearly every page of *Cymbeline* will, to a reader of any taste or discrimination, bring the most decisive evidence. That it possesses many of the too common inattentions of Shakspeare, that it exhibits a frequent violation of costume, and a singular confusion of nomenclature, cannot be denied; but these are trifles light as air when contrasted with its merits, which are of the very essence of dramatic worth, rich and full in all that breathes of vigour, animation, and intellect, in all that elevates the fancy and improves the heart, in all that fills the eye with tears or agitates the soul with hope and fear.

Imogen, the most lovely and perfect of Shakspeare's female characters—the pattern of connubial love and chastity, by the delicacy and propriety of her sentiments, by her sensibility, tenderness, and resignation, by her patient endurance of persecution from the quarter where she had confidently looked for endearment and protection—irresistibly seizes upon our affections.

The scenes which disclose the incidents of her pilgrimage; her reception at the cave of Belarius; her intercourse with her lost brothers, who are ignorant of their birth and rank; her supposed death, funeral rites, and resuscitation, are wrought up with a mixture of pathos and romantic wildness peculiarly characteristic of our author's genius, and which has had but few successful imitators. Among these few stands pre-eminent the poet Collins, who seems to have trodden this consecrated ground with a congenial mind, and who has sung the sorrows of Fidele in strains worthy of their sub-

ject, and which will continue to charm the mind and soothe the heart "till pity's self be dead."

When compared with this fascinating portrait, the other personages of the drama appear but in a secondary light. Yet are they adequately brought out and skilfully diversified: the treacherous subtlety of Iachimo; the sage experience of Belarius; the native nobleness of heart and innate heroism of mind which burst forth in the vigorous sketches of Guiderius and Arviragus; the temerity, credulity, and penitence of Posthumus; the uxorious weakness of Cymbeline; the hypocrisy of his Queen; and the comic arrogance of Cloten, half fool and half knave, produce a striking diversity of action and sentiment.

Poetical justice has been strictly observed in this drama; the vicious characters meet the punishment due to their crimes; while virtue, in all its various degrees, is proportionably rewarded. The scene of retribution, which is the closing one of the play, is a masterpiece of skill; the development of the plot, for its fulness, completeness, and ingenuity, surpassing any effort of the kind among our author's contemporaries, and atoning for any partial incongruity which the structure or conduct of the story may have previously displayed.

[*From Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women."* *]

Others of Shakspeare's characters are, as dramatic and poetical conceptions, more striking, more brilliant, more powerful; but of all his women, considered as individuals rather than as heroines, Imogen is the most perfect. Portia and Juliet are pictured to the fancy with more force of contrast, more depth of light and shade; Viola and Miranda, with more aerial delicacy of outline; but there is no female portrait that can be compared to Imogen as a woman—none in which so great a variety of tints are mingled together into

* American ed. (Boston, 1857), p. 253 fol.

such perfect harmony. In her, we have all the fervour of youthful tenderness, all the romance of youthful fancy, all the enchantment of ideal grace—the bloom of beauty, the brightness of intellect, and the dignity of rank taking a peculiar hue from the conjugal character which is shed over all, like a consecration and a holy charm. In *Othello* and the *Winter's Tale*, the interest excited for Desdemona and Hermione is divided with others; but in *Cymbeline*, Imogen is the angel of light, whose lovely presence pervades and animates the whole piece. The character altogether may be pronounced finer, more complex in its elements, and more fully developed in all its parts, than those of Hermione and Desdemona; but the position in which she is placed is not, I think, so fine—at least, not so effective, as a tragic situation.

Shakspeare has borrowed the chief circumstances of Imogen's story from one of Boccaccio's tales.

A company of Italian merchants who are assembled in a tavern at Paris are represented as conversing on the subject of their wives. All of them express themselves with levity, or scepticism, or scorn, on the virtue of women, except a young Genoese merchant named Bernabo, who maintains that by the especial favour of Heaven he possesses a wife no less chaste than beautiful. Heated by the wine, and excited by the arguments and the coarse raillery of another young merchant, Ambrogiolo, Bernabo proceeds to enumerate the various perfections and accomplishments of his Zinevra. He praises her loveliness, her submission, and her discretion—her skill in embroidery, her graceful service, in which the best trained page of the court could not exceed her; and he adds, as rarer accomplishments, that she could mount a horse, fly a hawk, write and read, and cast up accounts, as well as any merchant of them all. His enthusiasm only excites the laughter and mockery of his companions, particularly of Ambrogiolo, who, by the most artful mixture of contradiction and argument, rouses the anger of Bernabo, and he at length ex-

claims that he would willingly stake his life, his head, on the virtue of his wife. This leads to the wager which forms so important an incident in the drama. Ambrogiolo bets one thousand florins of gold against five thousand that Zinevra, like the rest of her sex, is accessible to temptation—that in less than three months he will undermine her virtue, and bring her husband the most undeniable proofs of her falsehood. He sets off for Genoa in order to accomplish his purpose; but on his arrival, all that he learns, and all that he beholds with his own eyes, of the discreet and noble character of the lady, make him despair of success by fair means; he therefore has recourse to the basest treachery. By bribing an old woman in the service of Zinevra, he is conveyed to her sleeping apartment concealed in a trunk, from which he issues in the dead of the night; he takes note of the furniture of the chamber, makes himself master of her purse, her morning robe, or cymar, and her girdle, and of a certain mark on her person. He repeats these observations for two nights, and, furnished with these evidences of Zinevra's guilt, he returns to Paris, and lays them before the wretched husband. Bernabo rejects every proof of his wife's infidelity except that which finally convinces Posthumus. When Ambrogiolo mentions the "mole, cinque-spotted," he stands like one who has received a poniard in his heart; without further dispute he pays down the forfeit, and filled with rage and despair both at the loss of his money and the falsehood of his wife, he returns towards Genoa. He retires to his country-house, and sends a messenger to the city with letters to Zinevra, desiring that she would come and meet him, but with secret orders to the man to despatch her by the way. The servant prepares to execute his master's command, but overcome by her entreaties for mercy and his own remorse, he spares her life, on condition that she will fly from the country forever. He then disguises her in his own cloak and cap, and brings back to her husband the assurance that she is killed, and that her

body has been devoured by the wolves. In the disguise of a mariner, Zinevra then embarks on board a vessel bound to the Levant, and on arriving at Alexandria she is taken into the service of the Sultan of Egypt, under the name of Sicurano. She gains the confidence of her master, who, not suspecting her sex, sends her as captain of the guard which was appointed for the protection of the merchants at the fair of Acre. Here she accidentally meets Ambrogiolo, and sees in his possession the purse and girdle, which she immediately recognizes as her own. In reply to her inquiries, he relates with fiendish exultation the manner in which he had obtained possession of them, and she persuades him to go back with her to Alexandria. She then sends a messenger to Genoa in the name of the Sultan, and induces her husband to come and settle in Alexandria. At a proper opportunity, she summons both to the presence of the Sultan, obliges Ambrogiolo to make a full confession of his treachery, and wrings from her husband the avowal of his supposed murder of herself; then, falling at the feet of the Sultan, discovers her real name and sex, to the great amazement of all. Bernabo is pardoned at the prayer of his wife, and Ambrogiolo is condemned to be fastened to a stake, smeared with honey, and left to be devoured by the flies and locusts. This horrible sentence is executed; while Zinevra, enriched by the presents of the Sultan and the forfeit wealth of Ambrogiolo, returns with her husband to Genoa, where she lives in great honour and happiness, and maintains her reputation of virtue to the end of her life.

These are the materials from which Shakspeare has drawn the dramatic situation of Imogen. He has also endowed her with several of the qualities which are attributed to Zinevra; but for the essential truth and beauty of the individual character, for the sweet colouring of pathos, and sentiment, and poetry interfused through the whole, he is indebted only to nature and himself. . . .

When Ferdinand tells Miranda that she was "created of every creature's best," he speaks like a lover, or refers only to her personal charms: the same expression might be applied critically to the character of Imogen; for, as the portrait of Miranda is produced by resolving the female character into its original elements, so that of Imogen unites the greatest number of those qualities which we imagine to constitute excellency in woman.

Imogen, like Juliet, conveys to our mind the impression of extreme simplicity in the midst of the most wonderful complexity. To conceive her aright, we must take some peculiar tint from many characters, and so mingle them that, like the combination of hues in a sunbeam, the effect shall be as one to the eye. We must imagine something of the romantic enthusiasm of Juliet, of the truth and constancy of Helen, of the dignified purity of Isabel, of the tender sweetness of Viola, of the self-possession and intellect of Portia—combined together so equally and so harmoniously that we can scarcely say that one quality predominates over the other. But Imogen is less imaginative than Juliet, less spirited and intellectual than Portia, less serious than Helen and Isabel; her dignity is not so imposing as that of Hermione—it stands more on the defensive; her submission, though unbounded, is not so passive as that of Desdemona; and thus, while she resembles each of these characters individually, she stands wholly distinct from all.

It is true that the conjugal tenderness of Imogen is at once the chief subject of the drama and the pervading charm of her character; but it is not true, I think, that she is merely interesting from her tenderness and constancy to her husband. We are so completely let into the essence of Imogen's nature that we feel as if we had known and loved her before she was married to Posthumus, and that her conjugal virtues are a charm superadded, like the colour laid upon a beautiful groundwork. Neither does it appear to me that

Posthumus is unworthy of Imogen, or only interesting on Imogen's account. His character, like those of all the other persons of the drama, is kept subordinate to hers; but this could not be otherwise, for she is the proper subject—the heroine of the poem. Everything is done to ennoble Posthumus and justify her love for him; and though we certainly approve him more for her sake than for his own, we are early prepared to view him with Imogen's eyes, and not only excuse, but sympathize in her admiration of one

> "Who sat 'mongst men like a descended god;
> * * * * * *
> who liv'd in court—
> Which rare it is to do—most prais'd, most lov'd;
> A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
> A glass that feated them." . . .

One thing more must be particularly remarked, because it serves to individualize the character from the beginning to the end of the poem. We are constantly sensible that Imogen, besides being a tender and devoted woman, is a princess and a beauty, at the same time that she is ever superior to her position and her external charms. There is, for instance, a certain airy majesty of deportment—a spirit of accustomed command breaking out every now and then—the dignity, without the assumption, of rank and royal birth, which is apparent in the scene with Cloten and elsewhere; and we have not only a general impression that Imogen, like other heroines, is beautiful, but the peculiar style and character of her beauty is placed before us. We have an image of the most luxuriant loveliness, combined with exceeding delicacy, and even fragility, of person; of the most refined elegance and the most exquisite modesty, set forth in one or two passages of description; as when Iachimo is contemplating her asleep:

> "Cytherea,
> How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily,
> And whiter than the sheets!

'T is her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus. The flame o' the taper
Bows toward her, and would underpeep her lids
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under those windows, white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct!"

The preservation of her feminine character under her masculine attire; her delicacy, her modesty, and her timidity, are managed with the same perfect consistency and unconscious grace as in Viola. And we must not forget that her "neat cookery," which is so prettily eulogized by Guiderius—

"He cut our roots in characters,
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter"—

formed part of the education of a princess in those remote times. . . .

The catastrophe of this play has been much admired for the peculiar skill with which all the various threads of interest are gathered together at last, and entwined with the destiny of Imogen. It may be added that one of its chief beauties is the manner in which the character of Imogen is not only preserved, but rises upon us to the conclusion with added grace: her instantaneous forgiveness of her husband before he even asks it, when she flings herself at once into his arms—

"Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?"—

and her magnanimous reply to her father, when he tells her that by the discovery of her two brothers she has lost a kingdom—

"No—I have got two worlds by 't"—

clothing a noble sentiment in a noble image, give the finishing touches of excellence to this most enchanting portrait.

On the whole, Imogen is a lovely compound of goodness, truth, and affection, with just so much of passion and intel-

lect and poetry as serve to lend to the picture that power and glowing richness of effect which it would otherwise have wanted; and of her it might be said, if we could condescend to quote from any other poet with Shakspeare open before us, that "her person was a paradise and her soul the cherub to guard it."*

[*From Charles Cowden-Clarke's "Shakespeare-Characters."* †]

It is not my purpose to enter upon a discussion of the small dramatic proprieties, as these are observed or ignored in the play of *Cymbeline*. They who are interested in the rigidities, perhaps the fussiness, of criticism,—who take more pleasure in detecting a lapse in the unity of such a composition as this,—who would rather pride themselves upon exposing a deficiency in its chronology than in displaying its incomparable force and beauty of passion and fancy, of tenderness, imagery, and splendour of language,—are referred to the supplementary notices of the Johnsonian school of criticism. For myself, I care not one straw about the violation of the unities: I am content to be wafted on the wings of the poet's imagination, and to be with him to-day in Rome and to-morrow watching the weary pilgrimage of the divine Imogen towards Milford-Haven. It is enough for me that the play is one of the most romantic and interesting of Shakespeare's dramas; and this we say of every drama of his, as we read them in succession. The romance itself of this story is sublimated by an intensity of passion and heart-ennobling affection and endurance that I have yet to see excelled. Of all his heroines, no one conveys so fully the ideal of womanly perfection as Imogen. We have full faith in the love and steadfast endurance of Desdemona: we believe that

* Dryden.

† From the *unpublished* "Second Series" of the *Shakespeare-Characters* (see 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 18), kindly sent to us by Mrs. Mary Cowden-Clarke for publication here.

she would have borne more than her lord's jealousy in her personal love for him; but Imogen has given us the proof that nothing could quench the pure flame of affection and devotedness in her heart; not even the charge of disloyalty and the atrocity of assassination. The triumph of self-reliance in the consciousness of holy virtue and of artless innocence was never more grandly carried out than in Imogen's steadfastness of purpose to go on and meet her husband after she has read his treacherous letter to their servant Pisanio, enjoining him to put her to death. It may be said, indeed, and for the thousandth time, that "No one ever hit the true perfection of the female character—the sense of weakness leaning on the strength of its affections for support, so well as Shakespeare: no one ever so well painted natural tenderness free from affectation and disguise: no one else ever so well showed how delicacy and timidity, when driven to extremity, grow romantic and extravagant;" and there are few who cannot identify this testimony to their character,—not, of course, to the letter, but in the full spirit of Imogen's conduct. The homily of dear old Chaucer, when dismissing his narrative of the world-noted Griselda, may well be applied to our nation's Imogen:

> "This story is said, not for that wivès should
> Follow Grisild' as in humility,
> For it were importàble though they would;
> But for that every wight in his degree
> Shouldè be constant in adversity
> As was Grisilda; therefore Petrarc writeth
> This story, which with high style he inditeth."

Before proceeding to the inferior agents in this drama, I would say a few words upon the character of Posthumus.

That he was unworthy of the love of such a being as Imogen need only be stated. We need only be reminded that when Iachimo assays her constancy with the account of her husband's infidelities, she gives utterance to no stronger re-

ply than the celebrated one, "My lord, I fear, has forgot Britain"—not "forgotten me;" not "forgotten his wife:" Imogen is too high-souled a lover and woman to utter a selfish reproach. Yet, when Posthumus receives the scandal of her disloyalty, it should be borne in mind that the proofs produced, and *sworn* to, by Iachimo were enough to stun even a devout lover. Real charity (or love), it is true, "endureth all things, *hopeth* all things," and Posthumus should still have *proved for himself:* but what I mainly feel to be an inconsistency in his character is that he is not reconcilable with himself—a perilous charge to venture against even the humblest of Shakespeare's creations, and which I would gladly fail to substantiate: nevertheless, in the first scene of the play, a friend describes him as

> "a creature such
> As to seek through the regions of the earth
> For one his like, there would be something failing
> In him that should compare: I do not think
> So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
> Endows a man but he."
> "You speak him far" (says the Second Gentleman).
> "I do extend him, sir, within himself;
> Crush him together, rather than unfold
> His measure duly."

This fair report he certainly justifies in his leave-taking with Imogen; and subsequently maintains it in the wager with Iachimo for the inviolability of her honour and truth. In short, he gives every proof of being noble and magnanimous to the core. Is it then reconcilable with rational probability that a man so endowed should so damn himself as, with the same ink, and the self-same pen, to write a treacherous letter to the woman he had adored, appointing her to meet him, and another to their servant, suborning him to be her murderer? His first resolution, upon encountering Iachimo's proofs, that in the torment of his passion he would return to her father's court and "tear her limb-meal," is not

irreconcilable with a generous, although an ungovernable temper; but coolly, and deliberately, and upon reflection to turn assassin by deputy! Can such a contradiction exist in a man so described as Posthumus has been described to us? The man who could *reflectively* compass the life of her whom he had adored beyond all the beings on earth was not the character to dismiss her slanderer, and the author of all their misery, with so godlike a punishment as this:

> "The power that I have on you is to spare you;
> The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
> And deal with others better."

The divine spirit of this conclusion (as Mr. Charles Knight says) "is perfect Shakespeare." It is so; but I cannot feel it to be perfect Posthumus.

In the original story of Boccaccio, from whence the play was taken, the punishment of the slanderer better accords with the revengeful nature of Posthumus; and, indeed, with the frightful spirit of retribution that crowns the otherwise perfect—the divine—tales of the great Florentine. "He was fastened naked to a stake, smeared with honey, and left to be devoured by flies and locusts:" a revenge in character; for the Italians have a proverb, actually inculcating the vice of revenge as a virtue: it is, "He who cannot revenge himself is weak; he who will not is despicable." Imogen (thank Heaven!) was one of our own women. And yet, with all the objection here suggested against his character-structure, I am in candour bound (and I rejoice in my duty) to testify that Posthumus, in the clearing of his wife's innocence, does prostrate his soul in the very mire of self-reproach and despair. His rejoinder to the confession of Iachimo's treachery is enormous in its remorse; and,—I *must* acknowledge,—atoning and complete; as, in its spirit, it *harmonizes with the impulsiveness of his nature.* But,—good Heaven!—how perfectly divine is the scene of their reunion! She, with her char-

acteristic strength of passion and gentleness, says—almost playfully:

> "Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
> Think that you are upon a rock; and now
> Throw me again." [*Embracing him.*]

His heart is too full: he can make no more reply than:

> "Hang there like fruit, my soul,
> Till the tree die."

The noted soliloquy of Posthumus, after he has received from Iachimo the proofs of Imogen's infidelity,—a speech that has been objected to, on account of its unrestricted tone of expression and want of harmony with the quality of that conjugal love which had existed between them,—appears to me, on the contrary, to be accurately consistent with his impetuous and engrossing nature. It is the strongest foil the poet could have placed against the exquisite delicacy and forbearance of Imogen, whose sharpest speeches are: "Some painted jay of Italy has betray'd him;" and her heaviest reproach in her affliction:

> "My dear lord!
> Thou art one of the false ones: *now I think on thee,*
> *My hunger's gone;* but even before, I was
> At point to sink for food."

And but once is she betrayed into an expression of anger: "That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him." She, the most injured party, is the most forbearing—the common result in society—and, in short, never was case more triumphantly carried out between what has been wittily styled the "fair, and the *un*-fair sex."

The prevailing feature in the play of *Cymbeline* is that, under different phases, it exhibits an enchanting portraiture of the "Affections" in their several varieties. In the two prime agents of the drama (Imogen and Posthumus), we are presented with the passion in its grandest feature; in the broth-

ers, Guiderius and Arviragus, we have the mysterious instinct of the *fraternal* affection; in the stupid addresses of the booby prince, Cloten, a contrast of the *animal* affection, unelevated by a spark of the celestial fire, is set forth; and lastly, the affection of *menial* attachment, in its most disinterested form, is exhibited in the beautiful character of Pisanio, the servant to Posthumus, who is one of Shakespeare's favorite class of attendant gentlemen—like Horatio and Benvolio; of level understanding, unostentatiously faithful and actively devoted. The character of Pisanio is a charming one. And here, while upon the subject of "Affection,"—rather, perhaps, say of "Friendship," which is only a modified emotion of the same subject (Friendship is Love without his wings), we may observe the different sentiment of Shakespeare as regards menial attachment, and that of Sir Walter Scott, who has so often been compared with him. Shakespeare, who in his love for his species seems to have been a cosmophilanthropist, took an evident pleasure in uniting the several grades of society in the bonds of mutual respect and unselfish attachment. Instances of this might be quoted from his plays to a considerable extent. As he has finely said, "One touch of Nature makes the whole world *kin*." He has therefore constantly identified both master and man in one common interest; and in but one instance that I can recall has he personated the mere dogged, uncompromising, mechanically obedient serf, or slave, namely, in the steward to Queen Goneril; and an admirable conjunction of dominion and servitude that was. The very appointment of such a menial to such a mistress was, in itself, a touch of art. If we retrace the stories of Sir Walter Scott, we, I think, uniformly perceive that his idea of the connection between master and servant is strictly *feudal*. Throughout his writings we scarcely meet with any other idea of their reciprocal duties than that of irresponsible sway and command on the one hand, with mechanical and implicit obedi-

ence on the other, and not a spark of free and intrinsic attachment existing between them. He was a kind-hearted man, was Scott, but he was a thorough aristocrat by birth, education, and habit; and this circumstance cramped his prodigious brain,—like a Chinese foot; for he had somewhat to seek in the fields of social philosophy.

Contrasted with the master-feeling of the "Affections" in this play, we are presented with the shocking treachery of the Queen-mother—a character so odious, and even outrageous, as to amount almost to a monstrous anomaly. To my apprehension, there does not appear sufficient ground—in the light even of self-indulgence—for such wholesale, gratuitous wickedness; except, indeed, that there is a principle of evil in the great economy of Nature, and that some dispositions draw their sustenance from, and batten upon, stratagem and murder. In the case, however, of Cymbeline's Queen, Shakespeare has, with his own gentle wisdom, put a characteristic rebuke to her cruelty in the mouth of her physician, Cornelius, whom she has directed to concoct some poison for her. In answer to his inquiry as to her purport in requiring such dangerous compounds, she says she intends trying their effects on "such creatures as we count not worth the hanging." "Your Highness shall from this practice but make hard your heart," is his gentle remonstrance. This is a little effusion of humanity in relief to the savage craft of the murderess. But the whole detail of this woman (although below even a second-rate character) is perfectly consistent.

Cymbeline, the King, is an ordinary specimen of humanity, invested with irresponsible power,—weak, wilful, and violent; not, however, unimpressible to the emotion of a generous sentiment; for, in the conclusion, he makes a handsome and natural atonement for his previous folly and misrule. The constitutional imbecility of the man is well manifested in his requiring the counsel of his stupid step-son, Cloten, at

the conference with the ambassador from Rome; and, with his usual tact, Shakespeare has made the blurting ass most forward in the debate. With the true lout-intellect, he tells the ambassador that they "will not pay tribute to Rome for wearing their own noses." And he closes the audience with this elegant peroration: "His Majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two longer; if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fail in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you;—and there 's an end." This speech accurately tallies with the description of the man afterwards given by old Belarius; who, in his hiding-place in the mountains, recognizes him after years of absence. He says: "By the *snatches* in his voice, and *burst* of speaking, it is absolute Cloten." No one like Shakespeare to give the whole of a man's manner in one line. Again, in the opening of the 2d act, a speaking picture of him is presented to us, where he is fuming and fretting, ruffling and vapouring with two courtier lords, after a game at bowls; in which his temper appears to be as bad as his play had been. In the scene with Pisanio (the 5th of the 3d act) we have yet again full insight into the base soul of the man;—and all by concise yet plenary touches, apparently casual and inadvertent, but carefully and closely calculated. He has detected the letter from Posthumus to Pisanio, and taken it from him; he there finds instruction that Imogen shall meet her husband at Milford-Haven. Having then ordered the servant to fetch him a suit of his master's garments, he falls into soliloquy, pondering his ruffianly intention against Imogen. "To the court I 'll *knock* her back, *foot* her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly,—and I 'll be merry in my revenge." It will be remembered that she had rejected with ladylike dignity his swinish suit to her:

"I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself) I hate you; which I had rather
You felt, than make 't my boast."

In alluding to him in an after-part of the play, she says:

"That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege."

Lastly, his reputed animal courage is sagaciously accounted for by Belarius, who imputes it to defective judgment. And this is the solution of much of the headlong bravery that we hear of in the world, which, at times, is referable to phlegm and obtuseness of constitution. Cloten is a masterly varied specimen in Shakespeare's class of half-witted characters: he is of the race, yet distinct and original in feature and bearing. One of the lords of the court says of him:

"That such a crafty devil as his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that
Bears all down with her brain; and this, her son,
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen."

This play of *Cymbeline*, inwoven as it is with the loftiest sentiment, with superb imagery, and with the most condensed truths and worldly axioms, contains yet no scene more fruitful in matter for sedate meditation than the one between Posthumus and his gaoler. Some commentator has remarked that Voltaire himself has nothing comparable to the humorous discussion of the philosophic gaoler in *Cymbeline:* probably so; but beneath that humour there are speculations calculated to give one pause, and to set one chewing the cud of serious thoughts. Under these quaint and rough exteriors, Shakespeare loved to read his brethren a lesson upon the subject most deeply interesting their future-world inter-

ests; as Rabelais beautifully compared his own broad and coarse humour—investing worldly knowledge and wisdom—to the old-fashioned jars and bottles of the apothecaries, on the exteriors of which they used to paint grotesque figures and uncouth heads, yet within they contained precious unguents and healing balsams. The scene alluded to (v. 4. 150–201) is short, and not introduced on the stage—which it should be.

The scenes in which old Belarius and the young princes, Guiderius and Arviragus, his adopted sons, and stolen by him from the king, are engaged, form the sunshine of the play; and their characters and mountain-life afford a bright relief to the court-treacheries, stormy passions, and heart-sickness of the other portion. It is palpable that, whenever our poet places his persons under the open canopy of heaven, and in the unchartered wilds of rural nature, whether amid the solemn aisles and shadows brown of monumental oak, or on the crags and heathy slopes of the mountains old and bare, their language always takes a tone consonant with their free and primeval domain:—as witness all the scenes in the forest of Arden, in *As You Like It*—and so again, in this *Cymbeline:*—these wild huntsmen talk the finest and the most vivid poetry of them all; and how different is its character and pitch from those of the placid, ruminating shepherds who compose the still-life, as these mountaineers do the romantic and adventurous life, of rudest nature. What vigour is breathed into their every action! and how finely are discriminated the energy, yet cautious circumspection of the old man, and the impetuosity and recklessness of the young and inexperienced ones:—what freshness, and what fancy too,—to say nothing of the homely wisdom,—in the sweet uses of their mountain life!

> "You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and
> Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
> Will play the cook and servant; 't is our match.
> The sweat of industry would dry and die,

> But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs
> Will make what 's homely, savoury; weariness
> Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
> Finds the down pillow hard."

What a superb illustration of the delight of an active employment! But this division of the play absolutely glitters with these drops of heavenly wisdom, like morning-dew upon the scented hawthorn. Again, what lustre and grandeur in Belarius's description of the dispositions in the two youths:

> "O thou goddess,
> Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
> In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
> As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
> Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
> Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
> That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
> And make him stoop to the vale."

Yet again, we note the plausible advantage taken by the poet to signalize the old prejudice of *instinct of birth*, to distinguish the royal blood flowing in the veins of the two princely youths. I do but refer to the advantage taken of the popular prejudice, and have no argument for its physiological accuracy. Nevertheless, there is undeniable truth in the axioms put into the mouth of old Belarius; for instance:

> "Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
> Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace."

Again, referring to the youths, he says:

> "How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
> These boys know little they are the sons of the king,
> Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
> They think they are mine; and though trained up thus meanly
> I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
> The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them
> Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
> The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
> The King his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
> When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell

> The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
> Into my story,—say, 'thus mine enemy fell,
> And thus I set my foot on 's neck;' even then
> The princely blood flows in 's cheek, he sweats,
> Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
> That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
> (Once Arviragus) in as like a figure,
> Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
> His own conceiving."

And so, in the full spirit of this principle, the poet, with characteristic boldness, has followed out the conduct of the young prince Guiderius in his contest with the booby-bully, Cloten, in which unconscious self-estimation and brutal assumption are felicitously associated and as dramatically contrasted. The vulgarity of low life is sufficiently offensive; but there is no vulgarity so repugnant as the vulgarity of high life, because it commonly arises from an obtuse defiance of all that the wisest and most graceful of mankind have deemed essential to social interests and good order. This scene (the 2d of the 4th act) is almost the only light one in the play. Cloten has followed Imogen in her flight towards Milford-Haven, and stumbled upon the young mountaineer, Guiderius, whom he orders to yield, and they go out fighting. The prince afterwards returns with the boaster's head, saying:

> "This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;
> There was no money in 't: not Hercules
> Could have knocked out his brains, for he had none."

That same instinct of nature Shakespeare has followed on, in the prompt and unconscious affection that the two youths discover for their disguised sister, claiming their hospitality on her pilgrimage. One of them calls her "Brother."

> "Brother, *stay* here; are we not brothers?"

She replies:

> "So man and man should be;
> But clay and clay differs in dignity,
> Whose dust is both alike."

Like Perdita, in the *Winter's Tale*, consciously and unconsciously the regal instinct manifests itself. The young mountaineers are neither more nor less than kind-hearted, but plebeian, foresters in her then estimation. Again, reiterating the "instinct" question, Guiderius says to his sister-brother:

> "I love thee, I have spoke it, * * *
> * * * * * *
> As I do love my father."

Belarius exclaims:

> "What? how! how!
> *Arviragus.* If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
> In my good brother's fault. I know not why
> I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
> Love's reason 's without reason. The bier at door,
> And a demand who is 't shall die, I 'd say,
> My father, not this youth."

And then, how like our Shakespeare, to put the following impelled justification of the ill-appreciated plebeians in the mouth of the grateful and womanly Imogen:

> "These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
> Our courtiers say, all 's savage but at court."

Lastly, upon the principle of "Breeding," and of the mysterious influence of consanguinity, may be noted the allusion made to the "mole, cinque-spotted" upon Imogen's neck, by which Iachimo traduced her to her husband. At the conclusion of the play, when the two youths are discovered to be her brothers, it is said that Guiderius may be identified as a son of Cymbeline, and consequently as her brother, by his having "upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star." This touch of a personal triviality being brought to indicate a relationship, may, at first sight, appear insignificant to allude to; but it proves the close attention of the poet, and the prevailing sense of "harmony" in his mind, as a means he adhered to for perfecting a theory or a principle.

A considerable portion, indeed, of the play is a practical

argument to enforce the dignity as well as the *un*worthiness of "breeding" in the physical man; at the same time, the secret and hidden force of "instinct." I scarcely know of any arrangement more appealing to the gentler emotions of our nature than in this portion of the play; so triumphantly has been asserted the nobility of true bravery, as intimately connected with gentleness of heart: and, assuredly, the highest order of courage is never unattended by the proffer-ings of benevolence. Thus we have the daily practice in the two youths of paying honour to the grave of Euriphile, the wife of Belarius, and their supposed mother. Their primitive and rational piety when entering upon their morning labours,—"Hail, Heaven!" No one better than Shakespeare knew how to combine true piety with bravery; or, in other words, what constitutes the most exalted magnanimity. And, lastly, their affecting and child-like sorrow when they are performing the funeral rites of Fidele—supposed to be dead.

Guiderius. "Why he but sleeps.
If he be gone, he 'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.
Arviragus. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I 'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
The flower that 's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azure hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath. The ruddock would
With charitable bill—O bill, sore shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse. Say, where shall 's lay him?
Guiderius. By good Euriphile, our mother.
Arviragus. Be it so;
And let us, Polydore, though now *our voices*
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,

> As once our mother; use like note and words,
> Save that Euriphile must be Fidele."

Then follows an exquisite touch of natural pathos; Guiderius in answer says:

> "Cadwal,
> I *cannot sing:* I 'll *weep*, and *word* it with thee;
> For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
> Than priests and fanes that lie."

And to this succeeds one of those observances in the primitive church which the poet (true to his own nature) chose to honour; having already put the axiom into the mouth of Imogen, "The breach of custom is the breach of all;" and so here: one of the brothers, when they are proceeding to lay the body in the earth, objects:

> "Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
> Our father hath a reason for 't."

Having once given us a clue to the prevailing quality in their dispositions ("gentle as zephyrs blowing below the violet") the poet never loses the thread. They are punctually observant—even in the absence of their father—of his minutest wish and injunction. Is not this absolute consistency in character delineation? Never were obsequies perform'd with more graceful pathos than those at the funeral of the "fair Fidele;" and, surely, never was parting hymn more aptly appropriated to its subject and primitive occasion. No rural poet of the old world could have surpassed it in simple, natural dignity and tender regret. There is music in the words, and the music of the heart breathes like wafted odours through the entire composition. And the closing farewell, in undiminished beauty of sentiment, closes the scene:

> "Here 's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight more.
> The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night,
> Are strewings fitt'st for graves. *Upon their faces.*
> You were as flowers, now wither'd; even so
> These herbs shall, which we upon you strew.—

> The ground that gave them first has them again;
> Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain."

I know of no composition to surpass in exquisite taste and tenderness the ceremony and the obsequies performed at the funeral of the divine little pilgrim to Milford-Haven. Let it be borne in mind that the predominance of rich extracts quoted in these essays are lavished upon the second and third rate characters of our poet; "The greatest is yet behind." Be it repeated again and again that, to come at something like an estimate of the wealth of his mind, we have but to notice its prodigality, as heaped upon the less consequential, and even the insignificant, members of his dramatis personæ.

No being that ever lived studied less than Shakespeare the art of reserving his strength for the purpose of "making points," as the actors term it. He had no occasion to do this, and he must have known it; for his strength was ever at the flood; and as the event arose, so he grappled with and overcame it; like a mighty river that rolls on, resistless, now bearing all before it — rocks, trees, and spars whirled aloft in its mountain foam — or equally prevailing when it meanders through some flowery dale, calm as its own face,

> "And makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones,
> Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
> It overtaketh in its pilgrimage;
> And so, by many winding nooks it strays
> With willing sport to the wild ocean."

Such was the genius of Shakespeare. In other plays he has doubtless manifested sublimer bursts of passion; but in no one of them has he set forth the prevailing power of his own bland and sweet disposition in the omnipotence of meek forbearance and untiring affection as in the play of *Cymbeline.*

CYMBELINE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, King of Britain.
CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.
POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.
BELARIUS, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.

GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, } sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to Morgan.

PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, IACHIMO, friend to Philario, } Italians.
CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.
PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.
CORNELIUS, a physician.
A Roman Captain.
Two British Captains.
A Frenchman, friend to Philario.
Two Lords of Cymbeline's court.
Two Gentlemen of the same.
Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.
IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.
HELEN, a lady attending on Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Apparitions.

SCENE: *Britain; Rome.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Britain. The Garden of Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gentleman.* You do not meet a man but frowns; our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.

2 *Gentleman.* But what 's the matter?

1 *Gentleman.* His daughter, and the heir of 's kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son—a widow
That late he married—hath referr'd herself

Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She 's wedded,
Her husband banish'd, she imprison'd; all
Is outward sorrow, though I think the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gentleman.* None but the king?

1 *Gentleman.* He that hath lost her too; so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match; but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gentleman.* And why so?

1 *Gentleman.* He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her—
I mean, that married her, alack, good man!
And therefore banish'd—is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gentleman.* You speak him far.

1 *Gentleman.* I do extend him, sir, within himself,
Crush him together rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 *Gentleman.* What 's his name and birth?

1 *Gentleman.* I cannot delve him to the root. His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour
Against the Romans with Cassibelan,
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success,
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus;
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father,
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow

That he quit being, and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 't was minister'd,
And in 's spring became a harvest, liv'd in court—
Which rare it is to do—most prais'd, most lov'd,
A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
A glass that feated them, and to the graver
A child that guided dotards; to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd, her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

2 Gentleman. I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

1 Gentleman. His only child.
He had two sons—if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it—the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n, and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 Gentleman. How long is this ago?

1 Gentleman. Some twenty years.

2 Gentleman. That a king's children should be so convey'd,
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

1 Gentleman. Howsoe'er 't is strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gentleman.* I do well believe you.
1 *Gentleman.* We must forbear; here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-eyed unto you; you 're my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint.—For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate; marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 't were good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.
Posthumus. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.
Queen. You know the peril.
I 'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*
Imogen. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing—
Always reserv'd my holy duty—what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.
Posthumus. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness

Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth;
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter. Thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I 'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you.
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. [*Aside*] Yet I 'll move him
To walk this way. I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries to be friends,—
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Posthumus. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imogen. Nay, stay a little;
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Posthumus. How, how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—[*Putting on the ring.*] Remain, remain thou here
While sense can keep it on.—And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles
I still win of you: for my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I 'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner. [*Putting a bracelet upon her arm.*

Imogen. O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE *and* Lords.

Posthumus. Alack, the king!
Cymbeline. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away!
Thou 'rt poison to my blood.
Posthumus. The gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*
Imogen. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.
Cymbeline. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me!
Imogen. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation.
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cymbeline. Past grace? obedience?
Imogen. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.
Cymbeline. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!
Imogen. O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.
Cymbeline. Thou took'st a beggar, wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.
Imogen. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.
Cymbeline. O thou vile one!
Imogen. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus;
You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
A man worth any woman, overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.
Cymbeline. What, art thou mad?
Imogen. Almost, sir; heaven restore me! Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!
Cymbeline. Thou foolish thing!—

Re-enter QUEEN.

They were again together; you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
Queen. Beseech your patience.—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace!—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.
Cymbeline. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day, and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [*Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords.*
Queen. Fie! you must give way.

Enter PISANIO.

Here is your servant.—How now, sir! What news?
Pisanio. My lord your son drew on my master.
Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?
Pisanio. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger; they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.
Queen. I am very glad on 't.
Imogen. Your son 's my father's friend; he takes his part.—

To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Afric both together,
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back.—Why came you from your master?
Pisanio. On his command. He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When 't pleas'd you to employ me.
Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant; I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.
Pisanio. I humbly thank your highness.
Queen. Pray, walk awhile.
Imogen. About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me. You shall at least
Go see my lord aboard; for this time leave me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Same. A Public Place.*

Enter CLOTEN *and two* Lords.

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in; there 's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Cloten. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* [*Aside*] No, faith; not so much as his patience.

1 *Lord.* Hurt him! his body 's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt; it is a throughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside*] His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.

Cloten. The villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside*] No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1 *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own; but he added to your having, gave you some ground.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside*] As many inches as you have oceans.—Puppies!

Cloten. I would they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside*] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Cloten. And that she should love this fellow and refuse me!

2 *Lord.* [*Aside*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together; she 's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Cloten. Come, I 'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

2 *Lord.* [*Aside*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Cloten. You 'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I 'll attend your lordship.

Cloten. Nay, come, let 's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN *and* PISANIO.

Imogen. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail; if he should write,
And I not have it, 't were a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pisanio. It was his queen, his queen!

Imogen. Then wav'd his handkerchief?
Pisanio. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imogen. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?
Pisanio. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.
Imogen. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.
Pisanio. Madam, so I did.
Imogen. I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd them, but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle,
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air, and then
Have turn'd mine eye and wept. But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?
Pisanio. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.
Imogen. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours
Such thoughts and such, or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour, or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set

Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imogen. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.—
I will attend the queen.

Pisanio. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Rome. Philario's House.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, *a* Frenchman, *a* Dutchman, *and a* Spaniard.

Iachimo. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain. He was then of a crescent note, expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of; but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by items.

Philario. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within.

Frenchman. I have seen him in France; we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iachimo. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

Frenchman. And then his banishment—

Iachimo. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less

quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Philario. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.—Here comes the Briton; let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine; how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

Frenchman. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Posthumus. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still.

Frenchman. Sir, you o'errate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Posthumus. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but upon my mended judgment—if I offend not to say it is mended—my quarrel was not altogether slight.

Frenchman. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords, and by such two that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iachimo. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

Frenchman. Safely, I think. 'T was a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody

affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iachimo. That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

Posthumus. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iachimo. You must not so far prefer her fore ours of Italy.

Posthumus. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iachimo. As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Posthumus. I praised her as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iachimo. What do you esteem it at?

Posthumus. More than the world enjoys.

Iachimo. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she 's outprized by a trifle.

Posthumus. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift; the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iachimo. Which the gods have given you?

Posthumus. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iachimo. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Posthumus. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress, if, in the

holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Philario. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Posthumus. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iachimo. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

Posthumus. No, no.

Iachimo. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Posthumus. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you 're worthy of by your attempt.

Iachimo. What 's that?

Posthumus. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more,—a punishment too.

Philario. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iachimo. Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke!

Posthumus. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iachimo. Yours, whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

Posthumus. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 't is part of it.

Iachimo. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting; but I see you have some religion in you,—that you fear.

Posthumus. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iachimo. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what 's spoken, I swear.

Posthumus. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return. Let there be covenants drawn between 's. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match; here 's my ring.

Philario. I will have it no lay.

Iachimo. By the gods, it is one.—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Posthumus. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion and the assault you have made to her chastity you shall answer me with your sword.

Iachimo. Your hand; a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve. I will fetch my gold and have our two wagers recorded.

Posthumus. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*

Frenchman. Will this hold, think you?

Philario. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Britain. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, *and* CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew 's on ground, gather those flowers;
Make haste. Who has the note of them?
1 *Lady.* I, madam.
Queen. Dispatch.— [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?
Cornelius. Pleaseth your highness, ay; here they are, madam. [*Presenting a small box.*
But I beseech your grace, without offence,—
My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death,
But though slow, deadly?
Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,—
Unless thou think'st me devilish—is 't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,
To try the vigour of them and apply
Allayments to their act, and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.
Cornelius. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.
Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

[*Aside*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work: he 's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio!—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cornelius. [*Aside*] I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. [*To Pisanio*] Hark thee, a word.

Cornelius. [*Aside*] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons; I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;
Which first, perchance, she 'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking-up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cornelius. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time
She will not quench and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work.
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I 'll tell thee on the instant thou art then
As great as is thy master,—greater, for
His fortunes all lie speechless and his name
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor

Continue where he is; to shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
So much as but to prop him? [*The Queen drops the box; Pisanio takes it up.*]—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour.
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I prithee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do 't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on, but think
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee. I 'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment such
As thou 'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women.
Think on my words.— [*Exit Pisanio.*
A sly and constant knave,
Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master,
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet, and which she after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.—

Re-enter PISANIO *and* Ladies.

So, so; well done, well done.
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,

Bear to my closet.—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*
Pisanio. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I 'll choke myself; there 's all I 'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The Same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imogen. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd:—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that 's glorious; blest be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO *and* IACHIMO.

Pisanio. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.
Iachimo. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*
Imogen. Thanks, good sir;
You 're kindly welcome.
Iachimo. [*Aside*] All of her that is out of door most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imogen. [Reads] '*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truest* LEONATUS.'
So far I read aloud;
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.
Iachimo. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones
Upon the unnumber'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?
Imogen. What makes your admiration?
Iachimo. It cannot be i' the eye, for apes and monkeys
'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way and
Contemn with mows the other; nor i' the judgment,
For idiots in this case of favour would
Be wisely definite; nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery to such neat excellence oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.
Imogen. What is the matter, trow?
Iachimo. The cloyed will,
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running, ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.
Imogen. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?
Iachimo. Thanks, madam; well.—[*To Pisanio*] Beseech you, sir, desire

My man's abode where I did leave him; he
Is strange and peevish.
Pisanio. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit.*
Imogen. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?
Iachimo. Well, madam.
Imogen. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.
Iachimo. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.
Imogen. When he was here
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.
Iachimo. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton—
Your lord, I mean—laughs from 's free lungs, cries 'O,
Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?'
Imogen. Will my lord say so?
Iachimo. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter;
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.
Imogen. Not he, I hope.
Iachimo. Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 't is much;
In you, which I account his beyond all talents,

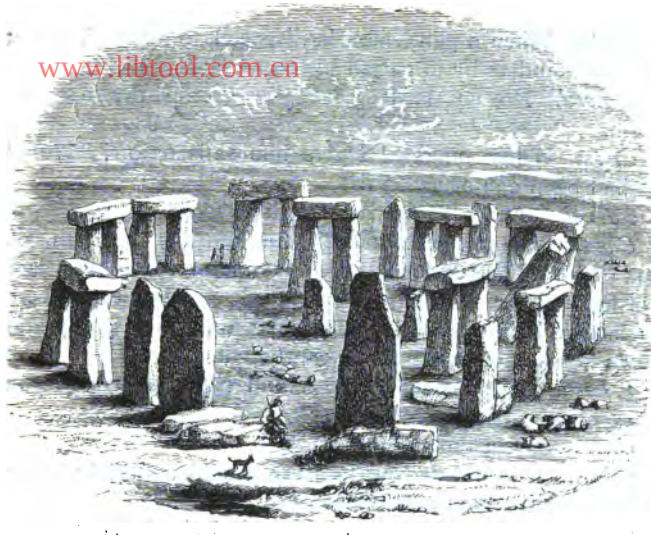
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imogen. What do you pity, sir?
Iachimo. Two creatures heartily.
Imogen. Am I one, sir?
You look on me; what wrack discern you in me
Deserves your pity?
Iachimo. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?
Imogen. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iachimo. That others do—
I was about to say—enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on 't.
Imogen. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you,—
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born—discover to me
What both you spur and stop.
Iachimo. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol, join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood, as
With labour; then by-peeping in an eye
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light

That 's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.
Imogen. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.
Iachimo. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 't is your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.
Imogen. Let me hear no more.
Iachimo. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double,—to be partner'd
With tomboys hir'd with that self exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.
Imogen. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,—
As I have such a heart that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse—if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?
Iachimo. Should he make me
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

Imogen. What ho, Pisanio!
Iachimo. Let me my service tender on your lips.
Imogen. Away! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st,—as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for and a daughter who
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!
Iachimo. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit.—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd, such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.
Imogen. You make amends.
Iachimo. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god;
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd

To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.
Imogen. All 's well, sir. Take my power i' the court for yours.
Iachimo. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.
Imogen. Pray, what is 't?
Iachimo. Some dozen Romans of us and your lord—
The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 't is plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage. May it please you
To take them in protection?
Imogen. Willingly,
And pawn mine honour for their safety; since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber.
Iachimo. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men. I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.
Imogen. O, no, no.
Iachimo. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your grace.

Imogen. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow!
Iachimo. O, I must, madam.
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do 't to-night;
I have outstood my time, which is material
To the tender of our present.
Imogen. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You 're very welcome. [*Exeunt.*



STONEHENGE.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Britain. Before Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CLOTEN *and two* Lords.

Cloten. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on 't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Cloten. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my lord; [*Aside*] nor crop the ears of them.

Cloten. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

2 *Lord.* [*Aside*] To have smelt like a fool.

Cloten. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth. A pox on 't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother. Every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside*] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Cloten. Sayest thou?

2 *Lord.* It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Cloten. No, I know that; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Cloten. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger that 's come to court to-night?

Cloten. A stranger, and I not know on 't!

2 *Lord.* [*Aside*] He 's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

1 *Lord.* There 's an Italian come; and, 't is thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Cloten. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he 's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

Cloten. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in 't?

2 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Cloten. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside*] You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

Cloten. Come, I 'll go see this Italian. What I have lost to-day at bowls I 'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I 'll attend your lordship.—

[*Exeunt Cloten and* 1 *Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he 'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Imogen's Bedchamber; a trunk in one corner of it.*

IMOGEN *in bed, reading; a* Lady *attending.*

Imogen. Who 's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imogen. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imogen. I have read three hours then. Mine eyes are weak;
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed.
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.—

[*Exit Lady.*

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies and the tempters of the night
Guard me, beseech ye!

[*Sleeps. Iachimo comes from the trunk.*

Iachimo. The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed, fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do 't!—'T is her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus; the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design,
To note the chamber. I will write all down:
Such and such pictures; there the window; such
The adornment of her bed; the arras-figures,
Why, such and such; and the contents o' the story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner movables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.—
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—

[*Taking off her bracelet.*

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'T is mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord.—On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: here 's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make; this secret

Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?
Why should I write this down, that 's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf 's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up.—I have enough;
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.—
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three;—time, time!
[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*

SCENE III. *An Ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's Apartments.*

Enter CLOTEN *and* Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Cloten. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

Cloten. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It 's almost morning, is 't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Cloten. I would this music would come. I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.—

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we 'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I 'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it;—and then let her consider.

Song.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!

Cloten. So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better; if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts, nor the voice of eunuch to boot, can never amend. [*Exeunt Musicians.*

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Cloten. I am glad I was up so late; for that 's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.—

Enter CYMBELINE *and* QUEEN.

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother.

Cymbeline. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth?

Cloten. I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cymbeline. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she 's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly solicits, and be friended

With aptness of the season; make denials
Increase your services; so seem as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Cloten. Senseless! not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cymbeline. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that 's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt all but Cloten.*

Cloten. If she be up, I 'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still and dream. — [*Knocks.*] By your leave, ho!—
I know her women are about her; what
If I do line one of their hands? 'T is gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 't is gold
Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it not do and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case myself.—
[*Knocks.*] By your leave.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who 's there that knocks?
Cloten. A gentleman.
Lady. No more?
Cloten. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.
Lady. That 's more
Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours
Can justly boast of. What 's your lordship's pleasure?
Cloten. Your lady's person; is she ready?
Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.
Cloten. There is gold for you; 80
Sell me your good report.
Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess!

Enter IMOGEN.

Cloten. Good morrow, fairest; sister, your sweet hand.
[*Exit Lady.*
Imogen. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble; the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks
And scarce can spare them.
Cloten. Still, I swear I love you.
Imogen. If you but said so, 't were as deep with me;
If you swear still, your recompense is still 90
That I regard it not.
Cloten. This is no answer.
Imogen. But that you shall not say I yield being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me; faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness. One of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.
Cloten. To leave you in your madness, 't were my sin;
I will not.

Imogen. Fools are not mad folks.
Cloten. Do you call me fool?
Imogen. As I am mad, I do:
If you 'll be patient, I 'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so near the lack of charity—
To accuse myself—I hate you; which I had rather
You felt than make 't my boast.
Cloten. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none;
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties—
Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls,
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary, in self-figur'd knot,
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.
Imogen. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom; thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 't were made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being preferr'd so well.
Cloten. The south-fog rot him!

Imogen. He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio!

Enter PISANIO.

Cloten. His garment! Now the devil—
Imogen. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently—
Cloten. His garment!
Imogen. I am sprited with a fool,
Frighted, and anger'd worse.—Go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's; 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think
I saw 't this morning: confident I am
Last night 't was on mine arm; I kiss'd it.
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.
Pisanio. 'T will not be lost.
Imogen. I hope so; go and search. [*Exit Pisanio.*
Cloten. You have abus'd me.—
His meanest garment!
Imogen. Ay, I said so, sir;
If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.
Cloten. I will inform your father.
Imogen. Your mother too;
She 's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*
Cloten. I 'll be reveng'd!
His meanest garment!—Well. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Rome. Philario's House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and* PHILARIO.

Posthumus. Fear it not, sir; I would I were so sure
To win the king as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.

Philario. What means do you make to him?

Posthumus. Not any, but abide the change of time,
Quake in the present winter's state and wish
That warmer days would come. In these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Philario. Your very goodness and your company
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do 's commission throughly; and I think
He 'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Posthumus. I do believe,
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at; their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Philario. See! Iachimo!

Posthumus. The swiftest harts have posted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.
Philario. Welcome, sir.
Posthumus. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.
Iachimo. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.
Posthumus. And therewithal the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts
And be false with them.
Iachimo. Here are letters for you.
Posthumus. Their tenour good, I trust.
Iachimo. 'T is very like.
Philario. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
When you were there?
Iachimo. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
Posthumus. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iachimo. If I had lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I 'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won.
Posthumus. The stone 's too hard to come by.
Iachimo. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
Posthumus. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport; I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.
Iachimo. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant

We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Posthumus. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours; if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.
Iachimo. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe; whose strength
I will confirm with oath, which, I doubt not,
You 'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.
Posthumus. Proceed.
Iachimo. First, her bedchamber,—
Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching—it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was—
Posthumus. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.
Iachimo. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.
Posthumus. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iachimo. The chimney
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece
Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb,—outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.
Posthumus. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.
Iachimo. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted; her andirons—
I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.
Posthumus. This is her honour!
Let it be granted you have seen all this—and praise
Be given to your remembrance—the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.
Iachimo. Then, if you can,
[*Showing the bracelet.*
Be pale. I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!—
And now 't is up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I 'll keep them.
Posthumus. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it; is it that
Which I left with her?
Iachimo. Sir—I thank her—that.
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too. She gave it me, and said
She priz'd it once.
Posthumus. May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.
Iachimo. She writes so to you, doth she?

Posthumus. O, no, no, no! 't is true. Here, take this too;
 [*Gives the ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't.—Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there 's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing.—
O, above measure false!
Philario. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 't is not yet won.
It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her?
Posthumus. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by 't.—Back my ring.—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.
Iachimo. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.
Posthumus. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'T is true;—nay, keep the ring—'t is true. I am sure
She would not lose it; her attendants are
All sworn and honourable.—They induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her.
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this; she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!
Philario. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of—
Iachimo. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast—
Worthy the pressing—lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging; by my life,

I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?
Posthumus. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iachimo. Will you hear more?
Posthumus. Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!
Iachimo. I 'll be sworn—
Posthumus. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou 'st made me cuckold.
Iachimo. I 'll deny nothing.
Posthumus. O, that I had her here, to tear her limbmeal!
I will go there and do 't, i' the court, before
Her father. I 'll do something— [*Exit.*
Philario. Quite besides
The government of patience! You have won.
Let 's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.
Iachimo. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another Room in Philario's House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Posthumus. Is there no way for men to be but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time; so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!

Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy the sweet view on 't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow.—Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there 's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all,—but rather, all;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I 'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them: yet 't is greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will;
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

Well, madam, we must take a short farewell (iii. 4. 185).

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Britain. A Hall in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter in state, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, *and* Lords *at one door, and at another* CAIUS LUCIUS *and* Attendants.

Cymbeline. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Lucius. When Julius Cæsar, whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,—
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,—for him
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,

Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.
Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.
Cloten. There be many Cæsars
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.
Queen. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from 's, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters,
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag
Of 'Came and saw and overcame.' With shame—
The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping—
Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point—
O giglot fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright
And Britons strut with courage.

Cloten. Come, there 's no more tribute to be paid. Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no moe such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses, but to owe such straight arms, none.

Cymbeline. Son, let your mother end.

Cloten. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan. I do not say I am one; but I have a hand.—

Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cymbeline. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free. Cæsar's ambition,
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world, against all colour here
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

Cloten. We do.

Cymbeline. Say, then, to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown and call'd
Himself a king.

Lucius. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—
Cæsar, that hath moe kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then: war and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee; look
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cymbeline. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,

Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms; a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Lucius. Let proof speak.

Cloten. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer. If you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours. If you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there 's an end.

Lucius. So, sir.

Cymbeline. I know your master's pleasure and he mine;
All the remain is, Welcome! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter PISANIO, *with a letter.*

Pisanio. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster 's her accuser!—Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal! No;
She 's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue.—O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murther her?
Upon the love and truth and vows which I
Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity

So much as this fact comes to? [Reading] '*Do 't: the letter*

That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.'—O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that 's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a fedary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without?—Lo, here she comes.
I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imogen. How now, Pisanio!

Pisanio. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imogen. Who? thy lord? that is my lord, Leonatus!
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He 'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not
That we two are asunder,—let that grieve him:
Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love:—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave.—Blest be
You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers
And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

[Reads] '*Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven; what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,* LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.'

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven; read, and tell me

How far 't is thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,—
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
O, let me bate!—but not like me;—yet long'st,
But in a fainter kind,—O, not like me,
For mine 's beyond beyond!—say, and speak thick,—
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense—how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: and by the way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
To inherit such a haven; but first of all,
How we may steal from hence, and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, to excuse,—but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be born or ere begot?
We 'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pisanio. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you,—and too much too.

Imogen. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
Could never go so slow; I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf.—But this is foolery.—
Go bid my woman feign a sickness, say
She 'll home to her father; and provide me presently
A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pisanio. Madam, you 're best consider.

Imogen. I see before me, man; nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;
Do as I bid thee. There 's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Wales: a Mountainous Country with a Cave.*

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Belarius. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof 's as low as ours! Stoop, boys; this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and bows you
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guiderius. Hail, heaven!

Arviragus. Hail, heaven!

Belarius. Now for our mountain sport. Up to yond hill!
Your legs are young; I 'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war.
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bribe,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk;
Such gain the cap of him who makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

Guiderius. Out of your proof you speak; we, poor unfledg'd,

Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not
What air 's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you
That have a sharper known, well corresponding
With your stiff age: but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance, travelling a-bed,
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arviragus. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how
In this our pinching cave shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;
We are beastly, subtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat;
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Belarius. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries
And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear 's as bad as falling; the toil o' the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour; which dies i' the search,
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what 's worse,
Must curtsy at the censure. — O boys, this story
The world may read in me; my body 's mark'd
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note. Cymbeline lov'd me,
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree

Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but in one night,
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Guiderius. Uncertain favour!

Belarius. My fault being nothing—as I have told you oft—
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans: so
Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years
This rock and these demesnes have been my world;
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But up to the mountains!
This is not hunters' language.—He that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I 'll meet you in the valleys.—
[*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.*
How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine; and though train'd up thus meanly
I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story, say 'Thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on 's neck;' even then

The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
Once Arviragus, in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech and shows much more
His own conceiving.—Hark, the game is rous'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon,
At three and two years old, I stole these babes,
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands.—Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father.—The game is up. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Near Milford-Haven.*

Enter PISANIO *and* IMOGEN.

Imogen. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand.—Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now.—Pisanio! man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication; put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What 's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If 't be summer news,
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,

And he 's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.
Pisanio. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imogen. [Reads] '*Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life; I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven. She hath my letter for the purpose; where, if thou fear to strike and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour and equally to me disloyal.*'

Pisanio. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 't is slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds and doth belie
All corners of the world; kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imogen. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him
And cry myself awake? that 's false to 's bed, is it?

Pisanio. Alas, good lady!

Imogen. I false! Thy conscience witness!—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain, now methinks
Thy favour 's good enough.—Some jay of Italy
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him.

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born where 't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.
Pisanio. Good madam, hear me.
Imogen. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were in his time thought false, and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest;
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: look!
I draw the sword myself; take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.
Fear not; 't is empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike!
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.
Pisanio. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.
Imogen. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here 's my heart.
Something 's afore 't.—Soft, soft! we 'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,

Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers; though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness; and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Prithee, dispatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher; where 's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pisanio. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business
I have not slept one wink.

Imogen. Do 't, and to bed then.

Pisanio. I 'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imogen. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent? whereunto I never
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pisanio. But to win time
To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imogen. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.
Pisanio. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.
Imogen. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.
Pisanio. Not so, neither;
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abus'd;
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.
Imogen. Some Roman courtesan.
Pisanio. No, on my life.
I 'll give but notice you are dead and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 't is commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.
Imogen. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?
Pisanio. If you 'll back to the court—
Imogen. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.
Pisanio. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.
Imogen. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't;

In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee, think
There's livers out of Britain.
Pisanio. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus,—so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.
Imogen. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
I would adventure.
Pisanio. Well, then, here 's the point:
You must forget to be a woman, change
Command into obedience, fear and niceness—
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman it pretty self—into a waggish courage,
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.
Imogen. Nay, be brief;
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.
Pisanio. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit—

'T is in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them. Would you in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you 're happy,—which you 'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless
With joy he will embrace you, for he 's honourable,
And doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.
Imogen. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away:
There 's more to be consider'd; but we 'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.
Pisanio. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen:
What 's in 't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood.—May the gods
Direct you to the best!
Imogen. Amen! I thank thee. [*Exeunt, severally.*

SCENE V. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Cymbeline. Thus far; and so farewell.
Lucius. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;

And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.
Cymbeline. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.
Lucius. So, sir. I desire of you
A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace!
Queen. And you!
Cymbeline. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit.—
So farewell, noble Lucius.
Lucius. Your hand, my lord.
Cloten. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
Lucius. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner; fare you well.
Cymbeline. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!
[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*
Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us
That we have given him cause.
Cloten. 'T is all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.
Cymbeline. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness;
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.
Queen. 'T is not sleepy business,
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.
Cymbeline. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,

Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty;
We have noted it.—Call her before us, for
We have been too slight in sufferance. [*Exit an Attendant.*
Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'T is time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her; she 's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant.

Cymbeline. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?
Attendant. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there 's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st noise we make.
Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer; this
She wish'd me to make known, but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.
Cymbeline. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! [*Exit.*
Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.
Cloten. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.
Queen. Go, look after.—[*Exit Cloten.*
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!

He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her,
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she 's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus. Gone she is
To death or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son!
Cloten. 'T is certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none
Dare come about him.
Queen. [*Aside*] All the better; may
This night forestall him of the coming day! [*Exit.*
Cloten. I love and hate her, for she 's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all. I love her therefore: but
Disdaining me and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus slanders so her judgment
That what 's else rare is chok'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools
Shall—

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither. Ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.
Pisanio. O, good my lord!
Cloten. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,—

I will not ask again. Close villain,
I 'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.
Pisanio. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.
Cloten. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home
What is become of her.
Pisanio. O, my all-worthy lord!
Cloten. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word; no more of 'worthy lord!'
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.
Pisanio. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*
Cloten. Let 's see 't. I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.
Pisanio. [*Aside*] Or this, or perish.
She 's far enough; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.
Cloten. Hum!
Pisanio. [*Aside*] I'll write to my lord she 's dead. O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!
Cloten. Sirrah, is this letter true?
Pisanio. Sir, as I think.
Cloten. It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't.—Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry, that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee

do, to perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honest man; thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pisanio. Well, my good lord.

Cloten. Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine; wilt thou serve me?

Pisanio. Sir, I will.

Cloten. Give me thy hand; here 's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pisanio. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Cloten. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pisanio. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Cloten. Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing; I 'll remember 't anon.—Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined,—which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,—to the court I 'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.—

Re-enter PISANIO, *with the clothes.*

Be those the garments?

Pisanio. Ay, my noble lord.

Cloten. How long is 't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pisanio. She can scarce be there yet.

Cloten. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pisanio. Thou bid'st me to my loss; for true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true.—To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *Wales. Before the Cave of Belarius.*

Enter IMOGEN, *in boy's clothes.*

Imogen. I see a man's life is a tedious one;
I have tir'd myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way; will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 't is
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord!—
Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on thee,
My hunger 's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?

Here is a path to 't; 't is some savage hold.
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! who 's here?
If any thing that 's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho!—No answer? Then I 'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he 'll scarcely look on 't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*Exit, to the cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Belarius. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant; 't is our match.
The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what 's homely savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Guiderius. I am throughly weary.

Arviragus. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Guiderius. There is cold meat i' the cave; we 'll browse on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Belarius. [*Looking into the cave*] Stay; come not in.
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Guiderius. What 's the matter, sir?

Belarius. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Re-enter IMOGEN.

Imogen. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took.—Good troth,
I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here 's money for my meat;
I would have left it on the board so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Guiderius. Money, youth?

Arviragus. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 't is no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imogen. I see you 're angry;
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

Belarius. Whither bound?

Imogen. To Milford-Haven.

Belarius. What 's your name?

Imogen. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy: he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence.

Belarius. Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'T is almost night; you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Guiderius. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom.—In honesty,
I bid for you as I 'd buy.

Arviragus. I 'll make 't my comfort
He is a man; I 'll love him as my brother;

And such a welcome as I 'd give to him
After long absence, such is yours.—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.
Imogen. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers.—[*Aside*] Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.
Belarius. He wrings at some distress.
Guiderius. Would I could free 't!
Arviragus. Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!
Belarius. Hark, boys.
[*Whispering.*
Imogen. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them—laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes—
Could not out-peer these twain.—Pardon me, gods!
I 'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus ' false.
Belarius. It shall be so.
Boys, we 'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in.
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We 'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.
Guiderius. Pray, draw near.
Arviragus. The night to the owl and morn to the lark less welcome.
Imogen. Thanks, sir.
Arviragus. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Rome. A Public Place.*

Enter two Senators *and* Tribunes.

1 *Senator.* This is the tenour of the emperor's writ:
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius proconsul; and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

1 *Tribune.* Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 *Senator.* Ay.

1 *Tribune.* Remaining now in Gallia?

1 *Senator.* With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant; the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.

1 *Tribune.* We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Wales: near the Cave of Belarius.*

Enter CLOTEN.

Cloten. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather—saving reverence of the word—for 't is said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself—for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber—I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions; yet this impersever-

ant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may happily be a little angry for my so rough usage, but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe; out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Before the Cave of Belarius.*

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Belarius. [*To Imogen*] You are not well: remain here in the cave;
We 'll come to you after hunting.
Arviragus. [*To Imogen*] Brother, stay here;
Are we not brothers?
Imogen. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
Guiderius. Go you to hunting; I 'll abide with him.
Imogen. So sick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die ere sick. So please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me; society is no comfort
To one not sociable. I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here;
I 'll rob none but myself, and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.
Guiderius. I love thee; I have spoke it:

How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Belarius. What! how! how!
Arviragus. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault. I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason 's without reason: the bier at door,
And a demand who is 't shall die, I 'd say
My father, not this youth.
Belarius. [*Aside*] O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards and base things sire base.
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I' m not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—
'T is the ninth hour o' the morn.
Arviragus. Brother, farewell.
Imogen. I wish ye sport.
Arviragus. You health.—So please you, sir.
Imogen. [*Aside*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say all 's savage but at court;
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
The imperious seas breed monsters, for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still, heart-sick.—Pisanio,
I 'll now taste of thy drug. [*Swallows some.*
Guiderius. I could not stir him:
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.
Arviragus. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter
I might know more.
Belarius. To the field, to the field!—
We 'll leave you for this time; go in and rest.
Arviragus. We 'll not be long away.

Belarius. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our huswife.
Imogen. Well or ill,
I am bound to you.
Belarius. And shalt be ever.—
[*Exit Imogen, to the cave.*
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.
Arviragus. How angel-like he sings!
Guiderius. But his neat cookery! he cut our roots
In characters,
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick
And he her dieter.
Arviragus. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.
Guiderius. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.
Arviragus. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!
Belarius. It is great morning. Come, away! — Who 's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Cloten. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.
Belarius. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 't is
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 't is he.—We are held as outlaws; hence!

Guiderius. He is but one. You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*
Cloten. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?
Guiderius. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A slave without a knock.
Cloten. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain; yield thee, thief.
Guiderius. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?
Cloten. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
Guiderius. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.
Cloten. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.
Guiderius. Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.
Cloten. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Guiderius. What 's thy name?
Cloten. Cloten, thou villain.
Guiderius. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, or adder, spider,
'T would move me sooner.
Cloten. To thy further fear,

Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.
Guiderius. I am sorry for 't, not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Cloten. Art not afeard?
Guiderius. Those that I reverence, those I fear,—the wise;
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Cloten. Die the death!
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I 'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Re-enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Belarius. No companies abroad?
Arviragus. None in the world; you did mistake him, sure.
Belarius. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his. I am absolute
'T was very Cloten.
Arviragus. In this place we left them;
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
Belarius. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear.—But, see, thy brother!

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, *with* CLOTEN'S *head.*

Guiderius. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;
There was no money in 't. Not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none;
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.

Belarius. What hast thou done?

Guiderius. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore
With his own single hand he 'd take us in,
Displace our heads where—thank the gods!—they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Belarius. We are all undone.

Guiderius. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us; then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Belarius. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation,—ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse,—not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd
To bring him here alone. Although perhaps
It may be heard at court that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing—
As it is like him—might break out, and swear
He 'd fetch us in; yet is 't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arviragus. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it; howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Belarius. I had no mind
To hunt this day; the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.
Guiderius. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him. I 'll throw 't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he 's the queen's son, Cloten.
That 's all I reck. [*Exit.*
Belarius. I fear 't will be reveng'd.
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
Arviragus. Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursued me! Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed; I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through
And put us to our answer.
Belarius. Well, 't is done.
We 'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there 's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I 'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.
Arviragus. Poor sick Fidele!
I 'll willingly to him; to gain his colour
I 'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*
Belarius. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,

And make him stoop to the vale. 'T is wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it 's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Guiderius. Where 's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music.*

Belarius. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Guiderius. Is he at home?

Belarius. He went hence even now.

Guiderius. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Belarius. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for.

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, *with* IMOGEN, *as dead, bearing her in his arms.*

Arviragus. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,

To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.
Guiderius. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.
Belarius. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.—
How found you him?
Arviragus. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.
Guiderius. Where?
Arviragus. O' the floor,
His arms thus leagued; I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.
Guiderius. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he 'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.
Arviragus. With fairest flowers
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
I 'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack
The flower that 's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azur'd harebell, like thy veins, no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill,—O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;

Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.
Guiderius. Prithee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave!
Arviragus. Say, where shall 's lay him?
Guiderius. By good Euriphile, our mother.
Arviragus. Be 't so;
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.
Guiderius. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I 'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.
Arviragus. We 'll speak it, then.
Belarius. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.
Guiderius. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.
Arviragus. If you 'll go fetch him,
We 'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.
[*Exit Belarius.*

Guiderius. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for 't.
Arviragus. 'T is true.
Guiderius. Come on then, and remove him.
Arviragus. So, begin.

Song.

Guiderius. *Fear no more the heat o' the sun,*
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arviragus. *Fear no more the frown o' the great;*
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Guiderius. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,*
Arviragus. *Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;*
Guiderius. *Fear not slander, censure rash;*
Arviragus. *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:*
Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must*
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Guiderius. *No exorciser harm thee!*
Arviragus. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*
Guiderius. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*
Arviragus. *Nothing ill come near thee!*
Both. *Quiet consummation have;*
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, *with the body of* CLOTEN.

Guiderius. We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him down.

Belarius. Here 's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces.—
You were as flowers, now wither'd; even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strew.
Come on, away; apart upon our knees.
The ground that gave them first has them again;
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.
[*Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

Imogen. [*Awaking*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?—
I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?—
I have gone all night. Faith, I 'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow!—O gods and goddesses!
[*Seeing the body of Cloten.*
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on 't. I hope I dream,
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 't is not so;
'T was but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream 's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.—
A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of 's leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—
Murther in heaven?—How!—'T is gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,

Conspir'd with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where 's that? Ay me! where 's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?
'T is he and Cloten; malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 't is pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murtherous to the senses? That confirms it home;
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's.—O!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us! O, my lord, my lord!
[*Falls on the body.*

Enter LUCIUS, *a* Captain *and other* Officers, *and a* Soothsayer.

Captain. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships;
They are in readiness.

Lucius. But what from Rome?

Captain. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Lucius. When expect you them?

Captain. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Lucius. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to 't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?
Soothsayer. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision—
I fast and pray'd for their intelligence—thus:
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams; which portends—
Unless my sins abuse my divination—
Success to the Roman host.
Lucius. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let 's see the boy's face.
Captain. He 's alive, my lord.
Lucius. He 'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What 's thy interest
In this sad wrack? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?
Imogen. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain.—Alas!
There is no more such masters; I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Lucius. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good friend.
Imogen. Richard du Champ. [*Aside*] If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They 'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?
Lucius. Thy name?
Imogen. Fidele, sir.
Lucius. Thou dost approve thyself the very same;
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee; go with me.
Imogen. I 'll follow, sir. But first, an 't please the gods,
I 'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I 'll weep and sigh,
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.
Lucius. Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave; come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO, *and* Attendants.

Cymbeline. Again; and bring me word how 't is with her.
[*Exit an Attendant.*
A fever with the absence of her son,
A madness, of which her life 's in danger.—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure and
Dost seem so ignorant, we 'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pisanio. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here;
I dare be bound he 's true and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cymbeline. The time is troublesome.—
[*To Pisanio*] We 'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
Does yet depend.

1 *Lord.* So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen by the senate sent.

Cymbeline. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!
I am amaz'd with matter.
1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of; come more, for more you 're ready.
The want is but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.
Cymbeline. I thank you. Let 's withdraw,
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here.—Away! [*Exeunt all but Pisanio.*
Pisanio. I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain. 'T is strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten, but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I 'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Wales: before the Cave of Belarius.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Guiderius. The noise is round about us.
Belarius. Let us from it.
Arviragus. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
Guiderius. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

IACHIMO AND POSTHUMUS (SCENE II.).

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Britain. The Roman Camp.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, *with a bloody handkerchief.*

Posthumus. Yea, bloody cloth, I 'll keep thee, for I wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murther wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little!—O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands;
No bond but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this; so had you sav'd
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck

Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack!
You snatch some hence for little faults; that 's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own; do your best wills,
And make me blest to obey! I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom. 'T is enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I 'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose. I 'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I 'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I 'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is every breath a death; and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I 'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without and more within. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Field of battle between the British and Roman Camps.*

Enter, from one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and the* Roman Army; *from the other side, the* British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS *following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish,* IACHIMO *and* POSTHUMUS; *he vanquisheth and disarmeth* IACHIMO, *and then leaves him.*

Iachimo. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood. I have belied a lady,

The princess of this country, and the air on 't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is that we scarce are men and you are gods. [*Exit.*

The battle continues; the Britons *fly;* CYMBELINE *is taken: then enter, to his rescue,* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Belarius. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground.
The lane is guarded; nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.

Guiderius. }
Arviragus. } Stand, stand, and fight!

Re-enter POSTHUMUS, *and seconds the* Britons; *they rescue* CYMBELINE, *and exeunt. Then re-enter* LUCIUS *and* IACHIMO, *with* IMOGEN.

Lucius. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder 's such
As war were hoodwink'd.
Iachimo. 'T is their fresh supplies.
Lucius. It is a day turn'd strangely; or betimes
Let 's reinforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and a* British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
Posthumus. I did;
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Posthumus. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought. The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Posthumus. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant,—who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for 's country. Athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings—lads more like to run
The country base than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,—
Made good the passage, cried to those that fled,
'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men;
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand!
Or we are Romans and will give you that
Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand!'—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many—
For three performers are the file when all
The rest do nothing—with this word 'Stand, stand,'
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,

Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
But by example—O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!—gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire, anon
A rout, confusion thick; forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made. And now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' the need; having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!
Some slain before, some dying, some their friends
O'er-borne i' the former wave; ten, chas'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die or ere resist are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.

Posthumus. Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.'

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Posthumus. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I 'll be his friend;
For if he 'll do as he is made to do,
I know he 'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you 're angry.

Posthumus. Still going?—[*Exit Lord.*] This is a lord! O noble misery,
To be i' the field, and ask 'what news?' of me!

To-day how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcases! took heel to do 't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck. Being an ugly monster,
'T is strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words, or hath moe ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find him;
For being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take. For me, my ransom 's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath,
Which neither here I 'll keep nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains *and* Soldiers.

1 *Captain.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken.
'T is thought the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Captain.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit.
That gave the affront with them.

1 *Captain.* So 't is reported;
But none of 'em can be found.—Stand! who 's there?

Posthumus. A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here if seconds
Had answer'd him.

2 *Captain.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his service
As if he were of note. Bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Soldiers, Attendants, *and* Roman Captives. *The* Captains *present* POSTHUMUS *to* CYMBELINE, *who delivers him over to a* Gaoler; *then exeunt omnes.*

SCENE IV. *A British Prison.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and two* Gaolers.

1 *Gaoler.* You shall not now be stol'n, you have locks upon you;
So graze as you find pasture.
2 *Gaoler.* Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt Gaolers.*

Posthumus. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty; yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout, since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death, who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists; you good gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is 't enough I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd more than constrain'd; to satisfy,
If of my freedom 't is the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that 's not my desire.
For Imogen's dear life take mine: and though

'T is not so dear, yet 't is a life; you coin'd it.
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours; and so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds.—O Imogen!
I 'll speak to thee in silence. [*Sleeps.*

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, *father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with music before them: then, after other music, follow the two young* LEONATI, *brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle* POSTHUMUS *round as he lies sleeping.*

Sicilius. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies;
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law;
Whose father then—as men report
Thou orphans' father art—
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Mother. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sicilius. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Brother.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel,
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Mother. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sicilius. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villany?

2 *Brother.* For this from stiller seats we came,
Our parents and us twain,
That striking in our country's cause
Fell bravely and were slain,
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain.

1 *Brother.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd;
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sicilius. Thy crystal window ope, look out;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Mother. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sicilius. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity.

Both Brothers. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunderbolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.*

Jupiter. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents opprest;
No care of yours it is; you know 't is ours.
Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.

This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away! no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*
Sicilius. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us. His ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields; his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.
All. Thanks, Jupiter!
Sicilius. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof.—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.
[*The Ghosts vanish.*
Posthumus. [*Waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers. But, O scorn!
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born;
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour dream as I have done,
Wake and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers; let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.
[Reads] '*Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which,*

being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'

'T is still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue and brain not; either both or nothing;
Or senseless speaking or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I 'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

1 *Gaoler.* Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Posthumus. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

1 *Gaoler.* Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Posthumus. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

1 *Gaoler.* A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth. You come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty; the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor but it; of what 's past, is, and to come, the discharge.—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Posthumus. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

1 *Gaoler.* Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Posthumus. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

1 *Gaoler.* Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not seen him so pictured. You must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after inquiry on your own peril; and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you 'll never return to tell one.

Posthumus. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them.

1 *Gaoler.* What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging 's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Posthumus. Thou bring'st good news; I am called to be made free.

1 *Gaoler.* I 'll be hanged then.

Posthumus. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt all but* 1 *Gaoler.*

1 *Gaoler.* Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good. O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in 't. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Cymbeline's Tent.*

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, *and* Attendants.

Cymbeline. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found.
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.
Belarius. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing,
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.
Cymbeline. No tidings of him?
Pisanio. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.
Cymbeline. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; [*To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus*] which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
By whom I grant she lives. 'T is now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.
Belarius. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen.
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.
Cymbeline. Bow your knees.
Arise my knights o' the battle; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS *and* Ladies.

There 's business in these faces.—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cornelius. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cymbeline. Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cornelius. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
I will report, so please you; these her women
Can trip me, if I err, who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cymbeline. Prithee, say.

Cornelius. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you;
Married your royalty, was wife to your place,
Abhorr'd your person.

Cymbeline. She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cornelius. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cymbeline. O most delicate fiend!
Who is 't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cornelius. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral, which, being took,

Should by the minute feed on life and lingering
By inches waste you; in which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown:
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so
Despairing died.

Cymbeline. Heard you all this, her women?

1 *Lady.* We did, so please your highness.

Cymbeline. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *the* Soothsayer, *and other* Roman prisoners, *guarded;* POSTHUMUS *behind, and* IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So think of your estate.

Lucius. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come; sufficeth

A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer.
Augustus lives to think on 't; and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd; never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like. Let his virtue join
With my request, which I 'll make bold your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cymbeline. I have surely seen him;
His favour is familiar to me.—Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why nor wherefore,
To say live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live.
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I 'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imogen. I humbly thank your highness.

Lucius. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imogen. No, no: alack,
There 's other work in hand.—I see a thing
Bitter to me as death.—Your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Lucius. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me; briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cymbeline. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What 's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak.
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imogen. He is a Roman; no more kin to me
Than I to your highness, who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.
Cymbeline. Wherefore eyest him so?
Imogen. I 'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.
Cymbeline. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What 's thy name?
Imogen. Fidele, sir.
Cymbeline. Thou 'rt my good youth, my page;
I 'll be thy master. Walk with me; speak freely.
[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*
Belarius. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?
Arviragus. One sand another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele.—What think you?
Guiderius. The same dead thing alive.
Belarius. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear.
Creatures may be alike; were 't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.
Guiderius. But we saw him dead.
Belarius. Be silent; let 's see further.
Pisanio. [*Aside*] It is my mistress!
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad. [*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*
Cymbeline. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud. — [*To Iachimo*] Sir, step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.
Imogen. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Posthumus. [*Aside*] What 's that to him?
Cymbeline. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?
Iachimo. Thou 'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.
Cymbeline. How! me?
Iachimo. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 't was Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish; and—which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?
Cymbeline. All that belongs to this.
Iachimo. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember—Give me leave; I faint.
Cymbeline. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength;
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will
Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak.
Iachimo. Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—accurs'd
The mansion where!—'t was at a feast,—O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heav'd to head!—the good Posthumus—
What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones,—sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man

Loves woman for, besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye—
Cymbeline. I stand on fire;
Come to the matter.
Iachimo. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus,
Most like a noble lord in love and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd,—therein
He was as calm as virtue—he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Proved us unspeaking sots.
Cymbeline. Nay, nay, to the purpose.
Iachimo. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold; whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of 's bed and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel, and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of 's car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design; well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely,—for my vantage, excellent,—

And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,—
O cunning, how I got it!—nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—
Methinks, I see him now—

Posthumus. [*Advancing*] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend!—Ay me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murtherer, thief, any thing
That 's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious; it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter;—villain-like, I lie—
That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do 't: the temple
Of virtue was she,—yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me; every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villany less than 't was!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imogen. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Posthumus. Shall 's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*

Pisanio. O, gentlemen, help!
Mine and your mistress!—O, my lord Posthumus!

You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now.—Help, help!
Mine honour'd lady!
Cymbeline. Does the world go round?
Posthumus. How comes these staggers on me?
Pisanio. Wake, my mistress!
Cymbeline. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.
Pisanio. How fares my mistress?
Imogen. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.
Cymbeline. The tune of Imogen!
Pisanio. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.
Cymbeline. New matter still?
Imogen. It poison'd me.
Cornelius. O gods!
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest; 'If Pisanio
Have,' said she, 'given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.'
Cymbeline. What 's this, Cornelius?
Cornelius. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her, still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem. I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life, but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imogen. Most like I did, for I was dead.
Belarius. My boys,
There was our error.
Guiderius. This is, sure, Fidele.
Imogen. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*
Posthumus. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!
Cymbeline. How now, my flesh, my child!
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?
Imogen. [*Kneeling*] Your blessing, sir.
Belarius. [*To Guiderius and Arviragus*] Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for 't.
Cymbeline. My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.
Imogen. I am sorry for 't, my lord.
Cymbeline. O, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how nor where.
Pisanio. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I 'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts

With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate
My lady's honour. What became of him
I further know not.
Guiderius. Let me end the story;
I slew him there.
Cymbeline. Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence; prithee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.
Guiderius. I have spoke it, and I did it.
Cymbeline. He was a prince.
Guiderius. A most incivil one; the wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like, for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me. I cut off 's head,
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.
Cymbeline. I am sorry for thee.
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law; thou 'rt dead.
Imogen. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.
Cymbeline. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.
Belarius. Stay, sir king!
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself, and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—[*To the Guard*] Let his arms alone;
They were not born for bondage.
Cymbeline. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?
Arviragus. In that he spake too far.

Cymbeline. And thou shalt die for 't.
Belarius. We will die all three,
But I will prove that two on 's are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.
Arviragus. Your danger 's ours.
Guiderius. And our good his.
Belarius. Have at it then, by leave.—
Thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.
Cymbeline. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.
Belarius. He it is that hath
Assum'd this age; indeed a banish'd man,
I know not how a traitor.
Cymbeline. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.
Belarius. Not too hot!
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.
Cymbeline. Nursing of my sons!
Belarius. I am too blunt and saucy; here 's my knee.
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cymbeline. How! my issue!
Belarius. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd.
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd

Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—
For such and so they are—these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment. I moved her to 't,
Having receiv'd the punishment before
For that which I did then; beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
The more of you 't was felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.
Cymbeline. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.
Belarius. Be pleas'd awhile.
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius.
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.
Cymbeline. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.
Belarius. This is he,
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp.

It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.
Cymbeline. O, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more.—Blest pray you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.
Imogen. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.
Cymbeline. Did you e'er meet?
Arviragus. Ay, my good lord.
Guiderius. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.
Cornelius. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.
Cymbeline. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependances,
From chance to chance; but nor the time nor place
Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange

Is severally in all. Let 's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
[*To Belarius*] Thou art my brother; so we 'll hold thee ever.

Imogen. You are my father too, and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cymbeline. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imogen. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Lucius. Happy be you!

Cymbeline. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Posthumus. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 't was a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd.—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iachimo. [*Kneeling*] I am down again;
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe; but your ring first,
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Posthumus. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you is to spare you,
The malice towards you to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

Cymbeline. Nobly doom'd!
We 'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon 's the word to all.

Arviragus. You holp us, sir,

As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.
Posthumus. Your servant, princes. — Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom, whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it; let him show
His skill in the construction.
Lucius. Philarmonus!
Soothsayer. Here, my good lord.
Lucius. Read, and declare the meaning.
Soothsayer. [Reads] '*Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.*'
Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.—
[*To Cymbeline*] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
Which we call 'mollis aer;' and 'mollis aer'
We term it 'mulier:' which 'mulier' I divine
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.
Cymbeline. This hath some seeming.
Soothsayer. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee; and thy lopp'd branches point

Thy two sons forth, who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.
Cymbeline. Well,
My peace we will begin.—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar
And to the Roman empire, promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.
Soothsayer. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of yet this scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.
Cymbeline. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward. Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together; so through Lud's town march,
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we 'll ratify, seal it with feasts.—
Set on there!—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

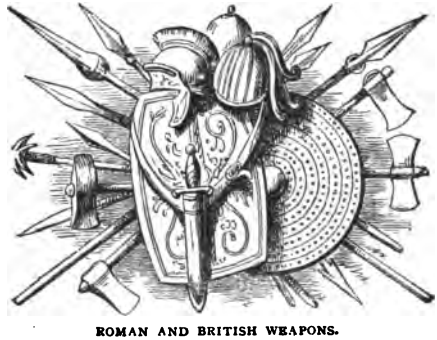
Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
B. J., Ben Jonson.
Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.
Cf. (*confer*), compare.
Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden-Clarke (London, n. d.).
Coll., Collier (second edition).
Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
D., Dyce (second edition).
H., Hudson ("Harvard" ed.).
Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
Id. (*idem*), the same.
J. H., J. Hunter's ed. of *Cymb.* (London, 1878).
K., Knight (second edition).
Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
Prol., Prologue.
S., Shakespeare.
Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
Sr., Singer.
St., Staunton.
Theo., Theobald.
V., Verplanck.
W., R. Grant White.
Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
Warb., Warburton.
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, *3 Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed. or of the American reprint of that ed.

NOTES.



ROMAN AND BRITISH WEAPONS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following extracts from Holinshed (see p. 11 above) include all the portions of the chronicle which Shakespeare can have used in writing the play:

"After the death of Cassibelane, Theomantius or Lenantius, the youngest son of Lud, was made king of Britain in the year of the world 3921, after the building of Rome 706, and before the coming of Christ 45.... Theomantius ruled the land in good quiet, and paid the tribute to the Romans which Cassibelane had granted, and finally departed this life after he had reigned twenty-two years, and was buried at London.

"Kymbeline or Cimbeline, the son of Theomantius, was of the Britains made king, after the decease of his father, in the year of the world 3944, after the building of Rome 728, and before the birth of our Saviour 33. This man (as some write) was brought up at Rome, and there made knight by Augustus Cæsar, under whom he served in the wars, and was in such favour with him that he was at liberty to pay his tribute or not.... Touching the continuance of the years of Kymbeline's reign some writers do vary, but the best approved affirm that he reigned thirty-five years and then died, and was buried at London, leaving behind him two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus. But here is to be noted that, although our

histories do affirm that as well this Kymbeline, as also his father Theomantius, lived in quiet with the Romans, and continually to them paid the tributes which the Britains had covenanted with Julius Cæsar to pay, yet we find in the Roman writers, that after Julius Cæsar's death, when Augustus had taken upon him the rule of the empire, the Britains refused to pay that tribute: whereat, as Cornelius Tacitus reporteth, Augustus (being otherwise occupied) was contented to wink; howbeit, through earnest calling upon to recover his right by such as were desirous to see the uttermost of the British kingdom; at length, to wit, in the tenth year after the death of Julius Cæsar, which was about the thirteenth year of the said Theomantius, Augustus made provision to pass with an army over into Britain, and was come forward upon his journey into Gallia Celtica, or, as we may say, into these hither parts of France.

"But here receiving advertisements that the Pannonians, which inhabited the country now called Hungary, and the Dalmatians, whom now we call Slavons, had rebelled, he thought it best first to subdue those rebels near home, rather than to seek new countries, and leave such in hazard whereof he had present possession; and so, turning his power against the Pannonians and Dalmatians, he left off for a time the wars of Britain, whereby the land remained without fear of any invasion to be made by the Romans till the year after the building of the city of Rome, 725, and about the nineteenth year of Theomantius' reign, that Augustus with an army departed once again from Rome to pass over into Britain there to make war. But after his coming into Gallia, when the Britains sent to him certain ambassadors to treat with him of peace, he staid there to settle the state of things among the Galles, for that they were not in very good order.... But whether this controversy, which appeareth to fall forth betwixt the Britains and Augustus, was occasioned by Kymbeline, or some other prince of the Britains, I have not to avouch: for that by our writers it is reported that Kymbeline, being brought up in Rome, and knighted in the court of Augustus, ever showed himself a friend to the Romans, and chiefly was loth to break with them, because the youth of the British nation should not be deprived of the benefit to be trained and brought up among the Romans, whereby they might learn both to behave themselves like civil men, and to attain to the knowledge of feats of war....

"Mulmucius Dunwallo, the son of Cloten, got the upper hand of the other dukes or rulers: and after his father's decease began his reign over the whole monarchy of Britain, in the year of the world 3529. This Mulmucius Dunwallo proved a right worthy prince. He builded within the city of London, then called Troinovant, a temple, and called it the Temple of Peace. He also made many good laws, which were long after used, called Mulmucius' laws. After he had established his land, and set his Britains in good and convenient order, he ordained him by the advice of his lords a crown of gold, and caused himself with great solemnity to be crowned, according to the custom of the pagan laws then in use: and because he was the first who bare a crown here in Britain, after the opinion of some writers, he is named the first king of Britain, and all the other before rehearsed are named rulers, dukes, or governors."

ACT I.

SCENE I.—1. *Bloods.* Temperaments, dispositions; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 38: "When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth," etc. The plural is used, as often, because more than one person is referred to. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 206, note on *Sights.*

3. *Still seem as does the king.* The folios have "kings," and some modern editors read "king's" (that is, the king's blood). *King* is Tyrwhitt's conjecture (also in the Coll. MS.), and is adopted by K., Coll., D., W., Clarke, and others.

The sense is: Our temperaments are not more surely controlled by planetary influences than the aspect of our courtiers is by that of the king; their looks reflect the sadness of his. Cf. 13 just below.

4. *Of 's.* Such contractions are especially frequent in the latest plays of S. See many instances below.

10. *None but the king?* "Are all but the king in *outward* sorrow only? none else touched at heart?" (J. H.).

13. *To the bent.* According to the cast or aspect. Cf. *A. and C.* i. 3. 36:

> "Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
> Bliss in our brows' bent," etc.

23. *Outward.* For the noun, cf. *Sonn.* 69. 5: "Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;" *T. and C.* iii. 2. 169: "Outliving beauty's outward," etc.

24. *But he.* Changed by Rowe to "but him." Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 18: "my father hath no child but I." See also Gr. 205 fol.

You speak him far. You go far in what you say of him. Cf. v. 5. 309 below.

25. *I do extend him, sir, within himself.* That is, *far* as I speak him, I keep within the bounds of his merit. Malone paraphrases the passage thus: "My eulogium, however extended it may seem, is short of his real excellence; it is abbreviated rather than expanded."

29. *Did join his honour.* Gave his noble aid or alliance. The passage has troubled many of the commentators, who have suggested "win," "gain," and "earn" for *join*, and "banner" for *honour;* but no change seems really called for.

30. *Cassibelan.* Lud's younger brother, while *Tenantius*, whom Holinshed (see p. 163 above) calls "Theomantius or Lenantius," was Lud's son. On the death of his brother, Cassibelan usurped the throne.

31. *But had his titles,* etc. That is, though he had joined the party of the usurper, he was forgiven and honoured by the rightful king.

33. *Sur-addition.* Surname; used by S. only here. "The name of *Leonatus* he found in Sidney's *Arcadia.* Leonatus is there the legitimate son of the blind King of Paphlagonia, on whose story the episode of Gloster, Edgar, and Edmund is formed in *King Lear*" (Malone). Cf. *Lear*, p. 159.

37. *Fond of issue.* The Coll. MS. has "of 's" for *of;* but, as Coll. remarks, the change is needless.

41. *Leonatus.* Omitted by Pope for the sake of the metre; but proper

names are often used in this loose way at the end of a line. See Gr. 469.

43. *Learnings.* The only instance of the plural in S. *His time*=his age.

46. *In 's.* See on 4 above. Pope changed *in 's* to "his."

47. *Which rare it is to do.* "This encomium is high and artful. To be at once in any degree *loved* and *praised* is truly *rare*" (Johnson).

49. *Feated.* Fashioned, "featur'd" (Rowe's reading); used by S. only here. Sr. quotes Palsgrave, 1530: "I am well feted or shapen of my lymmes; je suis bien aligné."

Steevens compares 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 21 [see also 31]:

> "he was indeed the glass
> Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves;"

and *Ham.* iii. 1. 161: "The glass of fashion and the mould of form."

50. *To his mistress.* Mason says that *to* is="*as* to." We prefer to consider the passage an instance of "construction changed by change of thought" (Gr. 415).

58. *Mark it.* "Shakespeare's dramatic art uses this expedient, naturally introduced into the dialogue, to draw special attention to a circumstance that it is essential should be borne in mind, and which otherwise might escape notice in the course of narration" (Clarke).

63. *Convey'd.* Stolen. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 317: "O, good! Convey?—conveyers are you all;" and see our ed. p. 206.

70. *Enter the Queen*, etc. The folio begins "Scena Secunda" here, and some modern editors follow it. Rowe was the first to continue the scene.

74. *Posthumus.* Accented by S. on the second syllable. V. remarks: "Well-educated men in England have an accuracy as to Latin quantity, and lay a stress upon it, such as are elsewhere found only among professed scholars. On this account Steevens and other critics have considered the erroneous quantity or accentuation of Posthúmus and Arvirágus as decisive of Shakespeare's want of learning. But the truth is, that in his day, great latitude, in this respect, prevailed among authors; and it is probable that Latin was taught in the schools, as it still is in Scotland and many parts of the United States, without any minute attention to prosody. Steevens himself has shown that the older poets were careless in this matter. Thus the poetical Earl of Stirling has Darius and Euphrates with the penultimate short. Warner, who was, I believe, a scholar, in his 'Albion's England,' has the same error with Shakespeare, as to both names."

78. *Lean'd unto.* Bowed to, submitted to.

86. *Something . . . nothing.* Both often used adverbially. Cf. i. 4. 66, 101, i. 6. 190, iv. 4. 15, etc., below. Gr. 55, 68.

87. *Always reserv'd my holy duty.* "So far as I may say it without breach of duty" (Johnson).

96. *Loyal'st.* For the contracted superlative, cf. iii. 5. 44, iv. 2. 175, 191, etc., below. Gr. 473.

101. *Gall.* Johnson says: "Shakespeare, even in this poor conceit, has confounded the vegetable *galls* used in ink with the animal *gall*, sup-

posed to be bitter;" but Steevens reminds him that the vegetable gall is also bitter. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 2. 52: "Let there be gall enough in thy ink."

105. *He does buy my injuries to be friends.* "He gives me a valuable consideration in new kindness (purchasing, as it were, the wrong I have done him), in order to renew our amity and make us friends again" (Malone).

113. *Till you woo another wife.* Mrs. Jameson says on this and what follows: "Imogen, in whose tenderness there is nothing jealous or fantastic, does not seriously apprehend that her husband will woo another wife when she is dead. It is one of those fond fancies which women are apt to express in moments of feeling, merely for the pleasure of hearing a protestation to the contrary. When Posthumus leaves her, she does not burst forth in eloquent lamentation; but that silent, stunning, overwhelming sorrow, which renders the mind insensible to all things else, is represented with equal force and simplicity."

116. *Sear.* "Cere" and "seal" have been suggested, but we think it probable, with Clarke, that "*sear* is here used to express the dry withering of death, as well as the closing with wax by those *bonds of death*, cerecloths [cf. *M. of V.* ii. 7. 51], sometimes written *seare-cloths*."

118. *While sense can keep it on.* Steevens took this to be = "While sense can maintain its operations, or continues to have its usual power;" but *it* probably refers to the ring, as others have explained it. For the change of person, Malone compares iii. 3. 103 below:

> "Euriphile,
> Thou wast their nurse; they took *thee* for their mother,
> And every day do honour to *her* grave."

Pope reads "thee" for *it*, and W. conjectures "it own" (cf. *W. T.* p. 172).

124. *When shall we see again?* Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 2: "Since last we saw in France." See also *T. and C.* iv. 4. 59. Gr. 382.

125. *Avoid!* Begone! Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 3. 48: "Satan, avoid!" See also *Temp.* p. 137.

126. *Fraught.* Burden. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 13: "The fraughting souls within her" (that is, the ship). See also *M. of V.* p. 145. *Freight* is not used by S. or Milton, either as verb or noun.

129. *The good remainders*, etc. "That is, the court which now gets rid of my *unworthiness*" (Schmidt).

130. *A pinch.* A pang. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 77: "Whose inward pinches [the pangs of remorse] therefore are most strong."

133. *A year's age.* As the passage stands this seems an impotent conclusion, and the defective measure of the preceding line suggests that something may have been lost. Hanmer gave "heapest many," and Capell "heap'st instead." Theo. changed *year's* to "yare" (=speedy), and Johnson conjectured "Years, ages." Schmidt would read "a years' age"="an age advanced in years, old age." V. accepts the old reading, and says: "The aged king, to whom every added year is a serious burden, tells his daughter that in her present act of fond sorrow she takes away a year of his life."

135. *Senseless of.* Insensible to. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 55: "to seem senseless of the bob" (that is, seem not to feel the blow), etc.

A touch more rare. A more exquisite sensibility. Malone quotes *Lear*, iii. 4. 8:

> "But where the greater malady is fix'd,
> The lesser is scarce felt."

140. *A puttock.* A kite, or a worthless species of hawk. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 191:

> "Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest
> But may imagine how the bird was dead,
> Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?"

and *T. and C.* v. 1. 68: "a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock," etc.

146. *Overbuys me*, etc. Pays a price that exceeds by almost the full amount what he gets in return; that is, he gives himself *worth any woman*, even the best of her sex, and gets only my almost worthless self in return.

153. *Beseech your patience.* That is, *I* beseech it; a common ellipsis. Cf. *prithee*=I pray thee. See Gr. 401.

156. *Your best advice.* Your most careful consideration. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 3. 233: "Thy son is banish'd upon good advice" (that is, after due deliberation); *M. of V.* iv. 2. 6: "upon more advice" (upon reflection), etc.

157. *A drop of blood a day.* Steevens compares *Oth.* v. 2. 155:

> "may his pernicious soul
> Rot half a grain a day!"

164. *On 't.* Of it. Cf. v. 5. 311 below: "two on 's," etc. Gr. 182.

167. *In Afric.* That is, where no one would be at hand to part them. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 2. 23:

> "I would my son
> Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
> His good sword in his hand!"

Macb. iii. 4. 104: "And dare me to the desert with thy sword;" and *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 74: "I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness" (see our ed. p. 202). On *Afric*, cf. *Cor.* p. 211.

171. *Bring.* Accompany. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 122: "Shall I bring thee on the way?" See also *Gen.* xviii. 16, *Acts*, xxi. 5, 2 *Cor.* i. 16, etc.

176. *Walk.* Retire, withdraw. See *Lear*, p. 222.

SCENE II.—5. *Then to shift it.* Then I would shift it. Some follow Rowe in pointing "then to shift it—"

8. *Passable.* Affording free passage; no more to be wounded than "the still-closing waters" in *Temp.* iii. 3. 64.

9. *Throughfare.* Thoroughfare; as in *M. of V.* ii. 7. 42. *Throughfare* does not occur in the folio, though many of the modern eds. follow Pope in reading it here. Cf. Gr. 478.

14. *He fled forward.* Steevens compares *T. and C.* iv. 1. 20:

> "And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
> With his face backward."

17. *Having.* Possession, property. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 4. 379: "My having is not much." See also *A. Y. L.* p. 178. The quibble in *gave you some ground* is obvious.

19. *Puppies.* Referring to "his disgust at the swagger of Cloten and the sycophancy of the first lord, who plies the swaggerer with spaniel flattery and fawning" (Clarke).

25. *A true election.* A right choice. W. thinks there is an allusion to the Calvinistic doctrine of election.

27. *Her beauty and her brain*, etc. Johnson conjectured "beauty and brain;" but the meaning is simply that her beauty and wit are not equal.

28. *She 's a good sign*, etc. "She has a fair outside, a specious appearance, but no wit" (Edwards). Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 34: "She 's but the sign and semblance of her honour." Malone cites what Iachimo says of Imogen in i. 6. 15:

> "All of her that is *out of door*, most rich!
> If she be furnish'd with a *mind* so rare,
> She is alone the Arabian bird."

SCENE III.—4. *As offer'd mercy is.* "As a pardon that has miscarried, or arrived too late to stay the execution of a prisoner" (J. H.). St. would read "deferr'd."

9. *This.* The folios have "his;" corrected by Theo. (the conjecture of Warb.). Coleridge suggests "the," and W. "or." Hanmer reads "mark me with his eye, or I," etc.

12. *Of 's.* See on i. 1. 4 above.

16. *After-eye.* Look after; used by S. only here.

17. *Crack'd.* Not a weaker word than *broke*, as S. uses it. Cf. *Cor.* i. 1. 72:

> "Cracking ten thousand curbs
> Of more strong link asunder than can ever
> Appear in your impediment;"

and see our ed. p. 196.

18. *The diminution of space.* The diminution due to space, or distance.

24. *Vantage.* Opportunity. Cf. ii. 3. 43 below.

29. *Shes.* Cf. i. 6. 39 below: "two such shes." See also *A. Y. L.* p. 170. Gr. 224.

32. *To encounter.* To meet, or join with.

33. *I am in heaven.* My prayers will be rising to heaven.

35. *Two charming words.* Imogen does not tell us these words, but Warb. informs us that they were "Adieu, Posthumus!" *Charming*= that should be as a *charm* to preserve him from evil.

36. *The north.* Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 220: "No, I will speak as liberal as the north;" that is, as freely as the north wind blows.

37. *Our buds.* "Our buds of *love*," as Malone is kind enough to tell us. Warb. wanted to read "blowing" for *growing;* which drew forth this ponderous comment from Johnson: "A *bud* without any distinct idea, whether of flower or fruit, is a natural representation of any thing

incipient or immature; and the buds of flowers, if flowers are meant, *grow* to flowers, as the buds of fruits *grow* to fruits." Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 2. 121:

"This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet."

SCENE IV.—"It has been observed that the behaviour of the Spaniard and the Dutchman, who are stated to be present during this animated scene, is in humorous accordance with the apathy and taciturnity usually attributed to their countrymen. Neither the Don nor Mynheer utters a syllable. 'What was Imogen to them, or they to Imogen,' that they should speak of her?" (V.). W. remarks that "their mere presence has a dramatic value, as indicating the mixed company of travellers in which this scene takes place."

2. *A crescent note.* A growing reputation. For *crescent*, cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 11 and *A. and C.* ii. 1. 10; and for *note* (=distinction), i. 6. 22 below: "of the noblest note," etc. The 3d and 4th folios have "none" for *note;* and Pope (ed. 2) reads: "then but crescent, none expected him," etc.

4. *Admiration.* Wonder, astonishment; as in i. 6. 37 below.

8. *Makes him.* "In the sense in which we say, This will *make* or *mar* you" (Johnson).

14. *Words him . . . a great deal from the matter.* "Makes the description of him very distant from the truth" (Johnson). For *from* = away from, see *Rich. III.* p. 233, or *T. N.* p. 130. Gr. 158.

18. *Under her colours.* "Under her banner; by her influence" (Johnson).

Are wonderfully to extend him. Tend greatly to increase his reputation. Cf. the use of *extend* in i. 1. 25 above. *Are* is probably an instance of "confusion of proximity" (Gr. 412), as Malone explains it; but Steevens includes the preceding *matter* (in 12) and *banishment* in the subject. The Coll. MS. has "are wont."

20. *Without less.* Changed by Rowe to "without more." W. conjectures "with less" or "without this," and Lloyd "without other." It is probably one of the peculiar "double negatives" of which so many examples are to be found in S. See *Lear*, p. 210 (note on *You less know how*, etc.), or *A. Y. L.* p. 156 (on *No more do yours*). Cf. Schmidt, p. 1420.

26. *Knowing.* Knowledge, experience; as in ii. 3. 95 below.

30. *Story.* Cf. *V. and A.* 1013: "and stories His victories;" and *R. of L.* 106: "He stories to her ears her husband's fame." S. uses the verb only three times.

32. *Have known together.* Have been acquainted. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 6. 86: "You and I have known, sir." Pope thought it necessary to read "been known."

34. *Which I will be ever to pay*, etc. Malone misquotes *A. W.* iii. 7. 16: "Which I will overpay ["ever pay," he gives it] and pay again."

36. *Atone.* Make *at one*, reconcile; as in *Rich. II.* i. 1. 202: "Since we cannot atone you," etc. See our ed. p. 156. For other meanings of *atone*, see *A. Y. L.* p. 199.

37. *Mortal.* Deadly; as in iii. 4. 18, v. 3. 51, v. 5. 50, 235 below.

38. *Importance.* Import, matter, subject. Malone and Steevens make it=importunity; as in *T. N.* v. 1. 371 and *K. John*, ii. 1. 7.

41. *Go even.* Agree, act in accordance. It is used without *with* (=agree, coincide) in *T. N.* v. 1. 246: "Were you a woman as the rest goes even," etc.

43. *Offend not.* The *not* is omitted in the folios; inserted by Rowe. The Coll. MS. has "not offend" (cf. Gr. 305).

46. *Such . . . that.* Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 263:

> "these, my lord,
> Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
> Is never free of."

See also i. 6. 129, etc., below. Gr. 279.

47. *Confounded.* Destroyed; as often. See *Macb.* p. 189. Cf. *confusion* in iii. 1. 64 and iv. 2. 93 below.

51. *Which may without contradiction*, etc. "Which, undoubtedly, may be publicly told" (Johnson).

54. *Upon warrant of bloody affirmation.* That is, pledging himself to seal the truth of it with his blood. S. uses *affirmation* nowhere else.

55. *Constant-qualified.* Faithful. The folios have "Constant, Qualified."

56. *Attemptable.* Liable to be *attempted*, or seduced; the only instance of the word in S.

63. *Though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.* This may be =though I profess to be only her disinterested admirer, not her personal friend. Johnson explained it thus: "Though I have not the common obligations of a lover to his mistress, and regard her not with the fondness of a friend, but with the reverence of an adorer." Mason suggested transposing *adorer* and *friend.* Steevens took friend to be=lover (as in *A. and C.* iii. 12. 22, etc.), and Schmidt gives the same explanation. W. reads "adorer and her friend;" making *friend*="accepted lover." Clarke takes *not her friend* to be="not merely her friend," and *though*="inasmuch as, since." St. says: "Posthumus, we apprehend, does not mean,—I avow myself, not simply her admirer, but her worshipper; but, stung by the scornful tone of Iachimo's remark, he answers,—Provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though the declaration of my opinion proclaimed me her idolater rather than her lover."

69. *Could not but.* The folios omit *but*, which Malone supplied.

77. *If there were*, etc. The folios have "or if," etc. If it were not for the *or* immediately preceding, which probably led to the accidental repetition of the word, we might take "or if" to be="either if," as J. H. does.

89. *To convince.* As to overcome. For the ellipsis of *as*, see Gr. 281; and for *convince*, cf. *Macb.* i. 7. 64:

> "his two chamberlains
> Will I with wine and wassail so convince
> That memory, the warder of the brain,
> Shall be a fume," etc.

90. *Nothing.* For the adverbial use, see on i. 1. 86 above.

93. *Leave.* Leave off, desist. Cf. ii. 2. 4 below. See also *Rich. II.* p. 211.

97. *Go back.* Give way. Cf. *A. and C.* v. 2. 155: "What, goest thou back?"

98. *To friend.* For my friend, to befriend me. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 143: "I know that we shall have him well to friend," etc. See *Temp.* p. 124, note on *A paragon to their queen.* Gr. 189.

100. *Moiety.* Here=half, but often used for other fractions. See *Ham.* p. 174.

101. *Something.* See on i. 1. 86 above.

103. *Herein too.* The reading of the 3d folio. The earlier folios have "to" for *too.* W. reads "herein-to," and "hereunto" is an anonymous conjecture noted in the Camb. ed.

105. *A great deal abused.* Much deceived. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 2. 100: "Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused," etc. See also iii. 4. 102, 120 below.

115. *Approbation.* Proving, establishing. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 19:

> "For God doth know how many, now in health,
> Shall drop their blood in approbation
> Of what your reverence shall incite us to!"

See our ed. p. 146.

117. *Whom in constancy you think stands*, etc. For the "confusion of construction," cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 92: "Young Ferdinand whom they suppose is drown'd;" *K. John*, iv. 2. 165: "Of Arthur whom they say is kill'd to-night," etc. Gr. 410.

123. *Wage.* Wager, stake. Cf. *Lear*, p. 172.

125. *Afraid.* The folios have "a friend;" corrected by Theo. (the conjecture of Warb.). The Coll. MS. has "afeard." Clarke retains "a friend," as a sneering allusion to what Posthumus has said in 63 above, and takes the meaning to be: "You are a friend (or lover), not an adorer, and therein the wiser, since women are not worthy of adoration and worship, as immaculate beings." He considers that the use of *religion* favours this interpretation.

131. *Undergo.* Undertake, maintain. Cf. iii. 5. 109 below.

134. *Between's.* Changed by Pope to "between us." See on i. 1. 4 above.

137. *Lay.* Wager; as in *Oth.* ii. 3. 330: "my fortunes against any lay worth naming," etc.

138. *If I bring you*, etc. "This is in accordance with Iachimo's designing manner. He affects to state the terms of the wager on both sides; but he, in fact, proposes them so that they shall suggest, either way, Posthumus's winning" (Clarke).

142. *Jewel.* Applied in the time of S. to any personal ornament of gold or precious stones; as here, and in *M. of V.* v. 1. 224, to a ring. In ii. 3. 139 below it means a bracelet. Cf. *C. of E.* p. 117.

143. *Provided I have*, etc. That is, provided you will commend (or introduce) me to her so that I may be readily received or entertained. Cf. 119 above. J. H. explains it thus: "Provided I shall receive commendation from you, in the event of my obtaining a more free reception."

145. *Articles.* A written agreement. Cf. 152 just below.

147. *Your voyage upon her.* "Your venture upon her" (W.). Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 189: "If he should intend this voyage towards my wife," etc. See also *T. N.* iii. 1. 86.

154. *Starve.* Perish with cold; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 343:

> "I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
> Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts."

See also Spenser, *Shep. Kal.* Feb.: "The rather Lambes bene starved with cold" (where *rather*=earlier-born), etc. The 1st and 2d folios have "sterue," for which form see *Cor.* p. 233, or *M. of V.* p. 158.

158. *Will not from it.* Will not recede from it, will not "back out."

SCENE V.—1. *Whiles.* Used by S. interchangeably with *while*, which Rowe substituted here. Gr. 137.

2. *Note.* List; or perhaps "prescription, receipt," as Schmidt explains it. It has this latter sense in *A. W.* i. 3. 232.

5. *Pleaseth.* If it please. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 184. Gr. 361.

12. *Learn'd.* Taught; as often. See *Rich. II.* p. 203, or Gr. 291. Cf. *Ps.* xxv. 4, 8, cxix. 66 (Prayer-Book version).

18. *Conclusions.* Experiments; as in *A. and C.* v. 2. 358:

> "her physician tells me
> She hath pursued conclusions infinite
> Of easy ways to die," etc.

22. *Act.* Action. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 328:

> "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."

26. *Content thee.* Be at ease, do not trouble yourself. It is generally =compose yourself, keep your temper. See *R. and J.* p. 160.

32. *Hark thee.* Here *thee* is probably a corruption of *thou.* Gr. 212.

33. *I do not like her*, etc. Johnson criticises this soliloquy as "very inartificial," merely "a long speech to tell himself what himself knows;" but, as Clarke remarks, it is characteristic in "a reflective man, a student, one accustomed to ponder upon his experiments, and to render himself an account of the effects they will produce." It also serves the purpose of "informing the audience what is the nature of the drugs thus entrusted to the queen's power, and prepares for the incident of Imogen's return to life after having swallowed them."

43. *Truer.* Truer to myself, more honest.

47. *Quench.* "That is, grow cool" (Steevens).

54. *Shift his being.* "Change his abode" (Johnson).

56. *Decay.* Destroy. For the transitive use, cf. *T. N.* i. 5. 82: "infirmity, that decays the wise," etc.

58. *That leans.* "That inclines towards its fall" (Johnson).

64. *Cordial.* Reviving; as in iv. 2. 327 below.

68. *What a chance thou changest on.* "With what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service" (Steevens). Rowe has "chancest" for *changest*, and Theo. "change thou chancest." W. adopts the latter, which is very plausible.

76. *Shak'd.* For the form cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 124, and *T. and C.* i. 3. 101. See also *unshak'd* in ii. 1. 61 below. *Shaken* occurs five times, but the common form in S. is *shook*. Cf. Gr. 343.

77. *The remembrancer*, etc. "One who admonishes her to maintain the matrimonial pledge towards her lord" (J. H). *Hand-fast* is used by S. only here and in *W. T.* iv. 4. 795, where it means confinement, custody.

80. *Liegers.* "A *lieger* ambassador is one that resides in a foreign court to promote his master's interest" (Johnson). Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 1. 59:

> "Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
> Intends you for his swift ambassador,
> Where you shall be an everlasting lieger."

83. *The violets, cowslips*, etc. "The art with which the poet and dramatist has placed these words in the mouth of this queen miscreant is worthy of remark. He makes her use these beauteous and innocent products of earth as mere cloaks to her wickedness; she concocts 'perfumes' and 'confections' from them as a veil to the 'drugs' and 'poisonous compounds' which she collects for the fellest purposes. It enhances the effect of her guilt, her thus forcing these sweet blossoms to become accomplices in her vile schemes; and we loathe her the more for her surrounding her unhallowed self with their loveliness. Moreover, she is untouched by their grace; she has learned no lesson from their exquisite structure, colour, fragrance; she looks upon them as mere means to an end—and that end a bad one. Observe, too, how skilfully S. has made this evil woman order her ladies to 'gather these flowers'—how she desires that they shall be borne to her *closet*—her laboratory; not gathering or caring for them herself; not caring for the touch, and scent, and sight of these gentle things—that all good people instinctively love, and cherish, and caress. How different is the poet's treatment of the subject, where he makes the virtuous Friar Laurence rise with the dawn, *himself* to gather the 'precious-juiced flowers,' 'ere the sun advance his burning eye;' and dilating with fond enthusiasm on their 'many virtues excellent,' and philosophizing on their varied qualities and purposes! Supplementary to this higher ethical teaching of the great moralist, how truly we see the man of rural natural knowledge, in his being aware of the fact that *morning-gathered* flowers remain longest fresh and unwithered!" (Clarke).

SCENE VI.—4. *Supreme.* Accented on the first syllable, as regularly *before* a noun. Cf. *Cor.* p. 268. See also on *divine*, ii. 1. 55 below; and cf. *profane* in ii. 3. 122.

6. *Most miserable*, etc. "Most doomed to disappointment is the exalted aspiration" (Clarke). The 1st folio has "desires;" corrected in the 2d. Hanmer changed the word to "degree."

8. *That have their honest wills*, etc. "Who gratify their innocent wishes with reasonable enjoyments" (Johnson). "Who have the power of gratifying their honest inclination, which circumstance bestows an additional relish on comfort itself" (Steevens). *Seasons comfort* is clearly =gives a zest to happiness. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 2. 278: "the spice and salt that season a man."

11. *Change you, madam?* "How by these three little words the dramatist lets us behold the sudden pallor and as sudden flush of crimson that bespread the wife's face at this instant" (Clarke).

17. *The Arabian bird.* The phœnix. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 189, note on *As rare as phœnix.*

22. *Note.* See on i. 4. 2 above.

24. *Truest.* The folios have "trust," which some retain, pointing it as an unfinished sentence ("trust—"); but on the whole Hanmer's emendation of *truest* seems preferable. As W. remarks, "what Imogen reads is certainly the end, not the beginning, of the letter; the first word that she reads, *he*, necessarily implying a previous mention and introduction of Iachimo." *So far*, as he adds, may very properly be taken as = "so much;" and *the rest* may refer as well to what has gone before as to what comes after. If "your trust" be what S. wrote, it must mean, as Clarke makes it, "the trust I repose in you;" but, even with that interpretation, the expression seems an odd one here.

31. *What, are men mad?* Mrs. Jameson remarks on this scene: "In the interview between Imogen and Iachimo, he does not begin his attack on her virtue by a direct accusation against Posthumus; but by dark hints and half-uttered insinuations, such as Iago uses to madden Othello, he intimates that her husband, in his absence from her, has betrayed her love and truth, and forgotten her in the arms of another. All that Imogen says in this scene is comprised in a few lines—a brief question, or a more brief remark. The proud and delicate reserve with which she veils the anguish she suffers is inimitably beautiful. The strongest expression of reproach he can draw from her is only, 'My lord, I fear, has forgot Britain.' When he continues in the same strain, she exclaims in an agony, 'Let me hear no more.' When he urges her to revenge, she asks, with all the simplicity of virtue, 'How should I be revenged?' And when he explains to her how she is to be avenged, her sudden burst of indignation, and her immediate perception of his treachery, and the motive for it, are powerfully fine: it is not only the anger of a woman whose delicacy has been shocked, but the spirit of a princess insulted in her court. It has been remarked [by Hazlitt] that 'her readiness to pardon Iachimo's false imputation, and his designs against herself, is a good lesson to prudes, and may show that where there is a real attachment to virtue, there is no need of an outrageous antipathy to vice.' This is true; but can we fail to perceive that the instant and ready forgiveness of Imogen is accounted for, and rendered more graceful and characteristic, by the very means which Iachimo employs to win it? He pours forth the most enthusiastic praises of her husband, professes that he merely made this trial of her out of his exceeding love for Posthumus, and she is pacified at once; but, with exceeding delicacy of feeling, she is represented as maintaining her dignified reserve and her brevity of speech to the end of the scene."

32. *Crop.* Produce. The word troubled Warb., who substituted "cope."

34. *Twinn'd.* "As like as twins" (Steevens). Johnson did not "understand" the word, and conjectured "twin'd" = "twisted, convoluted,"

though, as he added, "this sense is more applicable to shells than to stones."

35. *The unnumber'd.* The folios have "the number'd;" corrected by Theo. Cf. the parallel passage in *Lear*, iv. 6. 21:

> "The murmuring surge
> That on the unnumber'd idle pebble chafes,
> Cannot be heard so high."

Some, however, retain "number'd," which Clarke explains as "composed of numbers," and Schmidt as "rich in numbers, abundantly provided." Other emendations proposed are "the humbled," "the humble," "the umber'd," "the cumber'd," and "Unnumber'd, on the beach."

36. *Spectacles.* Organs of vision, eyes; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 112:

> "And even with this I lost fair England's view,
> And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
> And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
> For losing ken of Albion's wished coast."

37. *Makes your admiration.* Causes your astonishment. See on i. 4. 4 above.

39. *Shes.* Cf. i. 3. 29 above.

40. *Mows.* Grimaces. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 47:

> "Each one, tripping on his toe,
> Will be here with mop and mow."

We find the verb in *Id.* ii. 2. 9: "Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me." See also *Lear*, p. 234, note on *Mopping and mowing*.

41. *Favour.* Beauty; as in *Ham.* iv. 5. 189 and *Oth.* iv. 3. 21. It is often=personal appearance, aspect; as in iii. 4. 48 and iv. 2. 105 below. Cf. *J. C.* p. 131, note on *Your outward favour*.

42. *Be wisely definite.* Be wise in deciding, or "wisely free from hesitation" (Schmidt). S. uses *definite* nowhere else.

44. *Vomit emptiness.* Warb. explained the passage thus: "That appetite which is not allured to feed on such excellence can have no stomach at all, but, though empty, must nauseate every thing." Johnson, on the other hand, interpreted it thus: "*Desire*, says he, when it approached *sluttery*, and considered it in comparison with *such neat excellence*, would not only be *not so allured to feed*, but, seized with a fit of loathing, *would vomit emptiness*, would feel the convulsions of disgust, though, being unfed, it had no object." Later, in defending his explanation, he added this thoroughly Johnsonian definition: "*To vomit emptiness* is, in the language of poetry, to feel the convulsions of eructation without plenitude." Malone remarks that "no one who has been ever sick at sea can be at a loss to understand what is meant by *vomiting emptiness*." Johnson evidently had the right idea of the passage, which must mean that desire would turn to disgust and nausea, not from satiety, but before it was gratified. The Coll. MS. has "to emptiness," which W. adopts.

48. *Ravening.* Ravenously devouring. Cf. *Macb.* p. 204, note on *Raw-in up*. Here the spelling of the folio is "Rauening." Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 2. 76, where it has "Woluish-rauening Lambe."

50. *Raps.* Apparently the verb of which *rapt* (=transported) is the

participle, though rarely found in the indicative. Cf. Wb. W. reads "wraps."

51. *Desire my man's abode.* That is, ask him to remain.

53. *Strange and peevish.* "A foreigner and a simpleton" (Clarke). For *strange*, cf. 190 below; and for *peevish*=silly, foolish, see *Hen. V.* p. 171. For a very clear instance of this sense, see Lyly, *Endymion* (quoted by Nares): "There never was any so peevish to imagine the moone either capable of affection or shape of a mistris." Steevens explained *strange* as "shy, or backward."

58. *None a.* Changed by Hanmer to "Not a." Cf. i. 4. 88 above: "none so accomplished a courtier," etc.

60. *Briton.* The folios have "Britaine" or "Britain."

65. *Gallian.* The word occurs again in 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 139. S. does not use *Gallic.*

Furnaces. The only instance of the verb in S. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 148:

> "And then the lover,
> Sighing like furnace,'' etc.

67. *From 's.* See on i. 1. 4 above.

69. *Proof.* Experience; as in iii. 3. 27 below.

71. *Languish for.* As arranged by Steevens; in the folio *for* begins the next line. Pope reads "languish out For assured," etc. Clarke thinks that *his* may be a misprint for "in 's."

75, 76. *And hear . . . blame.* Pope's arrangement; two lines in the folio, the first ending with *Frenchman.*

79. *Account his.* The Coll. MS. omits *his.* Clarke points the line thus: "In you,—which I count his,—beyond all talents" (that is, *heaven's bounty* is in you "beyond all sums of wealth").

83. *Wrack.* The only spelling of *wreck* in the early eds. It rhymes to *alack* in *Per.* iv. prol. 12, and to *back* in *V. and A.* 558, *R. of L.* 841, 965, *Sonn.* 126. 5, and *Macb.* v. 5. 51.

84. *Deserves.* For the omission of the relative, see Gr. 244.

85. *Solace.* Find solace or happiness. Cf. *Rich. III.* ii. 3. 30: "This sickly land might solace as before;" and *R. and J.* iv. 5. 47: "But one thing to rejoice and solace in."

86. *Snuff.* That is, a snuffed candle. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 116; and see also *Lear*, p. 244.

91. *Venge.* Not "'venge," as often printed. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 158.

94. *Doubting things go ill.* Suspecting or fearing that things go ill. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 1. 19:

> "but that I doubt
> My uncle practises more harm to me."

See also *Ham.* pp. 187, 202.

96. *Or, timely knowing*, etc. Elliptically expressed, though the sense is clear. Hanmer changed *knowing* to "known," and *remedy* to "remedy's."

98. *What both you spur and stop.* "What it is that at once incites you to speak and restrains you from it" (Johnson); or "what you seem anxious to utter, and yet withhold" (Mason). Cf. *W. T.* ii. 1. 187: "Shall stop or spur me."

100. *Every.* Changed in the 3d folio to "very."

103. *Fixing.* The reading of the 2d folio; the 1st has "Fiering."

107. *By-peeping.* Giving sidelong glances. The hyphen was inserted by K. The Coll. MS. has "bo-peeping."

108. *Unlustrous.* Rowe's emendation of the "illustrious" of the folios. Coll. reads "illustrous;" but, as D. notes, that word, in the only instance that has been cited (in Chapman's *Odyssey*), is = illustrious.

111. *Encounter such revolt.* "Meet such apostasy" (J. H.). *Revolt* is often used of faithlessness in love; as in *R. and J.* iv. 1. 58, *Oth.* iii. 3. 188, etc. Cf. iii. 4. 54 below.

115. *Mutest.* That would otherwise be most silent. Abbott (Gr. 8) thinks it may mean "the mutest part or corner of my conscience."

116. *Charms.* The plural relative often takes a singular verb. See Gr. 247.

119. *Empery.* Empire; as in *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 136: "Your right of birth, your empery, your own," etc.

120. *Great'st.* See on i. 1. 96 above.

121. *Tomboys.* Hoidens; the only instance of the word in S.

That self exhibition. "The very pension which you allow your husband" (Johnson). For *self* = same, cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 148: "that self way;" *C. of E.* v. 1. 10: "that self chain," etc. Gr. 20. For *exhibition* = allowance (the only sense in S.), cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 69:

> "What maintenance he from his friends receives,
> Like exhibition thou shalt have from me."

See also *Lear*, i. 2. 25, *Oth.* i. 3. 238, iv. 3. 75, etc.

123. *Play.* The Coll. MS. has "pay."

127. *Recoil.* Fall off, prove degenerate; as in *Mach.* iv. 3. 19:

> "A good and virtuous nature may recoil
> In an imperial charge."

129. *As.* For. For *such . . . that*, see on i. 4. 46 above. Gr. 279.

130. *Abuse.* Deceive. See on i. 4. 105 above. "Noble Imogen!" exclaims Clarke, "model to your sister women, for love with warmth of impulse in it, yet not such impulse as carries temper and judgment away!"

131. *Me.* W. reads "thee;" but Iachimo is putting himself in Imogen's place. The change of person in the latter part of the sentence is not uncommon in S. Cf. 31–35 above, and see on i. 1. 118.

132. *Priest, betwixt.* Changed by Hanmer to "priestess, 'twixt;" but cf. *Per.* v. 1. 243: "my maiden priests," etc.

133. *Ramps.* "Leaps" (Schmidt). Cf. Milton, *S. A.* 139: "Fled from his lion ramp" (spring, or attack). So the verb = leap, in *P. L.* iv. 343: "Sporting the lion ramp'd." Cf. *K. John*, p. 154. Some take the noun here to be = harlots. S. uses it nowhere else.

138. *What ho, Pisanio!* "Observe how, upon the villain revealing himself, she does not even answer him, but calls her faithful servant to her side before replying" (Clarke).

148. *Acquainted of.* Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 40: "to acquaint her of it," etc.

, 150. *Saucy.* Often used by S. in a stronger sense than the modern one. Cf. *Oth.* i. 1. 129: "bold and saucy wrongs;" *J. C.* i. 3. 12:

> "Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
> Incenses them to send destruction," etc.

151. *Romish.* Apparently contemptuous for *Roman*, but not always so used. Steevens cites Glapthorne, *Wit in a Constable:* "A Romish cirque or Grecian hippodrome;" and Drant, *Horace:* "The Romishe people wise in this," etc.

153. *Who.* Changed to "whom" in the 2d fol. Cf. iv. 2. 77 below, and see Gr. 274.

154. *Not respects.* A common transposition. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 121: "I not doubt," etc. See also iv. 4. 23 below. Gr. 305.

159. *Sir.* Cf. 174 and v. 5. 145 below. It is sometimes ironical, as in i. 1. 166 above.

161. *Most worthiest.* For the double superlative, see Gr. 11. Pope "corrected" it into "most worthy." Cf. ii. 3. 2 and iv. 2. 319 below.

162. *Affiance.* Faith, fidelity. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 127: "The sweetness of affiance," etc.

165. *Witch.* For the masculine use, cf. *C. of E.* iv. 4. 160 and *A. and C.* i. 2. 40.

166. *Into.* Changed by Hanmer to "unto." Clarke remarks that the word "accords with the image presented of enchanting those around him into his magic circle."

168. *Descended.* The first folio has "defended;" corrected in the 2d.

169. *Sets.* For the omission of the relative, cf. 84 above.

171. *Adventur'd.* Ventured; as in *W. T.* iv. 4. 470, *R. and J.* v. 3. 11, etc.

176. *Fan.* The metaphor is taken from the process of winnowing grain, as *chaffless* shows. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. i. 111:

> "I humbly thank your highness;
> And am right glad to catch this good occasion
> Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
> And corn shall fly asunder."

190. *Curious.* Careful. Cf. *A. W.* i. 2. 20: "Frank nature, rather curious than in haste;" and see our ed. p. 138. For *strange*, see on 53 above.

199. *Short.* Impair, infringe. For the antithesis, cf. *P. P.* 210: "Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow."

206. *Outstood.* "Outstaid" (the reading of the Coll. MS.). S. uses the word only here, and *outstay* only in *A. Y. L.* i. 3. 90.

207. *The tender of our present.* The presentation of our gift.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—1. *Kissed the jack*, etc. "He is describing his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed. He who is nearest to it wins. *To kiss the jack* is a state of great advantage" (John-

son). *Upon an up-cast* means "by a throw from another bowler directed straight up."

3. *Take me up.* Rebuke, scold; with a play upon the expression. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 148, and *A. W.* p. 154 (note on 205).

16. *Smelt.* For the quibble on *rank*, cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 113.

20. *Jack-slave.* A term of contempt; like *Jack* in *Rich. III.* i. 3. 72:

> "Since every Jack became a gentleman,
> There 's many a gentle person made a Jack."

See also *Much Ado*, p. 164.

22. *And capon too.* Perhaps with a play on "cap on," that is, the fool's coxcomb (Schmidt). See *Lear*, p. 186.

24. *Sayest thou?* What do you say? Cf. iv. 2. 379 below: "Say you, sir?" See also *Oth.* iii. 4. 82, etc.

25. *Undertake every companion.* Give satisfaction to every fellow. For the contemptuous use of *companion*, see *Temp.* p. 131, note on *Your fellow.* Johnson transferred this speech to the first lord, but it is probably an ironical reply to Cloten's question as to what he is saying to himself.

46. *Issues.* Proceedings, acts.

50. *As is.* Pope omitted *is.*

53. *For his heart.* For his life, as we should say. Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 165, *T. of S.* i. 2. 38, etc.

55. *Divine.* Accented on the first syllable, probably because preceding the noun. Cf. iv. 2. 170 below, and see *Cor.* p. 255. See also on *supreme*, i. 6. 4 above.

61. *Unshak'd.* Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 70: "Unshak'd of motion." Elsewhere (twice) we have *unshaken.* Cf. *shak'd* in i. 5. 76 above.

SCENE II.—4. *Left.* Left off; as in i. 4. 93 above.

9. *Fairies.* For malignant fairies, cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 163, *C. of E.* ii. 2. 191, iv. 2. 35 (see our ed. p. 136), etc.

13. *Rushes.* In the time of S. floors were strewn with rushes. See *Rich. II.* p. 167, note on *The presence strew'd.* S. transfers the custom to Rome, as in *R. of L.* 316: "He takes it [a glove] from the rushes where it lies."

14. *Cytherea.* Venus. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 2. 53 and *W. T.* iv. 4. 122.

15. *Bravely.* Well, admirably; as in ii. 4. 73 below. Cf. the adjective in iv. 2. 319 below.

16. *Whiter than the sheets.* Cf. *V. and A.* 398: "Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white;" and *R. of L.* 472: "Who o'er the white sheets peers her whiter chin."

22. *Windows.* The eyelids; as in *R. and J.* iv. 1. 100 (see our ed. p. 172, note on *Grey eye*), *Rich. III.* v. 3. 116, etc. The *white and azure*, etc., refers to the white skin *laced* with blue veins. Exquisite as the description is, the commentators have not been willing to let it alone. Hanmer reads "those curtains white with azure lac'd, The blue," etc.; and Warb. "these windows: white with azure lac'd, The blue," etc.

23. *Tinct.* Dye; as in *Ham.* iii. 4. 91: "will not leave their tinct." In *A. W.* v. 3. 102 and *A. and C.* i. 5. 37, the word means the "tincture" or "grand elixir" of the alchemists.

Design. In the 1st folio some copies have an interrogation-point and some a period after the word. The 3d folio has "designe's," and the 4th "design's."

26. *The arras-figures.* The folio has "the Arras, Figures," which is followed by some of the modern editors; but Mason's emendation in the text is to be preferred. It is the *figures* of the tapestry that he wishes particularly to note; though he remembers the material also, as we see by ii. 4. 69 below.

31. *Ape.* Cf. *W. T.* v. 2. 108: "Julio Romano, who . . . would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape."

32. *As a monument.* S. was thinking of the recumbent full-length figures so common on the tombs of his day. Cf. *R. of L.* 391: "Where like a virtuous monument she lies."

34. *The Gordian knot.* Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 1. 46: "The Gordian knot of it he will unloose."

37. *Madding.* Cf. iv. 2. 314 below. S. does not use *madden.*

38. *Cinque-spotted.* Having five spots. For the position of the *mole* see p. 11 (foot-note) above.

41. *Force him think.* For the omission of the infinitive *to*, see Gr. 349.

45. *The tale of Tereus.* Cf. *T. A.* ii. 4. 26 fol., iv. 1. 48 fol., and *R. of L.* 1128 fol.

48. *Dragons of the night.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 379: "For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast;" *T. and C.* v. 8. 17: "The dragon wing of night;" Milton, *Il Pens.* 59: "While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke," etc.

49. *Bare.* The folios have "beare" or "bear." Pope reads "ope," and the Coll. MS. has "dare."

50. *This.* Walker plausibly conjectures "this'" (this is). See *Lear*, p. 246.

SCENE III.—2. *Most coldest.* See on i. 6. 161 above.

13. *So.* Be it so, well and good; as often. See *M. of V.* p. 136.

15. *After.* Often = afterwards. See Gr. 26.

17. *At heaven's gate sings.* Cf. *Sonn.* 29. 11:

> "Like to the lark, at break of day arising
> From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate."

See also Milton, *P. L.* v. 198:

> "ye birds,
> That singing up to heaven-gate ascend."

Reed suggests that S. had Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe* in mind:

> "who is 't now we hear?
> None but the lark so shrill and clear;
> Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
> The morn not waking till she sings.
> Hark, hark," etc.

18. *Gins.* Begins; but not a contraction of that word. See *Mach.* p. 153.

20. *Lies.* For the form, see on *charms*, i. 6. 116 above. Cf. *V. and A.* 1128: "two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies."

21. *Winking.* Often = with shut eyes. Cf. ii. 4. 89, v. 4. 182, 186 below. *Mary-buds* = marigolds.

23. *With every thing that pretty is.* Hanmer reads "With all the things that pretty bin;" and Warb. also has "bin" for *is*. The rhyme is not necessary in this ballad measure.

26. *Consider.* Pay, requite; with possibly a quibbling reference to the other sense, as Clarke believes. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 825: "being something gently considered [if I have a gentlemanlike consideration given me], I 'll bring you where he is aboard." So in *The Ile of Gulls*, 1633: "Thou shalt be well considered, there 's twenty crowns in earnest."

27. *Vice.* The folios have "voyce" or "voice;" corrected by Rowe. The Coll. MS. has "fault."

28. *Calves'-guts.* Changed by Rowe to "cat's-guts;" but, according to Sir John Hawkins, Mersennus, in his *De Instrumentis Harmonicis*, says that chords of musical instruments are made of "metal and the intestines of sheep or any other animals."

33. *Fatherly.* Adjectives in *-ly* are often used adverbially. Gr. 1.

39. *Minion.* Favourite, darling (Fr. *mignon*); with a touch of contempt. See *Temp.* p. 136, or *Macb.* p. 153.

43. *Vantages.* Opportunities; as in i. 3. 24 above.

44. *Prefer.* Recommend; as in iv. 2. 386, 400 below. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 140.

45. *Solicits.* The reading of the 2d folio; the 1st has "solicity." Coll. reads "soliciting." For *be friended*, Pope has "befriended," referring to *solicits:* "with solicitations not only proper but well timed" (Mason).

51. *Senseless.* "The cunning queen uses this word with the signification of unconscious; her obtuse son affrontedly disclaims it, as signifying stupid, devoid of sense. The angry susceptibility and tetchiness of ignorance, just sufficiently aware of its own incapacity to be perpetually afraid that it is found out and insulted by others, blended with the stolid conceit that invariably accompanies this inadequate self-knowledge, are all admirably delineated in Cloten: he is a dolt striving to pass for an accomplished prince, a vulgar boor fancying himself, and desirous of being taken for, a thorough gentleman" (Clarke).

52. *So like you.* If it please you. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 1. 33: "Here, if it like your honour," etc. Cf. *Ham.* p. 202, note on *Likes.* Gr. 297.

57. *His goodness forespent on us.* "The good offices done by him to us heretofore" (Warb). Elsewhere *forespent* means past, foregone (*Hen. V.* ii. 4. 36) and exhausted (2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 37). "*According to*, before *the honour*, allows *according to* or *for the sake of* to be elliptically understood before *his goodness*" (Clarke).

65. *Line.* Cf. *Per.* iv. 6. 63: "He will line your apron with gold."

67. *Diana's rangers.* Diana's nymphs; literally, her forest rangers, or game-keepers. For *false* as a verb, cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 95: "a thing falsing;" and see our ed. p. 120.

68. *Stand.* "The station of huntsmen waiting for game" (Schmidt). Cf. iii. 4. 108 below. See also *M. W.* v. 5. 248, *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 10, etc.

69. *True.* Honest. For the antithesis to *thief*, cf. *V. and A.* 724: "Rich preys make true men thieves;" *M. for M.* iv. 2. 46: "Every true

man's apparel fits your thief;" *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 54: "If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man," etc.

73. *Yet not understand.* For the transposition of *yet*, see Gr. 76. Cf. v. 5. 468 below.

79. *Is she ready?* Is she dressed? *Ready* was often used in this special sense (cf. *Macb.* p. 202, note on *Put on manly readiness*), but the lady chooses to take it in its more general signification.

85. *You lay out too much pains*, etc. Mrs. Jameson remarks: "Cloten is odious;* but we must not overlook the peculiar fitness and propriety of his character, in connection with that of Imogen. He is precisely the kind of man who would be most intolerable to such a woman. He is a fool,—so is Slender, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek: but the folly of Cloten is not only ridiculous, but hateful; it arises not so much from a want of understanding as a total want of heart; it is the perversion of sentiment, rather than the deficiency of intellect; he has occasional gleams of sense, but never a touch of feeling. Imogen describes herself not only as 'sprighted with a fool,' but as 'frighted and anger'd worse.' No other fool but Cloten—a compound of the booby and the villain—could excite in such a mind as Imogen's the same mixture of terror, contempt, and abhorrence. The stupid, obstinate malignity of Cloten, and the wicked machinations of the queen—

> 'A father cruel, and a step-dame false,
> A foolish suitor to a wedded lady'—

justify whatever might need excuse in the conduct of Imogen—as her concealed marriage and her flight from her father's court—and serve to call out several of the most beautiful and striking parts of her character: particularly that decision and vivacity of temper which in her harmonize so beautifully with exceeding delicacy, sweetness, and submission.

"In the scene with her detested suitor, there is at first a careless majesty of disdain, which is admirable. . . . But when he dares to provoke her, by reviling the absent Posthumus, her indignation heightens her scorn, and her scorn sets a keener edge on her indignation."

89. *'T were as deep with me.* It would make as deep an impression upon me. *Deep* is elsewhere associated with swearing; as in *Sonn.* 152. 9: "I have sworn deep oaths;" *R. of L.* 1847: "that deep vow;" and *K. John*, iii. 1. 231: "deep-sworn faith."

94. *Equal discourtesy*, etc. That is, discourtesy equal to your best kindness. For the transposition, see Gr. 419*a*.

95. *Knowing.* See on i. 4. 26 above.

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* The character of Cloten has been pronounced by some unnatural, by others inconsistent, and by others obsolete. The following passage occurs in one of Miss Seward's letters, vol. iii. p. 246: "It is curious that Shakspeare should, in so singular a character as Cloten, have given the exact prototype of a being whom I once knew. The unmeaning frown of countenance, the shuffling gait, the burst of voice, the bustling insignificance, the fever-and-ague fits of valor, the froward tetchiness, the unprincipled malice, and, what is more curious, those occasional gleams of good sense amidst the floating clouds of folly which generally darkened and confused the man's brain, and which, in the character of Cloten, we are apt to impute to a violation of unity in character; but in the sometime Captain C——, I saw that the portrait of Cloten was not out of nature."

96. *Should learn, being taught*, etc. "A man who is *taught* forbearance should *learn* it" (Johnson).

99. *Fools are not mad folks.* "This, as Cloten very well understands it, is a covert mode of calling him fool. The meaning implied is this: If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can never be, 'Fools are not mad folks'" (Steevens). Theo. (at the suggestion of Warb.) changed *are* to "cure," which W. adopts. It certainly gives a simpler sense, and is favoured by the *cures* just below, but no change is imperatively demanded.

104. *Verbal.* "Verbose, full of talk" (Johnson). Schmidt makes it = "plain-spoken, wording one's thoughts without reserve;" and Clarke thinks it implies "so explicit, so expressing in speech that which I think of you."

105. *Which.* Changed by Pope to "who;" but *which* is often = *who* in Elizabethan English. Gr. 265.

117. *Self-figur'd.* Formed by themselves (Johnson). Warb. called it "nonsense," and adopted "self-fingered" (the conjecture of Theo.).

118. *Curb'd from that enlargement.* Restrained from that liberty.

119. *Consequence.* Succession. Schmidt thinks it may possibly mean "considerations affecting the crown."

For *soil* the folios have "foyle;" corrected by Hanmer.

120. *Note.* Distinction, eminence. Cf. i. 4. 2 and i. 6. 22 above.

121. *Hilding.* Hireling, menial. See *R. and J.* p. 172; and for the adjective use, *Hen. V.* p. 176. *For* = only fit for. *A squire's cloth* = a lackey's dress.

122. *Pantler.* The servant who had charge of the pantry. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 56: "pantler, butler, cook;" and 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 258: "a' would have made a good pantler, a' would have chipped bread well."

Profane. Accented on the first syllable, because preceding the noun. Cf. *Oth.* i. 1. 115: "What profane wretch art thou?" See on *divine*, ii. 1. 55 above.

127. *Comparative for your virtues.* That is, if the office were given you in comparison with, or with regard to, your merits.

129. *Preferr'd.* Promoted, advanced; as in v. 5. 326 below. See also *Oth.* p. 175.

The south-fog rot him! Cf. *T. and C.* v. 1. 21: "the rotten diseases of the south;" 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 392: "the south borne with black vapour," etc. See also iv. 2. 350 below, and cf. *Cor.* p. 206.

132. *Clipp'd.* Embraced. Cf. v. 5. 450 below; and see *W. T.* p. 210, or *Oth.* p. 192.

133. *Above.* Changed by Sr. (2d ed.) to "about."

134. *How now, Pisanio.* Hanmer transferred *How now?* to Cloten.

136. *Presently.* Immediately; the most common sense in S. Cf. iii. 2. 74 and iv. 2. 167 below. So *present* = immediate; as in ii. 4. 136 below.

137. *Sprited with.* Haunted by. For *with* = by, see Gr. 193.

139. *Jewel.* See on i. 4. 142 above.

140. *'Shrew me.* Beshrew me; a mild form of imprecation, often used as a mere asseveration. See *M. N. D.* p. 152.

141. *Revenue.* Accented by S. on the first or second syllable, as suits the measure. See *M. N. D.* p. 125, or Gr. 490.

142. *King's.* The folios have "kings," and Pope reads "king." *King's* is due to Rowe.

144. *Kiss'd.* Pope reads "kissed" (dissyllabic) for the measure, and Keightley "for I kiss'd it."

149. *If you*, etc. Hanmer reads "Call witness to 't, if you will make 't an action."

151. *She 's my good lady.* She 's my good friend; spoken ironically (Malone).

SCENE IV.—2. *Bold.* Confident; as in *A. W.* v. 1. 5: "Be bold you do so grow in my requital," etc.

6. *Fear'd.* Mingled with fear. K. and Clarke adopt Tyrwhitt's conjecture of "sear'd."

12. *Throughly.* Thoroughly; as in iii. 6. 36 below. Cf. *throughfare* in i. 2. 9 above.

14. *Or look upon.* Before he will face. For *or*=before, cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 183:

> "Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
> Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!"

It is often combined with *ere*, as in iii. 2. 64 and v. 3. 50 below. See *Temp.* p. 112, note on *Or ere*, and cf. Gr. 131.

16. *Statist.* Statesman. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 33: "as our statists do;" and see our ed. p. 268.

18. *Legions.* The folios have "legion;" corrected by Theo.

21. *More order'd.* Better disciplined.

24. *Courages.* For the plural, see on i. 1. 1 above. D. reads "courage." For *mingled* the 1st folio has "wing-led;" corrected in the 2d.

25. *Their approvers.* Those who make trial of their valour. Cf. *approve*=try; as in *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 68, *W. T.* iv. 2. 31, etc. The noun is used by S. only here.

26. *That.* For its use with *such*, see on i. 4. 46 above. Cf. 44 below.

28. *Winds of all the corners.* Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 103: "Sits the wind in that corner?"

37. *Was Cains*, etc. The folios give this speech to "*Post.*;" corrected by Capell.

39. *But not approach'd.* To fill out the line Hanmer reads "But was not yet approach'd."

49. *Must not continue friends.* See i. 4. 149 fol. above.

56. *Apparent.* Evident. See *Rich. II.* p. 150.

58. *Is.* Changed in the Coll. MS. to "are;" but the singular verb is often found with two singular subjects (Gr. 336). Cf. iii. 3. 99 and v. 2. 2 below.

61. *My circumstances.* That is, the particulars I shall give.

68. *Watching.* Keeping awake *for.* Gr. 394. For *watching*, cf. *T. of S.* iv. 1. 208: "She shall watch all night," etc. See also the noun in iii. 4. 40 below.

70. *When she met her Roman*, etc. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 2. 191 fol.

Johnson remarks: "Iachimo's language is such as a skilful villain would naturally use—a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition. His gayety shows his seriousness to be without anxiety; and his seriousness proves his gayety to be without art."

73. *Bravely.* See on ii. 2. 15 above.

That it did strive, etc. That is, it was doubtful whether the workmanship or the value was the greater.

76. *Since the true life on 't was—.* This is the folio pointing, and removes all difficulty from the passage. Capell reads "Since the true life was in it;" and the Coll. MS. has "on 't 't was." Other attempts at emendation are unworthy of notice.

83. *So likely to report themselves.* That is, they were so lifelike that one might expect them to speak.

84. *Was as another nature*, etc. "The sculptor was as nature, but as nature dumb; he gave every thing that nature gives but breath and motion. In *breath* is included *speech*" (Johnson).

88. *Cherubins.* The folio reading, changed by Rowe to "cherubims." For the singular *cherubin*, see *Temp.* p. 115. *Fretted*=embossed. See *Ham.* p. 205.

89. *Winking.* With eyes shut or blind. See on ii. 3. 21 above.

91. *Depending on their brands.* Leaning on their inverted torches. Cf. *Sonn.* 153. 1: "Cupid laid by his brand and fell asleep;" and *Id.* 154. 2: "Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand." Some have taken *brands* to mean the part of the andirons on which the wood for the fire is put.

This is her honour! The expression is ironical: "And the attainment of this knowledge is to pass for the corruption of her honour!" (Johnson).

95. *Then, if you can*, etc. K., followed by V., points the passage thus:

"Then. if you can
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel;"

that is, seeing that he has produced no effect upon Posthumus as yet, he now says, "If you *can* be pale, I will see what this jewel will do to make you change countenance."

97. *'T is up.* That is, put up.

102. *Outsell.* The verb occurs again (the only other instance in S.) in iii. 5. 74 below.

107. *Basilisk.* The fabulous serpent that was supposed to kill by its look. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 388: "Make me not sighted like the basilisk." See also *Hen. V.* p. 183 (note on *The fatal balls*), or *R. and J.* p. 186 (on *Death-darting eye*).

111. *Bondage.* Binding force, fidelity.

116. *One of her.* The reading of 2d folio; the 1st omits *of.*

117. *Hath stol'n.* Hanmer reads "Might not have stol'n."

127. *Cognizance.* "The badge, the token, the visible proof" (Johnson). Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 108: "As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate."

146. *Limbmeal.* Limb from limb; a compound like *dropmeal*, *inchmeal* (see *Temp.* ii. 2. 3), and *piecemeal*, which is still in use.

150. *Pervert.* Avert, turn aside.

SCENE V.—1. *Is there no way*, etc. Steevens compares Milton, *P. L.* x. 888 fol.

8. *Nonpareil.* Paragon; as in *Temp.* iii. 2. 108, *T. N.* i. 5. 273, etc.

11. *Pudency.* Modesty; the only instance of the word in S.

14. *Motion.* Impulse. Cf. *K. John*, p. 137.

19. *Change.* Caprice; as in *Lear*, i. 1. 291, etc. Perhaps *change of prides* = variety of prides, as W. explains it. Cf. "change of honours" in *Cor.* ii. 1. 214, and see our ed. p. 222.

20. *Nice.* Squeamish, affected. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 185.

21. *That may be nam'd.* The reading of the 2d folio; the 1st has "that name." D. conjectures "that have a name," and Walker "that man can (or "may") name."

26. *Write against them.* "Denounce them, protest against them" (Clarke).

ACT III.

SCENE I.—11. *There be.* Cf. *Temp.* iii. 1. 1: "There be some sports are painful," etc. Gr. 300.

15. *From 's.* See on i. 1. 4 above.

18. *Bravery.* "State of defiance" (Schmidt).

19. *Paled in.* Enclosed. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 7. 74: "Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips," etc.

20. *Rocks.* The folios have "Oakes" or "Oaks;" corrected by Hanmer.

24. *Came and saw and overcame.* Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 45: "I may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and overcame."

27. *Ignorant.* "Unacquainted with the nature of our boisterous seas" (Johnson).

30. *At point.* On the point, about; as in iii. 6. 17 below. See also *Cor.* p. 240.

31. *Giglot.* False, fickle. For the noun (=harlot), see *M. for M.* v. 1. 352: "Away with those giglots," etc. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 61 (and *Ham.* ii. 2. 515): "strumpet fortune."

As Malone remarks, S. has here transferred to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius. "The same history," says Holinshed, "also maketh mention of Nennius, brother to Cassibellane, who in fight happened to get Cæsar's sword fastened in his shield by a blow which Cæsar stroke at him." Nennius died a fortnight after the battle of the hurt he had received at Cæsar's hand, and was buried with great pomp. Cæsar's sword was placed in his tomb.

32. *Lud's town.* London. Cf. iv. 2. 100, 124, and v. 5. 480 below.

36. *Moe.* More; used only with a plural or a collective noun. See *A. Y. L.* p. 176.

37. *Owe.* Own; as often. Gr. 290.

46. *Injurious.* Often used as a personal term of reproach = unjust, insolent, malicious, etc. Cf. iv. 2. 87 below, and see *Cor.* p. 247.

49. *Against all colour.* Contrary to all show of right. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 100: "of no right, nor colour like to right," etc.

52. *We do.* The folios make this a part of Cymbeline's speech: "Our selues to be, we do. Say then to *Cæsar*," etc. The reading of the text is that of the Coll. MS., and is adopted by D. and others. It is very like Cloten to break in thus; but W. prefers to follow Malone in reading "Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar," etc.

55. *Franchise.* Free exercise. *Whose* refers of course to *laws.*

58. *The first of Britain*, etc. The title of the first chapter of the third book of Holinshed's *England* is, "Of Mulmucius, the first king of Britain who was crowned with a golden crown, his laws, his foundations, etc."

62. *Moe.* See on 36 above. The form was going out of use in the time of S., as is evident from the frequent substitution of *more* in the 2d folio, printed in 1632.

70. *He to seek of me*, etc. His seeking of me, etc. *Perforce*=by force; as in *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 21 (see our ed. p. 141), etc.

71. *Keep at utterance.* Keep at the extremity of defiance (the Fr. *à outrance*), or defend to the uttermost. See *Mach.* p. 208, note on *Champion me to the utterance.* Dr. Ingleby makes *at utterance*="ready to be put out, or staked, like money at interest."

I am perfect. I am assured, I know well. Cf. *W. T.* iii. 3. 1:

> "Thou art perfect, then, our ship hath touch'd upon
> The deserts of Bohemia?"

See also iv. 2. 119 below.

75. *Let proof speak.* Let the trial show.

84. *Remain.* For the noun, cf. *Cor.* i. 4. 62: "make remain" (=stay).

SCENE II.—2. *Monster's her accuser.* The folios have "monsters her accuse;" corrected by Capell. Pope reads "monsters have accused her."

6. *Hearing.* Changed by Pope to "ear."

9. *Take in.* Subdue. Cf. *Cor.* i. 2. 24: "To take in many towns" (see also iii. 2. 59); *A. and C.* i. 1. 23: "Take in that kingdom and enfranchise that" (see also iii. 7. 24 and iii. 13. 83), etc. The phrase occurs again in iv. 2. 122 below.

10. *Thy mind to her*, etc. "Thy mind, compared to her fine nature, is as low as were thy fortunes in comparison with her rank" (Clarke).

21. *Fedary.* Accomplice, confederate ("foedary" in the folios). Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 4. 122: "If not a fedary," etc. We find *federary* in the same sense in *W. T.* ii. 1. 90: "A federary with her."

23. *I am ignorant in what I am commanded.* "I will appear not to know of this deed which I am commanded to perform" (Clarke). We have no doubt that this is the meaning; but Steevens explains it, "I am unpractised in the arts of murder."

27. *Learn'd.* The usual form in S. is *learned* (dissyllabic), as now. Cf. *Cor.* p. 238.

28. *Characters.* Handwriting. Cf. *W. T.* v. 2. 38: "the letters of Antigonus, which they know to be his character," etc.

33. *Medicinable.* Spelt "medcinable" in the first three folios, indicating the pronunciation. See *Oth.* p. 210.

34. *For it doth physic love.* "That is, grief for absence keeps love in health and vigour" (Johnson).

35. *Good wax, thy leave.* Cf. *T. N.* ii. 5. 103: "By your leave, wax;" and *Lear*, iv. 6. 264: "Leave, gentle wax."

38. *Forfeiters.* That is, those who forfeit the bonds to which they have set their seal.

As V. remarks, the allusion shows technical familiarity with the laws of that day. The seal was essential to the bond, though a signature was not; and *forfeiters* was the technical term for those who had broken a contract and become liable to the legal penalty.

39. *Tables.* Tablets, letters. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 3:

> "Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
> Are visibly character'd and engrav'd;"

and *T. and C.* iv. 5. 60:

> "And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
> To every ticklish reader."

41. *Could not be so cruel to me, as you . . . would even renew me with your eyes.* If this is what S. wrote, the meaning seems to be: could not be so cruel to me *but* that the sight of you would revive me. Pope changes *as* to "but," and K. to "an;" and Capell reads "would not even." W. has "could not be cruel to me, so as you," etc. Clarke may be right in assuming that "the phraseology is purposely obscure and enigmatical, and conveys a double idea"—the one given above, and "a secondary one (perceptible to the reader of the play), 'could not be so cruel to me as you' (in the supposed wrong she has done him who writes to her)." St. also thinks that the passage may have been "intended to be enigmatical."

47. *O, for a horse,* etc. Mrs. Jameson remarks: "In the eagerness of Imogen to meet her husband there is all a wife's fondness, mixed up with the breathless hurry arising from a sudden and joyful surprise; but nothing of the picturesque eloquence, the ardent, exuberant, Italian imagination of Juliet, who, to gratify her impatience, would have her heralds thoughts; press into her service the nimble-pinioned doves, and wind-swift Cupids; change the course of nature, and lash the steeds of Phœbus to the west. Imogen only thinks 'one score of miles, 'twixt sun and sun,' slow travelling for a lover, and wishes for a horse with wings."

49. *Mean affairs.* Ordinary business.

53. *Bate.* Abate (but not that word contracted), qualify what I say. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 250: "bate me a full year," etc.

55. *Beyond beyond.* "Further than beyond; beyond anything that desire can be said to be beyond" (Reed). It is not a mere repetition of *beyond*, as pointed in the folios and some modern eds.

Speak thick. Speak fast. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 24: "And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish," etc. See our ed. p. 165.

63. *And our return.* Changed by Pope to "Till our return," and by Capell to "To our return." Cf. *Cor.* ii. 1. 240:

> "He cannot temperately transport his honours
> From where he should begin and end;"

and see our ed. p. 225. In the present passage the irregular construction is in keeping with the rest of the speech. "The elliptical style, the parenthetical breaks, the fluttering from point to point in the varied clauses, all serve admirably to express the happy hurry of spirits and joyous impatience of the excited speaker" (Clarke).

64. *Or ere.* Before. See on ii. 4. 14 above. The meaning is: "Why should I contrive an excuse before the act is done for which excuse will be necessary?" (Malone).

72. *That run i' the clock's behalf.* That is, the sands of the hour-glass, which serve instead of a clock. Warb. calls it a "fantastical expression." The Coll. MS. has "clocks by half."

76. *Franklin's.* A *franklin* is literally a *freeholder*, with a small estate, neither *villain* nor *vassal*" (Johnson). Cf. *W. T.* v. 2. 173: "Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it."

You 're best consider. You were best (it were best for you) to consider. Cf. *W. T.* v. 2. 143: "you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born," etc. See also *J. C.* p. 166, or Gr. 230, 352 (cf. 190).

77. *I see before me*, etc. I see the course that lies before me; no other, whether here or there, nor what may follow, but is doubtful or obscure. Mason would explain it thus: "When Imogen speaks these words she is supposed to have her face turned towards Milford, and when she pronounces the words *nor here, nor here*, she points to the right and to the left. This being premised, the sense is evidently this: I see clearly the way before me; but that to the right, that to the left, and that behind me, are all covered with a fog that I cannot penetrate. There is no more therefore to be said, since there is no way accessible but that to Milford." This is ingenious, but prosaic withal; and it is hardly possible that *what ensues* can mean "that behind me," though Johnson explained it in the same way.

SCENE III.—1. *Keep house.* Stay in the house. Elsewhere we find *keep the house* (*M. for M.* iii. 2. 75), *keep his house* (*T. of A.* iii. 3. 42), etc. Cf. the use of *housekeeper* (=one who stays at home) in *Cor.* i. 3. 55: "You are manifest housekeepers."

2. *Whose.* For the relative after *such*, see on i. 4. 46 above. For *Stoop*, the folios have "Sleepe" or "Sleep;" corrected by Hanmer.

5. *Jet.* Strut, stalk. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 5. 36: "Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him! how he jets under his advanced plumes!" See our ed. p. 142.

6. *Turbans.* As Johnson notes, *giants* in the time of S. were generally represented as Saracens. The word is "Turbonds" or "Turbands" in the folios, and Johnson spells it "turbants."

10. *Yond.* Not a contraction of *yonder*, as often printed. See *Temp.* p. 121.

12. *Like a crow.* That is, "as little as a crow" (i. 3. 15 above).

16. *This service*, etc. "In war it is not sufficient to do duty well; the advantage rises not from the act, but the acceptance of the act" (Johnson). Pope changed *This* to "That."

20. *The sharded beetle.* Cf. *Macb.* iii. 2. 42: "The shard-borne beetle;" and *A. and C.* iii. 2. 20: "They are his shards, and he their beetle." The reference is to the horny wing-cases of the insect.

21. *Full-wing'd.* "This epithet sufficiently marks the contrast of the poet's imagery; for whilst the bird can soar towards the sun beyond the reach of the human eye, the insect can but just rise above the surface of the earth, and that at the close of the day" (Henley).

22. *Attending for a check.* Doing service only to get a rebuke for it. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 67: "To incur a private check," etc. So the verb=rebuke; as in *J. C.* iv. 3. 97: "Check'd like a bondman," etc. V. explains it: "attending his prince only to suffer rejection or delay of his suit."

23. *Doing nothing for a bribe.* The folios have "for a Babe." *Bribe* is Hanmer's emendation, and is adopted by K., D., V., W., Clarke, and others. Rowe gave "bauble," which the Camb. editors prefer. Sr. reads "brabe," a conjecture of Johnson's, and=reward (Latin, *brabium*). The Coll. MS. has "bob" (a rap, or blow), for which see *A. Y. L.* p. 164. Chalmers suggests "baubee." V. defends *bribe* thus: "It corresponds better than any other word with the preceding word *richer;* and the mistake might easily have been made even in copying or printing from clearer manuscript than most authors make. The sense is good: 'Such a life of activity is richer than that of the bribed courtier, even though he pocket his bribe without rendering any return.' Such a thought is natural in Belarius, who had seen the vices of the great, and was perfectly intelligible to Shakespeare's audience, who lived in those 'good old times' when the greatest, and sometimes the wisest, were not only accessible to bribes, but expected them; while every concern of life was dependent upon the caprice or the favour of those in power. A note in Knight's edition deduces the whole passage from some well-known lines of Spenser, in his *Mother Hubberds Tale*, much resembling this train of thought. Our Poet had seen enough of this sort of life not to be obliged to describe it at second-hand; yet he may have had Spenser's verses in his mind, and they certainly throw light on his meaning and corroborate the proposed correction of the text. The 'doing nothing for a bribe' corresponds with Spenser's satirical glance at court life:

> 'Or otherwise false Reynold would abuse
> The simple suter, and wish him to chuse
> His Master, being one of great regard
> In Court, to compas anie sute not hard.
> In case his paines were recompenst with *reason*,
> So would he worke the silly man by treason
> To buy his Master's frivolous good will,
> *That had not power to doo him good or ill.*'"

The passage in Spenser referred to by K. is the following:

> "Full little knowest thou, that hast not tride,
> What hell it is in suing long to bide:
> To loose good dayes that might be better spent;
> To wast long nights in pensive discontent;
> To speed to day, to be put back to morrow;
> To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow;

To have thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres;
To have thy asking, yet waite manie yeeres;
To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares;
To eate thy heart through comfortlesse despaires;
To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.
Unhappie wight, borne to desastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend!"

24. *Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.* K. remarks: "As we have had the *nobler* and *richer* life, we have now the *prouder*. The mountain life is compared with that of *rustling in unpaid-for silk*. The illustrative lines which are added mean that such a one as does rustle in unpaid-for silk receives the courtesy (*gains the cap*) of him that makes him fine, yet he, the wearer of silk, keeps his, the creditor's, *book uncrossed*. To *cross the book* is, even now, a common expression for obliterating the entry of a debt. It belongs to the rude age of credit."

25. *Cap.* Cf. *Cor.* ii. i. 77: "You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs" (that is, for their obeisance); 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 168: "The more and less came in with cap and knee," etc.

The folios have "makes him;" corrected by Capell. K. retains "makes him," changing *gain* to "gains." *Him* refers of course to the merchant who has sold the *silk* which *makes them fine*. Cf. *T. of S.* ii. 1. 319: "my Katherine shall be fine;" and *Id.* iv. 1. 139:

"There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly."

26. *No life to ours.* That is, that can be compared with ours. For *to* in this sense, see Gr. 187.

27. *Proof.* Experience; as in i. 6. 69 above.

29. *What air 's from home.* What the air is away from home. For *from*, see on i. 4. 14 above.

34. *Prison for.* The folios have "prison, or;" corrected by Pope.

35. *To stride a limit.* "To overpass his bound" (Johnson).

What should we speak of, etc. Johnson remarks: "This dread of an old age unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind."

40. *Beastly.* Like mere beasts.

41. *Like warlike.* Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 66: "like invulnerable," etc.

58. *Note.* See on i. 4. 2 above.

63. *Hangings.* That is, the fruit hanging on the tree.

73. *Fore-end.* Earlier part; used by S. only here.

83. *I' the cave wherein they bow.* That is, which is so low that they must bow or stoop in entering it. Cf. 2 above. The folios have "I' th' Caue, whereon the Bowe" (or "Bow"); corrected by Warb.

85. *Prince it.* Play the prince, bear themselves like princes. Gr. 226.

87. *Who.* Changed to "whom" in the 2d folio. See on i. 6. 153 above.

90. *Spirits.* Monosyllabic (=*sprite*); as often. Gr. 463.

99. *Knows.* Changed by Pope to "know;" but see on ii. 4. 58 above.

100. *Whereon.* We should now use *whereupon.*

103. *Reft'st.* The folios have "refts." For similar euphonic forms, see Gr. 340.

105. *Her grave.* Changed by Hanmer to "thy grave;" but see on i. 6. 131 above. Malone compares *Acts*, xvii. 2, 3.

SCENE IV.—1. *When we came from horse.* "Serving to show that they have performed the previous portion of their long journey by riding, and have now alighted on account of the more rugged and mountainous district through which their way lies" (Clarke).

3. *Have now.* That is, have now *longed.*

6. *Inward.* For the noun, cf. *Sonn.* 128. 6: "To kiss the tender inward of thy hand." So *outward* in i. 1. 23 above.

9. *Haviour.* As Steevens notes, this should not be printed as a contraction of *behaviour.* Cf. *R. and J.* p. 166.

11. *Tender'st . . . untender.* This kind of jingle or play upon words of the same or similar sound is common in S. See Dr. Ingleby's *Shakespeare Hermeneutics*, p. 26 fol. Pope changed *tender'st* to "offer'st."

12. *Summer news.* Cf. *Sonn.* 98. 4:

> "Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
> Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
> Could make me any summer's story tell."

15. *Drug-damn'd.* Alluding to the notoriousness of Italian poisoning (Johnson). Cf. iii. 2. 5 above.

Out-craftied. The folio form; changed by some to "out-crafted." S. uses the word only here.

17. *Take off some extremity.* That is, may break the bad news more gently than the letter.

22. *Lie bleeding in me.* That is, "my heart bleeds inwardly" (2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 51) on account of them.

25. *With.* By. Gr. 193.

32. *What shall I need,* etc. Why need I, etc. This use of *what* (=why) is especially common with *need.* Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 15, *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 128, *J. C.* ii. 1. 123, etc. Gr. 253.

34. *Worms.* Serpents. Cf. *A. and C.* v. 3. 243, 256, 261, 268, 282, etc. See also *Macb.* p. 215.

Nile. Like *Nilus,* always without the article in S. except in *A. and C.* ii. 7. 20. Cf. *Tiber* in *Cor.* iii. 1. 262, *J. C.* i. 1. 50, 63, i. 2. 114, iii. 2. 254, etc.

35. *Posting winds.* Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ind. 4: "making the wind my post-horse."

36. *States.* Explained by Johnson and Steevens as="persons of highest rank." Cf. *K. John,* ii. 1. 395, etc.

39. *False to his bed!* Mrs. Jameson remarks here: "In her first exclamations we trace, besides astonishment and anguish, and the acute sense of the injustice inflicted on her, a flash of indignant spirit, which we do not find in Desdemona or Hermione. This is followed by that affecting lamentation over the falsehood and injustice of her husband,

in which she betrays no atom of jealousy or wounded self-love, but observes in the extremity of her anguish, that after *his* lapse from truth, 'all good seeming would be discredited,' and she then resigns herself to his will with the most entire submission."

40. *In watch.* Awake. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 148: "Thence to a watch," etc. See our ed. p. 204. Cf. also the verb in ii. 4. 68 above.

41. *If sleep charge nature,* etc. "And if sleep take hold of nature, then to break," etc. (J. H.).

42. *Fearful.* Full of fear, anxious. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 190.

43. *Favour 's.* See on i. 6. 41 above.

Jay. Used as a term of reproach (=harlot); as in *M. W.* iii. 3. 44: "we 'll teach him to know turtles from jays." Warb. notes that the Italian *putta* (=jay) is used in the same figurative sense.

49. *Whose mother was her painting.* Who owed her beauty to her painted face; a figure not unlike that in iv. 2. 82 below:

> "No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
> Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
> Which, as it seems, make thee."

Cf. *Lear,* ii. 2. 60: "a tailor made thee." Theo. conjectured "planting" for *painting,* and Hanmer changed *mother* to "feathers" (Capell, "feather"). Coll. adopts the reading of the Coll. MS.: "Who smothers her with painting." The Camb. editors remark: "If the text be right, the meaning probably is, whose mother aided and abetted her daughter in her trade of seduction." K. suggests "muffler" for *mother.*

51. *For I am richer,* etc. Because (Gr. 151) I am too valuable to be hung up like an old-fashioned garment. Malone saw an allusion to tapestry hangings which "being sometimes wrought with gold and silver, were, it should seem, occasionally ripped and taken to pieces for the sake of the materials;" but the preceding line shows plainly enough that the reference is to ripping up an old *garment.* The play on *ripp'd* is obvious. Cf. iii. 5. 86 below.

58. *Sinon's weeping.* It was Sinon who persuaded the Trojans to admit the wooden horse into their city. On *weeping,* cf. Virgil, *Æn.* ii. 195:

> "Talibus insidiis perjurique arte Sinonis
> Credita res, captique dolis *lacrimisque* coactis,
> Quos neque Tydides, nec Larissaeus Achilles,
> Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinae."

For other allusions to Sinon, see *R. of L.* 1521, 1529, 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 190, and *T. A.* v. 3. 85.

61. *Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men.* That is, "wilt infect and corrupt their good name (like sour dough that leaveneth the whole mass), and wilt render them suspected" (Upton). Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 126:

> "O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
> The sweetness of affiance! . . .
> . . . . . .
> And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot
> To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
> With some suspicion."

Proper is explained by the *goodly and gallant* in the next line. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 132, note on *A proper man's picture.*

63. *Fail.* Upton conjectured "fall;" but S. has *fail* several times as a noun. Cf. *W. T.* ii. 3. 170, v. 1. 107, *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 145, ii. 4. 198, etc.

65. *A little witness*, etc. Bear some little testimony to, etc.

76. *There is a prohibition so divine*, etc. Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 132:

> "Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
> His canon 'gainst self-slaughter."

See our ed. p. 182. S. uses *self-slaughter* only in these two passages.

For the relative after *so*, see Gr. 279.

78. *Afore 't.* The folios have "a-foot;" corrected by Rowe. The Coll. MS. has "in front."

80. *Scriptures.* Imogen uses the word for the antithesis to *heresy.* Rowe inserts here the stage-direction, "Pulling his letter [Pope, "letters"] out of her bosom."

87. *Set up.* Instigate. *Set on* is more common in this sense. Cf. i. 5. 73 above.

90. *Princely fellows.* Those who were *fellows* or equals with myself in *princely* rank. The Coll. MS. has "followers."

91. *Common passage.* Common occurrence. Cf. *A. W.* i. 1. 20: "how sad a passage 't is!"

93. *Disedg'd.* Surfeited (having the *edge* of one's appetite taken off). Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 28 and *Ham.* iii. 2. 260.

94. *Tir'st on.* To *tire* was to feed on ravenously, like a bird of prey. Cf. *V. and A.* 56:

> "Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
> Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
> Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
> Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone;"

and 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 269:

> "like an empty eagle
> Tire on the flesh of me and of my son."

95. *Pang'd.* Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 3. 15:

> "'t is a sufferance panging
> As soul and body's severing."

101. *I 'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.* The folios read "Ile wake mine eye-balles first." Hanmer inserted *blind.* Johnson conjectured "out first." The Coll. MS. has "crack mine eye-balls first."

105. *The perturb'd court*, etc. That is, the court perturbed on account of my absence. See on ii. 3. 94 above.

108. *To be unbent.* To have thy bow unbent. *Stand* is used in the same technical sense as in ii. 3. 68 above.

109. *The elected deer.* The chosen deer. Cf. *P. P.* 300:

> "Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame
> And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike," etc.

111. *Consider'd of.* Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 113, iii. 6. 133, *J. C.* iii. 2. 114, *Macb.* iii. 1. 75, etc.

115. *Tent.* Probe; as in *Ham.* ii. 2. 626: "I 'll tent him to the quick," etc. See also the noun in *T. and C.* ii. 2. 16:

"the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst."

120. *Abus'd.* Deceived, deluded. See on i. 6. 130 above.

125. *For 't is commanded,* etc. Some of the critics say that this is not in the letter; but it is implied in the injunction, "to make me certain it is done," which Pisanio is left to interpret in his own way.

126. *Shall.* Will. Cf. Gr. 315.

132. *With that harsh, noble,* etc. This line is evidently defective, though the sense is clear. The Coll. MS. inserts "empty" after *simple.* Theo. has "simple nothing, Cloten." Nicholson conjectures "ignoble" for *noble.*

136. *Hath Britain,* etc. K. remarks: "It seems probable that here, as also on a similar occasion in *Rich. II.* [see i. 4. 275 fol.], S. had in his thoughts a passage in Lyly's *Euphues:* 'Nature hath given to no man a country, no more than she hath house, or lands, or living. Plato would never account him banished that had the sun, air, water, and earth, that he had before: where he felt the winter's blast, and the summer's blaze; where the same sun and the same moon shined: whereby he noted that every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind.'"

140. *There 's.* Cf. iv. 2. 372 below: "There is no more such masters," etc. See also iv. 2. 284, v. 5. 233, etc. Gr. 335.

144. *Dark as your fortune is.* As impenetrable to others, as your fortune is doubtful or obscure.

145. *That which,* etc. Her personal identity as woman and princess (Clarke).

147. *Pretty, and full of view.* Fair and full of promise. *Pretty* has been suspected, and the Coll. MS. substitutes "Privy;" but the emendation, though specious, has met with little favour among the editors. *Full of view* may mean "affording an ample prospect, a complete opportunity of discerning circumstances which it is your interest to know" (Steevens); or that meaning, as Clarke suggests, may be combined with the one given above. A Yankee might say "with a good look-out" in the same double sense.

152. *Though.* Rann reads "Through" (the conjecture of Johnson and Heath), but the ellipsis is not unlike many others in S.

153. *Adventure.* Venture, run the risk. See on i. 6. 171 above.

155. *Niceness.* Coyness; the only instance of the word in S. Cf. the adjective in *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 82, *A. W.* v. 1. 15, *Hen. V.* v. 2. 293, 299, etc.

157. *It pretty self.* For this old possessive *it,* cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 101: "in it most innocent mouth;" and see our ed. p. 155. Gr. 228.

159. *Quarrellous.* The word is used by S. only here, and *quarrelsome* only in *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 85, 99, and *T. of S.* i. 2. 13. For the simile, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 81:

"A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are toss'd with."

Steevens says that "this character of the weasel is not warranted by naturalists." The animal was formerly kept in houses instead of a cat for the purpose of killing rats and mice.

161. *The harder heart!* "This too hard heart of mine!" (J. H.). Cf. the use of the comparative in Latin. Johnson makes it refer to Posthumus.

163. *Common-kissing Titan.* The sun that kisses any body and any thing. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 133: "Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter?" Steevens cites *Oth.* iv. 2. 78: "The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets."

164. *Laboursome.* Elaborate. Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 59: "laboursome petition." *Trims* (=apparel) is the only instance of the plural in S.

168. *Fore-thinking.* Anticipating; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 38: "Prophetically do fore-think thy fall."

170. *In their serving.* With the help they may give you.

174. *Happy.* Fortunate, gifted. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 1. 34:

> "2 *Outlaw.* Have you the tongues?
> *Valentine.* My youthful travel therein made me happy."

You 'll make him know. The folios have "will make him know." Theo. reads "will make him so." The reading in the text is Hanmer's. St. conjectures "will make him bow."

177. *Your means abroad.* For your means, as to your means.

179. *Supplyment.* "Continuance of supply" (D.); used by S. only here.

181. *We 'll even*, etc. "We 'll make our work *even* with our time; we 'll do what time will allow" (Johnson); or "we 'll profit by any advantage offered" (Schmidt). Cf. *A. W.* i. 3. 3: "to even your content;" and see our ed. p. 140.

183. *I am soldier to.* "I have enlisted and bound myself to it" (Warb.), or "I am firmly and constantly devoted to it" (Schmidt). Steevens thinks it is simply="I am up to it, I have ability for it;" and that explanation is perhaps to be preferred.

187. *Your carriage.* Carrying you off.

190. *At land.* This might seem suggested by the preceding *at sea*, but we find it in other connections; as in *A. and C.* iii. 7. 54, iv. 5. 3, etc. Cf. Gr. 143, 144.

SCENE V.—3. *And am.* For the ellipsis of the subject, see Gr. 400, 401. For *ye*, see Gr. 236.

7. *So, sir.* For the "acquiescent" use of *so*, cf. iii. 1. 82 above. The pointing is that of the folios. Some follow Capell in connecting the words with what follows: "So, sir, I desire," etc.

8. *Conduct.* Safe-conduct, escort.

9. *And you!* The folios join this to the preceding speech. We follow the Camb. editors (Globe ed.) in giving it to the Queen. Rann reads "his grace and you."

14. *The event.* The issue; as in *T. of S.* iii. 2. 129: "I 'll after him, and see the event of this," etc.

21. *Wrote.* Cf. 2 above. The common form in S. is *writ* or *written*.

22. *Fits.* Befits, becomes; as in v. 5. 98 below.

Ripely. Promptly (the time being *ripe* for it); the one instance of the adverb in S.

25. *Drawn to head.* Gathered in arms. Cf. *K. John*, v. 2. 113: "Before I drew this gallant head of war;" and see our ed. p. 174.

32. *Looks us like.* Seems to us like. The *us* is the dative, as in "do us the favour," etc. Cf. Gr. 220. The 1st folio reads "looke vs like," which the 2d changes to "lookes as like."

35. *Slight in sufferance.* The 2d folio changes *slight* to "light." The meaning is, We have been too easy or careless in allowing it.

36. *Exile.* Accented by S. on either syllable, according to the measure. Cf. ii. 3. 39 above and iv. 4. 26 below. See also *A. Y. L.* p. 149.

40. *Tender of.* Sensitive to.

44. *Loud'st.* See on i. 1. 96 above. The folios read "lowd (or "loud") of noise;" corrected by Capell. Rowe gives "loudest noise," and the Coll. MS. "loud'st noise."

50. *Our great court*, etc. Our important court business (with the Roman ambassador) made me forget it.

56. *Stand'st so for.* Dost stand up so for, as we say; art so earnest a partisan of. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 2. 62: "I stand wholly for you," etc.

69. *Forestall him of.* That is, prevent his living to see.

71. *And that.* And *for* that, and because. Gr. 151, 285.

72. *Than lady, ladies, woman.* An elliptical climax = "than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind" (Johnson). Hanmer reads "Than any lady, winning from each one;" and Warb. "Than lady ladies; winning from each one."

74. *Outsells.* Outvalues; as in ii. 4. 102 above. Coll. conjectures "Excels."

80. *Are you packing?* Explained by some, and perhaps rightly, as = are you plotting? Cf. *T. of S.* v. 1. 121: "Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all," etc. It may, however, mean (as Schmidt and others make it), Are you running off? Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 46, *Ham.* iii. 4. 211, etc.

83. *Good my lord.* See Gr. 13.

85. *Close.* Sly, secret. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 5. 7: "The close contriver of all harms," etc.

86. *Rip Thy heart.* Cf. *Lear*, iv. 6. 265: "To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts."

92. *Home.* Thoroughly, fully. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 71: "I will pay thy graces home." See also *Ham.* p. 232, note on *Tax him home.*

99. *This paper.* The "feigned letter" of v. 5. 279 below. It seems to have been prepared by Pisanio to account for Imogen's absence in case he should be charged with aiding and abetting her flight.

101. *Or this, or perish.* I must resort to this trick, or fall a victim to his fury. Johnson conjectured that the words belong to Cloten.

109. *Undergo.* Undertake. Cf. i. 4. 153 above. See also *W. T.* p. 202.

137. *Insultment.* The only instance of the word in S.

140. *Knock.* Changed by Hanmer to "kick."

153. *My loss.* The Coll. MS. has "thy loss."

155. *Most true.* "It is characteristic of the faithful-hearted Pisanio that

he never swerves from his conviction that Posthumus is good and *true*, notwithstanding the cruel letter commanding Imogen's destruction. He believes what he has told her; that Posthumus has been deceived by 'some villain,' who has worked this 'injury' to both" (Clarke). Hanmer changed *him* to "her."

SCENE VI.—6. *Within a ken.* Within sight, as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 151: "within a ken our army lies."

7. *Foundations.* "Quibbling between fixed places and charitable establishments" (Schmidt).

13. *Sorer.* "A greater or heavier crime" (Johnson).

16. *Even before.* Just before; as in *K. John*, iii. 1. 233: "And even before this truce, but new before," etc.

17. *At point.* See on iii. 1. 30 above. *For food*=for *want* of food. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 104: "I almost die for food." See our ed. p. 159, note on *Faints for succour.*

19. *I were best.* See on iii. 2. 76 above.

20. *Clean.* Quite, entirely. See *Rich. II.* p. 188.

21. *Breeds.* Changed by Hanmer to "breed;" but see on ii. 4. 58 above.

Hardness=hardship; as in *Oth.* i. 3. 234:

> "A natural and a prompt alacrity
> I find in hardness," etc.

22. *Hardiness.* Bravery; as in *Hen. V.* i. 2. 220: "hardiness and policy." For the jingle, cf. iii. 4. 11 above.

23. *Civil.* Civilized; as the antithesis of *savage* shows. Cf. *Oth.* p. 196.

24. *Take or lend.* Take pay for food, or lend it; as Malone explains it, referring to 47 below. Johnson wanted to transpose *civil* and *savage;* and Schmidt conjectures "take or leave" (that is, "destroy me or let me live").

25. *Best draw my sword.* Steevens quotes Milton, *Comus*, 487: "Best draw and stand upon our guard."

27. *Such a foe, good heavens!* "Exquisitely feminine throughout is this speech. Its confession of limb-weary fatigue, of faintness from exhaustion, its moral strength amid physical weakness, its tender epithet for the husband whose cruel injustice is felt none the less deeply for the irremovable love she still cherishes for him, its timid hesitation in calling for help, its vague thought of defence in *best draw my sword*, its avowal of greater dread at the very sight of the sword than the sword-drawer can hope to inspire by use of the weapon, together with the final softly smiling, half self-pitying exclamation, half aspiration for divine aid, are all intensely true to the mingled mental courage and bodily delicacy of such a woman as Imogen, who is the very embodiment of supreme womanhood" (Clarke).

28. *Woodman.* Hunter; the common acceptation of the word in the time of S. (Steevens). Cf. *R. of L.* 580:

> "He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
> To strike a poor unseasonable doe;"

and *M. W.* v. 5. 30: Am I a woodman, ha? speak I like Herne the hunter?"

30. *Match.* Agreement, compact; as in *W. T.* v. 3. 137, *Cor.* ii. 3. 86, etc.

34. *Resty.* Too fond of *rest*, lazy, torpid. Cf. *Sonn.* 100. 9: "Rise, resty muse." We find "resty-stiff" in *Edw. III.* iii. 3.

36. *Throughly.* See on ii. 4. 12 above.

44. *An earthly paragon.* Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 146: "No; but she is an earthly paragon."

50. *I' the floor.* Changed by Hanmer to "o' th' floor;" but *in* was sometimes = on. Cf. Gr. 160.

52. *Parted.* Departed; as in *Cor.* v. 6. 73: "when I parted hence," etc. See *M. of V.* p. 145.

55. *Of.* By. Gr. 170.

58. *Made it.* Cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 218: "All faults I make," etc. See our ed. p. 178.

64. *In.* Into; as very often. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 292: "Fallen in the practice of a cursed slave," etc. Gr. 159.

66. *Well encounter'd!* Well met! Cf. i. 3. 32 above.

70. *But be.* For the use of *but*, see Gr. 126.

71. *I bid for you as I 'd buy.* "I bid for you with a sincere desire to have you" (J. H.); "I bid for your affection as I do buy it with mine own to you" (Clarke). Hanmer has "I'd bid."

75. *Sprightly.* In good spirits.

77. *Prize.* Estimation, value. Clarke paraphrases the passage thus: "then would the prize which Leonatus gained in winning the heiress to the crown have been lessened by my being but sister to the royal heirs." Heath explains it: "Then had the prize thou hast mastered in me been less, and not have sunk thee, as I have done, by over-lading thee;" but this is pressing the metaphor too far.

79. *Wrings.* Writhes, as in anguish. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 28: "those that wring under the load of sorrow;" and *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 253:

> "whose sense no more can feel
> But his own wringing."

85. *Laying by*, etc. Setting aside that worthless tribute of obsequious adoration which the fickle crowd pay to rank. Johnson explains *differing multitudes* as = "the many-headed rabble;" but it seems rather to be = "the still discordant, wavering multitude" of 2 *Hen. IV.* ind. 19.

87. *Out-peer.* Excel, surpass; used by S. only here.

89. *Leonatus'.* The folios have simply "Leonatus," which V. and W. retain; but we prefer to print *Leonatus'*, as D., Sr., and Clarke do. Cf. *Lear*, p. 246, note on *This'*, or Gr. 461.

90. *Hunt.* That is, the game taken in the hunt.

92. *Mannerly.* Adjectives in *-ly* are often used adverbially. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 79: "mannerly modest;" and *M. of V.* ii. 9. 100: "Cupid's post that comes so mannerly." See also on ii. 3. 33 above.

SCENE VII.—4. *And that.* And *since* that. See on iii. 5. 71 above.

6. *Fall'n off.* Revolted. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 94:

"Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war," etc.

9. *Commands.* Changed by Theo. to "commends;" but the meaning, as Johnson remarks, may be "commands the commission to be given to you." The expression is not more elliptical than many in the present play. K., V., W., Clarke, and others retain *commands*.

14. *Suppliant.* Supplementary, auxiliary; the only instance of the adjective in S. Capell and some other editors spell it "supplyant." The accent is of course on the penult.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—4. *Saving reverence of.* Begging pardon of. *Saving your reverence* was a common apology for an offensive or unseemly word. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 1. 92, *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 32, *M. of V.* ii. 2. 27, 139, etc.

12. *Single oppositions.* Single encounters or combats. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 99: "In single opposition, hand to hand," etc. Schmidt explains it as = "when compared as to particular accomplishments;" which perhaps suits the context quite as well.

Imperseverant. "Giddy-headed, flighty, thoughtless" (Schmidt). Some explain it as "obstinately persevering, stubborn." The folios spell the word "imperseuerant," which D. and others change to "imperceiverant;" but that is hardly an admissible derivative from *perceive*.

What mortality is! What a thing mortality is! Cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 162: "O father Abram, what these Christians are!" Gr. 256.

15. *Enforced.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 205: "enforced chastity," etc.

Hanmer changed *thy face* to "her face;" but the confusion of pronouns, as Clarke remarks, is "in Cloten's usual blundering, headlong manner."

17. *Spurn her home.* Cf. iii. 5. 141 above.

Happily. The folio reading, changed by Johnson to "haply." Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 4. 54: "And happily we might be interrupted," etc. See *T. N.* p. 158, or Gr. 42.

19. *Power of.* Control over; as in *Ham.* ii. 2. 27: "the sovereign power you have of us."

SCENE II.—8. *Citizen.* "Cockney-bred, effeminate" (Schmidt). For *wanton* (=one brought up in luxury), cf. *K. John*, v. 1. 70: "a beardless boy, A cocker'd silken wanton;" and *Rich. II.* v. 3. 10: "While he, young wanton and effeminate boy" (where *wanton* is a noun, as here). See also *Ham.* p. 275, note on *Make a wanton of me*.

10. *Journal.* Diurnal, daily; as in *M. for M.* iv. 3. 92: "Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting," etc. Johnson paraphrases the passage thus: "Keep your daily course uninterrupted; if the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confusion."

14. *Reason of it.* Talk about it. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 8. 27: "I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday," etc.

17. *How much*, etc. However much, etc. See *Much Ado*, p. 141, and cf. Gr. 46. Capell changed *How* to "As."

24. *Strain.* Explained by Schmidt as "impulse," but the context shows that it carries with it the idea of hereditary disposition. Cf. its use=stock, race; as in *J. C.* v. 1. 59: "the noblest of thy strain." See also *Hen. V.* p. 160.

26, 27. *Cowards father . . . and grace.* In the folio these lines are printed thus:

> "Cowards father Cowards, & Base things Syre Bace;
> "Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.

It must not, however, be inferred that the couplet is a quotation. D. has shown (*Remarks*, etc., 1844, p. 207) that maxims, apothegms, etc., used often to be printed in this way. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 2. 319, where the line ("Achievement is command," etc.) has the inverted commas in the folio, because, as the preceding line states, it is a "maxim." See the note on the passage in W., vol. ix. p. 142.

29. *Miracle.* Schmidt is in doubt whether this is verb or noun; but it can well enough be explained as the latter. The meaning seems to be: yet this youth, whoever he may be, accomplishes a very miracle in being loved before me. For *who*, cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 80: "Let it be who it is," etc.

31. *So please you, sir.* Tyrwhitt wished to transfer these words to Imogen, as a "courtly phrase" out of place in the mouth of Arviragus; but, as Capell suggests, they are probably addressed to Belarius, who, after saying '*T is the ninth hour*, etc., takes down some of their hunting weapons and hands one to Arviragus. The three men may be supposed to be equipping themselves for the hunt during the following speech of Imogen.

35. *Imperious.* "Imperial" (Malone). Cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 236: "Imperious Cæsar" (the quarto reading); *T. and C.* iv. 5. 172: "most imperious Agamemnon," etc.

38. *Stir him.* "Move him to tell his story" (Johnson).

39. *Gentle.* Of gentle birth, well-born.

40. *Dishonestly afflicted.* The victim of others' *dishonesty*, or dishonourable conduct.

45. *Huswife.* The usual spelling in the early eds., indicating the pronunciation. Cf. *Cor.* p. 205.

46. *And shalt be ever.* Belarius plays upon the word *bound.* It would hardly be necessary to refer to this, if Warb. had not changed *shalt* to "shall." Heath, besides making this change, joined the words to Imogen's speech.

47. *Appears he hath had.* A "confusion of construction" (Gr. 411). K. reads: "howe'er distress'd he appears, hath had." Clarke makes *appears*="shows, makes manifest;" but we cannot believe that the word is ever used transitively. See *Cor.* p. 251, note on *Is well appear'd.*

49. *His neat cookery!* Mrs. Lennox has objected to this as inconsistent with the rank of Imogen; but see p. 22 above. The folios give what

follows to "*Arui.*," but Capell is clearly right in continuing the speech to Guiderius.

50. *In characters.* In the shape of letters. Steevens quotes Fletcher, *Elder Brother:* "And how to cut his meat in characters."

51. *As.* As if. Gr. 107.

52. *Dieter.* The only instance of the word in S.

53–57. *As if . . . rail at.* Put in the margin as spurious by Pope and Hanmer.

58. *Him.* The folios have "them;" corrected by Pope.

59. *Spurs.* "The longest and largest leading roots of trees" (Malone). Cf *Temp.* v. 1. 47:

"and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar."

61. *With.* The preposition has troubled some of the commentators, but the *twined* implied in *untwine* is "understood" before *with;* or we may say, with Malone, that *untwine*="cease to twine." Hanmer changed *with* to "from."

62. *Great morning.* Late in the morning. The expression occurs again in *T. and C.* iv. 3. 1. Steevens compares the Fr. *grand jour.* So *de grand matin*=very early.

67. *Saw him not.* Have not seen him. Cf. 191 below. Gr. 347.

75. *A slave.* That word *slave;* including perhaps the other meaning also: a slave who calls me a slave.

77. *To who?* See on iii. 3. 87 above. Cf. *Oth.* pp. 160, 200.

80. *My dagger in my mouth.* Cf. for a different use of the figure *Much Ado,* ii. 1. 255: "She speaks poniards;" and *Ham.* iii. 2. 414: "I will speak daggers to her."

84. *Make thee.* See on iii. 4. 49 above.

87. *Injurious.* Insolent. See on iii. 1. 46 above.

91. *Or adder, spider.* Omitted by Capell. Hanmer ends the line at *toad,* and begins the next with "Adder, or spider, it would," etc.

93. *Mere.* Absolute. See *J. C.* p. 129, note on *Merely upon myself.* Cf. v. 3. 11 below.

95. *Afeard.* Used by S. interchangeably with *afraid.* See *Macb.* p. 163, note on *Nothing afeard.*

97. *Die the death.* The form of a judicial sentence (cf. *M. for M.* ii. 4. 165), and hence used of a violent death. See also *M. N. D.* p. 126.

98. *Proper.* Own; as in *Temp.* iii. 3. 60: "Their proper selves," etc.

100. *Lud's town.* See on iii. 1. 32 above.

105. *Favour.* Personal appearance. See on i. 6. 41 above, and cf. iii. 4. 48.

107. *Absolute.* Positive, certain; as in *Ham.* v. 1. 148: "How absolute the knave is?" Cf. *perfect* in 119 below.

110. *Fell.* Fierce, cruel; as in *T. and C.* iv. 5. 269: "fell as death," etc.

111. *Apprehension.* Conception, appreciation; not=dread. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 145: "If the English had any apprehension, they would run away;" and see our ed. p. 171.

112. *Defect.* Changed by Theo. to "effect." Hanmer changed *cause*

in the next line to "cure." Sundry other emendations have been proposed, none of which seem to us at all satisfactory. The passage, as it stands, appears to say the opposite of what is meant; but we are inclined to think it one of those inadvertencies in the use of negatives to which the poet appears to have been prone. He not unfrequently got in one too many (see on i. 4. 20 above), and sometimes one too few (cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 31, and see our ed. p. 156, note on *No more do yours*). The present instance seems to us to belong to the latter list. *Fear* is elliptically=*defect* of fear, the word in the former part of the sentence being made to do duty by implication in the latter. Schmidt does not include this passage among his examples of a negative "wanting, as being borne in mind, though not expressed" (*Lexicon*, p. 1421), but we think it is clearly analogous to some that he does give—especially the one in *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 31. See, however, p. 226 below.

117. *I not doing this.* If I had not done this. Gr. 377.

119. *Perfect.* See on iii. 1. 71 above.

122. *Take us in.* Overcome us. See on iii. 2. 9 above.

130. *For.* Because; as in iii. 4. 51 above.

132. *Safe.* Sound; as in *Lear*, iv. 6. 81: "The safer sense," etc.

133. *Humour.* The folios have "honor" or "honour;" corrected by Theo.

137. *To bring him here.* For the ellipsis of *as*, see Gr. 281.

139. *Cave.* The only instance of the verb in S.

140. *Head.* Armed force. See on iii. 5. 25 above.

142. *Fetch us in.* Capture us; as in *A. and C.* iv. 1. 14: "Enough to fetch him in." Cf. 122 above.

146. *Ordinance.* That which is *ordained* by the gods. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 183: "by God's just ordinance," etc.

147. *Howsoe'er.* However this may be.

150. *Did make my way long forth.* "Made my *walk forth* from the cave *tedious*" (Johnson).

155. *Reck.* Care. The word is spelt "reake" or "reak" in the folios. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 159; and see also *Cor.* p. 237, note on *Reckless.*

159. *Brotherly.* See on *mannerly*, iii. 6. 92 above.

160. *Revenges*, etc. "Such pursuit of vengeance as fell within any possibility of opposition" (Johnson).

161. *Seek us through.* Seek us out, follow us up.

168. *To gain his colour.* "To restore him to the bloom of health" (Steevens).

169. *Let . . . blood.* Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 152: "Who else must be let blood," etc.

Parish is evidently="as many as would fill a parish" (Johnson), but Hanmer changed it to "marish." Edwards takes the trouble to inform us that the meaning is *not* "I would let out a parish of blood;" and Malone says: "Mr. Edwards is, I think, right;" *for*, as he adds, we find "a *band* of Clotens" in v. 5. 304 below.

171. *Divine.* For the accent, see on ii. 1. 55 above.

175. *Enchaf'd.* Excited, enraged. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 17: "On the enchafed flood." See *J. C.* p. 131, on *The troubled Tiber chafing*, etc.

For *rud'st*, see on 1. 1. 96 above and cf. 191 below. Pope has "rude."

176. *By the top doth take*, etc. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 22:

> "the winds,
> Who take the ruffian billows by the top," etc.

178. *Instinct.* For the accent, cf. *Rich. III.* ii. 3. 42, *Cor.* v. 3. 35, etc. See also 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 149. Gr. 490.

180. *Other.* Cf. iii. 1. 36 above. Gr. 12.

185. *Clotpoll.* Head. For its contemptuous personal use (=blockhead), see *Lear*, p. 184.

187. *Ingenious.* The folios have "ingenuous;" corrected by Rowe. The words are used indiscriminately in the early eds.

192. *It did not speak.* See on 67 above. Gr. 347.

193. *Answer.* Answer to, correspond to. Cf. v. 5. 449 below.

194. *Toys.* Trifles. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 145: "a toy, a thing of no regard," etc.

199. *Made so much on.* Cf. *Cor.* iv. 5. 203: "he is so made on here," etc. For the interchange of *on* and *of*, see Gr. 181.

V. quotes Mrs. Radcliffe here: "No master ever knew how to touch the accordant springs of sympathy by small circumstances like our own Shakespeare. In *Cymbeline*, for instance, how finely such circumstances are made use of to awaken, at once, solemn expectation and tenderness, and, by recalling the softened remembrance of a sorrow long past, to prepare the mind to melt at one that was approaching; mingling at the same time, by means of a mysterious occurrence, a slight tremor of awe with our pity! Thus, when Belarius and Arviragus return to the cave where they had left the unhappy and worn-out Imogen to repose, while they are yet standing before it, and Arviragus—speaking of her with tenderest pity as 'poor sick Fidele'—goes out to inquire for her, solemn music is heard from the cave, sounded by that harp of which Guiderius says, 'Since the death of my dearest mother it did not speak before. All solemn things should answer solemn accidents.' Immediately, Arviragus enters with Fidele senseless in his arms:

> 'The bird is dead that we have made so much on. . . .
> *Guiderius.* Why, he but sleeps. . . .
> *Arviragus.* With fairest flowers,
> While summer lasts, AND I LIVE HERE, FIDELE,
> I 'll sweeten thy sad grave.'

Tears alone can speak the touching simplicity of the whole scene."

206. *Crare.* A kind of small vessel. The folios have "care," and *crare* is the emendation of Steevens (the conjecture of Simpson). Theo. and Hanmer have "carack" (the suggestion of Warb.), for which see *Oth.* p. 160. Steevens gives many examples of *crare* (also spelt *craer*, *cray* or *craye*, *crea*, etc.) from B. and F., Drayton, Heywood, and other writers of the time. It occurs also in Holinshed, North's *Plutarch*, Hakluyt's *Voyages*, etc. Malone cites Florio, *Ital. Dict.*: "Vurchio. A hulke, a crayer, a lyter, a wherrie, or such vessel of burthen."

208. *But I.* That is, but I know. Rowe (2d ed.) reads "but ah!"

210. *Stark.* Cf. the effect of the sleeping-potion in *R. and J.* iv. 1. 103:

"Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death."

215. *Clouted brogues.* Heavy shoes strengthened with *clouts*, or hobnails (Steevens). Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 2. 195: "clouted shoon." According to others, *clouted*=patched. This would seem to be the meaning in *Josh.* ix. 5: "old shoes and clouted." Cf. Latimer, *Sermons:* "he should not have clouting leather to piece his shoes with." See also Wb.

219. *To thee.* Changed by Hanmer to "near him," and by Rann to "to him;" but we have already had several examples of this confusion of pronouns in the present play. See on iii. 3. 105 above. "Here Guiderius replies to his brother's remark upon Fidele's looking but as if asleep, and continues speaking of the gentle lad in the third person until, looking upon the beautiful form that lies apparently dead before him, a sense of its loveliness and his own impassioned regret at having to consign it to the grave comes full upon him, and he ends with addressing it rather than speaking of it" (Clarke).

With fairest flowers, etc. V. remarks here: "'*The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*, a tragedy by John Webster,' is one of the most remarkable productions of Shakespeare's contemporaries. The principal character is a bold and beautiful conception of daring female guilt, which may almost vie with Lady Macbeth, and may have been suggested by her, though in no respect a copy. But the play contains several passages in which the author is certainly indebted to his recollections of 'Master Shakspeare,' whose 'right happy and copieous industry' he commends in his preface. One passage is directly from *Hamlet*. A lady, resembling Ophelia in her grief and distraction, thus addresses her friends:

'you're very welcome.
Here's rosemary for you, and rue for you;
Heart's-ease for you: I pray you make much of it:
I have left more for myself.'

"Imogen's apparent soft and smiling death, as described in the text, has been supposed to be the origin of the following beautiful lines:

'Oh, thou soft natural death! thou art joint-twin
To sweetest slumber: no rough-bearded comet
Stares on thy mild departure: the dull owl
Beats not against thy casement: the hoarse wolf
Scents not thy carrion:—pity winds thy corse,
While horror waits on princes!'

"Cornelia's distraction over her dead son, again, owes something to the last scene of *Lear;* while the funeral dirge for young Marcello, sung by her, is still more directly borrowed from this scene:

'Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady grove they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole,
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To raise him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm;
But keep the wolf far hence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again,' etc.

"The last generation of critics perceived the resemblance, but were perplexed by the fact that Webster's play was printed in 1612, eleven years before the first edition of *Cymbeline;* so that it was not quite clear to them whether Shakespeare had not himself borrowed from the two last-quoted passages. But since their day we have learned from Dr. Forman that *Cymbeline* was acted at least one year before Webster's *White Devil*, so that Webster, who was originally an actor, was doubtless familiar with its poetry as represented, and had, perhaps, himself delivered the lament of Arviragus. Indeed, his imitations are not direct copies, like those of a plagiarist from the book, but are rather the vivid results of the impression made upon the younger poet, by the other's fancy and feeling thus reproducing themselves, mingled with the new conceptions of a congenial mind."

222. *Pale primrose.* Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 122:

"pale primroses,
That die unmarried;"

and 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 63: "Look pale as primroses."

224. *Whom.* Often used "to personify irrational antecedents" (Gr. 264).

225. *Ruddock.* The redbreast; spelt "raddocke" or "raddock" in the folios. Cf. Spenser, *Epithalamion:* "the Ruddock warbles soft."

230. *Winter-ground.* This seems to have been a term for covering plants with straw, etc., to protect them during the winter. Theo. changed it to "winter-gown" (the suggestion of Warb.), and the Coll. MS. has "winter-guard."

The notion that the redbreast covered the dead with leaves appears to be older than the ballad of *The Babes in the Wood.* Reed quotes Thos. Johnson, *Cornucopia*, 1596: "The robin redbrest if he find a man or woman dead, will cover all his face with mosse, and some thinke that if the body should remaine unburied that he would cover the whole body also." Cf. Drayton, *The Owl:*

"Cov'ring with moss the dead's unclosed eye,
The little red-breast teacheth charitie."

231. *Wench-like.* Womanish.

233. *Admiration.* The word combines here the senses of wonder and veneration. For the former, see on i. 6. 37 above.

234. *Shall 's.* Shall us; that is, shall we. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 6. 148: "Shall 's to the Capitol?" See also *W. T.* i. 2. 178, *Per.* iv. 5. 7, and v. 5. 228 below. Gr. 215.

238. *Our.* The folios have "to our;" corrected by Pope.

244. *Great griefs, I see*, etc. See on i. 1. 135 above. For *medicine* as a verb, cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 332.

247. *Paid.* Punished; as in v. 4. 161 below.

248. *Reverence*, etc. "*Reverence*, or due regard to subordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world" (Johnson).

253. *Thersites'.* Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 73, etc.; and for *Ajax', Id.* i. 2. 14, etc.

254. *Are.* The Coll. MS. has "is." For the plural, cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 133: "But say that he or we, as neither have," etc.

256. *To the east.* For old superstitions concerning the position of graves, etc., see Brand's *Popular Antiquities* (Bohn's ed.), vol. ii. p. 295 fol. Cf. p. 37 above; and also *Ham.* p. 259, note on *Straight.*

259. *Fear no more*, etc. Several of the editors quote Collins's imitation of this dirge, which, as V. observes, "exhibits his usual exquisite taste and felicity of expression, although inferior to the original in condensation and characteristic simplicity:"

"To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen;
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid.
With hoary moss and gathered flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or, midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell:—

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be truly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
And mourned till pity's self be dead."

K. remarks: "There is nothing to us more striking than the contrast which is presented between the free natural lyric sung by the brothers over the grave of Fidele and the elegant poem which some have thought so much more beautiful. The one is perfectly in keeping ['barring,' say we, the closing couplets of the stanzas] with all that precedes and all that follows; the other is entirely out of harmony with its associations. 'To fair Fidele's grassy tomb' is the dirge of *Collins* over Fidele; 'Fear no more the heat o' the sun' is Fidele's proper funeral song by her bold *brothers.*"

263, 264. *Golden lads*, etc. St. remarks (and we fully agree with him): "There is something so strikingly inferior, both in the thoughts and expression of the concluding couplet to each stanza in this song, that we may fairly set them down as additions from the same hand which furnished the contemptible *Masque* or *Vision* that deforms the last act."

For *girls all* the Coll. MS. has "lasses."

272. *Thunder-stone.* Thunder-bolt. Cf. *J. C.* p. 138.

276. *Consign to thee.* Come to the same state, submit to the same terms. Johnson conjectured "this" for *thee.*

277. *Exorciser.* Conjurer, one who *raised* spirits. Cf. *exorcist* in *A. W.* v. 3. 305 and *T. C.* ii. 1. 323 (see our ed. p. 150).

281. *Consummation.* The final *summing-up* or end of mortal life. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 63:

"a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd."

Steevens quotes *Edw. III.*: "To darkness, consummation, dust, and worms."

286. *Faces.* Malone objected to the plural, as Cloten's corpse was headless, and Hanmer gave "Upon the face—" Clarke takes it to refer to "the faces of corpses generally."

288. *Herblets.* The only instance of the diminutive in S.

291. *So is.* The folio has "so are;" probably in this instance an accidental repetition of the *are* just before.

294. *'Ods pittikins!* One of the petty oaths of the time, corrupted from "God's pity!" Cf. *'Ods pity* (*Oth.* iv. 3. 75), *'Ods heartlings* (*M. W.* iii. 4. 59), *'Ods lifelings* (*T. N.* v. 1. 187), etc.

For *mile*, cf. *Macb.* v. 5. 37: "within this three mile," etc. See *Rich. II.* p. 182, note on *a thousand pound.*

299. *Cave-keeper.* Dweller in a cave; like *housekeeper*, etc. Pope changes *so* to "sure," and the Coll. MS. gives "lo!"

302. *Fumes.* Vapours, phantoms; as in *Temp.* v. 1. 67:

"their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason;"

and *Macb.* i. 7. 66:

"memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume," etc.

306. *Fear'd gods.* Changed by Pope to "oh gods!"

311. *Mercurial.* "Light and nimble like that of Mercury" (Schmidt); the only instance of the adjective in S.

312. *Brawns.* Brawny arms. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 5. 126: "to hew thy target from thy brawn," etc. Pope changes the word to "arms."

Jovial. Like that of Jove; used by S. only here and in v. 4. 105 below.

314. *Madded.* See on ii. 2. 37 above. For *Hecuba*, cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 523, 584, *T. and C.* i. 2. 1, etc.

316. *Irregulous.* Apparently=irregular, lawless; a word found nowhere else. Johnson conjectured "th' irreligious."

317. *Hast.* The folios have "Hath;" corrected by Pope.

320. *Most bravest.* See on i. 6. 161 above.

324. *This head.* Evidently=the head belonging to this body; but changed in the 3d folio to "his head," and by Hanmer to "thy head."

326. *Pregnant.* Full of probability. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 1. 23: "'T is very pregnant," etc. See also *Lear*, p. 198.

329. *Home.* Fully. See on iii. 5. 92 above.

333. *Which.* Who. Cf. ii. 3. 105 above. Gr. 265.

334. *To them.* In addition to them. Cf. *K. John*, i. 1. 144: "And, to his shape, were heir of all this land," etc. Gr. 185.

338. *Confiners.* Probably=inhabitants (Schmidt), not "borderers,"

as generally explained. Cf. the use of *confines*=territory; as in *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 24, *Rich. II.* i. 3. 137, *J. C.* iii. 1. 272, etc.

342. *Sienna's brother.* Brother to the ruler of Sienna.

343. *Benefit o' the wind.* Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 2: "as the winds give benefit."

348. *Fast.* Fasted. "In verbs in which the infinitive ends in *-t, -ed* is often omitted in the past indicative for euphony" (Gr. 341). Cf. *lift* in *John*, xiii. 18 (*lifted* in the "Revised Version" of 1881), *roast* in *Exod.* xii. 8, etc.

350. *Spongy south.* See on ii. 3. 129 above.

352. *Abuse.* Corrupt, pervert.

361. *Instruct us of.* Equivalent to *inform us of* in next line.

363. *Crave to be demanded.* Call for investigation.

365. *That, otherwise than nature*, etc. "Who has altered this picture, to make it otherwise than nature did it?" (Johnson).

367. *Wrack.* See on i. 6. 83 above.

372. *There is.* See on iii. 4. 140 above.

378. *If I do lie*, etc. "Into the mouth of the pure-souled Imogen S. has characteristically put this shrinking from the necessity for untruth, and the appeal to Heaven for divine forgiveness for her reluctantly committed error. He has depicted the same aversion to falsehood in the innocent and royal-natured Perdita; while he has made even the princely Florizel condescend to misstatements for the sake of needful concealment. Thus clearly does the man and poet Shakespeare denote his genuine perception and appreciation of the sacredness of truth, at the very time that the dramatic Shakespeare allows of equivocation as a necessary part of dramatic disguise" (Clarke).

380. *Say you, sir?* See on ii. 1. 24 above.

381. *Approve.* Prove; as in v. 5. 245 below.

387. *Prefer.* Recommend. See on ii. 3. 44 above, and cf. 401 below.

390. *Pickaxes.* "Meaning her fingers" (Johnson).

392. *Century.* Hundred. Elsewhere (*Cor.* i. 7. 3 and *Lear*, iv. 4. 6) it means a company of a hundred men.

395. *Entertain.* Employ, take into service; as in *Much Ado*, i. 3. 60: "entertained for a perfumer;" *Lear*, iii. 6. 83: "You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred," etc.

400. *Partisans.* Halberds. Cf. *Ham.* p. 176.

401. *Arm him.* Take him in your arms. Steevens cites Fletcher, *Two Noble Kinsmen*:

> "Arm your prize;
> I know you will not lose her."

SCENE III.—Pope and Hanmer made this scene the 8th of act iii.

6. *Upon a desperate bed.* That is, hopelessly (or very dangerously) sick.

11. *Enforce.* "Force" (Pope's emendation). Cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 47: "Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open," etc. See also iv. 1. 15 above.

21. *And will.* For the ellipsis of the subject, see Gr. 399, 400. Hanmer reads "He will," and Capell "And he 'll."

22. *Slip you.* Let you go. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 162: "Had slipp'd our chain until another age," etc.

23. *Depend.* Impend; or perhaps=remain in suspense.

28. *Amaz'd.* In a maze, bewildered, confused. Cf. *V. and A.* 684: "a labyrinth to amaze his foes;" *K. John*, iv. 3. 140: "I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way," etc. *Matter* = business.

29. *Affront.* Confront, encounter; as in *Ham.* iii. 1. 31:

> "That he, as 't were by accident, may here
> Affront Ophelia," etc.

The meaning is: "Your forces are able to face such an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us" (Johnson).

36. *I heard no letter.* I have heard nothing (that is, by *letter*), as we still are in the habit of saying. For the use of the past tense with *since*, cf. iv. 2. 191 above. Hanmer changes *I heard* to "I 've had," and Coll. to "I had" (Mason's conjecture). Malone and Schmidt take *letter* in the alphabetical sense. *I heard no letter* is then = I have heard no jot, I have not heard a syllable. But, on the other hand, as W. notes, we say "I have not heard a *line*."

40. *Betid.* Befallen (from *betide*). For the form, cf. *Rich. II.* v. 1. 42: "long ago betid," etc.

44. *Even to the note o' the king.* "I will so distinguish myself, the king shall remark my valour" (Johnson).

SCENE IV.—2. *Find we.* The 1st folio has "we finde;" corrected in the 2d.

4. *This way.* If we take this course.

6. *Revolts.* "Revolters" (Pope's reading), or deserters. Cf. *K. John*, v. 2. 151: "And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts;" and *Id.* v. 4. 7: "Lead me to the revolts of England here."

7. *During their use.* While they can use us, while they have need of us. For the adverbial use of *after*, see Gr. 26.

11. *May drive us to a render*, etc. May compel us to render an account of where we have been living. For *render* as a noun, cf. v. 4. 17 below. Johnson remarks: "This dialogue is a just representation of the superfluous caution of an old man."

13. *Answer.* Penalty, punishment; as in *T. of A.* v. 4. 63: "At heaviest answer," etc.

18. *Their quarter'd fires.* Their camp fires, the fires in their quarters.

19. *So cloy'd importantly.* So momentously and completely occupied. *Importantly* is used by S. only here.

20. *Upon our note.* In taking note of us.

23. *Not wore him.* For the transposition of *not*, see on i. 6. 154 above. Gr. 305.

27. *The certainty.* "The certain consequence" (Malone). Clarke thinks it may also mean "the actual experience."

29. *But to be still*, etc. "But doomed to be still," etc. *Tanlings* is used by S. nowhere else.

33. *Thereto so o'ergrown.* In addition thereto so overgrown with hair; referring to his beard and bushy head. Cf. v. 3. 17 below. For *thereto* = besides, cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 391 and *Oth.* ii. 1. 133. Schmidt thinks that *o'ergrown* may possibly mean grown old; as in *M. for M.* i. 3. 22.

35. *What thing is it*, etc. What a thing it is, etc. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 42: "What night is this!" etc. Gr. 86.

38. *Bestrid.* Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 5. 79: "That horse that thou so often hast bestrid," etc.

48. *Of.* Changed by Capell to "on;" but, as we have seen, the two prepositions are often interchanged. Gr. 175, 181, 182.

50. *Have with you!* Take me with you, I 'll go with you; a common idiom. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 161, 229, 239, iii. 2. 93, *Cor.* ii. 1. 286, etc.

53. *Thinks scorn.* Disdains the thought of any thing else.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—1. *I wish'd.* The folios have "I am wisht;" corrected by Pope. Sr. (2d ed.) reads "I e'en wish'd."

5. *Wrying.* Going astray. Cf. the verb in *bed-swerver* (*W. T.* ii. 1. 93).

9. *Put on.* Incite, instigate (Johnson). Cf. *Ham.* pp. 257, 277.

14. *Each elder worse.* Here *elder* seems to be=later, or "committed at a more advanced age" (Schmidt). Rowe reads "worse than other," Coll. (from his MS.) "later worse," and Sr. (2d ed.) "alder-worse."

15. *And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.* If this be what S. wrote, Mason's explanation seems on the whole the most in keeping with the context: "Some you snatch from hence for little faults; others you suffer to heap ills on ills, and afterwards make them dread their having done so [dreading the *consequences*, or the *punishment*, we should prefer to say], to the eternal welfare of the doers." He adds: "It is not the commission of the crimes that is supposed to be for the doers' thrift, but his dreading them afterwards, and of course repenting, which ensures his salvation." J. H. takes *to* to be=in addition to (cf. iv. 2. 334 above), and paraphrases the line thus: "And make it a dread to them, along with any advantage they may have gained by it." The passage may be corrupt, but the emendations seem to us less intelligible than the original text. Theo. changes *dread it* to "dreaded;" the Coll. MS. has "make men dread it;" and Sr. (2d ed.) reads "dreaded, to the doers' shrift."

23. *Weeds.* Garments; as in *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 71: "Weeds of Athens he doth wear," etc. *Suit myself*=dress myself; as in *A. Y. L.* i. 3. 118: "suit me all points like a man," etc.

26. *For whom my life*, etc. "One of Shakespeare's paradoxically and powerfully expressed sentences; the paradoxical phraseology aiding to make the powerful effect the more striking. Intense is the expression thus produced of the ever-living agony that pierces the husband's remorse-stricken heart, and stabs him with perpetual regret for his loss of her whose excellence he involuntarily recognizes. This survival of Posthumus's sense of Imogen's true worth over his sense of her supposed fault is precisely one of Shakespeare's subtleties in indirect tribute to virtue and innocence" (Clarke).

30. *Habits.* Dress; or perhaps=outward appearance, in a more general sense.

32. *The guise o' the world.* The way or *fashion* of the world, which is to make the most of the outward show, to seem better than one really is.

SCENE II.—4. *Carl.* Churl, peasant; the only instance of the word in S. Cf. *carlot* in *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 108.

5. *Nature's.* "Natures" in the folios; changed to "nature" by Pope.

10. *Is.* Cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 245: "'t is odds beyond arithmetic," etc. On the other hand, we find "these odds" in *M. for M.* iii. 1. 41.

16. *As.* As if. Cf. iv. 2. 51 above.

SCENE III.—4. *The heavens fought.* Steevens quotes *Judges*, v. 20. *The king himself*, etc. S. found this incident in Holinshed's *Scotland*, where it is told of the Hays, father and two sons. This is evident from the following coincidence in phraseology: "Hay, beholding the *king*, with the most part of the nobles, fighting with great valiancy in the middle ward, now *destitute of the wings*," etc. The scene of the fight is, moreover, "a long *lane* fenced on the side with *ditches* and *walls made of turf*."

7. *Full-hearted.* Full of courage and confidence.

11. *That.* So that. Gr. 283. Cf. 35 below.

15. *Ancient.* Aged. Cf. *W. T.* p. 189.

16. *Who deserved*, etc. Who deserved as long a life as his white beard indicated.

20. *Base.* The game called "prison-base," in which he who runs the fastest is the winner. Cf. *V. and A.* 303: "To bid the wind a base he now prepares" (that is, challenges the wind to run a race); and *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 97: "Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus" (where there is a play upon the word). Steevens quotes Drayton, *Polyolbion:* "At hood-wink, barley-brake, at tick, or prison-base; and *The Antipodes*, 1638: "my men can run at base." See also Spenser, *Shep. Kal.* Oct. 5: "In rymes, in ridles, and in bydding base."

22. *Shame.* Modesty; the "bashful shame" of *V. and A.* 49. *Cas'd* = masked, covered.

26. *Will give you that*, etc. "Will give you that death like beasts, which you shun like beasts, and which you might save yourselves from, only by looking back with a bold frown of defiance" (Clarke). For *beastly*, cf. iii. 3. 40 above.

29. *Three thousand confident.* Three thousand in confidence or courage.

32. *More charming.* Charming others; that is, influencing them as by enchantment. Cf. i. 3. 35 above.

35. *That.* So that; as in 11 above.

37. *Gan.* Began. See on ii. 3. 18 above.

40. *Retire.* Retreat. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 326: "the onset and retire;" *Id.* v. 5. 4: "In faint retire," etc.

42. *Stoop'd.* The folios have "stopt;" corrected by Rowe.

43. *The strides they victors made.* That is, retracing as slaves the onward strides they had made as victors. The folios misprint "the" for *they;* corrected by Theo.

44. *Fragments.* Doubtless referring to the last remnants of *food* on

board. J. H. explains it as "spars and other pieces of timber;" as if *hard voyage* meant a shipwreck and not merely a voyage prolonged by bad weather or other difficulties.

49. *Slaughter-man.* Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 41: "Herod's bloody-hunting slaughter-men." See also 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 75, 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 169, etc.

50. *Or ere.* Sooner than. See on iii. 2. 64 above.

51. *Mortal bugs.* Deadly bugbears. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 22: "such bugs and goblins;" and see our ed. p. 267.

53. *Do not wonder*, etc. "Posthumus first bids him not wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach that wonder is all that he was made for" (Johnson). Theo. changed *not* to "but," and St. conjectures "Ay, do but," etc.

60. *Stand.* Face, withstand. Cf. i. 2. 13 above.

64. *Still going?* Running away from me also? "Said in contemptuous allusion to his having 'come from the *fliers*,' and to his being one that will 'quickly *fly*' a poor-looking man's friendship" (Clarke).

This is a lord! Ritson conjectured "This a lord!" *Noble misery* is =miserable nobility.

68. *Charm'd.* Protected as by a *charm*, or bearing "a charmed life" (*Macb.* v. 8. 17).

72. *Moe.* See on iii. 1. 36 above. The 3d folio has "more."

74. *To the Briton.* Hanmer changed *Briton* to "Roman;" but *now* is =just now, and *No more a Briton* is opposed to the preceding clause: Having been on the side of the Briton, but no longer a Briton, I have resumed, etc. V. says: "In the original reading I understand Posthumus as continuing his figurative search of Death. As a Briton, he could not find Death where he 'did hear him groan,' etc. But he 'will find him,' for he (Death) is now a favourer of the Britons, and therefore Posthumus, 'no more a Briton,' resumes again his Roman character, in order thus to reach his wished-for death." This explanation is due to Capell, but we cannot accept it.

78. *Once touch my shoulder.* In token of arrest. Cf. *shoulder-clapper* =bailiff, in *C. of E.* iv. 2. 37, and see our ed. p. 136.

79. *Answer.* Reprisal, retaliation.

86. *Silly.* Simple, rustic. Malone quotes the novel on which the play is founded as it appears in the translation of the *Decamerone*, 1620: "The servant, who had no great good will to kill her, very easily grew pitifull, took off her upper garment, and gave her a poore ragged doublet, a silly chapperone" [hood], etc.

87. *Gave the affront.* Faced or confronted the enemy. Cf. *affront* in iv. 3. 29 above. The noun occurs nowhere else in S.

90. *Seconds.* Others to *second* or aid him. Cf. *Cor.* i. 4. 43: "now prove good seconds;" and *Id.* i. 8. 15:

> "Officious and not valiant, you have sham'd me
> In your condemned seconds."

91. *Had answer'd him.* Had done like him.

SCENE IV.—1. *You shall not now be stol'n*, etc. "The wit of the gaoler

alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg when he is turned to pasture" (Johnson).

10. *The penitent instrument*, etc. The penitential means of freeing my conscience of its guilt.

14. *I cannot do it better*, etc. This passage has been a stumbling-block to the commentators, but Dr. Ingleby's explanation (*Shakes. Hermeneutics*, p. 100) seems to us perfectly satisfactory. He says: "Posthumus rejoices in his bodily thraldom, because its issue will be death, which will set him free: certainly from bodily bondage, and possibly from spiritual bondage—the worse of the twain. So he prays for 'the penitent instrument to pick *that* bolt,' the bolt which fetters his conscience worse than the cold gyves constrain his shanks and wrists: that is, for the means of a repentance which may be efficacious for pardon and absolution. He then enters into these means in detail, following the order of the old Churchmen: namely, sorrow for sin, or *attrition*: 'Is 't enough I am sorry?' etc.: then penance, which was held to convert attrition into *contrition*: 'Must I repent?' etc.: then *satisfaction* for the wrong done. As to this last he says, if the main condition of his spiritual freedom be that ('To satisfy'), let not the gods *with that object* require a stricter render than his all—his life. These are the three parts of absolution. The third he expands in the last clause. He owns that his debt exceeds his all. He says, in effect: 'Do not call me to a stricter account than the forfeiture of my all *towards* payment. Take my all, and give me a receipt, not on account, but in full of all demands. Earthly creditors take of their debtors a fraction of their debt and less than their all, "letting them thrive again on their abatement;" but I do not desire that indulgence of your clemency. Take life for life—my all: and though it is not worth so much as Imogen's, yet 't is a life, and of the same divine origin; a coin from the same mint. Between man and man light pieces are current for the sake of the figure stamped upon them: so much the rather should the gods take my life, which is in their own image, though it is not so dear, or precious, as Imogen's.'

"The old writers compared the hindrances of the body to gyves. So Walkington in the *Optick Glasse of Humors*, 1607: 'Our bodies were the prisons and bridewils of our soules, wherein they lay manicled and fettered in Gives,' etc. And when Posthumus says 'Cancel these cold bonds,' he means free the soul from the body, as in *Macb.* iii. 2. 49:

> '*Cancel* and tear to pieces that great *bond*
> Which keeps me pale!'

(where Mr. Staunton plausibly reads *paled*); but the epithet *cold* has reference to the material gyves, which were of iron. Cf. *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, iii. 1, where Palamon says 'Quit me of these cold gyves'—that is, knock off my fetters."

30. *Solemn music*, etc. Pope, who put 30–201 in the margin as spurious, remarks: "Here follow a *vision*, a *masque*, and a *prophecy*, which interrupt the fable without the least necessity, and unmeasurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foisted in afterwards for mere show, and apparently not of Shakespeare." Malone calls it "contemptible nonsense,"

and Ritson considers the margin "too honourable a place for so impertinent an interpolation." The editors and critics, almost without exception (see p. 11 above), have been of the same opinion. Schlegel remarks: "Steevens accedes to the opinion of Pope respecting the apparition of the ghosts and of Jupiter in *Cymbeline*, while Posthumus is sleeping in the dungeon. But Posthumus finds, on waking, a tablet on his breast, with a prophecy on which the denouement of the piece depends. Is it to be imagined that Shakspeare would require of his spectators the belief in a wonder without a visible cause? Is Posthumus to dream this tablet with the prophecy? But these gentlemen do not descend to this objection. The verses which the apparitions deliver do not appear to them good enough to be Shakspeare's. I imagine I can discover why the poet has not given them more of the splendour of diction. They are the aged parents and brothers of Posthumus, who, from concern for his fate, return from the world below: they ought, consequently, to speak the language of a more simple olden time, and their voices ought also to appear as a feeble sound of wailing, when contrasted with the thundering oracular language of Jupiter. For this reason Shakspeare chose a syllabic measure, which was very common before his time, but which was then getting out of fashion, though it still continued to be frequently used, especially in translations of classical poets. In some such manner might the shades express themselves in the then existing translations of Homer and Virgil. The speech of Jupiter is on the other hand majestic, and in form and style bears a complete resemblance to the sonnets of Shakspeare." But, as K. replies, the objection to the passage is not that its language is that of "a more simple olden time," but that it is not the language *of poetry*, such as S. would have chosen "to express a feeble sound of wailing."

38. *Attending.* Awaiting.

43. *Lucina.* The goddess who assisted women in labour. Cf. *Per.* i. 1. 8, iii. 1. 10.

45. *That.* So that. See on v. 3. 11 above. On the passage, cf. *Macb.* v. 8. 16.

60. *Leonati seat.* Cf. *J. C.* v. 5. 19: "Philippi fields;" *T. of S.* ii. 1. 369: "Pisa walls," etc. Gr. 22.

67. *And to become*, etc. And suffer Posthumus to become, etc. *Geck* = dupe; as in *T. N.* v. 1. 351: "And made the most notorious geck and gull," etc.

75. *Hardiment.* "Hard fighting, valorous service" (Clarke). Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 152, note on *Changing hardiment.*

78. *Adjourn'd.* Delayed, deferred.

89. *Synod.* The word refers to an assembly of the gods in five out of six instances in which S. uses it. See *A. Y. L.* p. 173, note on *Heavenly synod.*

102. *Delighted.* Delightful; as in *Oth.* i. 3. 290: "If virtue no delighted beauty lack." See Gr. 294, 374.

105. *Jovial.* See on iv. 2. 312 above.

116. *As.* As if. Cf. iv. 2. 51 and v. 2. 16 above. *Foot us* = seize us in his talons.

118. *Prunes.* That is, picks off the loose feathers, to smooth the rest. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 142.

Cloys. Claws, or strokes with his claws; "an accustomed action with hawks and eagles" (Steevens).

125. *Scorn.* Mockery.

129. *Swerve.* Err.

133. *Book.* The *tablet* of 109 above.

134. *Fangled.* "Gaudy, vainly decorated; perhaps the only instance in which the word occurs without *new* being prefixed to it" (Malone).

138. *Whenas.* When. Cf. *C. of E.* p. 142.

145. *Tongue and brain not.* Speak without understanding. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 4. 28: "How might she tongue me!" S. does not use *brain* elsewhere as a verb, except in the sense of beat out the brains.

147. *Be what it is.* Be it what it may. Gr. 404.

148. *Action.* Course.

155. *The shot.* Cf. Falstaff's play upon the word in 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 31: "Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here."

158. *Often.* Some one has conjectured "as often," but the ellipsis is a common one. See Gr. 276.

161. *Are paid.* With a play on the sense of *punished.* Cf. iv. 2. 247 above.

163. *Drawn.* Drawn dry, emptied. The metaphor is probably taken from drawing off the contents of a cask, not from removing the entrails of a fowl, as Steevens makes it.

166. *Debitor and creditor.* An account book (Johnson and Schmidt). Delius hyphens the words, which formed the title of certain old treatises on book-keeping. Cf. *Oth.* p. 156.

167. *Counters.* Round pieces of metal used in calculations. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 38: "I cannot do 't without counters." See also *A. Y. L.* p. 164; and cf. *Oth.* p. 156, note on *Counter-caster.*

176. *So pictured.* Being represented as a skeleton.

177. *Or take.* The folios have "or to take;" corrected by Capell.

178. *Jump.* Risk, hazard. Cf. *Macb.* i. 7. 7: "jump the life to come." See also *Cor.* p. 239.

179. *How you shall speed.* How you shall fare, what luck you shall have; as in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 283, *K. John,* iv. 2. 141, etc.

182. *Wink.* Shut their eyes. See on ii. 3. 21 above.

195. *Prone.* That is, eager for the gallows.

200. *Gallowses.* Doubtless intended as a vulgar plural. Elsewhere we find *gallows;* as in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 74: "a fat pair of gallows," etc.

201. *Hath a preferment in 't.* Apparently = hath the prospect of promotion in it; that is, in a better state of society he would probably have a better office than that of gaoler.

SCENE V.—2. *Woe is my heart.* That is, *to* my heart. Cf. "woe is me" in *Ham.* iii. 1. 168, etc.

5. *Targes.* Targets, shields. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 556: "with targe and shield," etc. Here the word is a monosyllable. See Gr. 471. For

proof=resisting power (a technical term with reference to armour), cf. *Rich. II.* p. 162.

11. *Search'd.* Sought.

13. *The heir of his reward.* That is, the reward meant for him reverts to me.

27. *Who.* Changed to "Whom" in the 2d folio. Cf. iv. 2. 77 above.

28. *Consider.* Remember, bear in mind.

30. *How ended she?* For *end*=die, cf. *T. N.* ii. 1. 22, 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 80, *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 20, etc.

38. *Affected.* Loved; as in *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 82:

> "There is a lady in Verona here
> Whom I affect," etc.

43. *Bore in hand.* Pretended. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 1. 80: "How you were borne in hand" (flattered with false hopes); and see our ed. p. 208.

47. *Delicate.* Explained by Schmidt as "ingenious, artful;" but it is probably=lovely (cf. 63 below), and put in strong antithesis to *fiend.* Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 2. 75: "fiend angelical!"

50. *Mortal mineral.* Deadly poison. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 306: "like a poisonous mineral," etc. W. remarks: "There can be little doubt that the slow poisons of the 16th and 17th centuries were all preparations of white arsenic, the mortal mineral still most effectual for the poisoner's purposes." For *took*, cf. iii. 6. 48 above.

54. *And in time.* The 2d folio has "yes and in time." Walker conjectures "and in due time," and Jervis "and so in time."

55. *Fitted you.* Prepared you, got you into a fit frame of mind.

58. *Shameless-desperate.* For compound adjectives in S., see Gr. 2. The hyphen was first inserted by Capell. *Open'd*=disclosed, revealed.

62. *Mine eyes.* Hanmer reads "Yet mine eyes."

64. *Heard.* The reading of the 3d folio; the 1st and 2d have "heare."

70. *Ras'd.* The folios have "rac'd;" corrected by Theo.

74. *Estate.* State, condition. See *M. of V.* p. 151.

80. *Sufficeth.* It suffices. For the ellipsis, cf. *T. of S.* i. 1. 252, iii. 2. 108, 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 10. 24, etc. Gr. 404.

83. *Peculiar.* Personal; as in *Ham.* iii. 3. 11: "The single and peculiar life;" *Oth.* i. 1. 60: "for my peculiar end," etc.

87. *Over his occasions.* H. thinks this is="beyond what the occasions required;" but it may mean *in regard to* what was required. Cf. *W. T.* ii. 3. 128: "tender o'er his follies." Schmidt strangely explains it: "so nicely sensible of his wants."

88. *Feat.* "Ready, dexterous in waiting" (Johnson). Cf. *Temp.* p. 120, note on *Foot it featly.* See also on the verb, in i. 1. 49 above.

Clarke remarks: "This gentle adaptation of herself and her womanly accomplishments to her assumed office of page crowns the perfection of Imogen's character. Her power, too, of attracting and attaching all who come near her—her father, who loves her in spite of the harshness he has shown her under the influence of his fiendish queen; her husband who has been her 'play-fellow' when a boy, and her lover in manhood, even after her supposed death; her faithful servant, Pisanio; her broth-

ers, who know her but as a poor, homeless boy; Belarius, whose sympathy for the sick youth makes the way forth seem tedious; and Lucius, who pleads for the gentle lad's life with so earnest a warmth, while bearing so affectionate a testimony to his qualities as a page—this power of hers speaks indirectly, but indisputably, in testimony of her bewitching nature."

93. *Favour.* Face. See on i. 6. 41 above.

94. *Look'd thyself into my grace.* Won my favour by thy looks.

95. *Nor wherefore.* The *nor*, omitted in the folios, was supplied by Rowe.

103. *A thing*, etc. "The ring on Iachimo's finger" (J. H.).

119. *Walk with me.* Withdraw with me. See on i. 1. 176 above.

120. *One sand another*, etc. This has been suspected of corruption, but it is probably only one of the many elliptical constructions in the play. Hanmer reads:

> "One sand
> Another doth not more resemble than
> He the sweet rosy lad who died, and was
> Fidele;"

and Capell:

> "One sand
> Another not resembles more than he
> That sweet and rosy lad who died, and was
> Fidele."

Johnson put a period after *resembles.* K., D., W., the Camb. ed., Clarke, and others retain the old text.

126. *Saw.* The folios have "see;" corrected by Rowe.

135. *Render.* State, tell. Cf. ii. 4. 119 above.

143. *Jewel.* See on i. 4. 142 above.

145. *Sir.* See on i. 6. 159 above.

154. *Struck.* The folios have "strooke" or "strook," as in many other passages; oftener than *struck*, which Rowe substituted here.

160. *Rar'st.* See on i. 1. 96 above.

Sitting sadly, etc. This does not exactly agree with the circumstances as they appear in i. 4 above; but such variations are not uncommon in S. "In the present case," as Clarke remarks, "he may either have made it to give the effect of that inaccuracy of memory which often marks the narration of a past occurrence even in persons habitually truthful, or in order to denote Iachimo's innate untruthfulness and unscrupulousness, which lead him to falsify in minor matters as in those of greater moment."

163. *Feature.* Shape, figure; as often. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 73: "He is complete in feature and in mind," etc. *Laming*=making seem lame or deformed.

164. *Shrine.* Image, statue. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 7. 40: "To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint." See also *R. of L.* 194 and *R. and J.* i. 5. 96.

Straight-pight. Straight-fixed, erect. Cf. *pight* (=fixed. in a figurative sense) in *Lear*, ii. 1. 67; and see our ed. p. 197.

165. *Postures beyond brief nature.* "Postures of beings that are immortal" (J. H.).

Condition=disposition, character. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 143: "the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil," etc.

166. *Shop.* Storehouse.

172. *Lover.* For the feminine use, cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 116, *A. Y. L.* iii. 4. 46, *A. and C.* iv. 14. 101, etc.

177. *Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls.* Were made in praise of mere kitchen-wenches. *Crack* was sometimes=bluster, swagger. Cf. the noun in *K. John*, ii. 1. 147: "What cracker is this same that deafs our ears," etc.; and see our ed. p. 143.

178. *Unspeaking sots.* Fools incapable of speech. For *sots*, cf. *Temp.* p. 132, or *C. of E.* p. 123.

180. *As.* As if. See on v. 4. 116 above.

182. *Made scruple.* Expressed doubt. Cf. the play on *scruple* in *2 Hen. IV.* i. 2. 149: "the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself."

190. *Of Phœbus' wheel.* Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 8. 28:

> "He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
> Like holy Phœbus' car."

193. *Taught of.* Cf. *Isa.* liv. 13, *John*, vi. 45, *1 Thess.* iv. 9, etc.

197. *Gan.* See on ii. 3. 18 and v. 3. 37 above.

198. *Vantage.* Advantage. See *K. John*, p. 150.

199. *Practice.* Artifice, stratagem. Cf. *Ham.* p. 255, or *A. Y. L.* p. 156.

200. *Simular.* Counterfeited, false. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 2. 54: "Thou perjur'd and thou simular of virtue;" where the quartos have "simular man."

203. *Averring.* Alleging. Some make it an adjective=confirmatory.

205. *It.* Omitted in the 1st folio.

206. *That.* So that. See on v. 3. 11 above.

207. *Crack'd.* Broken; as in i. 3. 17, and iii. 1. 28 above.

214. *Justicer.* Judge; as in *Lear*, iii. 6. 59: "False justicer, why hast thou let her scape?" See our ed. p. 226. Steevens quotes *Law Tricks*, 1608: "No; we must have an upright justicer;" and Warner, *Albions England*, 1602: "a justicer upright."

216. *Amend.* Improve upon, surpass; or perhaps="make to seem less vile" (J. H.).

221. *And she herself.* "That is, she was not only the temple of Virtue, but Virtue herself" (Johnson).

222. *Spit.* The 2d and 3d folios have "spet," for which see *M. of V.* p. 135.

223. *Bay me.* Bark at me. Cf. *J. C.* iv. 3. 27: "I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon," etc. The 3d and 4th folios have "bait."

228. *Shall 's.* See on iv. 2. 234 above.

229. *There lie thy part.* Play thy part by lying there.

233. *Comes.* The folio reading; changed by Rowe to "come." See on iii. 4. 140 above.

These staggers="this wild and delirious perturbation" (Johnson).

238. *Tune.* Voice, accent. Cf. *Somn.* 141. 5: "thy tongue's tune;" *Cor.* ii. 3. 92: "the tune of your voices," etc.

245. *Approve.* Prove; as in iv. 2. 381 above.

249. *Importun'd.* Accented on the second syllable, as regularly in S. Gr. 492.

250. *Temper.* Compound, mix; used of *poisons* in *Much Ado*, ii. 2. 21, *R. and J.* iii. 5. 98, and *Ham.* v. 2. 339.

259. *Dead.* Insensible, like one dead. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 7. 9:

> "For she, deare Ladie, all the way was dead
> Whilest he in armes her bore; but when she felt
> Her selfe downe soust, she waked out of dread," etc.

262. *Think that you are upon a rock.* This has perplexed some of the critics, and sundry changes have been proposed; but if we suppose that Imogen here throws her arms about her husband's neck (according to the stage-direction first inserted by Hanmer), all is clear enough. Having done this, she says, "Now imagine yourself on some high rock, and throw me from you again—if you have the heart to do it." This action is necessary also to explain the reply of Posthumus, *Hang there*, etc.

265. *Mak'st thou me a dullard*, etc. "Do you give me in this scene, the part only of a looker-on? S. was thinking of the stage" (St.).

271. *Naught.* Worthless, wicked. See *A. Y. L.* p. 142, or *Rich. III.* p. 182.

Long of her. Because of her, owing to her. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 339: "You, mistress, all this coil is long of you," etc. *Long* is equivalent to *along*, but not a contraction of it. See Wb.

274. *Troth.* Truth; as in *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 36: "And to speak troth, I have forgot our way," etc. The 4th folio reads "truth."

283. *Enforc'd.* Got by force. Cf. iv. 3. 11 above.

284. *With unchaste purpose.* Some critic has objected that Cloten does not tell his *purpose* while Pisanio is on the stage in iii. 5 above; but in line 149 he intimates that he intends to make the latter a confidant of his *design*, and we may assume that he does so afterwards.

287. *Forfend.* Forbid. See *Oth.* p. 206.

292. *Incivil.* Changed by Capell to "uncivil;" but S. uses *incertain*, *ingrateful*, *infortunate*, *insociable*, etc., as well as the forms in *un-*. Cf. Gr. 442.

305. *Scar.* The word has been suspected, and "sense," "score," etc., have been proposed as emendations; but, as Clarke notes, the expression is "a very characteristic one for a veteran soldier to use, who can conceive no better claim to merit than having plenteous *scars* to show." W. prints "scarre" (as in the folio), which he takes to be the same obscure word that has perplexed the critics in *A. W.* iv. 2. 38.

308. *Tasting of.* Testing, trying. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 4. 267: "men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour," etc. See also the noun in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 52, *Lear*, i. 2. 47, etc.

310. *We will die all three*, etc. We will all die if I do not prove, etc. We follow the pointing of the folio, as Clarke does. The editors generally put a colon after *three*.

313. *For mine own part*, etc. That is, dangerous for myself. For the transposition, see Gr. 419*a*. Cf. ii. 3. 94 above.

315. *Have at it then.* Here 's for it then, I 'll tell the story. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 302: "Have at it with you," etc.

319. *Assum'd this age.* That is, assumed or acquired it with the lapse of time. He speaks thus, as Henley suggests, with reference to the change in his appearance since Cymbeline last saw him. Tyrwhitt wanted to read "this gage."

323. *Confiscate.* For the form, cf. *C. of E.* i. 1. 21, i. 2. 2, *M. of V.* iv. 1. 311, 332, etc. S. accents the word on either the first or second syllable, as suits the measure.

326. *Prefer.* Promote, advance. See on ii. 3. 129 above.

334. *Your pleasure*, etc. "My crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I have committed, originated in and were founded on your caprice only" (Malone). For *mere* the folios have "neere" or "near;" corrected by Rann (the conjecture of Tyrwhitt). Johnson suggested "dear."

338. *Those . . . as.* See Gr. 280.

344. *Beaten.* My being beaten.

345. *Dear loss.* Loss so deeply felt. See *Rich. II.* p. 164, or *Temp.* p. 124.

346. *Shap'd Unto my end.* Shaped itself to, or suited, my purpose.

349. *Sweet'st.* See on i. 1. 96 above.

352. *Thou weep'st, and speak'st*, etc. "Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the less reason to be incredulous because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate" (Johnson).

360. *Lapp'd.* Wrapped. Cf. *Rich. III.* ii. 1. 115:

> "he did lap me
> Even in his garments," etc.

362. *Probation.* Proof, evidence; as in *Ham.* i. 1. 156:

> "and of the truth herein
> The present object made probation."

See also *Oth.* iii. 3. 365, *Macb.* iii. 1. 80, etc.

364. *A mole*, etc. "Most poetically, as well as with most subtle philosophical knowledge of Nature's workings in the matter of kindred and inherited distinctive marks, has S. given to the prince brother an almost precisely similar personal badge-spot with the one which lies upon the snow of the princess sister's breast. Imogen's 'mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops i' the bottom of a cowslip,' and Guiderius's 'mole, a sanguine star,' are twinned in beauty with a poet's imagination and a naturalist's truth" (Clarke). Cf. p. 35 above.

369. *Mother.* The object of the verb, *deliverance* being the subject.

370. *Pray.* Needlessly, not to say badly, changed by Rowe to "may." The elliptical construction is quite like many others already noted in the play.

371. *Orbs.* Orbits, or, more properly, the "spheres" of the old Ptolemaic astronomy. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 194, or *Ham.* p. 254 (note on *Sphere*).

378. *When ye.* The folios have "When we;" corrected by Rowe.

380. *He died.* As Clarke notes, the use of the pronouns in this line

and the next is very natural, though Hanmer tried to spoil it by changing *he* to "she." Guiderius is so accustomed to think of his sister as a boy that, in reverting to their experiences in the forest, he inadvertently speaks of her as *he*; while Cornelius, who has known her only in her true sex, of course calls her *she*.

381. *Instinct.* For the accent, see on iv. 2. 178 above.

382. *Fierce.* Either = "vehement, rapid" (Johnson), or = "disordered, irregular" (Schmidt). Perhaps it combines the ideas of hurried and wild or disordered.

384. *Distinction should be rich in.* "Ought to be rendered distinct by a liberal amplitude of narrative" (Steevens); or, a more distinct and detailed statement ought to bring out fully.

388. *Your three motives.* The motives of you three.

392. *Inter'gatories.* The folios have "interrogatories;" but the contracted form (for which see *M. of V.* p. 165, or *A. W.* p. 170) suits the measure better, and was introduced by Malone at Tyrwhitt's suggestion.

393. *Anchors.* For the figure, cf. *M. for M.* ii. 4. 3:

> "Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
> Anchors on Isabel."

395. *Her master.* That is, Lucius.

396. *The counterchange*, etc. This is reciprocated each by each.

405. *Forlorn.* Accented on the first syllable before the noun, as in *Sonn.* 33. 7 and *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 124; but on the last when in the predicate, as in *R. of L.* 1500, etc. Cf. ii. 1. 55 above.

406. *Becom'd.* Changed by Warb. to "become;" but the form occurs also in *R. and J.* iv. 2. 26 and *A. and C.* iii. 7. 26. Cf. *misbecomed* in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 778.

408. *Company.* The only instance of the verb in S.

409. *Beseeming.* Seeming, appearance. *Fitment* = equipment. The former is used by S. only here; the latter occurs in *Per.* iv. 6. 6 (not Shakespeare's part of the play), where it is = what is fit, or duty.

412. *Made you finish.* Put an end to you. Cf. 36 above.

418. *The power that I have on you.* Cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 93: "Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty." See also *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 238, *Macb.* v. 3. 7, etc. Elsewhere *have power* is followed by *in* (*Much Ado*, iv. 1. 75, etc.), by *over* (*Rich. III.* i. 2. 47, etc.), and by *unto* (*A. and C.* ii. 2. 146, etc.).

419. *Forgive you.* The plays of Shakespeare's "fourth period" (see Mr. Furnivall's classification, *A. Y. L.* p. 26) are "all of reunion, of reconciliation and forgiveness." Even Iachimo—"a kind of less absolutely evil Iago," as Dowden calls him—repents in time to share in the general pardon.

422. *Holp.* Used as the past tense of *help*, except in *Rich. III.* v. 3. 167 and *Oth.* ii. 1. 138; also the common form for the participle.

424. *Joy'd.* For the transitive use, cf. *Rich. III.* i. 2. 220 and *Per.* i. 2. 9.

428. *Spritely shows.* Ghostly apparitions.

431. *From.* Away from, far from. Cf. i. 4. 14 above.

432. *No collection of it.* No inference from it. S. uses *collection* elsewhere only in *Ham.* iv. 5. 9 and v. 2. 199, where the sense is similar.

435. *Whenas.* When; as in v. 4. 138 above. W. considers that the *scroll* and the four following speeches are "plainly not from Shakespeare's pen." It is not improbable that this part of the scene was "tinkered" to make it jibe with the interpolated masque in v. 4. Coll. suggests that both vision and scroll formed part of an older play. Such riddles were popular on the earlier stage.

447. *Mulier.* It is hardly necessary to say that the word is *not* derived from *mollis aer.*

448. *This.* Changed by Capell to "thy," and by Keightley to "this thy." Delius conjectures "your." These emendations are intended to furnish an antecedent for *who* in the next line; but it is better to assume that *who* refers to wife, and that there is a change in construction in *were clipp'd*, perhaps due to the *you* in the same line. Cf. Gr. 415.

450. *Clipp'd.* Clasped, embraced. See on ii. 3. 132 above.

453. *Point . . . forth.* Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 572: "The which shall point you forth," etc.

463. *Whom heavens*, etc. Another example of confused construction in a relative clause. See Gr. 249, and cf. 394. *Hers* = her son Cloten.

468. *Yet this.* Changed by Theo. and the more recent editors (except W.) to "this yet," the reading of the 3d folio; but the transposition of *yet* is so common in S. (cf. Gr. 76) that we are not justified in altering the original text. See on ii. 3. 73 above.

471. *Herself.* For the feminine *eagle*, cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 169:

> "For once the eagle England being in prey,
> To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
> Comes sneaking," etc.

480. *Friendly.* For the adverbial use, cf. iii. 5. 13 above.

483. *Set on.* Like *set forward* in 478 above, = march on. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 197, or *Hen. VIII.* p. 180.

Did cease. For the ellipsis of the relative, see Gr. 244.

Johnson (cf. p. 15 above) sums up his estimate of *Cymbeline* thus: "This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expense of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation."

ADDENDA.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—We give below the summing-up of Mr. P. A. Daniel's "time-analysis" in his valuable paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakspere's Plays" (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877–79, p. 247), with a few explanatory extracts from the preceding pages appended as foot-notes:

"The time of the drama includes twelve days represented on the stage; with intervals.

"Day 1. Act I. sc. i.–iii.
An Interval. Posthumus's journey to Rome.
" 2. Act I. sc. iv.
An Interval. Iachimo's journey to Britain.
" 3. Act I. sc. v.* and vi., Act II. sc. i. and part of sc. ii.
" 4. Act II. sc. ii., in part, and sc. iii. [Act III. sc. i. also belongs to this day†].
An Interval. Iachimo's return journey to Rome.
" 5. Act II. sc. iv. and v.
An Interval. Time for Posthumus's letters from Rome to arrive in Britain.
[Act III. sc. i. See Day No. 4.]
" 6. Act III. sc. ii. and iii.
An Interval, including one clear day. Imogen and Pisanio journey to Wales.
" 7. Act III. sc. iv.
An Interval, including one clear day. Pisanio returns to Court.
" 8. Act III. sc. v. and vi.
[Act III. sc. vii. In Rome. Time, between Days 5 and 6.‡]
An Interval, including one clear day. Cloten journeys to Wales.
" 9. Act IV. sc. i. and ii.
An Interval—a few days perhaps.
" 10. Act IV. sc. iii.
" 11. Act IV. sc. iv.
" 12. Act V. sc. i.–v."

Truest (p. 175).—Since the note on this passage was in type, it has occurred to us that the interpretation there given is confirmed by the fact that Imogen *has been reading the letter to herself* during the preceding

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* "Another possible arrangement in time for this sc. v. would be to make it concurrent with Day No. 2; or again, it might have a separate day assigned to it, to be placed in the interval marked for Iachimo's journey to Britain. . . . Its position as the early morning of Day 3, 'whiles yet the dew 's on ground,' is, however, quite consistent with my scheme of time."

† "Act III. sc. i. Britain. Cymbeline and his Court receive in state Caius Lucius, the ambassador, who comes to demand the tribute till lately paid to Rome. The tribute is denied, and Lucius denounces in the Emperor's name war against Britain. His office discharged, he is welcomed to the court, and bid 'make pastime with us a day or two, or longer.' The time of this scene is so evidently that of Day No. 4, that I am compelled to place it here within brackets, as has been done in other cases where scenes are out of their due order as regards time."

‡ "Act III. sc. vii. Rome. Enter two Senators and Tribunes. We learn that Lucius is appointed general of the army to be employed in the war in Britain. This army *is to* consist of the forces 'remaining now in Gallia,' supplemented with a levy of the gentry of Rome. This scene is evidently out of place. In any time-scheme it must come much earlier in the drama. . . . It may be supposed to occupy part of the interval I have marked as 'Time for Posthumus's letters from Rome to arrive in Britain.'"

speech (*aside*) of Iachimo. Having come to the end of it, she now turns to him and reads aloud the closing lines with their reference to himself. It was, moreover, natural that Pisanio should first write the loving messages that would form the substance of an absent husband's letter to his wife, and then close with commending the bearer to her courtesy. We can imagine that what Imogen reads aloud was preceded by something like "I send you this by my friend Iachimo, who is going to Britain."

Doing nothing for a bribe (p. 191).—Since this note was written, we see that Dr. Ingleby (*Shakespeare: the Man and the Book, Part II.* p. 10) reads "badge" for *bribe*. He says: "*Badge* is one of those very slight and effective alterations of the text which deserve the name of emendations. The badge was an ornamental cognizance worn by the clients and hangers-on of a great nobleman or courtier, and was valued as people now value a blue or red ribbon. This felicitous emendation was due to the sagacity of Mr. A. E. Brae." It is certainly very plausible, and perhaps suits the context better than *bribe*.

On *sharded*, just above, Dr. Ingleby remarks: "Observe that when Shakespeare speaks of the crawling beetle he calls him *sharded*, that is, covered by his shards; but when he speaks of the flying beetle he calls him *shard-borne*, that is, supported in air by his outstretched shards."

Command into obedience, etc. (iii. 4. 155).—Dr. Ingleby (p. 36) puts this among the instances in which S. seems to say the reverse of what he means. He says: "if she were bid to 'change fear and niceness into a waggish courage,' she must be bid to 'change obedience into command.'" But is not Pisanio thinking of her forgetting to be a *princess* as well as a *woman*, and entering the service of Lucius, as he goes on to suggest?

Defect of judgment, etc. (p. 203).—In writing the note on this passage, we overlooked Dr. Ingleby's explanation (*Part I.* of the work cited above, p. 151), which clears it up in a simpler and better way. He says: "'Defect of judgment,' which all commentators have taken to mean *the total absence of judgment*, means *the defective use of judgment*. They were betrayed into this mistake by another: interpreting the phrase 'scarce made up to man' as if it referred to Cloten's youth ('before he arrived to man's estate,' says Knight), whereas Cloten was a middle-aged man. . . . On the contrary, the phrase *made up to man* signified—in the full possession of a man's judgment; and when it is said that a certain person is 'scarce made up,' it means that he had not a man's judgment. Cloten, being scarce made up, took no heed of terrors that roared loud enough for men with their wits about them, and thus he braved danger; for it is the defective use of judgment (when men have any) which is oft the cause of fear. Cf. 'defect of judgment' in *Cor.* iv. 7. 39, and 'defects of judgment' in *A. and C.* ii. 2. 55." On *scarce made up*, cf. *Rich. III.* i. 1. 21.

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