

OTHELLO



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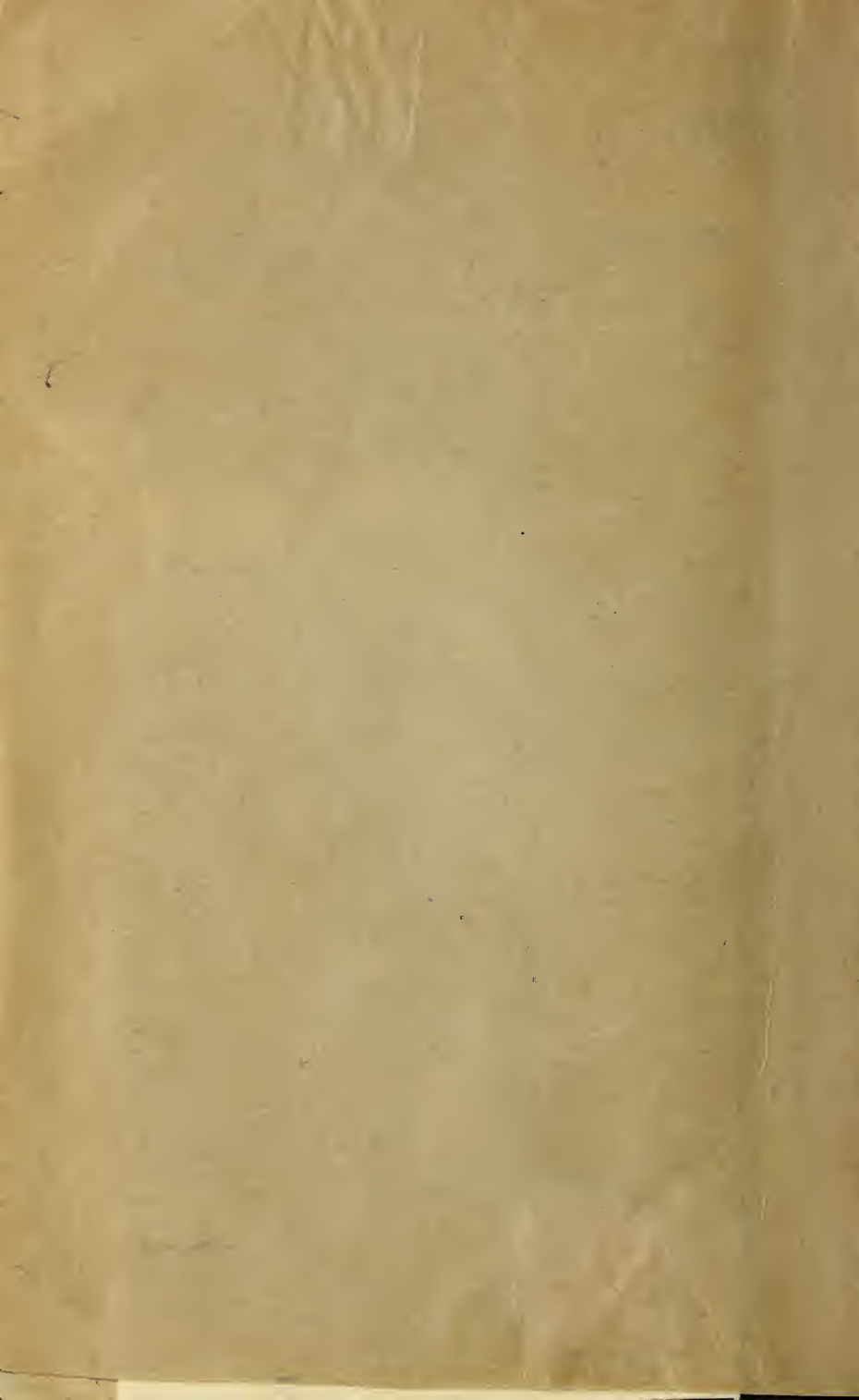
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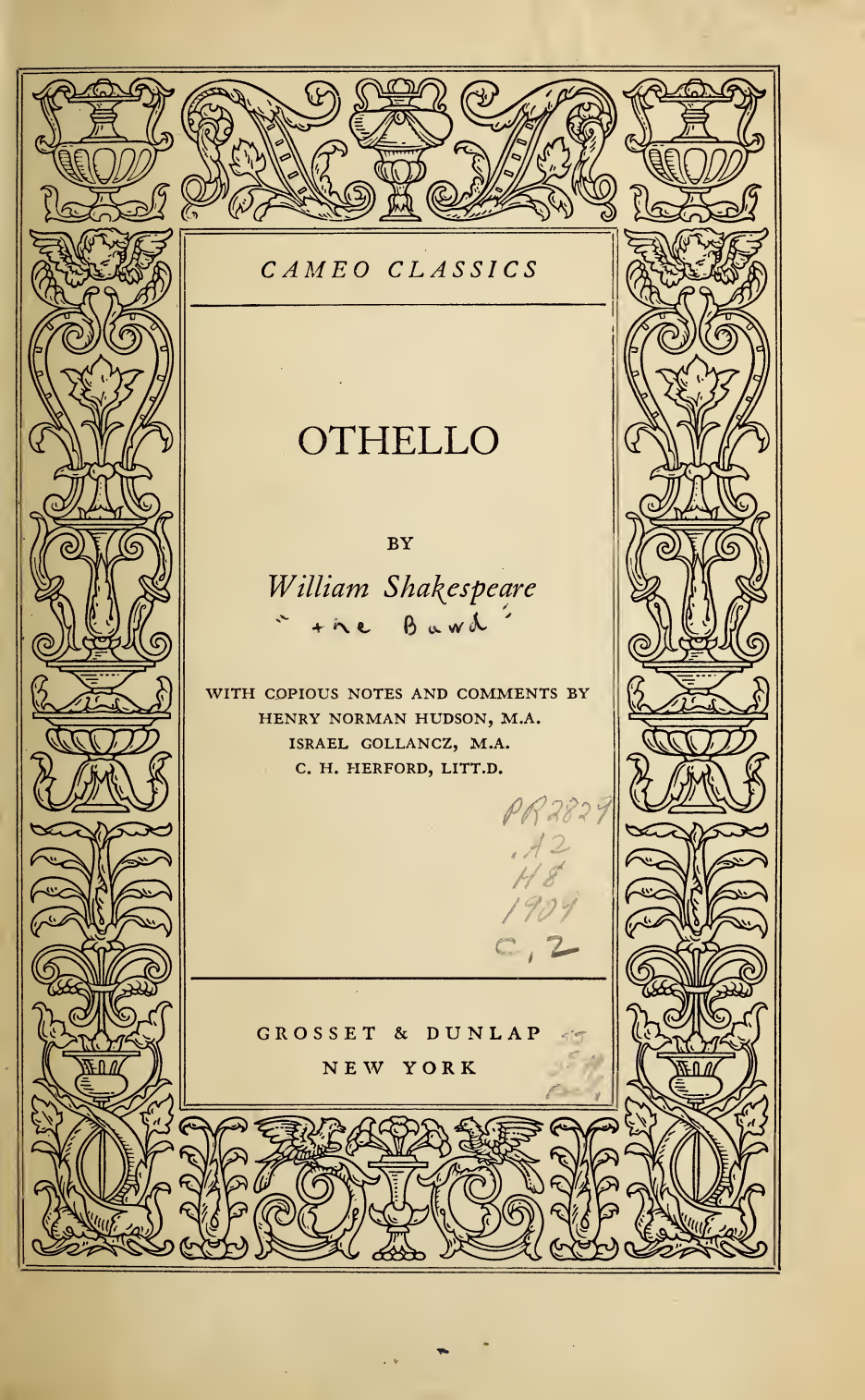
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CAMEO CLASSICS

OTHELLO

BY

William Shakespeare
"the Bard"

WITH COPIOUS NOTES AND COMMENTS BY
HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, M.A.
ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.
C. H. HERFORD, LITT.D.

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THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO,
THE MOOR OF VENICE

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All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.

THE EARLY EDITIONS

The First Edition of *Othello* was a Quarto, published in 1622, with the following title-page:—

“THE | Tragœdy of Othello, | The Moore of Venice. |
As it hath beene diuerse times acted at the | Globe, and
at the Black-Friers, by | his Maiesties Seruants. | Written
by William Shakespeare. | [Vignette] | LONDON, | Printed
by N. O. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his |
shop, at the Eagle and Child, in Brittans Bursse. | 1622.”¹

In 1623 appeared the First Folio, containing *Othello* among the “Tragedies” (pp. 310–339); the text, however, was not derived from the same source as the First Quarto; an independent MS. must have been obtained. In addition to many improved readings, the play as printed in the Folio contained over one hundred and fifty verses omitted in the earlier edition, while, on the other hand, ten or fifteen lines in the Quarto were not represented in the folio version. Thomas Walkley had not resigned his interest in the play; it is clear from the *Stationers’ Register* that it

¹ Prefixed to this First Quarto were the following lines:—

“The Stationer to the Reader.

“To set forth a booke without an Epistle, were like to the old English prouerbe, A blew coat without a badge, & the Author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of worke upon mee: To commend it, I will not, for that which is good, I hope every man will commend, without intreaty: and I am the bolder, because the author’s name is sufficient to vent his worke. Thus leauing every one to the liberty of iudgement; I haue ventered to print this play, and leaue it to the generall censure. Yours, Thomas Walkley.”

remained his property until March 1, 1627 (*i. e.* 1628) when he assigned "ORTHELLO *the More of Venice*" unto Richard Hawkins, who issued the Second Quarto in 1630. A Third Quarto appeared in 1655; and later Quartos in 1681, 1687, 1695.

The text of modern editions of the play is based on that of the First Folio, though it is not denied that we have in the First Quarto a genuine play-house copy; a notable difference, pointing to the Quarto text as the older, is its retention of oaths and asseverations, which are omitted or toned down in the Folio version.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

This *last* point has an important bearing on the date of the play, for it proves that *Othello* was written before the Act of Parliament was issued in 1606 against the abuse of the name of God in plays. External and internal evidence seem in favor of 1604, as the birth-year of the tragedy, and this date has been generally accepted since the publication of the *Variorum Shakespeare* of 1821, wherein Malone's views in favor of that year were set forth (Malone had died nine years before the work appeared). After putting forward various theories, he added:—"We know it was acted in 1604, and I have therefore placed it in that year." For twenty years scholars sought in vain to discover upon what evidence he *knew* this important fact, until at last about the year 1840 Peter Cunningham announced his discovery of certain *Accounts of the Revels at Court*, containing the following item:—

"By the King's 'Hallamas Day, being the first of Nov,
Matis Plaiers. A play at the bankettinge House att
 Whitehall, called the Moor of Venis [1604]."¹

We now know that this manuscript was a forgery, but strange to say there is every reason to believe that though "the book" itself is spurious, the information which it

¹ *v. Shakespeare Society Publications*, 1842.

yields is genuine, and that Malone had some such entry in his possession when he wrote his emphatic statement (*vide* Grant White's account of the whole story, quoted in Furness' *Variorum* edition; *cp. pp.* 351-357).

The older school of critics, and Malone himself at first, assigned the play to *circa* 1611 on the strength of the lines, III, iv, 46, 47:—

“The hearts of old gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts,”

which seemed to be a reference to the arms of the order of Baronets, instituted by King James in 1611; Malone, however, in his later edition of the play aptly quoted a passage from the *Essays* of Sir Wm. Cornwallis, the younger, published in 1601, which may have suggested the thought to Shakespeare:—“*They (our forefathers) had wont to give their hands and their hearts together, but we think it a finer grace to look asquint, our hand looking one way, and our heart another.*”

THE ORIGINAL OF OTHELLO

From the elegy on the death of Richard Burbage in the year 1618, it appears that the leading character of the play was assigned to this most famous actor:—

“But let me not forget one chiefest part
Wherein, beyond the rest, he mov'd the heart,
The grievèd Moor, made jealous by a slave,
Who sent his wife to fill a timeless grave,
Then slew himself upon the bloody bed.
All these and many more with him are dead.”¹

THE SOURCE OF THE PLOT

The story of *Il Moro di Venezia* was taken from the *Heccatomithi* of the Italian novelist Giraldi Cinthio; it is the seventh tale of the third decade, which deals with “The unfaithfulness of Husbands and Wives.” No Eng-

¹ v. Ingleby's *Centurie of Prayse* (*New Shak. Soc.*), 2nd edition, p. 131, where the elegy is discussed, and a truer version printed.

lish translation of the novel existed in Shakespeare's time (at least we know of none), but a French translation appeared in the year 1584, and through this medium the work may have come to England. Cinthio's novel may have been of Oriental origin, and in its general character it somewhat resembles the tale of *The Three Apples in The Thousand and One Nights*; on the other hand it has been ingeniously maintained that "a certain Christophal Moro, a Luogotenente di Cipro, who returned from Cyprus in 1508, after having lost his wife, was the original of the Moor of Venice of Giraldi Cinthio." "Fronting the summit of the *Giants' Stair*," writes Mr. Rawdon Brown, the author of this theory, "where the Doges of Venice were crowned, there are still visible four shields spotted with mulberries (*strawberries* in the description of Desdemona's handkerchief), indicating that that part of the palace portal on which they are carved was terminated in the reign of Christopher Moro, whose insignia are three mulberries sable and three bends azure on a field argent; the word *Moro* signifying in Italian either mulberry-tree or blackamoor." Perhaps Shakespeare learned the true story of *his* Othello from some of the distinguished Venetians in England; "Cinthio's novel would never have sufficed him for his *Othello*"¹ (*vide* Furness, pp. 372-389). Knowing, however, Shakespeare's transforming power, we may well maintain that, without actual knowledge of Christopher Moro's history, he was capable of creating Othello from Cinthio's savage Moor, Iago from the cunning cowardly ensign of the original, the gentle lady Desdemona from "the virtuous lady of marvelous beauty, named

¹ The title of the novel summarizes its contents as follows:—

"A Moorish Captain takes to wife a Venetian Dame, and his Ancient accuses her of adultery to her husband: it is planned that the Ancient is to kill him whom he believes to be the adulterer; the Captain kills the woman, is accused by the Ancient, the Moor does not confess, but after the infliction of extreme torture, is banished; and the wicked Ancient, thinking to injure others, provided for himself a miserable death."

Disdemona (*i. e.* 'the hapless one'),"¹ who is beaten to death "with a stocking filled with sand," Cassio and Emilia from the vaguest possible outlines. The tale should be read side by side with the play by such as desire to study the process whereby a not altogether artless tale of horror² has become the subtlest of tragedies—"perhaps the greatest work in the world."³ "The most pathetic of human compositions."⁴

DURATION OF ACTION

The action seems to cover three days:—Act I—one day; interval for voyage; Act II—one day; Acts III, IV, V—one day. In order to get over the difficulty of this time-division various theories have been advanced, notably that of Double Time, propounded by Halpin and Wilson; according to the latter, "Shakespeare counts off days and hours, as it were, by two clocks, on one of which the true Historic Time is recorded, and on the other the Dramatic Time, or a false show of time, whereby days, weeks, and

¹ This is the only name given by Cinthio. Steevens first pointed out that "Othello" is found in Reynold's *God's Revenge against Adultery*, standing in one of his arguments as follows:—"She marries Othello, an old German soldier." The name "Iago" also occurs in the book. It is also found in *The first and second part of the History of the famous Euordanus, Prince of Denmark. With the strange adventures of Iago, Prince of Saxonie: and of both their several fortunes in Love. At London, 1605.*

² Mrs. Jameson rightly calls attention to a striking incident of the original story:—Desdemona does not accidentally drop the handkerchief: it is stolen from her by Iago's little child, an infant of three years old, whom he trains and bribes to the theft. The love of Desdemona for this child, her little playfellow—the pretty description of her taking it in her arms and caressing it, while it profits by its situation to steal the handkerchief from her bosom, are well imagined and beautifully told, *etc.*

³ Macaulay.

⁴ Wordsworth:—"The tragedy of *Othello*, Plato's records of the last scenes in the career of Socrates, and Izaak Walton's *Life of George Herbert* are the most pathetic of human compositions." (A valuable summary of criticisms, English and foreign, will be found in Furness' *Othello*, pp. 407-453.)

months may be to the utmost contracted" (Furness, pp. 358-372).

According to Mr. Fleay, the scheme of time for the play is as follows:—

Act I—one day. Interval for voyage. Act II—one day. Act III—one day (Sunday). Interval of a week, at least. Act IV, sc. i, ii, iii; Act V, sc. i, ii, iii—one day. Where Act IV begins with what is now Act III, sc. iv, and Act V with the present Act IV, sc. iii.

"Dreams, Books, are each a world: and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round them with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
There find I personal theme, a plenteous store,
Matter wherein right voluble I am,
To which I listen with a ready ear;
Two shall be named pre-eminently dear,—
The gentle Lady married to the Moor;
And heavenly Una, with her milk-white Lamb.

INTRODUCTION

By HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, A.M.

Il Moro di Venezia is the title of one of the novels in Giraldi Cinthio's *Hecatommithi*. The material for *The Tragedy of Othello, the Moor of Venice*, was partly derived from this source. Whether the story was accessible to Shakespeare in English, we have no certain knowledge. No translation of so early a date has been seen or heard of in modern times; and we have already in several cases found reason to think he knew enough of Italian to take the matter directly from the original. We proceed, as usual, to give such an abstract of the tale as may fully discover the nature and extent of the Poet's obligations:

There lived in Venice a valiant Moor who was held in high esteem for his military genius and services. Desdemona, a lady of great virtue and beauty, won by his noble qualities, fell in love with him. He also became equally enamored of her, and, notwithstanding the opposition of her friends, married her. They were altogether happy in each other until the Moor was chosen to the military command of Cyprus. Though much pleased with this honor, he was troubled to think that he must either part from his wife or else expose her to the dangers of the voyage. She, seeing him troubled and not knowing the cause, asked him one day how he could be so melancholy after being thus honored by the Senate; and, on being told the reason, begged him to dismiss such idle thoughts, as she was resolved to follow him wherever he should go, and, if there were any dangers in the way, to share them with him. So, the necessary preparations being made, he soon afterwards embarked with his wife, and sailed for

Cyprus. In his company he had an ensign, of a fine looking person, but exceedingly depraved in heart, a boaster and a coward, who by his craftiness and pretension had imposed on the Moor's simplicity, and gained his friendship. This rascal also took his wife along, a handsome and discreet woman, who, being an Italian, was much cherished by Desdemona. In the same company was also a lieutenant to whom the Moor was much attached, and often had him to dine with him and his wife; Desdemona showing him great attention and civility for her husband's sake.

The ensign, falling passionately in love with Desdemona, and not daring to avow it lest the Moor should kill him, sought by private means to make her aware of his passion. But when he saw that all his efforts came to nothing, and that she was too much wrapped up in her husband to think of him or any one else, he at last took it into his head that she was in love with the lieutenant, and determined to work the ruin of them both by accusing them to the Moor of adultery. But he saw that he would have to be very artful in his treachery, else the Moor would not believe him, so great was his affection for his wife, and his friendship for the lieutenant. He therefore watched for an opportunity of putting his design into act; and it was not long before he found one. For, the lieutenant having drawn his sword and wounded a soldier upon guard, the Moor cashiered him. Desdemona tried very hard to get him pardoned, and received again to favour. When the Moor told his ensign how earnest she was in the cause, the villain saw it was the proper time for opening his scheme: so, he suggested that she might be fond of the lieutenant's company; and, the Moor asking him why, he replied,—“Nay, I do not choose to meddle between man and wife; but watch her properly, and you will then understand me.” The Moor could get no further explanation from him, and, being stung to the quick by his words, kept brooding upon them, and trying to make out their meaning; and when his wife, some time after, again begged him

to forgive the lieutenant, and not to let one slight fault cancel a friendship of so many years, he at last grew angry, and wondered why she should trouble herself so much about the fellow, as he was no relation of hers. She replied with much sweetness, that her only motive in speaking was the pain she felt in seeing her husband deprived of so good a friend.

Upon this solicitation, he began to suspect that the ensign's words meant that she was in love with the lieutenant. So, being full of melancholy thoughts, he went to the ensign, and tried to make him speak more intelligibly; who, feigning great reluctance to say more, and making as though he yielded to his pressing entreaties, at last replied,—“You must know, then, that Desdemona is grieved for the lieutenant only because, when he comes to your house, she consoles herself with him for the disgust she now has at your blackness.” At this, the Moor was more deeply stung than ever; but, wishing to be informed further, he put on a threatening look, and said,—“I know not what keeps me from cutting out that insolent tongue of yours, which has thus attacked the honor of my wife.” The ensign replied that he expected no other reward for his friendship, but still protested that he had spoken the truth. “If,” said he, “her feigned affection has blinded you to such a degree that you cannot see what is so very visible, that does not lessen the truth of my assertion.” The lieutenant himself, being one of those who are not content unless some others are made privy to their secret enjoyments, told me so; and I would have given him his death at the time, but that I feared your displeasure: but, since you thus reward my friendship, I am sorry I did not hold my tongue.” The Moor answered in great passion,—“If you do not make me see with my own eyes the truth of what you tell me, be assured that I will make you wish you had been born dumb.”—“That would have been easy enough,” said the ensign, “when the lieutenant came to your house; but now that you have driven him away, it will be hard to prove it. But I do not despair of caus-

ing you to see that which you will not believe on my word.”

The Moor then went home with a barbed arrow in his side, impatient for the time when he was to see what would render him forever miserable. Meanwhile, the known purity of Desdemona made the ensign very uneasy lest he should not be able to convince the Moor of what he said. He therefore went to hatching new devices of malice. Now, Desdemona often went to his house, and spent part of the day with his wife. Having observed that she brought with her a handkerchief which the Moor had given her, and which, being delicately worked in the Moorish style, was much prized by them both, he devised to steal it. He had a little girl of three years old, who was much caressed by Desdemona. So, one day, when she was at his house, he put the child into her arms, and while she was pressing the little girl to her bosom, he stole away the handkerchief so dexterously that she did not perceive it. This put him in high spirits. And the lady, being occupied with other things, did not think of the handkerchief till some days after, when, not being able to find it, she began to fear lest the Moor should ask for it, as he often did. The ensign, watching his opportunity, went to the lieutenant, and left the handkerchief on his bolster. When the lieutenant found it, he could not imagine how it came there; but, knowing it to be Desdemona's, he resolved to carry it to her: so, waiting till the Moor was gone out, he went to the back door and knocked. The Moor, having that instant returned, went to the window, and asked who was there; whereupon the lieutenant, hearing his voice, ran away without answering. The Moor then went to the door, and, finding no one there, returned full of suspicion, and asked his wife if she knew who it was that had knocked. She answered with truth that she did not; but he, thinking it was the lieutenant, went to the ensign, told him what had happened, and engaged him to ascertain what he could on the subject.

> The ensign, being much delighted at this incident, contrived one day to have an interview with the lieutenant in

a place where the Moor could see them. In the course of their talk, which was on a different subject, he laughed much, and by his motions expressed great surprise. As soon as they had parted, the Moor went to the ensign, to learn what had passed between them; and he, after much urging, declared that the lieutenant withheld nothing from him, but rather boasted of his frequent wickedness with Desdemona, and how, the last time he was with her, she made him a present of the handkerchief her husband had given her. The Moor thanked him, and thought that if his wife no longer had the handkerchief, this would be a proof that the ensign had told him the truth. So, one day after dinner he asked her for it; and she, being much disconcerted at the question, and blushing deeply, all which was carefully observed by the Moor, ran to her wardrobe, as if to look for it; but, as she could not find it, and wondered what had become of it, he told her to look for it some other time; then left her, and began to reflect how he might put her and the lieutenant to death so as not to be held responsible for the murder.

The lieutenant had in his house a woman who, struck with the beauty of the handkerchief, determined to copy it before it should be returned. While she was at the work, sitting by a window where any one passing in the street might see her, the ensign pointed it out to the Moor, who was then fully persuaded of his wife's guilt. The ensign then engaged to kill both her and the lieutenant. So, one dark night, as the lieutenant was coming out of a house where he usually spent his evenings, the ensign stealthily gave him a cut in the leg with his sword, and brought him to the ground, and then rushed upon him to finish the work. But the lieutenant, who was very brave and skillful, having drawn his sword, raised himself for defense, and cried out murder as loud as he could. As the alarm presently drew some people to the spot, the ensign fled away, but quickly returned, pretended that he too was brought thither by the noise, and condoled with the lieutenant as much as if he had been his brother. The next

morning, Desdemona, hearing what had happened, expressed much concern for the lieutenant, and this greatly strengthened the Moor's conviction of her guilt. He then arranged with the ensign for putting her to death in such a manner as to avoid suspicion. As the Moor's house was very old, and the ceiling broken in divers places, the plan agreed upon at the villain's suggestion was, that she should be beaten to death with a stocking full of sand, as this would leave no marks upon her; and that when this was done they should pull down the ceiling over her head, and then give out that she was killed by a beam falling upon her. To carry this purpose into effect, the Moor one night had the ensign hidden in a closet opening into his chamber. At the proper time, the ensign made a noise, and when Desdemona rose and went to see what it was, he rushed forth and killed her in the manner proposed. They then placed her on the bed, and when all was done according to the arrangement, the Moor gave an alarm that his house was falling. The neighbors running thither found the lady dead under the beams. The next day, she was buried, the whole island mourning for her.

The Moor, not long after, became distracted with grief and remorse. Unable to bear the sight of the ensign, he would have put him openly to death, but that he feared the justice of the Venetians; so he drove him from his company and degraded him, whereupon the villain went to studying how to be revenged on the Moor. To this end, he disclosed the whole matter to the lieutenant, who accused the Moor before the Senate, and called the ensign to witness the truth of his charges. The Moor was imprisoned, banished, and afterwards killed by his wife's relations. The ensign, returning to Venice, and continuing his old practices, was taken up, put to the torture, and racked so violently that he soon died.

Such are the materials out of which was constructed this greatest of domestic dramas. A comparison of Cinthio's tale with the tragedy built upon it will show the measure of the Poet's judgment better, perhaps, than could be done

by an entirely original performance. For, wherever he departs from the story, it is for a great and manifest gain of truth and nature; so that he appears equally judicious in what he borrowed and in what he created, while his resources of invention seem boundless, save as they are self-restrained by the reason and logic of art. The tale has nothing anywise answering to the part of Roderigo, who in the drama is a vastly significant and effective occasion, since upon him the most profound and subtle traits of Iago are made to transpire, and that in such a way as to lift the characters of Othello and Desdemona into a much higher region, and invest them with a far deeper and more pathetic interest and meaning. And even in the other parts, the Poet can scarce be said to have taken any thing more than a few incidents and the outline of the plot; the character, the passion, the pathos, the poetry, being entirely his own.

Until a recent date, *The Tragedy of Othello* was commonly supposed to have been among the last of Shakespeare's writing. Chalmers assigned it to 1614, Drake, to 1612; Malone at first set it down to 1611, afterwards to 1604. Mr. Collier has produced an extract from *The Egerton Papers*, showing that on August 6, 1602, the sum of ten pounds was paid "to Burbage's Players for *Othello*." At that time, Queen Elizabeth was at Harefield on a visit to Sir Thomas Egerton, then Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, afterwards Lord Ellesmere; and it appears that he had the tragedy performed at his residence for her delectation. The company that acted on this occasion were then known as the Lord Chamberlain's Servants, and in *The Egerton Papers* were spoken of as Burbage's Players, probably because Richard Burbage was the leading actor among them. And an eley on the death of Burbage, lately discovered among Mr. Heber's manuscripts, ascertains him to have been the original performer of Othello's part. After mentioning various characters in which this actor had been distinguished, the writer proceeds thus:

“But let me not forget one chiefest part
Wherein, beyond the rest, he mov'd the heart;
The griev'd Moor, made jealous by a slave,
Who sent his wife to fill a timeless grave,
Then slew himself upon the bloody bed.”

When selected for performance at Harefield, *Othello* was doubtless in the first blush and freshness of its popularity, having probably had a run at the Globe in the spring of that year, and thus recommended itself to the audience of the Queen. Whether the play were then in its finished state, we have no means of ascertaining. Its workmanship certainly bespeaks the Poet's highest maturity of power and art; which has naturally suggested, that when first brought upon the stage it may have been as different from what it is now, as the original *Hamlet* was from the enlarged copy. Such is the reasonable conjecture of Mr. Verplanck,—a conjecture not a little approved by the fact of the Poet's having rewritten so many of his dramas after his mind had outgrown their original form. The style, however, of the play is throughout so even and sustained, so perfect is the coherence and congruity of part with part, and its whole course so free from redundancy and impertinence, that, unless some further external evidence should come to light, the question will have to rest in mere conjecture.

The drama was not printed during the author's life. On October 6, 1621, it was entered at the Stationers' by Thomas Walkley, “under the hands of Sir George Buck and of the Wardens.” Soon after was issued a quarto pamphlet of forty-eight leaves, the title-page reading thus: “The Tragedy of Othello, the Moor of Venice. As it hath been divers times acted at the Globe and at the Blackfriars, by his Majesty's Servants. Written by William Shakespeare. London: Printed by N. O. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Eagle and Child, in Britain's Bourse. 1622.” This edition was set forth with a short preface by the publisher, which will be found in the foot-note on page vii.

In the folio of 1623, *Othello* stands the tenth in the division of Tragedies, has the acts and scenes regularly marked, and at the end a list of the persons, headed, "The Names of the Actors." Iago is here called "a villain," and Roderigo "a gull'd gentleman." In the folio, the play has a number of passages, some of them highly important, amounting in all to upwards of 160 lines, which are not in the preceding quarto. On the other hand, the folio omits a few lines that are found in the earlier issue.

The play was again set forth in quarto form in 1630, with a title-page reading substantially the same as that of 1622, save as regards the name and address of the publisher.

Neither one of these copies was merely a repetition of another: on the contrary, all three of them were printed from different and probably independent manuscripts.

The island of Cyprus became subject to the republic of Venice, and was first garrisoned with Venetian troops, in 1471. After this time, the only attempt ever made upon that island by the Turks, was under Selim the Second, in 1570. It was then invaded by a powerful force, and conquered in 1571; since which time it has continued a part of the Turkish empire. We learn from the play, that there was a junction of the Turkish fleet at Rhodes, in order for the invasion of Cyprus; that it first sailed towards Cyprus, then went to Rhodes, there met another squadron, and then resumed its course to Cyprus. These are historical facts, and took place when Mustapha, Selim's general, attacked Cyprus, in May, 1570; which is therefore the true period of the action.

In respect of general merit, *Othello* unquestionably stands in the same rank with the Poet's three other great tragedies, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, and *Hamlet*. As to the particular place it is entitled to hold among the four, the best judges, as we might expect, are not agreed. In the elements and impressions of moral terror, it is certainly inferior to *Macbeth*; in breadth and variety of character-

ization, to *Lear*; in compass and reach of thought to *Hamlet*: but it has one advantage over all the others, in that the passion, the action, the interest, all lie strictly within the sphere of domestic life; for which cause the play has a more close and intimate hold on the common sympathies of mankind. On the whole, perhaps it may be safely affirmed of these four tragedies, that the most competent readers will always like that best which they read last.

Dr. Johnson winds up his excellent remarks on this tragedy as follows: "Had the scene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding incidents been occasionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the most exact and scrupulous regularity." This means, no doubt, that the play would have been improved by such a change. The whole of Act I would thus have been spared, and we should have, instead, various narrations in the form of soliloquy, but addressed to the audience. Here, then, would be two improprieties,—the turning of the actor into an orator by putting him directly in communication with the audience, and the making him soliloquize matter inconsistent with the nature of the soliloquy.

But, to say nothing of the irregularity thus involved, all the better meaning of Act I would needs be lost in narration. For the very reason of the dramatic form is, that action conveys something which cannot be done up in propositions. So that, if narrative could here supply the place of the scenes in question, it does not appear why there should be any such drama at all. We will go further: This first Act is the very one which could least be spared, as being in effect fundamental to the others, and therefore necessary to the right understanding of them.

One great error of criticism has been, the looking for too much simplicity of purpose in works of art. We are told, for instance, that the end of the drama is, to represent actions; and that, to keep the work clear of redundances, the action must be one, with a beginning, a middle, and an end; as if all the details, whether of persons or events,

were merely for the sake of the catastrophe. Thus it is presumed, that any one thing, to be properly understood, should be detached from all others. Such is not the method of nature: to accomplish one aim, she carries many aims along together. And so the proper merit of a work of art, which is its truth to nature, lies in the harmony of divers coördinate and concurrent purposes, making it, not like a flat abstraction, but like a round, plump fact. Unity of effect is indeed essential; but unity as distinguished from mere oneness of effect comes, in art as in nature, by complexity of purpose;—a complexity wherein each purpose is alternately the means and the end of the others.

Whether the object of the drama be more to represent action, or passion, or character, cannot be affirmed, because in the nature of things neither of these can be represented save in vital union with the others. If, however, either should have precedence, doubtless it is character, forasmuch as this is the common basis of the other two: but the complication and interaction of several characters is necessary to the development of any one; the persons serving as the playground of each other's transpirations, and reciprocally furnishing motives, impulses, and occasions. For every society, whether actual or dramatic, is a *concrecence* of individuals: men do not grow and develop alone, but by and from each other; so that many have to grow up together in order for any one to grow; the best part even of their individual life coming to them from or through the social organization. And as men are made, so they must be studied; as no one can grow by himself, so none can be understood by himself: his character being partly derived, must also be partly interpreted, from the particular state of things in which he lives, the characters that act with him, and upon him.

It may be from oversight of these things, that the first Act in *Othello* has been thought superfluous. If the rise, progress, and result of the Moor's passion were the only aim of the work, that Act might indeed be dispensed with.

But we must first know something of his character and the characters that act upon him, before we can rightly decide what and whence his passion is. This knowledge ought to be, and in fact is, given in the opening scenes of the play.

Again: We often speak of men as acting thus or thus, according as they are influenced from without. And in one sense this is true, yet not so, but that the man rather determines the motive, than the motive the man. For the same influences often move men in different directions, according to their several predispositions of character. What is with one a motive to virtue, is with another a motive to vice, and with a third no motive at all. On the other hand, where the outward motions are the same, the inward springs are often very different: so that we cannot rightly interpret a man's actions, without some forecast of his actuating principle; his actions being the index of his character, and his character the light whereby that index is to be read. The first business, then, of a drama is, to give some preconception of the characters which may render their actions intelligible, and which may itself in turn receive further illustration from the actions.

Now, there are few things in Shakespeare more remarkable than the judgment shown in his first scenes; and perhaps the very highest instance of this is in the opening of *Othello*. The play begins strictly at the beginning, and goes regularly forward, instead of beginning in the middle, as Johnson would have it, and then going both ways. The first Act gives the prolific germs from which the whole is evolved; it is indeed the seminary of the whole play, and unfolds the characters in their principles, as the other Acts do in their phenomena. The not attending duly to what is there disclosed has caused a good deal of false criticism on the play; as, for example, in the case of Iago, who, his earlier developments being thus left out of the account, or not properly weighed, has been supposed to act from revenge; and then, as no adequate motives for

such a revenge are revealed, the character has been thought unnatural.

The main passions and proceedings of the drama all have their *primum mobile* in Iago; and the first Act amply discloses what he is made of and moved by. As if on purpose to prevent any mistake touching his springs of action, he is set forth in various aspects having no direct bearing on the main course of the play. He comes before us exercising his faculties on the dupe Roderigo, and thereby spilling out the secret of his habitual motives and impulses. That his very frankness may serve to heighten our opinion of his sagacity, the subject he is practising upon is at once seen to be a person who, from strength of passion, weakness of understanding, and want of character, will be kept from sticking at his own professions of villainy. So that the freedom with which he here unmasks himself only lets us into his keen perceptions of his *whens* and *hows*.

We know from the first, that the bond of union between them is the purse. Roderigo thinks he is buying up Iago's talents and efforts. This is just what Iago means to have him think; and it is something doubtful which glories most, the one in having money to bribe talents, or the other in having wit to catch money. Still it is plain enough that Iago, with a pride of intellectual mastery far stronger than his love of lucre, cares less for the money than for the fun of wheedling and swindling others out of it.

But while Iago is selling pledges of assistance to his dupe, there is the stubborn fact of his being in the service of Othello; and Roderigo cannot understand how he is to serve two masters at once whose interests are so conflicting. In order, therefore, to engage his faith without forsaking the Moor, he has to persuade Roderigo that he follows the Moor but to serve his turn upon him. A hard task indeed; but, for that very cause, all the more grateful to him, since, from its peril and perplexity, it requires the great stress of cunning, and gives the wider scope for

his ingenuity. The very anticipation of the thing oils his faculties into ecstasy; his heart seems in a paroxysm of delight while venting his passion for hypocrisy, as if this most Satanical attribute served him for a muse, and inspired him with an energy and eloquence not his own.

Still, to make his scheme work, he must allege some reasons for his purpose touching the Moor: for Roderigo, gull though he be, is not so gullible as to entrust his cause to a groundless treachery; he must know something of the strong provocations which have led Iago to cherish such designs. Iago understands this perfectly: he therefore pretends a secret grudge against Othello, which he is but holding in till he can find or make a fit occasion; and therewithal assigns such grounds and motives as he knows will secure faith in his pretense; whereupon the other gets too warm with the anticipated fruits of his treachery to suspect any similar designs on himself. Vonderful indeed are the arts whereby the rogue wins and keeps his ascendancy over the gull! During their conversation, we can almost see the former worming himself into the latter, like a corkscrew into a cork.

But Iago has a still harder task, to carry Roderigo along in a criminal quest of Desdemona; for his character is marked rather by want of principle than by bad principle, and the passion with which she has inspired him is incompatible with any purpose of dishonoring her. Until the proceeding before the Senate, he hopes her father will break off the match with Othello, so that she will again be open to an honorable solicitation; but, when he finds her married, and the marriage ratified by her father, he is for giving up in despair. But Iago again besets him, like an evil angel, and plies his witchcraft with augmented vigor. Himself an atheist of female virtue, he has no way to gain his point but by debauching Roderigo's mind with his own atheism. With an overweening pride of wealth Roderigo unites considerable respect for womanhood. Therefore Iago at once flatters his pride by urging the power of money, and inflames his passion by urg-

ing the frailty of woman: for the greatest preventive of dishonorable passion is faith in the virtue of its object. Throughout this undertaking, Iago's passionless soul revels amid lewd thoughts and images, like a spirit broke loose from the pit. With his nimble fancy, his facility and felicity of combination, fertile, fluent, and apposite in plausibilities, at one and the same time stimulating Roderigo's inclination to believe, and stifling his ability to refute, what is said, he literally overwhelms his power of resistance. By often iterating the words, "put money in your purse," he tries to make up in earnestness of assertion whatever may be wanting in the cogency of his reasoning, and, in proportion as Roderigo's mind lacks room for his arguments, to subdue him by mere violence of impression. Glorifying alike in mastery of intellect and of will, he would so make Roderigo part of himself, like his hand or foot, as to be the immediate organ of his own volitions. Nothing can surpass the fiendish chuckle of self-satisfaction with which he turns from his conquest to sneer at the victim:

"Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit."

So much for Iago's proceedings with the gull. The sagacity with which he feels and foreshadows his way into Roderigo is only equaled by the skill with which, while clinching the nail of one conquest, he prepares the subject, by a sort of forereaching process, for a further conquest.

Roderigo, if not preoccupied with vices, is empty of virtues; so that Iago has but to play upon his vanity and passion, and ruin him through these. But Othello has no such avenues open: the villain can reach him only through his virtues; has no way to work his ruin but by turning his honor and integrity against him. And the same exquisite tact of character, which prompts his frankness to

the former, counsels the utmost closeness to the latter. Knowing Othello's "perfect soul," he dare not make to him the least tender of dishonorable services, lest he should repel his confidence, and incur his resentment. Still he is quite moderate in his professions, taking shrewd care not to whiten the sepulcher so much as to provoke an investigation of its contents. He therefore rather modestly acknowledges his conscientious scruples than boasts of them; as though, being a soldier, he feared that such things might speak more for his virtue than for his manhood. And yet his reputation for exceeding honesty has something suspicious about it, for it looks as though he had studied to make that virtue somewhat of a speciality in his outward carriage; whereas true honesty, like charity, naturally shrinks from being matter of public fame, lest by notoriety it should get corrupted into vanity or pride.

Iago's method with the Moor is, to intermix confession and pretension in such a way that the one may be taken as proof of modesty, the other, of fidelity. When, for example, he affects to disqualify his own testimony, on the ground that "it is his nature's plague to spy into abuses," he of course designs a contrary impression; as, in actual life, men often acknowledge real vices, in order to be acquitted of them. That his accusation of others may stand the clearer of distrust, he prefaces it by accusing himself. Acting, too, as if he spared no pains to be right, yet still feared he was wrong, his very opinions carry the weight of facts, as having forced themselves upon him against his will. When, watching his occasion, he proceeds to set his scheme of mischief at work, his mind seems struggling with some terrible secret which he dare not let out, yet cannot keep in; which breaks from him in spite of himself, and even because of his fear to utter it. He thus manages to be heard and still seem overheard, that so he may not be held responsible for his words, any more than if he had spoken in his sleep. In those well-known lines,—
"Good name, in man and woman, is the immediate jewel of their souls," etc.,—he but gives out that he is restrained

only by tenderness to others from uttering what would blast them. And there is, withal, a dark, frightful significance in his manner, which puts the hearer in an agony of curiosity: the more he refuses to tell his thoughts, the more he sharpens the desire to know them: when questioned, he so states his reasons for not speaking, that in effect they compel the Moor to extort the secret from him. For his purpose is, not merely to deceive Othello, but to get his thanks for deceiving him.

It is worth remarking, that Iago has a peculiar classification, whereby all the movements of our nature fall under the two heads of sensual and rational. Now, the healthy mind is marked by openness to impressions from without; is apt to be overmastered by the inspiration of external objects; in which case the understanding is kept subordinate to the social, moral, and religious sentiments. But our ancient despises all this. Man, argues he, is made up altogether of intellect and appetite, so that whatever motions do not spring from the former must be referred to the latter. The yielding to inspirations from without argues an ignoble want of spiritual force; to be overmastered by external objects, infers a conquest of the flesh over the mind; all the religions of our nature, as love, honor, reverence, according to this liberal and learned spirit are but "a lust of the blood and a permission of the will," and therefore things to be looked down upon with contempt. Hence, when his mind walks amidst the better growings of humanity, he is "nothing, if not critical": so he pulls up every flower, however beautiful, to find a flaw in the root; and of course flaws the root in pulling it. For, indeed, he has, properly speaking, no susceptibilities; his mind is perfectly unimpressible, receives nothing, yields to nothing, but cuts its way through every thing like a flint.

It appears, then, that in Iago intellectuality itself is made a character; that is, the intellect has cast off all allegiance to the moral and religious sentiments, and become a law and an impulse to itself; so that the mere fact of his

being able to do a thing is sufficient reason for doing it. For, in such cases, the mind comes to act, not for any outward ends or objects, but merely for the sake of acting; has a passion for feats of agility and strength; and may even go so far as to revel amid the dangers and difficulties of wicked undertakings. We thus have, not indeed a craving for carnal indulgences, but a cold, dry pruriency of intellect, or as Mr. Dana aptly styles it, "a lust of the brain," which naturally manifests itself in a fanaticism of mischief, a sort of hungering and thirsting after unrighteousness. Of course, therefore, Iago shows no addiction to sensualities: on the contrary, all his passions are concentrated in the head, all his desires eminently spiritual and Satanical; so that he scorns the lusts of the flesh, or, if indulging them at all, generally does it in a criminal way, and not so much for the indulgence as for the criminality involved. Such appears to be the motive principle of Satan, who, so far as we know, is neither a glutton, nor a wine-bibber, nor a debauchee, but an impersonation of pride and self-will; and therefore prefers such a line of action as will most exercise and demonstrate his power.

Edmund in *King Lear*, seeing his road clear but for moral restraints, politely bows them out of door, lest they should hinder the free working of his faculties. Iago differs from him, in that he chooses rather to invade than elude the laws of morality: when he sees Duty coming, he takes no pains to play round or get by her, but rather goes out of his way to meet her, as if on purpose to spit in her face and walk over her. That a thing ought not to be done, is thus with him a motive for doing it, because, the worse the deed, the more it shows his freedom and power. When he owns to himself that "the Moor is of a constant, loving, noble nature," it is not so much that he really feels these qualities in him, as that, granting him to have them, there is the greater merit in hating him. For anybody can hate a man for his faults; but to hate a man for his virtues, is something original; involves, so to

speak, a declaration of moral independence. So, too, in the soliloquy where he speaks of loving Desdemona, he first disclaims any unlawful passion for her, and then adds, parenthetically, "though, peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin"; as much as to say, that whether guilty or not he did not care, and dared the responsibility at all events. So that, to adopt a distinction from Dr. Chalmers, he here seems not so much an atheist as an antitheist in morality. We remember that the late Mr. Booth, in pronouncing these words, cast his eyes upwards, as if looking Heaven in the face with a sort of defiant smile!

That Iago prefers lying to telling the truth, is implied in what we have said. Perhaps, indeed, such a preference is inseparable from his inordinate intellectuality. For it is a great mistake to suppose that a man's love of truth will needs be in proportion to his intellectuality: on the contrary, an excess of this may cause him to prefer lies, as yielding larger scope for activity and display of mind. For they who thrive by the truth naturally attribute their thrift to her power, not to their own; and success, coming to them as a gift, rather humbles than elates them. On the other hand, he who thrives by lying can reckon himself an overmatch for truth; he seems to owe none of his success to nature, but rather to have wrung it out in spite of her. Even so, Iago's characteristic satisfaction seems to stand in a practical reversing of moral distinctions; for example, in causing his falsehood to do the work of truth, or another's truth, the work of falsehood. For, to make virtue pass for virtue, and pitch for pitch, is no triumph at all; but to make the one pass for the other, is a triumph indeed! Iago glories in thus seeming to convict appearance of untruth; in compelling nature, as it were, to own her secret deceptions, and acknowledge him too much for her. Hence his adroit practice to appear as if serving Roderigo, while really using him. Hence his purpose, not merely to deceive the Moor, but to get his thanks for doing so. Therefore it is that he takes such a

malicious pleasure in turning Desdemona's conduct wrong side out; for, the more angel she, the greater his triumph in making her seem a devil.

There is, indeed, no touching the bottom of Iago's art: sleepless, unrelenting, inexhaustible, with an energy that never flags, and an alertness that nothing can surprise, he outwits every obstacle and turns it into an ally; the harder the material before him, the more greedily does he seize it, the more adroitly work it, the more effectively make it tell; and absolutely persecutes the Moor with a redundancy of proof. When, for instance, Othello drops the words, "and yet how nature, erring from itself"; meaning simply that no woman is altogether exempt from frailty; Iago with inscrutable sleight-of-hand forthwith steals in upon him, under cover of this remark, a cluster of pregnant insinuations, as but so many inferences from his suggestion; and so manages to impart his own thoughts to the Moor by seeming to derive them from him. Othello is thus brought to distrust all his original perceptions, to renounce his own understanding, and accept Iago's instead. And such, in fact, is Iago's aim, the very earnest and pledge of his intellectual mastery. Nor is there any thing that he seems to take with more gust, than the pain he inflicts by making the Moor think himself a fool; that he has been the easy dupe of Desdemona's arts; and that he owes his deliverance to the keener insight and sagacity of his honest, faithful ancient.

But there is scarce any wickedness conceivable, into which such a lust and pride of intellect and will may not carry a man. Craving for action of the most exciting kind, there is a fascination for him in the very danger of crime. Walking the plain, safe, straight-forward path of truth and nature, does not excite and occupy him enough; he prefers to thread the dark, perilous intricacies of some hellish plot, or to balance himself, as it were, on a rope stretched over an abyss, where danger stimulates and success demonstrates his agility. Even if remorse overtake such a man, its effect is to urge him deeper into crime;

as the desperate gamester naturally tries to bury his chagrin at past losses in the increased excitement of a larger stake.

Critics have puzzled themselves a good deal about Iago's motives. The truth is, "natures such as his spin motives out of their own bowels." What is said of one of Wordsworth's characters in *The Borderers*, holds equally true of our ancient:

"There needs no other motive
Than that most strange incontinence in crime
Which haunts this Oswald. Power is life to him
And breath and being; where he cannot govern,
He will destroy."

If it be objected to this view, that Iago states his motives to Roderigo; we answer, Iago is a liar, and is trying to dupe Roderigo; and knows he must allege some motives, to make the other trust him. Or, if it be objected that he states them in soliloquy, when there is no one present for him to deceive; again we answer, Yes there is; the very one he cares most to deceive, namely, himself. And indeed the terms of this statement clearly denote a foregone conclusion, the motives coming in only as an after-thought. The truth is, he cannot quite look his purpose in the face. it is a little too fiendish for his steady gaze; and he tries to hunt up or conjure up some motives, to keep the peace between it and his conscience. This is what Coleridge justly calls "the motive-hunting of a motionless malignity"; and well may he add, "how awful it is!"

Much has been said about Iago's acting from revenge. But he has no cause for revenge, unless to deserve his love be such a cause. For revenge supposes some injury received, real or fancied; and the sensibility whence it springs cannot but make some discrimination as to its objects. So that, if this were his motive, he would respect the innocent while crushing the guilty, there being, else, no revenge in the case. The impossibility, indeed, of accounting for his conduct on such grounds is the very reason why the

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character, judged on such grounds, has been pronounced unnatural. It is true, he tries to suspect, first Othello, and then Cassio, of having wronged him: he even finds or feigns a certain rumor to that effect; yet shows, by his manner of talking about it, that he does not himself believe it, or rather does not care whether it be true or not. And he elsewhere owns that the reasons he alleges are but pretenses after all. Even while using his divinity, he knows it is the "divinity of hell," else he would scorn to use it; and boasts of the intention to entrap his victims through their friendship for him, as if his obligations to them were his only provocations against them. For, to bad men, obligations often are provocations. That he ought to honor them, and *therefore* envies them, is the only wrong they have done him, or that he thinks they have done him; and he means to indemnify himself for their right to his honor, by ruining them through the very gifts and virtues which have caused his envy. Meanwhile, he amuses his reasoning powers by inventing a sort of *ex-post-facto* motives for his purpose; the same wicked busy-mindedness, that suggests the crime, prompting him to play with the possible reasons for it.

We have dwelt the longer on Iago, because without a just and thorough insight of him Othello cannot be rightly understood, as the source and quality of his action require to be judged from the influences that are made to work upon him. The Moor has for the most part been regarded as specially illustrating the workings of jealousy. Whether there be any thing, and, if so, how much, of this passion in him, may indeed be questions having two sides; but we may confidently affirm that he has no special predisposition to jealousy; and that whatsoever of it there may be in him does not grow in such a way, nor from such causes, that it can justly be held as the leading feature of his character, much less as his character itself; though such has been the view more commonly taken of him. On this point, there has been a strange ignoring of the inscrutable practices in which his passion originates. In-

stead of going behind the scene, and taking its grounds of judgment directly from the subject himself, criticism has trusted overmuch in what is said of him by other persons in the drama, to whom he must perforce seem jealous, because they know and can know nothing of the devilish cunning that has been at work with him. And the common opinion has no doubt been much furthered by the stage, Iago's villainy being represented as so open and barefaced, that the Moor must have been grossly stupid or grossly jealous not to see through him; whereas, in fact, so subtle is the villain's craft, so close and involved are his designs, that Othello deserves but the more respect and honor for being taken in by him.

Coleridge is very bold and clear in defense of the Moor. "Othello," says he, "does not kill Desdemona in jealousy, but in a conviction forced upon him by the almost superhuman art of Iago,—such a conviction as any man would and must have entertained, who had believed Iago's honesty as Othello did. We, the audience, know that Iago is a villain from the beginning; but, in considering the essence of the Shakespearean Othello, we must perseveringly place ourselves in his situation, and under his circumstances. Then we shall immediately feel the fundamental difference between the solemn agony of the noble Moor, and the wretched fishing jealousy of Leontes." Iago describes jealousy as "the monster that doth make the meat it feeds on." And Emilia speaks to the same sense, when Desdemona acquits her husband of jealousy on the ground that she has never given him cause: "But jealous souls will not be answer'd so; they are not ever jealous for the cause, but jealous, for they're jealous."

If jealousy be indeed such a thing as is here described, it seems clear enough that a passion thus self-generated and self-sustained ought not to be confounded with a state of mind superinduced, like Othello's, by forgery of external proofs,—a forgery wherein himself has no share but as the victim. And we may safely affirm that he has no aptitude for such a passion; it is against the whole



grain of his mind and character. Iago evidently knows this; knows the Moor to be incapable of spontaneous distrust; that he must see, before he'll doubt; that when he doubts, he'll prove; and that when he has proved, he will retain his honor at all events, and retain his love, if it be compatible with honor. Accordingly, lest the Moor should suspect himself of jealousy, Iago pointedly warns him to beware of it; puts him on his guard against such self-delusions, that so his mind may be more open to the force of evidence, and lest from fear of being jealous he should entrench himself in the opposite extreme, and so be proof against conviction.

The struggle, then, in Othello is not between love and jealousy, but between love and honor; and Iago's machinations are exactly adapted to bring these two latter passions into collision. Indeed it is the Moor's very freedom from a jealous temper, that enables the villain to get the mastery of him. Such a character as his, so open, so generous, so confiding, is just the one to be taken in the strong toils of Iago's cunning; to have escaped them, would have argued him a partaker of the strategy under which he falls. It is both the law and the impulse of a high and delicate honor, to rely on another's word, unless we have proof to the contrary; to presume that things and persons are what they seem; and it is an impeachment of our own veracity to suspect falsehood in one who bears a character for truth. Such is precisely the Moor's condition in respect to Iago; a man whom he has long known, and never caught in a lie; whom he as often trusted, and never seen cause to regret it. So that, in our judgment of the Moor, we ought to proceed as if his wife were really guilty of what she is charged with; for, were she ever so guilty, he could scarce have stronger proof than he has; and that the evidence owes all its force to the plotting and lying of another, surely makes nothing against him.

Nevertheless, we are far from upholding that Othello does not at any stage of the proceedings show signs of jealousy. For the elements of this passion exist in the

strongest and healthiest minds, and may be kindled into a transient sway over their motions, or at least so as to put them on the alert; and all we mean to affirm is, that jealousy is not Othello's characteristic, and does not form the actuating principle of his conduct. It is indeed certain that he doubts before he has proof; but then it is also certain that he does not act upon his doubt, till proof has been given him. As to the rest, it seems to us there can be no dispute about the thing, but only about the term; some understanding by *jealousy* one thing, some another. We presume that no one would have spoken of the Moor as acting from jealousy, in case his wife had really been guilty: his course would then have been regarded simply as the result of conviction upon evidence; which is to our mind nearly decisive of the question.

Accordingly, in the killing of Desdemona we have the proper marks of a judicial as distinguished from a revengeful act. The Moor goes about her death calmly and religiously, as a duty from which he would gladly escape by his own death, if he could; and we feel that his heart is wrung with inexpressible anguish, though his hand is firm. It is a part of his heroism, that as he prefers her to himself, so he prefers honor to her; and he manifestly contemplates her death as a sacrifice due to the institution which he fully believes, and has reason to believe, she has mocked and profaned. So that we cordially subscribe to the words of Ulrici respecting him: "Jealousy and revenge seize his mind but transiently; they spring up and pass away with the first burst of passion; being indeed but the momentary phases under which love and honor, the ruling principles of his soul, evince the deep wounds they are suffering."

The general custom of the stage has been, to represent Othello as a full-blooded Negro; and criticism has been a good deal exercised of late on the question whether Shakespeare really meant him for such. The only expression in the play that would fairly infer him to be a Negro, is Roderigo's "thick-lips." But Roderigo there

speaks as a disappointed lover, seeking to revenge himself on the cause of his disappointment. We all know how common it is for coxcombs like him, when balked and mortified in rivalry with their betters, to fly off into extravagant terms of disparagement and reproach; their petulant vanity easing and soothing itself by calling them any thing they may wish them to be. It is true, the Moor is several times spoken of as black; but this term was often used, as it still is, of a tawny skin in comparison with one that is fair. So in *Antony and Cleopatra* the heroine speaks of herself as being "with Phœbus' amorous pinches black"; and in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* Thurio, when told that Silvia says his face is a fair one, replies,— "Nay, then the wanton lies: my face is black." But, indeed, the calling a dark-complexioned white person black is as common as almost any form of speech in the language.

It would seem, from Othello's being so often called "the Moor," that there ought to be no question about what the Poet meant him to be. For the difference between Moors and Negroes was probably as well understood in his time as it is now; and there is no more evidence in this play that he thought them the same, than there is in *The Merchant of Venice*, where the Prince of Morocco comes as a suitor to Portia, and in a stage-direction of the old quarto is called "a tawny Moor." Othello was a Mauritanian prince, for Iago in Act IV, sc. ii, speaks of his purposed retirement to Mauritania as his home. Consistently with this, the same speaker in another place uses terms implying him to be a native of Barbary, Mauritania being the old name of one of the Barbary States. Iago, to be sure, is an unscrupulous liar; but then he has more cunning than to lie when telling the truth will stand with his purpose, as it evidently will here. So that there needs no scruple about endorsing the argument of Mr. White, in his *Shakespeare's Scholar*. "Shakespeare," says he, "nowhere calls Othello an Ethiopian, and also does not apply the term to Aaron in the

horrible *Titus Andronicus*; but he continually speaks of both as Moors; and as he has used the first word elsewhere, and certainly had use for it as a reproach in the mouth of Iago, it seems that he must have been fully aware of the distinction in grade between the two races. Indeed I never could see the least reason for supposing that Shakespeare intended Othello to be represented as a Negro. (With the Negroes, the Venetians, had nothing to do, that we know of,) and could not have in the natural course of things; whereas, with their over-the-way neighbors, the Moors, they were continually brought in contact. These were a warlike, civilized, and enterprising race, which could furnish an Othello."

That the question may, if possible, be thoroughly shut up and done with, we will add the remarks of Coleridge on the aforesaid custom of the stage: "Even if we supposed this an uninterrupted tradition of the theater, and that Shakespeare himself, from want of scenes, and the experience that nothing could be made too marked for the senses of his audience, had practically sanctioned it,—would this prove aught concerning his own intention as a poet for all ages? Can we imagine him so utterly ignorant as to make a barbarous Negro plead royal birth,—at a time, too, when Negroes were not known except as slaves? As for Iago's language to Brabantio, it implies merely that Othello was a Moor, that is, black. Though I think the rivalry of Roderigo sufficient to account for his willful confusion of Moor and Negro; yet, even if compelled to give this up, I should think it only adapted for the acting of the day, and should complain of an enormity built on a single word, in direct contradiction to Iago's 'Barbary horse.' Besides, if we could in good earnest believe Shakespeare ignorant of the distinction, still why should we adopt one disagreeable possibility, instead of a ten times greater and more pleasing probability? It is a common error to mistake the epithets applied by the *dramatis personæ* to each other, as truly descriptive of what the audience ought to see or know. No doubt,

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Desdemona 'saw Othello's visage in his mind'; yet, as we are constituted, and most surely as an English audience was disposed in the beginning of the seventeenth century, it would be something monstrous to conceive this beautiful Venetian girl falling in love with a veritable Negro. It would argue a disproportionateness, a want of balance in Desdemona, which Shakespeare does not appear to have in the least contemplated."

The character of Othello, direct and single in itself, is worked out with great breadth and clearness. And here again the first Act is peculiarly fruitful of significant points; furnishing, in respect of him as of Iago, the seminal ideas of which the subsequent details are the natural issues and offshoots. In the opening scene we have Iago telling various lies about the Moor; yet his lying is so managed as, while affecting its immediate purpose on the gull, to be at the same time more or less suggestive of the truth: he caricatures Othello, but is too artful a caricaturist to let the peculiar features of the subject be lost in an excess of misrepresentation; that is, there is truth enough in what he says, to make it pass with one who wishes it true, and whose mind is too weak to prevent such a wish from growing into belief.

Othello's mind is strongly charged with the natural enthusiasm of high principle and earnest feeling, and this gives a certain elevated and imaginative turn to his manner of thought and speech. In the deportment of such a man there is apt to be something upon which a cold and crafty malice can easily stick the imputation of being haughty and grandiloquent, or of "loving his own pride and purposes." Especially, when urged with unseasonable or impertinent solicitations, his answers are apt to be in such a style, that they can hardly pass through an Iagoish mind, without catching the air of strutting and bombastic evasion. For a man like Othello will not stoop to be the advocate or apologist of himself: it is enough that he stands justified to his own sense of right, and if others dislike his course, this does not shake him, as he

did not take it with a view to please them: he acts from his own mind; and to explain his conduct, save where he is responsible, looks like soliciting an endorsement from others, as though the consciousness of rectitude were not enough to sustain him. Such a man, if his fortune and his other parts be at all in proportion, commonly succeeds; for by his strength of character he naturally creates a sphere which himself alone can fill, and so makes himself necessary. On the other hand, a subtle and malignant rogue, like Iago, while fearing to be known as the enemy of such a man, envies his success, and from this envy affects contempt of his qualities. For the proper triumph of a bad man over his envied superiors is, to scoff at the very gifts which gnaw him.

The intimations, then, derived from Iago lead us to regard the Moor, before we meet with him, as one who deliberates calmly, and therefore decides firmly. His refusing to explain his conduct where he is not responsible, is a pledge that he will not shrink from any responsibility where he truly owes it. In his first reply when urged by Iago to elude Brabantio's pursuit, our expectations are made good. We see that, as he acts from honor and principle, so he will cheerfully abide the consequences. Full of equanimity and firmness, he is content to let the reasons of his course appear in the issues thereof; whereas Iago delights in stating his reasons, as giving scope for mental activity and display.

From his characteristic intrepidity and calmness, the Moor, as we learn in the sequel, has come to be esteemed, by those who know him best, as one whom "passion cannot shake." For the passions are in him both tempered and strengthened by the energy of higher principles; and, if kept under reason, the stronger they are, the more they exalt reason. This feature of Othello is well seen at his meeting with Brabantio and attendants, when the parties are on the point of fighting, and he quiets them by exclaiming, "Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them;" where the belligerent spirit is as much charmed

down by his playful logic, as overawed by his sternness of command. So, too, when Brabantio calls out, "Down with him, thief!" and he replies, "Good signior, you shall more command with years than with your weapons."

Such is our sturdy warrior's habitual carriage: no upstart exigency disconcerts him; no obloquy exasperates him to violence or recrimination: peril, perplexity, provocation rather augment than impair his self-possession; and the more deeply he is stirred, the more calmly and steadily he acts. This calmness of intensity is most finely displayed in his address to the Senate, where the words, though they fall on the ear as softly as an evening breeze, seem charged with life from every part of his being. All is grace and modesty and gentleness, yet what strength and dignity! the union of perfect repose and impassioned energy. Perhaps the finest point of contrast between Othello and Iago lies in the method of their several minds. Iago is morbidly introversive and self-explicative; his mind is ever busy spinning out its own contents; and he takes no pleasure either in viewing or in showing things, till he has baptized them in his own spirit, and then seems chuckling inwardly as he holds them up reeking with the slime he has dipped them in. In Othello, on the contrary, every thing is direct, healthy, objective; and he reproduces in transparent diction the truth as revealed to him from without; his mind being like a clear, even mirror which, invisible itself, renders back in its exact shape and color whatsoever stands before it.

We know of nothing in Shakespeare that has this quality more conspicuous than the Moor's account "how he did thrive in this fair lady's love, and she in his." The dark man eloquent literally speaks in pictures. We see the silent blushing maiden moving about her household tasks, ever and anon turning her eye upon the earnest warrior; leaving the door open as she goes out of the room, that she may catch the tones of his voice; hastening back to her father's side, as though drawn to the spot by some new impulse of filial attachment; afraid to look the speaker

in the face, yet unable to keep out of his presence, and drinking in with ear and heart every word of his marvellous tale: the Moor, meanwhile, waxing more eloquent when this modest listener was by, partly because he saw she was interested, and partly because he wished to interest her still more. Yet we believe all he says, for the virtual presence of the things he describes enables us, as it were, to test his fidelity of representation.

In his simplicity, however, he lets out a truth of which he seems not to have been aware. At Brabantio's fireside he has been unwittingly making love by his manner, before he was even conscious of loving; and thought he was but listening for a disclosure of the lady's feelings, while he was really soliciting a response to his own: for this is a matter wherein heart often calls and answers to heart, without giving the head any notice of its proceedings. His quick perception of the interest he had awakened is a confession of the interest he felt, the state of his mind coming out in his anxiety to know that of hers. And how natural it was that he should thus honestly think he was but returning her passion, while it was his own passion that caused him to see or suspect she had any to be returned! And so she seems to have understood the matter; whereupon, appreciating the modesty that kept him silent, she gave him a hint of encouragement to speak. In his feelings, moreover, respect keeps pace with affection; and he involuntarily seeks some tacit assurance of a return of his passion as a sort of permission to cherish and confess it. It is this feeling that originates the delicate, reverential courtesy, the ardent, yet distant, and therefore beautiful regards, with which a truly honorable mind instinctively attires itself towards its best object;—a feeling that throws a majestic grace around the most unpromising figure, and endows the plainest features with something more eloquent than beauty.

The often-alleged unfitness of Othello's match has been mainly disposed of by what we have already said respecting his origin. The rest of it, if there be any, may be

safely left to the facts of his being honored by the Venetian Senate and of his being a cherished guest at Brabantio's fireside. At all events, we cannot help thinking that the noble Moor and his sweet lady have the very sort of resemblance which people thus united ought to have; and their likeness seems all the better for being joined with so much of unlikeness. It is the chaste, beautiful wedlock of meekness and magnanimity, where the inward correspondence stands the more approved for the outward diversity; and reminds us of what we are too apt to forget, that the stout, valiant soul is the chosen home of reverence and tenderness. Our heroic warrior's dark, rough exterior is found to enclose a heart strong as a giant's, yet soft and sweet as infancy. Such a marriage of bravery and gentleness proclaims that beauty is an overmatch for strength; and that true delicacy is among the highest forms of power.

Equally beautiful is the fact, that Desdemona has the heart to recognize the proper complement of herself beneath such an uninviting appearance. Perhaps none but so pure and gentle a being could have discerned the real gentleness of Othello through so many obscurations. To her fine sense, that tale of wild adventures and mischances, which often did beguile her of her tears,—a tale wherein another might have seen but the marks of a rude, coarse, animal strength,—disclosed the history of a most meek, brave, manly soul. Nobly blind to whatsoever is repulsive in his manhood's vesture of accidents, her thoughts are filled with "his honors and his valiant parts"; his ungracious aspect is lost to her in his graces of character; and the shrine, that were else so unattractive to look upon, is made beautiful by the life with which her chaste eye sees it irradiated.

In herself, Desdemona is not more interesting than several of the Poet's women; but perhaps none of the others is in a condition so proper for developing the innermost springs of pathos. In her character and sufferings there is a nameless something that haunts the reader's mind,

and hangs like a spell of compassionate sorrow upon the beatings of his heart: his thoughts revert to her and linger about her, as under a mysterious fascination of pity which they cannot shake off, and which is only kept from being painful by the sacred charm of beauty and eloquence that blends with the feeling while kindling it. It is remarkable, that the sympathies are not so deeply moved in the scene of her death, as in that where by the blows of her husband's hand and tongue she is made to feel that she has lost him. Too innocent to suspect that she is suspected, she cannot for a long time understand nor imagine the motive of his harshness; and her errings in quest of excuses and apologies for him are deeply pathetic, inasmuch as they manifestly spring from her incapability of an impure thought. And the sense that the heart of his confidence is gone from her, and for what cause it is gone, comes upon her like a dead stifling weight of agony and woe, which benumbs her to all other pains. She does not show any thing that can be properly called pangs of suffering; the effect is too deep for that; the blow falling so heavy that it stuns her sensibilities into a sort of lethargy.

Desdemona's character may almost be said to consist in the union of purity and impressibility. All her organs of sense and motion seem perfectly ensouled, and her visible form instinct in every part with the spirit and intelligence of moral life.

"We understood

Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say her body thought."

Hence her father describes her as a "maiden never bold; of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion blush'd at itself." Which gives the idea of a being whose whole frame is so receptive of influences and impressions from without, who lives so entranced amid a world of beauty and delight, that her soul keeps ever looking and listening; and if at any time she chance upon a stray thought:

or vision of herself, she shrinks back surprised and abashed, as though she had caught herself in the presence of a stranger whom modesty kept her from looking in the face. It is through this most delicate impressibility that she sometimes gets frightened out of her real character; as in her equivocation about the handkerchief, and her child-like pleading for life in the last scene; where her perfect candor and resignation are overmastered by sudden impressions of terror.

But, with all her openness to influences from without, she is still susceptible only of the good. No element of impurity can insinuate itself. Her nature seems wrought about with some subtle texture of moral sympathies and antipathies, which selects as by instinct whatsoever is pure, without taking any thought or touch of the evil mixed with it. Even Iago's moral oil-of-vitriol cannot eat a passage into her mind: from his envenomed wit she extracts the element of harmless mirth, without receiving or suspecting the venom with which it is charged. Thus the world's contagions pass before her, yet dare not touch nor come near her, because she has nothing to sympathize with them or own their acquaintance. And so her life is like a quiet stream,

"In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirror'd; which, though shapes of ill
Do hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them."

Desdemona's heroism, we fear, is not of the kind to take very well with such an age of individual ensconcement as the present. Though of a "high and plenteous wit and invention," this quality never makes any special report of itself: like Cordelia, all the parts of her being speak in such harmony that the intellectual tones may not be distinctly heard. Besides, her mind and character were formed under that old-fashioned way of thinking which, regarding man and wife as socially one, legislated *round* them, not *between* them; so that the wife naturally sought

protection *in* her husband, instead of resorting to legal methods for protection *against* him. Affection does indeed fill her with courage and energy of purpose: she is heroic to link her life with the man she loves; heroic to do and suffer with him and for him after she is his; but, poor gentle soul! she knows no heroism that can prompt her, in respect of him, to cast aside the awful prerogative of defenselessness: that she has lost him, is what hurts her; and this is a hurt that cannot be salved with anger or resentment: so that her only strength is to be meek, uncomplaining, submissive in the worst that his hand may execute. Swayed by that power whose "favorite seat is feeble woman's breast," she is of course "a child to chiding," and sinks beneath unkindness, instead of having the spirit to outface it.

They err greatly, who think to school Desdemona in the doctrine of woman's rights. When her husband has been shaken from his confidence in her truth and loyalty, what can she care for her rights as a woman? To be under the necessity of asserting them, is to have lost and more than lost them. A constrained abstinence from evil deeds and unkind words bears no price with her; and to be sheltered from the wind and storm, is worse than nothing, unless she have a living fountain of light and warmth in the being that shelters her. But, indeed, the beauty of the woman is so hid in the affection and obedience of the wife, that it seems almost a profanation to praise it. As brave to suffer wrong as she is fearful to do it, there is a holiness in her mute resignation which ought, perhaps, to be kept, where the Poet has left it, veiled from all save those whom a severe discipline of humanity may have qualified for duly respecting it. At all events, whoever would get at her secret, let him study her as a pupil, not as a critic; and until his inmost heart speaks her approval, let him rest assured that he is not competent to judge her. But if he have the gift to see that her whole course, from the first intimation of the gentle, submissive daughter, to the last groan of the ever-loving, ever-obedient, broken-hearted

wife, is replete with the beauty and grace and holiness of womanhood, then let him weep, weep, for her; so may he depart "a sadder and a wiser man." As for her unresisting submissiveness, let no man dare to defend it! Assuredly, we shall do her a great wrong, if we suppose for a moment that she would not rather die by her husband's hand, than owe her life to any protection against him. What, indeed, were life, what could it be to her, since suspicion has fallen on her innocence? That her husband could not, would not, *dare* not wrong her, even because she had trusted in him, and because in her sacred defenselessness she could not resist nor resent the wrong,—this is the only protection from which she would not pray to be delivered.

Coleridge has justly remarked upon the art shown in Iago, that the character, with all its inscrutable depravity, neither revolts nor seduces the mind: the interest of his part amounts almost to fascination, yet there is not the slightest moral taint or infection about it. Hardly less wonderful is the Poet's skill in carrying the Moor through such a course of undeserved infliction, without any loosening from him of our sympathy or respect. Deep and intense as is the feeling that goes along with Desdemona, Othello fairly divides it with her: nay, more; the virtues and sufferings of each are so managed as to heighten the interest of the other. The impression still waits upon him, that he does "nought in hate, but all in honor." Nor is the mischief made to work through any vice or weakness perceived or left in him, but rather through such qualities as lift him higher in our regard. Under the conviction that she, in whom he had built his faith and garnered up his heart,—that she, in whom he looked to find how much more blessed it is to give than to receive, has desecrated all his gifts, and turned his very religion into sacrilege;—under this conviction, all the poetry, the grace, the consecration, every thing that can beautify or gladden existence is gone; his whole being, with its freight of hopes, memories, affections, is reduced

to a total wreck; a last farewell to whatsoever has made life attractive, the conditions, motives, prospects of noble achievement, is all there is left him: in brief, he feels literally unmade, robbed not only of the laurels he has won, but of the spirit that manned him to the winning of them; so that he can neither live nobly nor nobly die, but is doomed to a sort of living death, an object of scorn and loathing unto himself. In this state of mind, no wonder his thoughts reel and totter, and cling convulsively to his honor, which is the only thing that now remains to him, until in his efforts to rescue this he loses all, and has no refuge but in self-destruction. He approaches the awful task in the bitterness as well as the calmness of despair. In sacrificing his love to save his honor, he really performs the most heroic self-sacrifice; for the taking of Desdemona's life is to him something worse than to lose his own. Nor could he ever have loved her so much, had he not loved honor more. Her love for him, too, is based upon the very principle that now prompts and nerves him to the sacrifice. And as at last our pity for her rises into awe, so our awe of him melts into pity; the catastrophe thus blending their several virtues and sufferings into one most profound, solemn, sweetly-mournful impression. "Othello," says Coleridge, "had no life but in Desdemona: —the belief that she, his angel, had fallen from the heaven of her native innocence, wrought a civil war in his heart. She is his counterpart; and, like him, is almost sanctified in our eyes by her absolute unsuspectingness, and holy entireness of love. As the curtain drops, which do we pity the most?"



COMMENTS

By SHAKESPEAREAN SCHOLARS

OTHELLO

In Othello, Shakespeare means us to recognize the man of action, whose life has been spent in deeds of military prowess and adventure, but who has had little experience either of the ways of society or of the intrigues of weaker men. Moreover, he is a man apart. A renegade from his own faith and an outcast from his own people, he is, indeed, the valued servant of the Venetian state, but is not regarded as on an equality with its citizens, and that though, as being of kingly descent, he regards himself as being at least the equal of its republican citizens. A homeless man, who had never experienced the soothing influences of domesticity. (In short, a man strong in action but weak in intellectuality, of natural nobility of character, knowing no guile in himself and incapable of seeing it in others; but withal sensitive on the subject of his birth, and inclined to regard himself as an inheritor of the curse of outcast Ishmael.—RANSOME, *Short Studies of Shakespeare's Plots*.)

(Othello has a strong and healthy mind and a vivid imagination, but they deal entirely with first impressions, with obvious facts.) If he trusts a man, he trusts him without the faintest shadow of reserve. Iago's suggestion that Desdemona is false comes upon him like a thunderbolt. He *knows* this man to be honest, his every word the absolute truth. He is stunned, and his mind accepts specious reasonings passively and without examination. Yet his love is so intense that he struggles against his own

nature, and for a time *compels* himself to think, though not upon the great question whether she is false. He cannot bring his intellect to attack Iago's conclusions, and only argues the minor point: *Why* is she false? But even this effort is too much for him. It is, I have said, against nature; and nature, after the struggle has been carried on unceasingly for hours, revenges herself—he falls into a fit. That this is the legitimate climax of overpowering emotion on an intensely real and single character is plain. This obstruction and chaos of the faculties is the absolute opposite of the brilliant life into which Hamlet's intellect leaps on its contact with tremendous realities. —ROSE, *Sudden Emotion: Its Effect upon Different Characters as Shown by Shakspeare.*

What a fortunate mistake that the Moor, under which name a baptized Saracen of the northern coast of Africa was unquestionably meant in the novel, has been made by Shakespeare, in every respect, a negro! We recognize in Othello the wild nature of that glowing zone which generates the most raging beasts of prey and the most deadly poisons, tamed only in appearance by the desire of fame, by foreign laws of honor, and by nobler and milder manners. His jealousy is not the jealousy of the heart, which is incompatible with the tenderest feeling and adoration of the beloved object; it is of that sensual kind from which, in burning climes, has sprung the disgraceful ill-treatment of women and many other unnatural usages. A drop of this poison flows in his veins, and sets his whole blood in the most disorderly fermentation. The Moor seems noble, frank, confiding, grateful for the love shown him; and he *is* all this, and, moreover, a hero that spurns at danger, a worthy leader of an army, a faithful servant of the state; but the mere physical force of passion puts to flight in one moment all his acquired and accustomed virtues, and gives the upper hand to the savage in him over the moral man. The tyranny of the blood over the will betrays itself even in the expression of his desire of

revenge against Cassio. In his repentance when he views the evidence of the deed, a genuine tenderness for his murdered wife, and the painful feeling of his annihilated honor, at last burst forth; and he every now and then assails himself with the rage a despot shows in punishing a runaway slave. He suffers as a double man; at once in the higher and lower sphere into which his being was divided.—SCHLEGEL, *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*.

DESDEMONA

The suffering of Desdemona is, unless I mistake, the most nearly intolerable spectacle that Shakespeare offers us. For one thing, it is *mere* suffering; and, *ceteris paribus*, that is much worse to witness than suffering that issues in action. Desdemona is helplessly passive. She can do nothing whatever. She cannot retaliate even in speech; no, not even in silent feeling. And the chief reason of her helplessness only makes the sight of her suffering more exquisitely painful. She is helpless because her nature is infinitely sweet and her love absolute. I would not challenge Mr. Swinburne's statement that we *pity* Othello even more than Desdemona; but we watch Desdemona with more unmitigated distress. We are never wholly uninfluenced by the feeling that Othello is a man contending with another man; but Desdemona's suffering is like that of the most loving of dumb creatures tortured without cause by the being he adores.—BRADLEY, *Shakespearean Tragedy*.

Nothing in poetry has ever been written more pathetic than the scene preceding Desdemona's death; I confess I almost always turn away my eyes from the poor girl with her infinitely touching song of "Willow, willow, willow," and I would fain ask the Poet whether his tragic arrow, which always hits the mark, does not here pierce almost too deeply. I would not call the last word with which she dies a lie, or even a "noble" lie; this qualification has

been wretchedly misused. The lie with which Desdemona dies is divine truth, too good to come within the compass of an earthly moral code.—HORN, *Shakespeare's Schauspiele erläutert*.

THE MURDER OF DESDEMONA

When Othello thus bows his own lofty nature before the groveling but most acute worldly intellect of Iago, his habitual view of "all qualities" had been clouded by the breath of the slanderer. His confidence in purity and innocence had been destroyed. The sensual judgment of "human dealings" had taken the place of the spiritual. The enthusiastic love and veneration of his wife had been painted to him as the result of gross passion:—

"Not to affect many proposed matches," &c.

His belief in the general prevalence of virtuous motives and actions had been degraded to a reliance on the *Libertine's* creed that all are impure:—

———"there's millions now alive," &c.

When the innocent and the high-minded submit themselves to the tutelage of the man of the world, as he is called, the process of mental change is precisely that produced in the mind of Othello. The poetry of life is gone. On them, never more

"The freshness of the heart can fall like dew."

They abandon themselves to the betrayer, and they prostrate themselves before the energy of his "gain'd knowledge." They feel that in their own original powers of judgment they have no support against the dogmatism, and it may be the ridicule, of experience. This is the course with the young when they fall into the power of the tempter. But was not Othello in all essentials *young*? Was he not of an enthusiastic temperament, confiding, loving,—most sensitive to opinion,—jealous of his honor,—

truly wise, had he trusted to his own pure impulses?—But he was most weak, in adopting an evil opinion against his own faith, and conviction, and proof in his reliance upon the honesty and judgment of a man whom he really doubted and had never proved. Yet this is the course by which the highest and noblest intellects are too often subjected to the dominion of the subtle understanding and the unbridled will. It is an unequal contest between the principles that are struggling for the master in the individual man, when the attributes of the serpent and the dove are separated, and become conflicting. The wisdom which belonged to Othello's enthusiastic temperament was his confidence in the truth and purity of the being with whom his life was bound up, and his general reliance upon the better part of human nature, in his judgment of his friend. When the confidence was destroyed by the craft of his deadly enemy, his sustaining power was also destroyed;—the balance of his sensitive temperament was lost;—his enthusiasm became wild passion;—his new belief in the dominion of grossness over the apparently pure and good, shaped itself into gross outrage; his honor lent itself to schemes of cruelty and revenge. But even amidst the whirlwind of this passion, we every now and then hear something which sounds as the softest echo of love and gentleness. Perhaps in the whole compass of the Shakspearean pathos there is nothing deeper than "But yet the pity of it, Iago! O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago." It is the contemplated murder of Desdemona which thus tears his heart. But his "disordered power, engendered within itself to its own destruction," hurries on the catastrophe. We would ask, with Coleridge, "As the curtain drops, which do we pity the most?"—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakspeare*.

Finally, let me repeat that Othello does not kill Desdemona in jealousy, but in a conviction forced upon him by the almost superhuman art of Iago,—such a conviction as any man would and must have entertained who had

believed Iago's honesty as Othello did. We, the audience, know that Iago is a villain from the beginning; but in considering the essence of the Shaksperian Othello, we must perseveringly place ourselves in his situation, and under his circumstances. Then we shall immediately feel the fundamental difference between the solemn agony of the noble Moor, and the wretched fishing jealousies of Leontes, and the morbid suspiciousness of Leonatus, who is, in other respects, a fine character. Othello had no life but in Desdemona:—the belief that she, his angel, had fallen from the heaven of her native innocence, wrought a civil war in his heart. She is his counterpart; and, like him, is almost sanctified in our eyes by her absolute unsuspectingness, and holy entireness of love. As the curtain drops, which do we pity the most?—COLERIDGE, *Lectures on Shakspeare*.

IAGO

The Moor has in his service as "ancient" a young Venetian, Iago, of tried military capacity, cheerful temperament and bluff honesty of bearing. No one, to outward seeming, could be less of a villain, and yet this plausibly respectable exterior covers a fiend in human shape. Iago is the arch-criminal of Shakspearean drama—"more fell than anguish, hunger and the sea." Richard III is in many features his prototype, but the hunchback king is incited to his unnatural deeds by the consciousness of his physical deformity. Moreover, though he has taken "Machiavel" as his master, he is after all an "Italianate" Englishman, not an Italian, and though he crushes conscience, as he believes, out of existence, it asserts its power at the last. But in Iago conscience is completely wanting. He is, as Coleridge has said, "all will in intellect." He is the incarnation of absolute egotism, an egotism that without passion or even apparent purpose is at chronic feud with the moral order of the world. His mind is simply a non-conductor of spiritual elements in life. "Virtue" is to him a "fig," love "a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will;"

reputation, "an idle and most false imposition," whose loss is a trifle compared with a bodily wound. Hamlet in the agony of disillusion had compared the world to an unweeded garden, occupied solely by things rank and gross in nature. This is Iago's habitual view, and to him it causes no particle of pain. Evil is his native element, and the increase of evil an end in itself. It is, therefore, unprofitable to discuss in detail the grounds of his hatred towards Othello or his other victims. His is at bottom, to use Coleridge's phrase, a "motiveless malignity," and he can scarcely be in earnest with the pretexts which he urges for his misdeeds, and which vary from day to day. Othello's advancement, over his head, of Cassio, a Florentine who knows nothing of war but "the bookish theoretic," might seem a genuine grievance, yet it is noticeable that after the first few lines of the play Iago scarcely alludes to this, and makes more of what are evidently imaginary offenses by Othello and Cassio against his honor as a husband. In one passage he hints vaguely that he loves Desdemona, and it is significant that this is the only trace left of the ensign's motive for revenge in Cinthio's novel. That Shakspeare departed so widely from his original proves that he meant Iago to be actuated by nothing but sheer *diablerie*.—BOAS, *Shakspeare and his Predecessors*.

Some allege that Iago is too villainous to be a natural character, but those allegers are simpleton judges of human nature: Fletcher of Saltoun has said that there is many a brave soldier who never wore a sword; in like manner, there is many an Iago in the world who never committed murder. Iago's "*learned spirit*" and exquisite intellect, happily ending in his own destruction, were as requisite for the moral of the piece as for the sustaining of Othello's high character; for we should have despised the Moor if he had been deceived by a less consummate villain than "honest Iago." The latter is a true character, and the philosophical truth of this tragedy makes it terrible to peruse, in spite of its beautiful poetry.

Why has Aristotle said that tragedy purifies the passions? for our last wish and hope in reading *Othello* is that the villain Iago may be well tortured.—CAMPBELL, *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Shakespeare*.

But Iago! Aye! there's the rub. Well may poor Othello look down to his feet, and not seeing them different from those of others, feel convinced that it is a fable which attributes a cloven hoof to the devil. Nor is it wonderful that the parting instruction of Lodovico to Cassio [*sic*] should be to enforce the most cunning cruelty of torture on the hellish villain, or that all the party should vie with each other in heaping upon him words of contumely and execration. His determination to keep silence when questioned, was at least judicious; for with his utmost ingenuity he could hardly find anything to say for himself. Is there nothing, then, to be said for him by anybody else?

No more than this. He is the sole exemplar of studied personal revenge in the plays. The philosophical mind of Hamlet ponders too deeply, and sees both sides of the question too clearly, to be able to carry any plan of vengeance into execution. Romeo's revenge on Tybalt for the death of Mercutio is a sudden gust of ungovernable rage. The vengeance in the Historical Plays are those of war or statecraft. In Shylock, the passion is hardly personal against his intended victim. A swaggering Christian is at the mercy of a despised and insulted Jew. The hatred is national and sectarian. Had Bassanio or Gratiano, or any other of their creed, been in his power, he would have been equally relentless. He is only retorting the wrongs and insults of his tribe in demanding full satisfaction, and imitating the hated Christians in their own practices. It is, on the whole, a passion remarkably seldom exhibited in Shakespeare in any form. Iago, as I have said, is its only example as directed against an individual. Iago had been affronted in the tenderest point. He felt that he had strong claims on the office of lieutenant to Othello. The greatest exertion

was made to procure it for him, and yet he was refused. What is still worse, the grounds of the refusal are military; Othello assigns to the civilians reasons for passing over Iago, drawn from his own trade, of which they, of course, could not pretend to be adequate judges. And worst of all, when this practised military man is for military reasons set aside, who is appointed? Some man of greater renown and skill in arms? *That* might be borne; but it is no such thing.—MAGINN, *Shakespeare Papers*.

EMILIA

A few words on the character of Emilia: when we change meter to rhythm, we vary the stress on our syllables; but a stronger accent in one part of our line implies a weaker accent in another part; it may even happen that to produce our fullest music we allow the whole accentual stress of the line to fall on one syllable; this, as we saw in our review of "Julius Cæsar," is Shakespeare's method in dealing with his characters; one is heightened if another is lowered; and it may turn out that the method gives us a sense of unfairness; I have some such feeling when I approach the character of Emilia; I refer especially to the conversation between Emilia and her mistress (IV, iii, 60-106). Emilia had summed up her views of the subject by a line—"The ills we do, their ills instruct us so"; which Desdemona rightly condemns—and with the line all the foregoing remarks of Emilia. It is well to gaze upon one entire and perfect chrysolite, but ill for the foil thereof, when the foil is another woman—the woman, moreover, who would right the wrong though she lost twenty lives—who did lose her life through her devotion, and whose last words were of faithful love—"O, lay me by my mistress' side.—LUCE, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works*.

From the moment when Emilia learns Othello's deed from his own lips, the poet disburdens us in a wonderful

manner of all the tormenting feelings which the course of the catastrophe had awakened in us. Emilia is a woman of coarser texture, good-natured like her sex, but with more spite than others of her sex, light-minded in things which appear to her light, serious and energetic when great demands meet her; in words she is careless of her reputation and virtue, which she would not be in action. At her husband's wish she has heedlessly taken away Desdemona's handkerchief, as she fancied for some indifferent object. Thoughtless and light, she had cared neither for return nor for explanation, even when she learned that this handkerchief, the importance of which she knows, had caused the quarrel between Othello and Desdemona; in womanly fashion she observes less attentively all that is going on around her, and thus, in similar but worse unwariness than Desdemona, she becomes the real instrument of the unhappy fate of her mistress. Yet when she knows that Othello has killed his wife, she unburdens our repressed feelings by her words, testifying to Desdemona's innocence by loud accusations of the Moor. When she hears Iago named as the calumniator of her fidelity, she testifies to the purity of her mistress by unsparing invectives against the wickedness of her husband, and seeks to enlighten the slowly apprehending Moor, whilst she continues to draw out the feelings of our soul and to give them full expression from her own full heart. At last, when she entirely perceives Iago's guilt in the matter of the handkerchief, and therefore her own participation in it, her devoted fidelity to her mistress and her increasing feeling rise to sublimity; her testimony against her husband, in the face of threatening death, now becomes a counterpart to Othello's severe exercise of justice, and her death and dying song upon Desdemona's chastity is an expiatory repentance at her grave, which is scarcely surpassed by the Moor's grand and calm retaliation upon himself. The unravelment and expiation in this last scene are wont to reawaken repose and satisfaction even in the most deeply agitated reader.—

GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

RODERIGO

Roderigo is a florid specimen of one of Shakespeare's simpleton lovers. He has placed his whole fortune at the disposal of Iago, to use for the purpose of winning favor for him with Desdemona, not having the courage and ability to woo for himself; or rather, having an instinctive knowledge of his own incompetence, with so profound and devout a respect for the talent of his adviser, as to leave the whole management of the diplomacy in his hands. Although Roderigo is a compound of vacillation and weakness, even to imbecility; although he suddenly forms resolutions, and as suddenly quenches them at the rallying contempt and jeering of Iago; and even, although being entangled in the wily villain's net, he is gradually led on to act unconsonantly with his real nature; yet withal, Roderigo has so much of redemption in him, that we commiserate his weakness, and wish him a better fate; for he is not wholly destitute of natural kindness: he really is in love with Desdemona, and was so before her marriage. Iago has had his purse, "as though the strings were his own," to woo her for him; and yet we find, with all Roderigo's subserviency to the superior intellect, that the very first words of the play announce his misgiving that his insidious friend has played him false, since he knew of the projected elopement of Desdemona with Othello, and did not apprise him of it. With this first falsehood palpable to him, he again yields to the counsel of Iago, who schools him into impatience with the promise that he shall yet obtain his prize.—CLARKE, *Shakespeare-Characters*.

THE SOURCE OF THE PATHOS

The source of the pathos throughout—of that pathos which at once softens and deepens the tragic effect—lies in the character of Desdemona. No woman differently constituted could have excited the same intense and painful compassion, without losing something of that exalted

charm, which invests her from beginning to end, which we are apt to impute to the interest of the situation, and to the poetical coloring, but which lies, in fact, in the very essence of the character. Desdemona, with all her timid flexibility and soft acquiescence, is not weak; for the negative alone is weak; and the mere presence of goodness and affection implies in itself a species of power; power without consciousness, power without effort, power with repose—that soul of grace!—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines*.

INTERMARRIAGE OF THE RACES

Great efforts are often made to show that Othello as conceived by Shakespeare was not a Negro; and true it is that such an addition as “thick lips,” given contemptuously, does not prove it. Othello, however, himself, says that he is black; and I have been convinced that Shakespeare had in his mind the proper negro complexion and physiognomy too, and that he even assigned some mental characteristics of the negro type. To these I think belong an over-affection for high sounding words, for the sake of the sound, an affectation of stateliness that verges upon stiffness, and value for conspicuous position with somewhat excessive feeling for parade—for the pride and pomp of circumstance, the report of the artillery and the waving of the ensign. There are other coincidences besides these, and I cannot divest myself of the sense that Othello embodies the ennobled characteristics of the colored division of the human family; and in his position relatively to the proudest aristocracy of Europe, his story exemplifies the difficulty the world has yet to solve between the white and the black. The feuds and antipathies of race can be fully conciliated at no other altar than the nuptial bed; and the marriage of Desdemona, and its consequences, typify the obstacles to this conclusion. Some critics moralize the fate of Desdemona as punishment for undutiful and ill-assorted marriage, yet the punishment falls quite as severely on the severity of Brabantio—on his

cruelty, we may say, for he is the first—and out of unnatural pique, to belie his own daughter's chastity—

“Look to her, Moor—have a quick eye to see”;

and if we must needs make out a scrupulous law of retribution, we shall come at last to an incongruity, and that can in no sense be pious. The revolt of Desdemona was a revolt against custom and tradition, but it was in favor of the affections of the heart; and if the result was pitiable, it may have been not because custom and tradition were right, but because they were strong, and because there was the greater reason for abating their strength by proving it assailable; the justest war does not demand the fewest victims; and the heroes who are left on the field were no whit less right, but only less fortunate, than their comrades who survive to carry home the laurels. For the matter in hand, however, it is most certain that the most important advance that has yet been made towards establishing even common cordiality between the races has been due as in the case of Desdemona and the redeemed slave, Othello, if not to the love at least to the compassionate sympathy of woman.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays*.

THE FAULT OF THE PLAY

The fault of the play lies in the fact that Othello has no moral right to conviction. Yet he has more right than Claudio (in *Much Ado*), far more than Posthumus, and *a fortiori* more than the hardly sane Leontes. A little closer questioning of Emilia, however, would have brought out the truth; and this fact concerns Iago's conduct as well as Othello's.—SECCOMBE AND ALLEN, *The Age of Shakespeare*.

BEAUTIES OF THE PLAY

The beauties of this play impress themselves so strongly upon the attention of the reader, that they can draw no

aid from critical illustration. The fiery openness of Othello, magnanimous, artless, and credulous, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his resolution, and obdurate in his revenge; the cool malignity of Iago, silent in his resentment, subtle in his design, and studious at once of his interest and his vengeance; the soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit, and conscious of innocence, her artless perseverance in her suit, and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are such proofs of Shakespeare's skill in human nature as, I suppose, it is in vain to seek in any modern writer. The gradual progress which Iago makes in the Moor's conviction, and the circumstances which he employs to enflame him, are so artfully natural, that, though it will perhaps not be said of him [Othello] as he says of himself, that he is "a man not easily jealous," yet we cannot but pity him, when at last we find him "perplexed in the extreme."—JOHNSON.

THE FASCINATION OF THE PLAY

The noblest earthly object of the contemplation of man is man himself. The universe, and all its fair and glorious forms, are indeed included in the wide empire of imagination; but she has placed her home and her sanctuary amidst the inexhaustible varieties and the impenetrable mysteries of the mind. *Othello* is, perhaps, the greatest work in the world. From what does it derive its power? From the clouds? From the ocean? From the mountains? Or from love strong as death, and jealousy cruel as the grave?—MACAULAY, *Essay on Dante*.

PUNISHMENT

In every character of every play of Shakespeare's the punishment is in proportion to the wrong-doing. How mild is the punishment of Desdemona, of Cordelia for a slight wrong; how fearful that of Macbeth,—every mo-

ment from the commission of his crime to his death, he suffers more than all the suffering of these two women. His deliberate crime belongs to the cold passions; as the deed is done with forethought and in cold blood, so it is avenged by the long-continued tortures of conscience.—
LUDWIG, *Shakespeare-Studien*.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO,
THE MOOR OF VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF VENICE

BRABANTIO, *a senator*

Other Senators

GRATIANO, *brother to Brabantio*

LODOVICO, *kinsman to Brabantio*

OTHELLO, *a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state*

CASSIO, *his lieutenant*

IAGO, *his ancient*

RODERIGO, *a Venetian gentleman*

MONTANO, *Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus*

Clown, servant to Othello

DESDEMONA, *daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello*

EMILIA, *wife to Iago*

BIANCA, *mistress to Cassio*

Sailor, Messenger, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and
Attendants

SCENE: *Venice: a seaport in Cyprus*

SYNOPSIS

By J. ELLIS BURDICK

ACT I

Othello, a Moorish general of noble birth, woos and wins Desdemona, daughter to Brabantio, a Venetian senator. Her father, learning of their secret marriage, is very angry and accuses him before the Duke of stealing his daughter by means of "spells and medicines bought of mountebanks." Desdemona herself declares in the council chamber her love for the Moor and receives her father's forgiveness. The Duke and the senators then take up state matters. These are very pressing, for word has come that the Turks are making "a most mighty preparation" to take the Island of Cyprus from the Venetians. Othello, as the most able general in Venice, is sent to oppose them. His wife accompanies him. By promoting Cassio to be his lieutenant Othello incurs the secret enmity of Iago, his ancient or ensign. The latter also believes his general has had improper relations with his wife Emilia.

ACT II

A storm wrecks the Turkish fleet before it reaches Cyprus. Othello issues a proclamation for general rejoicing because of their deliverance from the Turks and in honor of his marriage. Cassio is placed in charge, with instructions to keep the fun within bounds. Iago plies him with wine until he is drunk and involves him in a street fight. Othello hears the noise, and, coming to the scene, reduces Cassio to the ranks. The latter is sobered by this disgrace and is anxious to be restored to his rank again. He is

advised by Iago to sue for a renewal of favor through Desdemona, whose influence with her husband must be greater than that of anyone else.

ACT III

Iago aids Cassio to obtain the desired interview with Desdemona and then entices Othello to the scene. Then he begins to hint that Cassio's suit with the lady is not the honorable one that it really is. Othello's jealousy is aroused and Iago improves every opportunity to add to it. By means of his wife he obtains a handkerchief which Othello had given Desdemona in the early days of their courtship and causes it to be found in Cassio's possession.

ACT IV

Othello determines that his wife and Cassio must die. To Iago is given the task of killing Cassio and he, glad of the opportunity to thus rid himself forever of his rival, sets on one of his creatures to kill the former lieutenant.

ACT V

Cassio wounds his assassin, but is wounded himself both by him and by Iago. The latter, fearful that his hireling will inform on him, stabs him to death. The same night Othello goes to his wife's bed-chamber and smothers her to death. Iago's wife Emilia convinces Othello that he has murdered an innocent and faithful wife, and as a reward for her telling of the truth, she is killed by her husband. Iago is wounded by Othello, who then kills himself. Cassio succeeds to the governorship of Cyprus, and Iago is kept a prisoner that he may be tortured.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

Venice. A street.

Enter Roderigo and Iago.

Rod. Tush, never tell me; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of
this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy
hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones
of the city,

3. "*Know of this*"; that is, the intended elopement. Roderigo has been suing for Desdemona's hand, employing Iago to aid him in his suit, and paying his service in advance. Of course the play opens pat upon her elopement with the Moor, and Roderigo presumes Iago to have been in the secret of their intention.—The words, *Tush* in this speech, and *'Sblood* in the next, are not in the folio.—H. N. H.

8. "*Despise me if I do not*"; admirable is the preparation, so

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant, 9
 Off-capp'd to him: and, by the faith of man,
 I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
 But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
 Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
 Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
 And, in conclusion,
 Nonsuits my mediators; for, 'Certes,' says he,
 'I have already chose my officer.'
 And what was he?
 Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
 One Michael Cassio, a Florentine, 20
 A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;

truly and peculiarly Shakespearean, in the introduction of Roderigo, as the dupe on whom Iago shall first exercise his art, and in so doing display his own character. Roderigo, without any fixed principle, but not without the moral notions and sympathies with honor which his rank and connections had hung upon him, is already well fitted and predisposed for the purpose; for very want of character, and strength of passion, like wind loudest in an empty house, constitute his character. The first three lines happily state the nature and foundation of the friendship between him and Iago,—the purse,—as also the contrast of Roderigo's intemperance of mind with Iago's coolness,—the coolness of a preconceiving experimenter. The mere language of protestation,—“If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me,”—which, falling in with the associative link, determines Roderigo's continuation of complaint,—“Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate,”—elicits at length a true feeling of Iago's mind, the dread of contempt habitual to those who encourage in themselves, and have their keenest pleasure in, the expression of contempt for others. Observe Iago's high self-opinion, and the moral, that a wicked man will employ real feelings, as well as assume those most alien from his own, as instruments of his purposes (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

15. Omitted in Ff. and Qq. 2, 3.—I. G.

21. “*A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife*”; if this alludes to Bianca, the phrase may possibly mean “very near being married to a most fair wife.” Some explain, “A fellow whose ignorance of war would be condemned in a fair woman.” The emendations proposed are unsatisfactory, and probably unnecessary.—I. G.

That never set a squadron in the field,
 Nor the division of a battle knows
 More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoretic,
 Wherein the toged consuls can propose
 As masterly as he: mere prattle without practice
 Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election:

And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
 At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
 Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and
 calm'd 30

By debtor and creditor: this counter-caster,
 He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
 And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's
 ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his
 hangman.

Iago. Why, there's no remedy; 'tis the curse of
 service,

Preferment goes by letter and affection,
 And not by old gradation, where each second

The passage has caused a great deal of controversy. Tyrwhitt would read "fair life," and Coleridge thinks this reading "the true one, as fitting to Iago's contempt for whatever did not display power, and that, intellectual power." The change, however, seems inadmissible. Perhaps it is meant as characteristic of Iago to regard a wife and a mistress as all one.—Cassio is sneeringly called "a great arithmetician" and a "countercaster," in allusion to the pursuits for which the Florentines were distinguished. The point is thus stated by Charles Armitage Browne: "A soldier from Florence, famous for its bankers throughout Europe, and for its invention of bills of exchange, book-keeping, and every thing connected with a counting-house, might well be ridiculed for his promotion, by an Iago, in this manner."—H. N. H.

Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge your-
self

Whether I in any just term am affined
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then. 40

Iago. O, sir, content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That doting on his own obsequious bondage
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender, and when he's old,
cashier'd:

Whip me such honest knaves. Others there
are

Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty, 50
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And throwing but shows of service on their
lords

Do well thrive by them, and when they have
lined their coats

Do themselves homage: these fellows have some
soul,

And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,

Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:

In following him, I follow but myself;

Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,

But seeming so, for my peculiar end: 60

50. "Visages"; outward semblances.—C. H. H.

For when my outward action doth demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart
 In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
 For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick lips owe,
 If he can carry 't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
 Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
 Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kins-
 men,
 And, though he in a fertile climate dwell, 70
 Plague him with flies: though that his joy be
 joy,
 Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't
 As it may lose some color.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I 'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent and dire yell
 As when, by night and negligence, the fire
 Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio,
 ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho, Brabantio! thieves!
 thieves! thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter and your
 bags! 80

Thieves! thieves!

Brabantio appears above, at a window.

72. "changes"; Ff. read "chances."—I. G.

76. "by night and negligence"; that is, in the time of night and negligence; a very common form of expression.—H. N. H.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?

What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why, wherefore ask you this?

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you 're robb'd; for shame, put
on your gown;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your
soul;

Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tuppung your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell, 90
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my
voice?

Bra. Not I: what are you?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worser welcome:

I have charged thee not to haunt about my
doors;

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in mad-
ness,

Being full of supper and distempering
draughts,

Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come 100
To start my quiet.

87. "*Burst*," in the next line, is used in the sense of *broken*. The usage was common.—H. N. H.

100. "*Upon*"; out of.—C. H. H.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is
Venice;
My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those that
will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Be-
cause we come to do you service and you ¹¹⁰
think we are ruffians, you'll have your
daughter covered with a Barbary horse;
you'll have your nephews neigh to you;
you'll have coursers for cousins, and gen-
nets for germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your
daughter and the Moor are now making the
beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator. 120

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee,
Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I be-
seech you,

If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent,

107. "*In simple and pure soul*"; with honest intent.—C. H. H.

112. "*Nephews*" here means *grandchildren*.—H. N. H.

114. A "*gennet*" is a Spanish or Barbary horse.—H. N. H.

As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,
 At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
 Transported with no worse nor better guard
 But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
 To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
 If this be known to you, and your allowance,
 We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
 But if you know not this, my manners tell
 me 131

We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
 That, from the sense of all civility,
 I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
 Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
 I say again, hath made a gross revolt,
 Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes,
 In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
 Of here and every where. Straight satisfy
 yourself:

If she be in her chamber or your house, 140
 Let loose on me the justice of the state
 For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
 Give me a taper! call up all my people!
 This accident is not unlike my dream:

126. "*a knave of common hire, a gondolier*"; a writer in the *Pictorial Shakespeare* tells us, "that the gondoliers are the only conveyers of persons, and of a large proportion of property, in Venice; that they are thus cognizant of all intrigues, and the fittest agents in them, and are under perpetual and strong temptation to make profit of the secrets of society. Brabantio might well be in horror at his daughter having, in 'the dull watch o' the night, no worse nor better guard.'"—H. N. H.

132. "*from the sense of all civility*"; that is, *departing from the sense of all civility*.—H. N. H.

144. "*not unlike my dream*"; the careful old senator, being caught

Belief of it oppresses me already.

Light, I say! light! *[Exit above.*

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,

To be produced—as, if I stay, I shall—

Against the Moor: for I do know, the state, 149

However this may gall him with some check,

Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd

With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,

Which even now stand in act, that, for their
souls,

Another of his fathom they have none

To lead their business: in which regard,

Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,

Yet for necessity of present life,

I must show out a flag and sign of love,

Which is indeed but sign. That you shall
surely find him,

Lead to the Sagittary the raised search; 160

And there will I be with him. So farewell.

[Exit.

*Enter, below, Brabantio, in his night-gown, and
Servants with torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;

And what's to come of my despised time

Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,

Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!

With the Moor, say'st thou? Who would be a
father!

careless, transfers his caution to his dreaming power at least (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

How didst thou know 'twas she? O, she deceives me

Past thought! What said she to you? Get more tapers.

Raise all my kindred. Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think they are. 170

Bra. O heaven! How got she out? O treason of the blood!

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds

By what you see them act. Is there not charms By which the property of youth and maidhood May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo, Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother. O, would you had had her!

Some one way, some another. Do you know Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please 180 To get good guard and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call; I may command at most. Get weapons, ho! And raise some special officers of night.

On, good Roderigo; I'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*]

174. "property"; (virtue) proper to.—C. H. H.

183. "I may command at most"; that is, "I may command at most of the houses."—H. N. H.

SCENE II

*Another street.**Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants with torches.*

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
 Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
 To do no contrived murder: I lack iniquity
 Sometimes to do me service: nine, or ten times
 I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the
 ribs. Roderigo

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated, 7
 And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
 Against your honor,
 That, with the little godliness I have,
 I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you,
 sir, 10

Are you fast married? Be assured of this,
 That the magnifico is much beloved,
 And hath in his effect a voice potential
 As double as the duke's: he will divorce you,
 Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
 The law, with all his might to enforce it on,
 Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
 My services, which I have done the signiory,
 Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to
 know— 19

8. "*against your honor*"; of course Iago is speaking of Roderigo, and pretending to relate what he has done and said against Othello.
 —H. N. H.

Which, when I know that boasting is an honor,
 I shall promulgate—I fetch my life and being
 From men of royal siege, and my demerits
 May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
 As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
 I would not my unhoused free condition
 Put into circumscription and confine
 For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights
 come yond?

Iago. Those are the raised father and his friends:
 You were best go in.

Oth. Not I; I must be found: 30
 My parts, my title and my perfect soul,
 Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter Cassio, and certain Officers with torches.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
 The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
 What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general
 And he requires your haste-post-haste appear-
 ance,
 Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
 It is a business of some heat: the galleys 40
 Have sent a dozen sequent messengers

28. "sea's worth"; Pliny, the naturalist, has a chapter on *the riches of the sea*. The expression seems to have been proverbial.—H. N. H.

31. "perfect soul"; flawless honor.—C. H. H.

This very night at one another's heels;
 And many of the consuls, raised and met,
 Are at the duke's already: you have been hotly
 call'd for;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
 The senate hath sent about three several quests
 To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
 I will but spend a word here in the house,
 And go with you. [*Exit.*

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land ca-
 rack: 50

If it prove lawful prize, he 's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter Othello.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Iago. It is Brabantio: general, be advised;

He comes to bad intent.

*Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and Officers with
 torches and weapons.*

Oth. Holla! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[*They draw on both sides.*

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.

Good signior, you shall more command with
years 60

Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;

For I 'll refer me to all things of sense,

If she in chains of magic were not bound,

Whether a maid so tender, fair and happy,

So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom 70

Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight.

Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense

That thou hast practised on her with foul charms,

Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals

59. "*the dew will rust them*"; if we mistake not, there is a sort of playful, good-humored irony expressed in the very rhythm of this line. Throughout this scene, Othello appears at all points "the noble nature, whose solid virtue the shot of accident, nor dart of chance, could neither graze, nor pierce": his calmness and intrepidity of soul, his heroic modesty, his manly frankness and considerative firmness of disposition are all displayed at great advantage, marking his character as one made up of the most solid and gentle qualities. Though he has nowise wronged Brabantio, he knows that he seems to have done so: his feelings therefore take the old man's part, and he respects his age and sorrow too much to resent his violence; hears his charges with a kind of reverential defiance, and answers them as knowing them false, yet sensible of their reasonableness, and honoring him the more for making them.—H. N. H.

72-77; iii. 16; 36; 63; 118; 123; 194; omitted Q. 1.—I. G.

That weaken motion: I 'll have 't disputed on;
 'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
 I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
 For an abuser of the world, a practicer
 Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.
 Lay hold upon him: if he do resist, 80
 Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
 Both you of my inclining and the rest:
 Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
 Without a prompter. Where will you that I
 go

To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison, till fit time
 Of law and course of direct session
 Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
 How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
 Whose messengers are here about my side,
 Upon some present business of the state 90
 To bring me to him?

First Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior;
 The duke's in council, and your noble self,
 I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
 In this time of the night! Bring him away:
 Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
 Or any of my brothers of the state,
 Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own;

75. "weaken motion"; Rowe's emendation; Ff. and Qq. 2, 3, "weakens motion"; Pope (Ed. 2, Theobald) "weaken notion"; Hammer, "waken motion"; Keightley, "wakens motion"; Anon. conj. in Furbess, "wake emotion," &c.—I. G.

For if such actions may have passage free,
 Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE III

A council-chamber.

The Duke and Senators sitting at a table; Officers attending.

Duke. There is no composition in these news
 That gives them credit.

First Sen. Indeed they are disproportion'd;
 My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

Sec. Sen. And mine, two hundred:
 But though they jump not on a just account,—
 As in these cases, where the aim reports,
 'Tis oft with difference,—yet do they all confirm
 A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:
 I do not so secure me in the error, 10
 But the main article I do approve
 In fearful sense.

Sailor. [Within] What, ho! what, ho! what, ho!

First Off. A messenger from the galleys.

99. "*bond-slaves and pagans*"; this passage has been misunderstood. *Pagan* was a word of contempt; and the reason will appear from its etymology: "*Paganus, villanus vel incultus. Et derivatur a pagus, quod est villa. Et quicumque habitat in villa est paganus. Præterea quicumque est extra civitatem Dei, i. e., ecclesiam, dicitur paganus. Anglice, a paynim.*"—*Ortus Vocabulorum*, 1528.—H. N. H.

11. "*the main article I do approve*"; I admit the substantial truth of the report.—C. H. H.

Enter Sailor.

Duke. Now, what 's the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state
By Signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

First Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason: 'tis a pageant
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk, 20
And let ourselves again but understand
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make thought
of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskillful
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless. 30
Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he 's not for Rhodes.
First Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reversed and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of
Rhodes

Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

First Sen. Aye, so I thought. How many, as you
guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem
 Their backward course, bearing with frank ap-
 pearance
 Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Mon-
 tano,
 Your trusty and most valiant servitor, 40
 With his free duty recommends you thus,
 And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.
 Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

First Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him; post-post-haste dis-
 patch.

First Sen. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant
 Moor.

*Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and
 Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ
 you

Against the general enemy Ottoman.

[*To Brabantio*] I did not see you; welcome,
 gentle signior; 50

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon
 me;

Neither my place nor aught I heard of business
 Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the gen-
 eral care

Take hold on me; for my particular grief
 Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
 That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,

And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what 's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

All. Dead?

Bra. Aye, to me;

She is abused, stol'n from me and corrupted ⁶⁰
By spells and medicines bought of mounte-
banks;

For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke. Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense, yea, though our proper
son

Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace. ⁷⁰

Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it
seems,

Your special mandate for the state-affairs
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for 't.

Duke. [*To Othello*] What in your own part can
you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,

^{67.} "bloody book of law"; "By the Venetian law the giving of love-potions was highly criminal" (Clarke).—I. G.

^{70.} "Stood in your action"; were the object of your accusation.—
C. H. H.

That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
 — It is most true; true, I have married her:
 The very head and front of my offending 80
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my
 speech,
 And little blest with the soft phrase of peace;
 For since these arms of mine had seven years'
 pith,
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have
 used
 Their dearest action in the tented field;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious
 patience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver 90
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what
 charms,
 What conjuration and what mighty magic—
 For such proceeding I am charged withal—
 I won his daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
 Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
 Blush'd at herself; and she—in spite of nature,
 Of years, of country, credit, every thing—
 To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
 It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect,
 That will confess perfection so could err 100
 Against all rules of nature; and must be driven

87. "*feats of broil*"; Capell's emendation; Q. 1, "*feate of broile*";
 F. 1, "*Feats of Broiles*," &c.—I. G.

To find out practices of cunning hell,
 Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the
 blood,
 Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
 He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof
 Without more certain and more overt test
 Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
 Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

First Sen. But, Othello, speak: 110
 Did you by indirect and forced courses
 Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
 Or came it by request; and such fair question
 As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
 Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
 And let her speak of me before her father:
 If you do find me foul in her report,
 The trust, the office I do hold of you,
 Not only take away, but let your sentence
 Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither, 120

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the
 place. [*Exeunt Iago and Attendants.*]

And till she come, as truly as to heaven
 I do confess the vices of my blood,
 So justly to your grave ears I'll present
 How I did thrive in this fair lady's love
 And she is mine.

107. "Certain"; so Qq.; Ff., "wider."—I. G.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father loved me, oft invited me,
Still questioned me the story of my life
From year to year, the battles, sieges, for-
tunes, 130

That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly
breach,

Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travels' history:

Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle, 140
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads
touch heaven,

It was my hint to speak,—such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear

139. "*portance in my*"; so Ff. and Q. 2; Q. 3, "*portence in my*"; Q. 1, "*with it all my*"; Johnson conj. "*portance in't; my*," &c; "*travels*"; the reading of Modern Edd. (Globe Ed.); Qq., "*trauells*"; Pope, "*travel's*"; F. 1, "*Trauellours*"; Ff. 2, 3, "*Travellers*"; F. 4, "*Traveller's*"; Richardson conj. "*travellous*" or "*travailous*."—I. G.

144. "*whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders*"; nothing excited more universal attention than the account brought by Sir Walter Raleigh, on his return from his celebrated voyage to Guiana in 1595, of the cannibals, amazons, and especially of the nation, "*whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders*." A short extract of the more wonderful passages was also published in Latin and in several other languages in 1599, adorned with copper-plates, representing these cannibals, amazons, and headless people, &c. These extraordinary reports were universally credited; and Othello therefore as-



OTHELLO: Still question'd me the story of my life—
Act I, Scene 3.

Would Desdemona seriously incline:
 But still the house-affairs would draw her
 thence;
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She 'ld come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse: which I observing, 150
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good
 means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intentively: I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
 She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
 strange; 160
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
 She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
 That heaven had made her such a man: she
 thank'd me,

sumes no other character but what was very common among the celebrated commanders of the Poet's time.—The folio omits *Do*, and reads, "*These things to hear*."—H. N. H.

159. "*sighs*"; Ff., "*kisses*"; Southern MS., "*thanks*."—I. G.

160. "*she swore*"; to *aver upon faith* or *honor* was considered swearing.—H. N. H.

163. "*such a man*"; a question has lately been raised whether the meaning here is, that Desdemona wished such a man had been made for her, or that she herself had been made such a man; and several have insisted on the latter, lest the lady's delicacy should be impeached. Her delicacy, we hope, stands in need of no such critical attorneyship. Othello was indeed just such a man as she wanted; and her letting him understand this, was doubtless part of the *hint* whereon he spoke.—H. N. H.

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I
spake:

She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.
Here comes the lady; let her witness it. 170

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak:
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle mis-
tress:

Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father, 180

I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter: but here's my
husband,

And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess

Due to the Moor my lord.

Bra. God be with you! I have done.
Please it your grace, on to the state-affairs: 190
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.

Come hither, Moor:

I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence

Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers
Into your favor. 201

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.

The robb'd that smiles steals something from
the thief;

He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile; 210
We lose it not so long as we can smile.

199. "*Speak like yourself*"; that is, let me speak as yourself would speak, were you not too much heated with passion.—H. N. H.

202. "*When remedies are past*"; this is expressed in a common proverbial form in *Love Labour's Lost*: "Past cure is still past care."—H. N. H.

207. "Patience laughs at the loss."—C. H. H.

He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he
hears;

But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience bor-
row.

These sentences, to sugar or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear
That the bruised heart was pierced through the
ear.

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of
state. 220

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty prepara-
tion makes for Cyprus. Othello, the forti-
tude of the place is best known to you; and
though we have there a substitute of most
allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign
mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice
on you: you must therefore be content to
slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with
this more stubborn and boisterous expedi-
tion. 230

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,

216. "to sugar, or to gall"; (depending on "are equivocal").—
C. H. H.

I crave fit disposition for my wife,
 Due reference of place and exhibition,
 With such accommodation and besort 240
 As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
 Be 't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I, I would not there reside,
 To put my father in impatient thoughts
 By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
 To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear,
 And let me find a charter in your voice
 To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him, 250
 My downright violence and storm of fortunes
 May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued
 Even to the very quality of my lord:
 I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
 And to his honors and his valiant parts
 Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
 So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
 A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
 The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
 And I a heavy interim shall support 260
 By his dear absence. Let me go with him. 2

Oth. Let her have your voices.

251. "and storm of fortunes"; Q. 1, "and scorne of Fortunes," &c.
 —I. G.

262. "Let her have your voices"; Dyce's correction; Ff., "Let her
 have your voice"; Qq. read

"Your voyces Lord; beseech you let her will
 Haue a free way."—I. G.

Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
 To please the palate of my appetite;
 Nor to comply with heat—the young affects
 In me defunct—and proper satisfaction;
 But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
 And heaven defend your good souls, that you
 think

I will your serious and great business scant
 For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd
 toys 270

Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dullness
 My speculative and officed instruments,
 That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
 Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
 And all indign and base adversities
 Make head against my estimation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
 Either for her stay or going: the affair cries
 haste,
 And speed must answer 't; you must hence to-
 night.

Des. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart. 280

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet
 again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,

264–265. “the young affects In me defunct”; Qq., “the young affects In my defunct”; so F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4 (“effects”). The reading of the text is the simplest and most plausible emendation of the many proposed, the words meaning “the passions of youth which I have now outlived”: “proper satisfaction”=“my own gratification.”
 —I. G.

And he shall our commission bring to you;
 With such things else of quality and respect
 As doth import you.

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

Duke. Let it be so.
 Good night to every one. [*To Brab.*] And,
 noble signior, 290
 If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
 Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

First Sen. Adieu, brave Moor; use Desdemona
 well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceived her father, and may thee.
 [*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*]

Oth. My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,
 My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
 I prithee, let thy wife attend on her;
 And bring them after in the best advantage.
 Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour 300
 Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
 To spend with thee: we must obey the time.
 [*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*]

Rod. Iago!

296. "*My life upon her faith*"; in real life, how do we look back to little speeches as presentimental of, or contrasted with, an affecting event! Even so, Shakespeare, as secure of being read over and over, of becoming a family friend, provides this passage for his readers, and leaves it to them (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

and he later
 believes that
 she can deceive
 him.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after.

Why, thou silly gentleman!

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

Iago. O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my

314. "*four times seven years*"; this clearly ascertains the age of Iago to be twenty-eight years; though the general impression of him is that of a much older man. The Poet, we doubt not, had a wise purpose in making him so young, as it infers his virulence of mind to be something innate and spontaneous, and not superinduced by harsh experience of the world. Mr. Verplanck remarks upon it thus: "An old soldier of acknowledged merit, who, after years of service, sees a young man like Cassio placed over his head, has not a little to plead in justification of deep resentment, and in excuse, though not in defence, of his revenge: such a man may well brood over imaginary wrongs. The caustic sarcasm and contemptuous estimate of mankind are at least pardonable in a soured and disappointed veteran. But in a young man the revenge is more purely gratuitous, the hypocrisy, the knowledge, the dexterous management of the worst and weakest parts of human nature, the recklessness of moral feeling,—even the stern, bitter wit, intellectual and contemptuous, without any of the gayety of youth,—are all precocious and peculiar; separating Iago from the ordinary sympathies of our nature, and investing him with higher talent and blacker guilt."—H. N. H.

shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

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

Rod. It cannot be. 340

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness: I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy

323. "are gardens"; so Qq.; Ff., "are our gardens."—C. H. H.

328. "manured"; tilled.—C. H. H.

332. "balance"; Ff., "brain" and "braine"; Theobald, "beam."—

I. G.

348. "Defeat" was used for *disfigurement* or *alteration* of features; from the French *défaire*. *Favor* is *countenance*.—H. N. H.

favor with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Des- 350
 demona should long continue her love to the Moor—put money in thy purse—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration; put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, 360 she will find the error of her choice: she must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: if sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is 370 clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

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

Iago. Thou art sure of me: go, make money: I

358. "*luscious as locusts*"; "perhaps so mentioned from being placed together with wild honey in St. Matthew iii. 4" (Schmidt).—I. G.

362. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

367. "*barbarian*"; with a play upon Barbary.—C. H. H.

have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: 380 if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Foreshadowing
of
end

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Rode-390
rigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am changed: I'll go sell all my land. [*Exit.*]

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,

384. "*Traverse; go*"; note Iago's pride of mastery in the repetition, "Go, make money," to his anticipated dupe, even stronger than his love of lucre; and, when Roderigo is completely won, when the effect has been fully produced, the repetition of his triumph: "Go to; farewell; put money enough in your purse!" The remainder—**Iago's soliloquy**—the motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity—how awful it is! Yea, whilst he is still allowed to bear the divine image, it is too fiendish for his own steady view,—for the lonely gaze of a being next to devil, and only not quite devil;—and yet a character which Shakespeare has attempted and executed, without disgust and without scandal (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

390-394. The reading in the text is that of the second and third Quartos; Q. 1, adds after the words "*I am chang'd*":—

"*Goe to, farewell, put money enough in your purse*";

omitting "*I'll go sell all my land.*"—I. G.

If I would time expend with such a snipe
 But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
 And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
 He has done my office: I know not if 't be true;
 But for mere suspicion in that kind 401
 Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
 The better shall my purpose work on him.
 Cassio's a proper man: let me see now;
 To get his place, and to plume up my will
 In double knavery—How, how?—Let's see:—
 After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
 That he is too familiar with his wife.
 He hath a person and a smooth dispose
 To be suspected; framed to make women false.
 The Moor is of a free and open nature, 411
 That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose
 As asses are.
 I have 't. It is engender'd. Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's
 light.

[*Exit.*]

402. "*as if for surety*"; that is, I will act as if I were certain of the fact. "He *holds me well*," is, he entertains a good opinion of me.—H. N. H.

415. "*hell and night*"; Shakespeare has shown great judgment in the darkness which he makes to prevail in the first counsels of Iago. To the Poet himself, all the succeeding events must have been clear and determined; but to bring himself again into the situation of one who sees them in embryo, to draw a mist over that which he had already cleared, must have required an exertion of genius peculiar to this author alone. In so lively a manner does he make Iago show his perplexity about the future management of his conduct, that one is almost tempted to think that the Poet had determined as little himself about some of the particulars of Othello's destruction (*Anderson's Bee*, vol. i.).—H. N. H.

ACT SECOND

SCENE I

*A sea-port in Cyprus. An open place near
the quay.*

Enter Montano and two Gentlemen.

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

First Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought
flood;

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

Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at hand;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:

If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,

What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on
them,

Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of
this?

Sec. Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet: 10

For do but stand upon the foaming shore,

The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;

1. *A sea-port in Cyprus*; the principal seaport town of Cyprus is *Famagusta*; where there was formerly a strong fort and commodious haven, "neare which," says Knolles, "standeth an old *castle*, with four towers after the ancient manner of building." To this castle we find that Othello presently repairs.—H. N. H.

The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane,
 Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
 And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
 I never did like molestation view
 On the enchafed flood.

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

Enter a third Gentleman.

Third Gent. News, lads! our wars are done. 20
 The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the
 Turks,
 That their designment halts: a noble ship of
 Venice
 Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
 On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

Third Gent. The ship is here put in,
 A Veronesa; Michael Cassio,
 Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
 Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea,
 And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on 't; 'tis a worthy governor. 30

26. "*Veronesa*"; so this name is spelled in the quartos; in the folio, *Verenessa*. Modern editors, generally, change it to *Veronese*, as referring, not to the ship, but to Cassio. It is true, the same speaker has just called the ship "a noble ship of *Venice*"; but Verona was tributary to the Venetian State; so that there is no reason why she might not belong to Venice, and still take her name from Verona. The explanation sometimes given is, that the speaker makes a mistake, and calls Cassio a *Veronese*, who has before been spoken of as a *Florentine*.—H. N. H.

Third Gent. But this same Cassio, though he speak
of comfort

Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were
parted

With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. Pray heavens he be;
For I have served him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let 's to the seaside, ho!
As well to see the vessel that 's come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

Third Gent. Come, let 's do so; 40
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens
Give him defense against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death, 50

38. "for brave Othello"; observe in how many ways Othello is made, first our acquaintance, then our friend, then the object of our anxiety, before the deeper interest is to be approached (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

39-40; 158; 260 ("didst not mark that?"); omitted in Q. 1.—I. G.

49. "approved allowance"; that is, of allowed and approved expertness.—H. N. H.

50. "hopes, not surfeited to death," is certainly obscure. Dr. John-

Stand in bold cure.

[*A cry within: 'A sail, a sail, a sail!'*

Enter a fourth Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

Fourth Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o'
the sea

Stand ranks of people, and they cry 'A sail!'

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

[*Guns heard.*

Sec. Gent. They do discharge their shot of court-
esy:

Our friends at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

Sec. Gent. I shall. [*Exit.*

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wived?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achieved a maid⁶¹
That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.

Re-enter second Gentleman.

How now! who has put in?

son thought there must be some error in the text, not being able to understand how hope could be increased till it were destroyed. Knight explains it thus: "As 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick,' so hope upon hope, without realization, is a surfeit of hope, and extinguishes hope. Cassio had some reasonable facts to prevent his hope being surfeited to death."—H. N. H.

65. "*tire the ingener*"; Knight, Steevens conj.; F. 1, "*tyre the Ingeniuer*"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*tire the Ingeniver*"; Q. 1, "*beare all Excelency*"; Qq. 2, 3, "*beare an excelency*";—Johnson conj. "*tire the ingenious verse*"; Pope, "*beare all excellency*"—I. G.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favorable and happy speed:
 Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling
 winds,
 The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
 Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel, 70
 As having sense of beauty, do omit
 Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
 The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's cap-
 tain,
 Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
 Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
 A se'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Othello
 guard,
 And swell his sail with thine own powerful
 breath,
 That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
 Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
 Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits, 81
 And bring all Cyprus comfort.

*Enter Desdemona, Emilia, Iago, Roderigo,
 and Attendants.*

O, behold,
 The riches of the ship is come on shore!
 Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.
 Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,

69. "gutter'd"; indented. [Perhaps "embedded in mud or ooze," according to the Scotch and Irish sense of "gutter."—L.]—C. H. H.

82. "And . . . Cyprus"; omitted in Ff.—I. G.

Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arrived: nor know I aught
But that he 's well and will be shortly here. 90

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

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

[*A cry within: 'A sail, a sail!' Guns heard.*]

Sec. Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel:
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the News. [*Exit Gentleman.*]
Good ancient, you are welcome. [*To Emilia*]
Welcome, mistress:

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. 100
[*Kissing her.*]

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

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;

100. "*bold show of courtesy*"; observe Othello's "honest," and Cassio's "bold" Iago; and Cassio's full guileless-hearted wishes for the safety and love-raptures of Othello and "the divine Desdemona." And note also the exquisite circumstance of Cassio's kissing Iago's wife, as if it ought to be impossible that the dullest auditor should not feel Cassio's religious love of Desdemona's purity. Iago's answers are the sneers which a proud bad intellect feels towards women, and expresses to a wife. Surely it ought to be considered a very exalted compliment to women, that all the sarcasms on them in Shakespeare are put in the mouths of villains (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

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

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of
doors, 110

Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in
your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

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

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou
shouldst praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't;
For I am nothing if not critical. 120

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

Iago. Aye, madam.

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

Iago. I am about it; but indeed my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from
frize;

112. "saints in your injuries"; that is, when you have a mind to do injuries, you put on an air of sanctity.—H. N. H.

It plucks out brains and all: but my Muse
labors,

And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit, 130

The one 's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well praised! How if she be black and
witty?

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

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How if fair and foolish?

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

Des. These are old fond paradoxes to make
fools laugh i' the ale house. What miser- 140
able praise hast thou for her that 's foul and
foolish?

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

Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the
worst best. But what praise couldst thou
bestow on a deserving woman indeed, one
that in the authority of her merit did justly
put on the vouch of very malice itself? 150

Iago. She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud,
Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish and yet said 'Now I may';
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail

To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
 She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,
 See suitors following and not look behind; 160
 She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

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

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

Iago. [*Aside*] He takes her by the palm: aye, 170
 well said, whisper: with as little a web as this ✓
 will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Aye,
 smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine
 own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, in-
 deed: if such tricks as these strip you out of
 your lieutenantry, it had been better you had
 not kissed your three fingers so oft, which
 now again you are most apt to play the sir
 in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent
 courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your 180
 fingers to your lips? would they were clyster-
 pipes for your sake!—[*Trumpet within.*]
 The Moor! I know his trumpet.

158. "*change cod's head for salmon's tail*"; that is, to exchange a delicacy for coarser fare. So in Queen Elizabeth's *Household Book*: "Item, the master cookes have to fee all the *salmon's tailles.*"—H. N. H.

163. "*chronicle small beer*"; that is, to suckle children and keep the accounts of the household.—H. N. H.

168. "*you may relish him more,*" etc. Iago's bluntness would be repugnant in a scholar, but is becoming in a soldier.—C. H. H.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let 's meet him and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest comes such calms, 190
May the winds blow till they have waken'd
death!

And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell 's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy! for I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers! 200
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be
[*Kissing her.*

That e'er our hearts shall make!

187. "*fair warrior*"; perhaps Othello intends a playful allusion to the unwillingness Desdemona has expressed to "be left behind, a moth of peace, and he go to the war." Steevens, however, thinks it was a term of endearment derived from the old French poets; as Ronsard, in his sonnets, often calls the ladies *guerrieres*.—H. N. H.

Iago. [Aside] O, you are well tuned now! O
 But I'll set down the pegs that make this music, ✓
 As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.
 News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are
 drown'd.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle?
 Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus;
 I have found great love amongst them. O my
 sweet, 210

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
 In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago,
 Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
 Bring thou the master to the citadel;
 He is a good one, and his worthiness
 Does challenge much respect. Come, Desde-
 mona,
 Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt all but Iago and Roderigo.*]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the har-
 bor. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant—
 as, they say, base men being in love have 220
 then a nobility in their natures more than is
 native to them—list me. The lieutenant to-
 night watches on the court of guard. First,

206. "*As honest as I am*"; Coleridge, as we have seen in a former note, pronounces Iago "a being next to devil, and only not quite devil." It is worth noting that Milton's Satan relents at the prospect of ruining the happiness before him, and prefaces the deed with a gush of pity for the victims; whereas the same thought puts Iago in a transport of jubilant ferocity. Is our idea of Satan's wickedness enhanced by his thus indulging such feelings, and then acting in defiance of them, or as if he had them not? or is Iago more devilish than he?—H. N. H.

I must tell thee this: Desdemona is directly in love with him.

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

Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies: and will she ²³⁰ love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favor, sympathy in years, manners and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will ²⁴⁰ find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position—who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his ²⁵⁰ salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can

227. "*Lay thy finger thus*"; on thy mouth to stop it, while thou art listening to a wiser man.—H. N. H.

stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: a devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already. 260

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she's full of most blest condition.

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

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

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: pish! But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay 't upon you: Cassio knows 270 280

255. "a devilish knave"; omitted in Qq.—I. G.

265. "blest pudding"; Ff. "Bless'd pudding"; omitted in Qq.—I. G.

276–277. "comes the master and main"; so Ff.; Q. 1 reads "comes the maine"; Qq. 2, 3, "comes Roderigo, the master and the maine."—I. G.

you not: I'll not be far from you: do you, ✓
 find some occasion to anger Cassio, either
 by speaking too loud, or tainting his disci-
 pline, or from what other course you please,
 which the time shall more favorably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choler,
 and haply may strike at you: provoke him,
 that he may; for even out of that will I cause
 these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualifica- 290
 tion shall come into no true taste again but
 by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you
 have a shorter journey to your desires by the
 means I shall then have to prefer them, and
 the impediment most profitably removed,
 without the which there were no expectation
 of our prosperity.

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

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at 300
 the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries
 ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [Exit.

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; .
 That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit:
 The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona
 A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too,
 Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure
 I stand accountant for as great a sin, 310

288. "haply may"; Qq. read "haply with his Trunchen may."—I. G.

But partly led to diet my revenge,
 For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
 Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof ✓
 Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my in-
 wards;

And nothing can or shall content my soul
 Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
 Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor ✓
At least into a jealousy so strong

That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to
 do,

If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash ³²⁰
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
 I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb;
 For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;
 Make the Moor thank me, love me and reward
 me,

For making him egregiously an ass
 And practising upon his peace and quiet
 Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused:
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.

[*Exit.*]

320. "*poor trash of Venice, whom I trash*"; Steevens' emendation;
 Q. 1, "*poor trash . . . I crush*"; Ff., Qq. 2, 3, "*poor Trash*
. . . I trace"; Theobald, Warburton conj. "*poor brach . . .*
I trace"; Warburton (later conj.) "*poor brach . . . I cherish.*"
 —I. G.

321. "*stand the putting on*"; prove equal to the chase when cried
 on to the quarry. Iago hampers Roderigo's "quick hunting" of Des-
 demona to start him on his own prey.—C. H. H.

329. "*never seen till used*"; an honest man acts upon a plan, and
 forecasts his designs; but a knave depends upon temporary and
 local opportunities, and never knows his own purpose, but at the
 time of execution (Johnson).—H. N. H.

SCENE II

*A street.**Enter a Herald with a proclamation; People following.*

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him: for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is ¹⁰ full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

*A hall in the castle.**Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.*

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard tonight:

10. "*All offices are open*"; All rooms, or places in the castle, at which refreshments are prepared or served out.—H. N. H.

Let 's teach ourselves that honorable stop,
Not to outspout discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But notwithstanding with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: to-morrow with your
earliest
Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear
love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit 's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good night. 11

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*]

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

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

Cas. She 's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I 'll warrant her, full of game. 20

Cas. Indeed she 's a most fresh and delicate
creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds
a parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right
modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Cas. She is indeed perfection.

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

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

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you. 40

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

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

30-46. In these few short speeches of Iago is disclosed the innermost soul of a cold intellectual sensualist, his faculties dancing and capering amidst the provocatives of passion, because himself without passion. Senseless or reckless of everything good, but keenly alive to whatsoever he can turn to a bad use, his mind acts like a sieve, to strain out all the wine and retain only the lees of womanhood; which lees he delights to hold up as the main constituents of the sex. And Cassio's very delicacy and religiousness of thought prevent his taking offense at the villain's heartless and profane levity. Iago then goes on to suit himself to all the demands of the frankest joviality. As he is without any feelings, so he can feign them all indifferently, to work out his design. Knight justly observes that "other dramatists would have made him gloomy and morose; but Shakespeare knew that the boon companion, and the cheat and traitor, are not essentially distinct characters."—H. N. H.

43. "here," *i. e.* in my head.—I. G.

Cas. Where are they?

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

Cas. I'll do 't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit.* 50

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night al-
ready,

He'll be as full of quarrel and offense
As my young mistress' dog. Now my sick fool
Roderigo,

Whom love hath turn'd almost wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused
Potations pottle-deed; and he's to watch:

Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honors in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle, 60

Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock
of drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle. But here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Re-enter Cassio; with him Montano and Gentle-
men; Servants following with wine.*

Cas. 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse al-
ready.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I
am a soldier. 70

60. "*warlike isle*"; as quarrelsome as the *discordia semina rerum*;
as quick in opposition as fire and water (Johnson).—H. N. H

Iago. Some wine, ho!

[*Sings*] And let me the canakin clink, clink
 And let me the canakin clink:
 A soldier's a man;
 A life's but a span;
 Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

Cas. 'Fore God, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where indeed
 they are most potent in potting: your Dane, 80
 your German, and your swag-bellied Hol-
 lander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your
 English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drink-
 ing?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your
 Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to over-
 throw your Almain; he gives your Hollander
 a vomit ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general! 90

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

Iago. O sweet England!

[*Sings*] King Stephen was a worthy peer,
 His breeches cost him but a crown;
 He held them sixpence all too dear,
 With that he call'd the tailor lown.

91. "*do you justice*"; that is, drink as much as you do.—H. N. H.
 94–101. These lines are from an old song called "*Take thy old
 cloak about thee*," to be found in Percy's *Reliques*.—I. G.

He was a wight of high renown,
 And thou art but of low degree:
 'Tis pride that pulls the country down; 100
 Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

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

Iago. Will you hear 't again?

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

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant. 110

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

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Aye, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. God forgive us our sins! Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my an- 120
 cient: this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then; you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*]

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

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;
 He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar 130
 And give direction: and do but see his vice;
 'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
 The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
 I fear the trust Othello puts him in
 On some odd time of his infirmity
 Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

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

Mon. It were well
 The general were put in mind of it. 140
 Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
 Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio
 And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

Iago. [*Aside to him*] How now, Roderigo!
 I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

[*Exit Roderigo.*]

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

130. "a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar"; how differently the liar speaks of Cassio's soldiership to Montano and to Roderigo! He is now talking where he is liable to be called to account for his words.—H. N. H.

138. "set"; series of twelve hours. He will watch a whole day and night.—C. H. H.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
 I do love Cassio well, and would do much 150
 To cure him of this evil:—But, hark! what
 noise?

A cry within: 'Help! help!'

Re-enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.

Cas. 'Zounds! you rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty! But I'll
 beat the knave into a wicker bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue? [*Striking Roderigo.* ✓

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant; I pray you, sir,
 hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir, or I'll knock you o'er the
 mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*

Iago. [*Aside to Roderigo*] Away, I say; go out ✓
 and cry a mutiny. [*Exit Roderigo.* 160

Nay, good lieutenant! God's will, gentlemen!
 Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—
 sir;—

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch in-
 deed! [*A bell rings.*

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

Re-enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

✓ *Mon.* 'Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to the death.
[*Faints.*]

Oth. Hold, for your lives!

Iago. Hold, ho; Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—
gentlemen,— 169

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

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

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

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

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous
brawl:

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.

Silence that dreadful bell: it frights the isle

From her propriety. What is the matter, mas-
ters? 179

✓ Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge
thee.

Iago. I do not know: friends all but now, even now,

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom

Devesting them for bed; and then, but now,

As if some planet had unwitted men,

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,

In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds,

And would in action glorious I had lost

170. "sense of place"; Hanmer's emendation of Qq., Ff., "place of sense."—I. G.

173. "turn'd Turks"; a bitter play upon the proverbial phrase, which meant to "make a complete change for the worse."—C. H. H.

Those legs that brought me to a part of it! 190

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

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

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;

The gravity and stillness of your youth

The world hath noted, and your name is great

In mouths of wisest censure: what 's the matter,

That you unlace your reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion for the name

Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger: 200

Your officer, Iago, can inform you—

While I spare speech, which something now of-
fends me—

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught

By me that 's said or done amiss this night;

Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,

And to defend ourselves it be a sin

When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven

My blood begins my safer guides to rule,

And passion, having my best judgment col-
lied,

Assays to lead the way: if I once stir, 210

Or do but lift this arm, the best of you

Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know ✓

How this foul rout began, who set it on,

And he that is approved in this offense,

Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,

Shall lose me. What! in a town of war,

Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,

To manage private and domestic quarrel,

In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began 't? 220

Mon. If partially affined, or leagued in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my
mouth
Than it should do offense to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And Cassio following him with determined
sword, 230

To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio and entreats his pause:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamor—as it so fell out—
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose! and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back—
For this was brief—I found them close to-
gether, 240

At blow and thrust; even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report:
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,

235. "*in fright*"; into a panic.—C. H. H.

As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
 Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received
 From him that fled some strange indignity,
 Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter, 250
 Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee;
 But never more be officer of mine.

Re-enter Desdemona, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not raised up!
 I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting; come away to bed.
 Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon:
 [*To Montano, who is led off.*

Lead him off.

Iago, look with care about the town,
 And silence those whom this vile brawl dis-
 tracted.

Come, Desdemona: 'tis the soldiers' life 260
 To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.

[*Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.*

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Aye, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I
 have lost my reputation! I have lost the im-
 mortal part of myself, and what remains is
 bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputa-
 tion!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you 270

had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offense-²⁸⁰ less dog to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil! ²⁹⁰

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is 't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel and applause, transform ourselves into beasts! ³⁰⁰

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

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

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler: as the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend ³¹⁰ it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used: exclaim no more ³²⁰ against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir. I drunk!

Iago. You or any man living may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general. I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark and denotement of her parts and graces: confess yourself freely to ³³⁰ her; importune her help to put you in your

317. "approved"; found by experience.—C. H. H.

325. "some time"; so Qq; Ff., "a time"; Grant White, "one time."

—I. G.

place again; she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested: this broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well. 340

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

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

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant;

I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit.*]

Iago. And what's he then that says I play the villain? 350

When this advice is free I give and honest,
 Probal to thinking, and indeed the course
 To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
 The inclining Desdemona to subdue
 In any honest suit. She's framed as fruitful
 As the free elements. And then for her
 To win the Moor, were't to renounce his baptism,

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,
 ✓ His soul is so enfetter'd to her love, 359

337. "lay"; wager.—C. H. H.

That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
 Even as her appetite shall play the god
 With his weak function. How am I then a
 villain

To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
 Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
 When devils will the blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
 As I do now: for whiles this honest fool
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear, 370
 That she repeals him for her body's lust;
 And by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a
 hound that hunts, but one that fills up the
 cry. My money is almost spent; I have
 been to-night exceedingly well cudged; 380
 and I think the issue will be, I shall have so
 much experience for my pains; and so, with

363. "Parallel course" for course level or even with his design.—
 H. N. H.

365. "when devils will"; that is, when devils will instigate to their
 blackest sins, they tempt, &c. We have repeatedly met with the same
 use of *put on* for *instigate*, and of *suggest* for *tempt*.—H. N. H.

no money at all and a little more wit, return
again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!

What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

Thou know'st we work by wit and not by witch-
craft,

And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,

And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd

Cassio: 390

Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:

Content thyself awhile. By the mass, 'tis morn-
ing;

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:

Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:

Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Rod.*] Two things
are to be done:

✓ My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on;

✓ Myself the while to draw the Moor apart, 400

And bring him jump when he may Cassio find

Soliciting his wife: aye, that 's the way;

Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*

392. "*fruits that blossom first*"; the "*blossoming*" of things, to which Iago alludes, is the removal of Cassio. As their plan had already *blossomed*, so there was good hope that the fruits of it would soon be *ripe*.—The folio substitutes *In troth* for *By th' mass*.—H. N. H.

ACT THIRD

SCENE I

Before the castle.

Enter Cassio and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here; I will content your pains;
Something that 's brief; and bid 'Good morrow,
general.' [Music.]

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been
in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

First Mus. How, sir, how?

Clo. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?

First Mus. Aye, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

First Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument 10
that I know. But masters, here 's money
for you: and the general so likes your music,
that he desires you, for love's sake, to make
no more noise with it.

2. "Good morrow, general"; it was usual for friends to serenade a new-married couple on the morning after the celebration of the marriage, or to greet them with a *morning song* to bid them good morrow.—H. N. H.

13. "for love's sake"; Q. 1, "of all loves."—I. G.

First Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

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

First Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for
I'll away: go; vanish into air; away! 20

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

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

Cas. Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentleman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favor of speech: wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, 30
I shall seem to notify unto her.

Cas. Do, good my friend. [*Exit Clown.*]

Enter Iago.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?

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

Iago. I'll send her to you presently:
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and busi-
ness 40

May be more free.

Cas. I humbly thank you for 't. [*Exit Iago.*]

I never knew

A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor re-
plies,

That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wis-
dom

He might not but refuse you; but he protests
he loves you, 50

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

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

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

Cas. I am much bound to you.

[*Exeunt.*]

43. "*Florentine*," i. e. "even a Florentine"; Iago was a Venetian.
—I. G.

45. "*for your displeasure*"; that is, the displeasure you have in-
curred from Othello.—H. N. H.

52. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

SCENE II

A room in the castle.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

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

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

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

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

SCENE III

The garden of the castle.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

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

Emil. Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves my
husband

As if the case were his.

Des. O, that 's an honest fellow. Do not doubt,
Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

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

Des. I know 't: I thank you. You do love my
lord: 10

You have known him long; and be you well
assured

He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Aye, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee, 20
If I do vow a friendship, I 'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I 'll watch him tame and talk him out of pa-
tience;

His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I 'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit; therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Enter Othello and Iago, at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I 'll take my leave. 30

14. "last so long"; he may either of himself think it politic to keep me out of office so long, or he may be satisfied with such slight reasons, or so many accidents may make him think my readmission at that time improper, that I may be quite forgotten (Johnson).—H. N. H.

23. "watch him tame," *i. e.* tame him by keeping him from sleep (as was done with hawks).—I. G.

Des. Nay, stay and hear me speak.

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

Des. Well, do your discretion. [Exit Cassio.]

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

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

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot think
it,

That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he. 40

Des. How now, my lord!

I have been talking with a suitor here.

A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is 't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my
lord,

If I have any grace or power to move you,

His present reconciliation take;

For if he be not one that truly loves you,

That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,

I have no judgment in an honest face: 50

I prithee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Aye, sooth; so humbled,

That he hath left part of his grief with me,

To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

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

Des. But shall 't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

THE MOOR

Act III. Sc. iii.

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

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then to-morrow night; or Tuesday
morn; 60

On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday
morn:

I prithee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he 's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason—
Save that, they say, the wars must make ex-
amples

Out of their best—is not almost a fault
To incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,
What you would ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael
Cassio, 70

That came a-woeing with you, and so many a
time

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much—

Oth. Prithee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit 80

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.

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

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

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to thee
straight.

Des. Emilia, come. Be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not, ⁹¹
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my
lady,

Know of your love?

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

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;

No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

92. "*Chaos is come again*"; the meaning is, "Ere I cease to love thee, the world itself shall be reduced to its primitive chaos."—*But* is used in its exceptive sense, *be out, but that*, or, "*if I do not love thee*."—H. N. H.

96. "*why dost thou ask?*"; in Act i. sc. 2, when Iago, speaking of the Moor to Cassio, says, "He's married," Cassio asks, "To whom?" Yet here he seems to have known all about it. Of course the explanation is, that Cassio there feigned ignorance, in order to keep his friend's secret till it should be publicly known.—H. N. H.

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

Oth. O, yes, and went between us very oft. 100

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! aye, indeed: discern'st thou aught in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord!

Oth. Honest! aye, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord!

Oth. Think, my lord! By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought

Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something:

I heard thee say even now, thou likedst not that,

When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?

And when I told thee he was of my counsel 111

In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst 'Indeed!'

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,

Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost;

And for I know thou 'rt full of love and honesty

106. "By heaven, he echoes me"; Q. 1, "By heauen he ecchoes me"; Ff., "Alas, thou ecchos't me"; Qq. 2, 3, "why dost thou ecchoe me." —I. G.

And weight'st thy words before thou givest
them breath,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the
more: 120

For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just
They're close relations, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or those that be not, would they might seem
none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

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

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this: 130

I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminatè, and give thy worst of
thoughts

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me:
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile
and false;

As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so
pure,

132. "*thy worst of thoughts*"; so Ff., Q. 2; Q. 1, reads "*the worst of thoughts*"; Q. 3, "*thy thoughts*"; perhaps we should read:—

"*As thou dost rum'nate, give thy worst of thoughts.*"—I. G.

But some uncleanly apprehensions
 Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit 140
 With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
 If thou but think'st him wrong'd and makest his
 ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you—
 Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,
 As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
 To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
 Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom
 yet,

From one that so imperfectly conceits,
 Would take no notice, nor build yourself a
 trouble 150

Out of his scattering and unsure observance.

It were not for your quiet nor your good,
 Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
 To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my
 lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls:

146. "*my nature's plague*"; it has been proposed to read "*of my jealousy,*" and change *shapes* into *shape*. At first sight, this is plausible, as it satisfies the grammar perfectly. But jealousy is itself, evidently, the "*nature's plague*" of which Iago is speaking. So that the sense would be,—"*It is my nature's plague to spy into abuses, and of my nature's plague to shape faults that are not*"; which comes pretty near being nonsense. On the other hand, if we read,—"*It is my nature's plague to spy into abuses, and oft my nature's plague shapes faults that are not,*"—the language is indeed not good, but the sense is perfect.—H. N. H.

156. "*the immediate jewel of their souls*"; their most intimate possession after life itself.—C. H. H.

Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thou-
sands;

But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him 160
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I 'll know thy thoughts.

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

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly
loves! 170

Oth. O misery!

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

Oth. Why, why is this!
Think'st thou I 'ld make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt

166. "mock". *i. e.* makes its sport with its prey (like a cat), torturing him with "damned minutes" of doubt, instead of making him "certain of his fate" at once. Hammer read "make."—C. H. H.

168. "his wronger"; *i. e.* the wife.—C. H. H.

170. "strongly"; so Qq.; Ff., "soundly"; Knight, "fondly."—I. G.

Is once to be resolved: exchange me for a goat,
 When I shall turn the business of my soul 181
 To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
 Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me
 jealous

To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves com-
 pany,

Is free of speech, sings, plays and dances well;
 Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:

Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw

The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;

For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago,

I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;

And on the proof, there is no more but this, 191

Away at once with love or jealousy!

Iago. I am glad of it; for now I shall have reason

To show the love and duty that I bear you

With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,

Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.

Look to your wife: observe her well with Cassio;

Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure:

I would not have your free and noble nature

Out of self-bounty be abused; look to 't: 200

I know our country disposition well;

In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks

They dare not show their husbands; their best

conscience

Is not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.

204. "*but keep't unknown*"; this and the following argument of Iago ought to be deeply impressed on every reader. Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are in the sum of life obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat, distrust the deceiver, and the act by which kind-

Oth. Dost thou say so?

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

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to then;
She that so young could give out such a seem-
ing,
To seel her father's eyes up close as oak— 210
He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I am much
to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

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

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. I' faith, I fear it has
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love; but I do see you're
moved:
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion. 220

Oth. I will not.

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

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my
worthy friend—

My lord, I see you're moved.

Oth. No, not much moved:
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

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

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself—

Iago. Aye, there's the point: as—to be bold with
you—

Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion and degree, 230

Whereto we see in all things nature tends—

Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,

Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.

But pardon me; I do not in position

Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear

Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,

May fall to match you with her country forms.

And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;

Set on thy wife to observe: leave me, Iago. 240

Iago. [*Going*] My lord, I take my leave.

Oth. Why did I marry? This honest creature
doubtless

Sees and knows more, much more, than he un-
folds.

236. "*recoiling to*"; slipping from the control of.—C. H. H.

238. "*happily*"; haply.—C. H. H.

Iago. [*Returning*] My lord, I would I might entreat your honor

To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
 Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
 For sure he fills it up with great ability,
 Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
 You shall by that perceive him and his means:
 Note if your lady strain his entertainment 250
 With any strong or vehement importunity;
 Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
 Let me be thought too busy in my fears—
 As worthy cause I have to fear I am—
 And hold her free, I do beseech your honor.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
 And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
 Of human dealings. If I do prove her hag-
 gard, 260
 Though that her jesses were my dear heart-
 strings,
 I 'ld whistle her off and let her down the wind
 To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black ^{KKK}
 And have not those soft parts of conversation
 That chamberers have, or for I am declined
 Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much—

249. "*his means*"; you shall discover whether he thinks his best means, his most powerful interest, is by the solicitation of your lady.—H. N. H.

250. "*strain his entertainment*"; that is, press his readmission to pay and office.—H. N. H.

259. "*learned spirit*"; the construction is, "He knows with a learned spirit all qualities of human dealings.—H. N. H.

She 's gone; I am abused, and my relief
 Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
 And not their appetites! I had rather be a
 toad, 270

And live upon the vapor of a dungeon,
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love
 For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great
 ones;

Prerogativèd are they less than the base;
 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
 Even then this forked plague is fated to us
 When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

Re-enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!
 I'll not believe 't.

Des. How now, my dear Othello!
 Your dinner, and the generous islanders 280
 By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly?
 Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here. horns s

276. "forked plague"; one of Sir John Harington's *Epigrams* will illustrate this:

"Actæon guiltless unawares espying
 Naked Diana bathing in her bowre
 Was plagued with horns; his dogs did him devoure;
 Wherefore take heed, ye that are curious, prying,
 With some such *forked plague* you be not smitten,
 And in your foreheads see your faults be writtten."

—H. N. H.

277. "Desdemona comes"; so Qq.; Ff. read "Looke where she comes."—I. G.

Des. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;
[*He puts the handkerchief from him; and she drops it.*]

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin: 290

This was her first remembrance from the Moor:

My wayward husband hath a hundred times

Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,

For he conjured her she should ever keep it,

That she reserves it evermore about her

To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en
out,

And give 't Iago: what he will do with it

Heaven knows, not I;

I nothing but to please his fantasy.

292. "*a hundred times*"; of course *hundred* is here used for an indefinite number; still it shows that the unity of time is much less observed in this play than some have supposed. The play indeed seldom gives any note of the lapse of time, save by *inference*, as in the case before us. Thus far, only one night, since that of the marriage, has been *expressly* accounted for; and this was the night when the nuptials were celebrated, and Cassio cashiered; though several must have passed during the sea-voyage. From Iago's soliloquy at the close of Act i., it is clear he had his plot even then so far matured, that he might often woo his wife to steal the handkerchief while at sea. Moreover, we may well enough suppose a considerable interval of time between the first and third scenes of the present Act; since Cassio may not have had the interview with Desdemona immediately after he engaged Emilia to solicit it for him.—H. N. H.

Re-enter Iago.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone? 300

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me? it is a common thing—

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief!

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stol'n it from her? 310

Emil. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence,
And, to the advantage, I being here took 't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with 't, that you have been
so earnest

To have me filch it?

Iago. [*Snatching it*] Why, what 's that to you?

Emil. If 't be not for some purpose of import,
Give 't me again: poor lady, she 'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknown on 't; I have use for it.

Go, leave me. [*Exit Emilia.* 320

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ: this may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:

Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
 Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
 But with a little act upon the blood
 Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so:
 Look, where he comes!

Re-enter Othello.

Not poppy, nor mandragora, ³³⁰
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
 Which thou owedst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the
 rack:

I swear 'tis better to be much abused
 Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord!

Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?

I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
 I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
 I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips: ³⁴¹
 He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
 Let him not know 't and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
 Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,
 So I had nothing known. O, now for ever

330. "*Look where he comes*"; that is, I knew the least touch of such a passion would not permit the Moor a moment of repose:—I have just said that jealousy is a restless commotion of the mind; and look, where Othello approaches, to confirm my observation (Steevens).—H. N. H.

Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
 Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars
 That make ambition virtue! O, farewell, 350
 Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill
 trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner and all quality,
 Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!
 And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
 Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is 't possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
 Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof; 360
 Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,
 Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
 Than answer my waked wrath!

Iago. Is 't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see 't; or at the least so prove it,
 That the probati^on bear no hinge nor loop
 To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her and torture me,
 Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
 On horror's head horrors accumulate; 370

351. "*Farewell the neighing steed*"; there is some resemblance between this speech and the following lines in Peelle's "*Farewell to the Famous and Fortunate Generals of our English Forces*," 1589:

"Change love for armes; gyrt to your blades, my boyes;
 Your rests and muskets take, take helme and targe,
 And let god Mars his trumpet make you mirth,
 The *roaring cannon*, and the brazen trumpe,
 The *angry-sounding drum*, the *whistling fife*,
 The shriekes of men, the princelie *courser's ney*."—H. N. H.

Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth
 amazed;
 For nothing canst thou to damnation add
 Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!
 Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?
 God be wi' you; take mine office. O wretched
 fool,
 That livest to make thine honesty a vice!
 O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O
 world,
 To be direct and honest is not safe.
 I thank you for this profit, and from hence
 I'll love no friend sith love breeds such offense.

Oth. Nay, stay: thou shouldst be honest. 381

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
 And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
 I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
 I think that thou art just, and think thou art
 not:
 I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as
 fresh
 As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black
 As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
 Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
 I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied! 390

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
 I do repent me that I put it to you.
 You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would! nay, I will.

Iago. And may: but, how? how satisfied, my lord?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her topp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: damn them
then,

If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction? 401
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may have 't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office: 410

But sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,
Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:

One of this kind is Cassio:

In sleep I heard him say 'Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves;' 420

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my
hand,

Cry 'O sweet creature!' and then kiss me hard,

406. "circumstances"; indirect, circumstantial evidence.—C. H. H.

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd and kiss'd, and then
Cried 'Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor!'

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion: ~~was~~ ^{was}

'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream. ^{post}

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs ⁴³⁰
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this;
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand.

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief—
I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers, ⁴⁴⁰

It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.

Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago;

All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:

'Tis gone.

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!

435. "Spotted"; embroidered.—C. H. H.

440. "any that was hers"; Malone's emendation; Qq., "any, it was hers"; F. 1, "any, it was hers"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "any, if't was hers"; Anon. conj. "any 'it' was hers."—I. G.

447. "thy hollow cell"; so Qq.; Ff. read "the hollow hell"; Warburton, "th' unhallow'd cell."—I. G.

Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy
fraught,

For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

Iago. Yet be content. 450

Oth. O, blood, blood, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may
change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. Now, by yond marble
heaven, 460

In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels.*
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet. [*Kneels.*

Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wronged Othello's service! Let him com-
mand,

And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever. [*They arise.*

456. Steevens compares the following passage in Holland's *Pliny*:
—"And the sea Pontus ever more floweth and runneth out from
Propontes, but the sea never retireth back again within Pontus."
I. G.

469. "*business ever*"; Qq., "*worke so euer*"; Collier, "*work soe'er*,"
&c.—I. G.

devise a lodging, and say he lies here or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out and be edified by report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him I have moved my lord on his behalf and hope all will be well. 20

Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit.*]

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of crusadoes: and, but my noble Moor

17. "*by them answer*"; that is, and by them, *when answered*, form my own answer to you. The quaintness of the answer is in character.—H. N. H.

24. "*I know not*"; objection has been made to the conduct of Emilia in this scene, as inconsistent with the spirit she afterwards shows. We can discover no such inconsistency. Want of principle and strength of attachment are often thus seen united. Emilia loves her mistress deeply; but she has no *moral* repugnance to theft and falsehood, apprehends no *fatal* consequences from the Moor's passion, and has no soul to conceive the agony her mistress must suffer by the charge of infidelity; and it is but natural, that when the result comes she should be the more spirited for the very remembrance of her own guilty part in the process. It is the seeing of the end, that rouses such people, and rouses them all the more that themselves have served as means. "Emilia," says Mrs. Jameson, "is a perfect portrait from common life, a masterpiece in the Flemish style: and, though not necessary as a contrast, it cannot be but that the thorough vulgarity, the loose principles of this plebeian woman, united to a high spirit, energetic feeling, strong sense, and low cunning, serve to place in brighter relief the exquisite refinement, the moral grace, the unblemished truth, and the soft submission of Desdemona."—H. N. H.

Is true of mind and made of no such baseness
 As jealous creatures are, it were enough
 To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous? 29

Des. Who, he? I think the sun where he was born
 Drew all such humors from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now till Cassio
 Be call'd to him.

Enter Othello.

How is 't with you, my lord?

Oth. Well, my good lady. [*Aside*] O, hardness
 to dissemble!

How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my
 lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:
 Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires
 A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
 Much castigation, exercise devout; 41
 For here 's a young and sweating devil here,
 That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
 A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
 For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands;
 But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

47. "our new heraldy," (*vide* PREFACE).—I. G.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me; 51
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That's a fault.

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people: she told her, while she
kept it

'Twould make her amiable and subdue my
father

Entirely to her love, but if she lost it 60

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathed and his spirits should
hunt

After new fancies: she dying gave it me,

And bid me, when my fate would have me
wife,

To give it her. I did so: and take heed on 't;

Make it a darling like your precious eye;

56. "*an Egyptian*"; probably a gipsy.—C. H. H.

63. "*fancies*"; loves.—C. H. H.

65. "*her*," *i. e.* to my wife (implied in "*wive*").—I. G.

In the last scene of the play, Othello speaks of the handkerchief as "an antique token my father gave my mother." This has been thought an oversight; Steevens regards it as a fresh proof of the

To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is 't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true: there 's magic in a web of it: 70

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the
silk;

And it was dyed in mummy which the skillful
Conserved of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is 't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.

Des. Then would to God that I had never seen 't!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash? 79

Oth. Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is it out o' the way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Oth. How!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch 't, let me see it.

Poet's art. "The first account," says he, "was purposely ostentatious, in order to alarm his wife the more. When he again mentions it, the truth was sufficient." We must add a remark from Mrs. Jameson: "This handkerchief, in the original story of Cinthio, is merely one of those embroidered handkerchiefs which were as fashionable in Shakespeare's time as in our own; but the minute description of it as 'lavorato alla morisco sottilissimamente,' which in English means nothing more than that the pattern was what we now call *arabesque*, suggested to the poetical fancy of Shakespeare one of the most exquisite and characteristic passages in the whole play. Othello makes poor Desdemona believe that the handkerchief was a talisman."—H. N. H.

THE MOOR

Act III. Sc. iv.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.

This is a trick to put me from my suit:

Pray you, let Cassio be received again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind mis-gives.

Des. Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man. 90

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shared dangers with you,—

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away! [Exit.]

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man: 100
They are all but stomachs and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full
They belch us. Look you, Cassio and my husband.

women's rights

Enter Cassio and Iago.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do 't:
And, lo, the happiness! go and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio! what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I beseech you

That by your virtuous means I may again
 Exist, and be a member of his love
 Whom I with all the office of my heart 110
 Entirely honor: I would not be delay'd.
 If my offense be of such mortal kind,
 That nor my service past nor present sorrows
 Nor purposed merit in futurity
 Can ransom me into his love again,
 But to know so must be my benefit;
 So shall I clothe me in a forced content
 And shut myself up in some other course
 To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!
 My advocacy is not now in tune; 120
 My lord is not my lord, nor should I know him
 Were he in favor as in humor alter'd.
 So help me every spirit sanctified,
 As I have spoken for you all my best
 And stood within the blank of his displeasure
 For my free speech! You must awhile be
 patient:
 What I can do I will; and more I will
 Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,
 And certainly in strange unquietness. 130

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
 When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
 And, like the devil, from his very arm

118. "shut myself up in," &c., i. e., "Confine myself to some other course of life, awaiting fortune's charity"; Q. 1, "shoote my selfe up in"; Capell, "shoot myself upon"; Rann, "shape myself upon"; Collier MS., "shift myself upon."—I. G.

Puff'd his own brother; and can he be angry?
 Something of moment then: I will go meet him:
 There's matter in 't indeed if he be angry.

Des. I prithee, do so. [*Exit Iago.*

Something sure of state,
 Either from Venice some unhatch'd practice
 Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
 Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such cases
 Men's natures wrangle with inferior things, 141
 Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even
 so;

For let our finger ache, and it indues
 Our other healthful members even to that sense
 Of pain: nay; we must think men are not gods,
 Nor of them look for such observancy
 As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia,
 I was, unhandsome warrior as I am,
 Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
 But now I find I had suborn'd the witness, 150
 And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think,
 And no conception nor no jealous toy
 Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day, I never gave him cause!

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
 They are not ever jealous for the cause,
 But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster
 Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's
 mind! 160

148. "warrior"; Hanmer "wrangler"; cp. "O my fair warrior";
 (II. i. 184).—I. G.

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him. Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I 'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?

I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house,

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.

What, keep a week away? seven days and
nights? 170

Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent
hours,

More tedious than the dial eight score times?

O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca,

I have this while with leaden thoughts been
press'd;

But I shall in a more continue time

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bi-
anca,

[*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.*]

Take me this work out.

170. "seven days and nights"; it would seem, by this, that seven days at least have elapsed since Cassio was cashiered; perhaps much more, as the "leaden thoughts" may have been kept off for some time by the hopes built upon Desdemona's promise of intercession, and brought on again by the unexpected delay. See Act iii. sc. 3.
—H. N. H.

Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend:

To the felt absence now I feel a cause:

Is 't come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman! 180

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,

From whence you have them. You are jealous
now

That this is from some mistress, some remem-
brance:

No, by my faith, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.

I like the work well: ere it be demanded—

As like enough it will—I 'ld have it copied:

Take it, and do 't; 'r d leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general; 190

And think it no addition, nor my wish,

To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.

I pray you, bring me on the way a little;

And say if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you;

For I attend here: but I 'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanced.

[*Exeunt.*]

201. "be circumstanced"; submit to circumstances.—C. H. H.

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

Cyprus. Before the castle.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago!

Iago. What,
To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthorized kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed
An hour or more, not meaning any harm.

Oth. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!

It is hypocrisy against the devil:

They that mean virtuously and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempts and they tempt
heaven.

4. "*not meaning any harm*"; we must suppose that Iago had been applying cases of false comfort to Othello; as that, though the parties had been even found in bed together, there might be no harm done: it might be only for trial of their virtue; as was reported of the Romish saint, Robert D'Arbrissel, and his nuns (Warburton).—H. N. H.

8. The "*devil tempts their virtue*" by stirring up their passions, and they *tempt heaven* by placing themselves in a situation which makes it scarcely possible to avoid falling by the gratification of them. Perhaps the story of St. Adhelm, related in Bale's *Actes of Englysh Votaries*, is referred to: "This Adhelmus never refused women, but wold have them commonly both at borde and bedde, to mocke the devyll with."—H. N. H.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief— 10

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and being hers,
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honor too:

May she give that?

Iago. Her honor is an essence that 's not seen;
They have it very oft that have it not:
But for the handkerchief—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot
it:

Thou said'st—O, it comes o'er my memory, 20
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Aye, what of that?

Oth. That 's not so good now.

Iago. What,

If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say—as knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab—

Oth. Hath he said anything?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assured,
No more than he 'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Faith, that he did—I know not what he did.

28. "*convinced or supplied*"; that is, having either *conquered* her reluctance or complied with her wish. The proper meaning of *convince* is *conquer* or *overcome*.—H. N. H.

Oth. What, what?

33

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say lie on her, when they belie her.—Lie with her! 'Zounds, that 's fulsome! Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief!—To confess, and be hanged for his labor; first, to be hanged, and then to confess. I tremble at 40 it. Nature would not invest herself in such

41. "*Nature would not invest*"; this passage has called forth a large fund of critical ingenuity. Dr. Johnson explains it thus: "There has always prevailed in the world an opinion, that when any great calamity happens at a distance, notice is given of it to the sufferer by some dejection or perturbation of mind, of which he discovers no external cause. This is ascribed to that general communication of one part of the universe with another, which is called sympathy and antipathy; or to the secret monition, *instruction*, and influence of a superior Being, which superintends the order of nature and of life. Othello says, 'Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some *instruction*: It is not words that shake me thus.' This passion, which spreads its clouds over me, is the effect of some agency more than the operation of words: it is one of those notices which men have of unseen calamities."—The explanation given by Sir Joshua Reynolds is, that Othello does not here refer to any feelings of his own, but to the story of Cassio's dream, which Iago has fabricated and told him; and of which Othello has already said, "But this denoted a *foregone conclusion*"; meaning, of course, that Cassio's dream was but an involuntary remembrance and repetition of what he had *actually done* before. So that the sense may be given something thus: "Nature would not in Cassio clothe herself in such shadowing passion, or would not give out such *adumbrations of passion*, without *some former experience*, or the *instruction* of some *foregoing fact*."—Either of these explanations may be right, and it is not easy to choose between them; though we rather incline to the latter: for, as Sir Joshua says, "Othello, in broken sentences and single words, all of which have a reference to the cause of his jealousy, shows that *all the proofs are present at once to his mind*, which so overpower it that he falls into a trance,—the natural consequence.—H. N. H.

shadowing passion without some instruction.
 It is not words that shakes me thus. Pish!
 Noses, ears and lips. Is 't possible?—Con-
 fess?—Handkerchief?—O devil!

[*Falls in a trance.*]

Iago. Work on,
 My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are
 caught:
 And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
 All guiltless, meet reproach. What, ho! my
 lord!
 My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter Cassio.

How now, Cassio! 50

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy:

This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear;

The lethargy must have his quiet course:

If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by

Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:

Do you withdraw yourself a little while,

He will recover straight: when he is gone,

45. "*O devil!*"; "The starts," says Warburton, "and broken reflections in this speech have something in them very terrible, and show the mind of the speaker to be in inexpressible agonies."—The trance is thus justified by Sir Joshua Reynolds: "When many confused and very interesting ideas pour in upon the mind all at once, and with such rapidity that it has not time to shape or digest them, if it does not relieve itself by tears, (which we know it often does, whether for joy or grief,) it produces stupefaction and fainting."—H. N. H.

I would on great occasion speak with you. 60

[*Exit Cassio.*]

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven.

Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

Oth. A horned man's a monster and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;

Think every bearded fellow that's but yoked
May draw with you: there's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds 70
Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is
better.

O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall
be.

Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your
grief—

A passion most unsuited such a man—
Cassio came hither; I shifted him away, 80
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;

70. "*unproper beds*"; that is, beds *not their own*, not peculiar, common.—H. N. H.

78. "*here o'erwhelmed*"; Q. 1, "*here ere while, mad.*"—I. G.

Bade him anon return and here speak with me;
 The which he promised. Do but encave your-
 self,
 And mark the fleers, the gibes and notable
 scorns,
 That dwell in every region of his face;
 For I will make him tell the tale anew,
 Where, how, how oft, how long ago and when
 He hath and is again to cope your wife:
 I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
 Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen, 90
 And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
 I will be found most cunning in my patience;
 But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.

Iago. That 's not amiss;
 But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
 [*Othello retires.*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
 A housewife that by selling her desires
 Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature
 That dotes on Cassio; as 'tis the strumpet's
 plague
 To beguile many and be beguiled by one.
 He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain 100
 From the excess of laughter. Here he comes.

Re-enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
 And his unbookish jealousy must construe
 Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures and light behav-
 ior,

Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worser that you give me the addition
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on 't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
How quickly should you speed!

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff! 110

Oth. Look, how he laughs already!

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves
me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly and laughs it out.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: go to; well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha! 119

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

Cas. I marry her! what, a customer! I prithee,
bear some charity to my wit; do not think it
so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so: they laugh that win.

Iago. Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry
her.

Cas. Prithee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? Well.

106. "addition"; title.—C. H. H.

121. ("What, a customer!"); ii. 73-76; iii. 60-63, 87-104; omitted
in Q. 1.—I. G.

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own ¹³⁰ love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

Cas. She was here even now: she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble, and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck—

Oth. Crying 'O dear Cassio!' as it were: his gesture imports it. 140

Cas. So hangs and lolls and weeps upon me; so hales and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.

Enter Bianca.

What do you mean by this haunting of me? ¹⁵⁰

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you!

What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now! I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work?

A likely piece of work, that you should find

137-142. "and, by this hand, she falls me"; so Collier; Q. 1, reads "by this hand she fals"; Ff., "and fallc me"; Qq. 2, 3, "fals me."—I. G.

it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There; give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on 't. 160

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now!

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*]

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. Faith, I must; she'll rail i' the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there? 170

Cas. Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Prithee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [*Exit Cassio.*]

Oth. [*Advancing*] How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O Iago! 180

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing.

A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Aye, let her rot, and perish, and be damned 190
to-night; for she shall not live: no, my heart
is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my
hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter
creature: she might lie by an emperor's side,
and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is: so
delicate with her needle: an admirable musi-
cian: O, she will sing the savageness out of a
bear: of so high and plenteous wit and in- 200
vention:—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand thousand times: and then,
of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Aye, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: but yet the pity of
it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give
her patent to offend; for, if it touch not
you, it comes near nobody. 210

Oth. I will chop her into messes: cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night.
I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body
and beauty unprovide my mind again: this
night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated. 220

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases: very good.

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker: you shall hear more by midnight.

Oth. Excellent good. [*A trumpet within*] What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico

Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Lod. God save the worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*Gives him a letter.*]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures. 230

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*]

Des. And what 's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;

Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there 's fall'n between him and my lord

An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. [*Reads*] 'This fail you not to do, as you will—' 240

Lod. He did not call; he 's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter moved him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on 't.

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet Othello? 250

Oth. Devil! [Striking her.

Des. I have not deserved this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be believed in Ven-
ice,

Though I should swear I saw 't: 'tis very much:
Make her amends; she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,

255. "*If that the earth could teem*"; "if women's tears could impregnate the earth." By the doctrine of equivocal generation new animals were supposed producible by new combinations of matter. Shakespeare here alludes to the fabulous accounts which make the crocodile the most deceitful of animals. "It is written that he will weep over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and will then eat up the head too." Wherefore in Latin there is a proverb, "*Crocodili lachrymæ, crocodiles teares, to signifie such teares as are feigned, and spent only with intent to deceive or do harm*" (*Bullockar's Expositor*, 1616).—H. N. H.

Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.
Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*]

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress!

Des. My Lord? 260

Oth. What would you with her, sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Aye; you did wish that I would make her
turn:

Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,
Very obedient. Proceed you in your tears.
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted pas-
sion!—

I am commanded home. Get you away;
I'll send for you anon. Sir, I obey the man-
date,

And will return to Venice. Hence, avaunt! ²⁷⁰
[Exit Desdemona.

Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together:

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. Goats and
monkeys! *[Exit.*

273. "*Goats and monkeys*"; in this exclamation Shakespeare has shown great art. Iago in Act iii. sc. 3, being urged to give some evident proof of the guilt of Cassio and Desdemona, tells the Moor it were impossible to have ocular demonstration of it, though they should be as prime as *goats*, as hot as *monkeys*. These words, we may suppose, still ring in the ears of Othello, who, being now fully convinced of his wife's infidelity, rushes out with this emphatic exclamation.—H. N. H.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
 Call all in all sufficient? This the nature
 Whom passion could not shake? whose solid vir-
 tue
 The shot of accident nor dart of chance
 Could neither graze nor pierce?

Iago. He is much changed.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He's that he is: I may not breathe my cen-
 sure 280

What he might be: if what he might he is not,
 I would to heaven he were!

Lod. What, strike his wife.

Iago. Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
 That stroke would prove the worst!

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
 And new create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak
 What I have seen and known. You shall ob-
 serve him

And his own courses will denote him so 289

That I may save my speech: do but go after,

And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceived in him.

[*Exeunt.*]

275. "This the nature," Pope's reading; Qq., "This the noble na-
 ture"; Ff., "Is this the nature."—I. G.

SCENE II

A room in the castle.

Enter Othello and Emilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing, then?

Emil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between
them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord. 10

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor
nothing?

Emil. Never my lord.

Oth. That 's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For if she be not honest, chaste and true,
There 's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither: go. [*Exit Emilia.*
She says enough: yet she 's a simple bawd 20
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle
whore,

A closet lock and key of villainous secrets:
And yet she 'll kneel and pray; I have seen her
do 't.

Enter Desdemona with Emilia.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy 's this?

Oth. [*To Emilia*] Some of your function, mistress,
Leave procreants alone and shut the door;
Cough, or cry hem, if any body come:
Your mystery, your mystery: nay, dispatch. 30
[*Exit Emilia.*]

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech im-
port?

I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils them-
selves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-
damn'd;
Swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as
hell.

27. "*Some of your function*"; something that belongs to your occu-
pation.—C. H. H.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? how am I
false? 40

Oth. O Desdemona! Away! away! away!

Des. Alas the heavy day! Why do you weep?

Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?

If haply you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost
him,

Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleased heaven

To try me with affliction; had they rain'd

All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips, 50

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,

I should have found in some place of my soul

A drop of patience: but, alas, to make me

A fixed figure for the time of scorn

To point his slow unmoving finger at!

55. "*unmoving finger*"; much has been written upon the passage, and divers changes proposed, such as "*hand of scorn*," and *slowly moving*, most of them originating in a notion that the Poet had some sort of time-piece in his mind. Probably, not to say certainly, no such reference was intended. So that all the progeny of that notion may be set aside. "The time of scorn" means, no doubt, as Knight says, "the *age* of scorn," that is, the whole period during which scorn may be said to live. The "fixed figure" is simply the speaker himself, and not any figure on a dial-plate. As to "slow-unmoving," the sense of it can be better felt than expressed: we can see the sneer darting from the inexorable finger, ever slowly moving *with* the object, never moving *from* it; but we cannot speak it in any words but Shakespeare's, as they stand in the text. The best of all the proposed changes that we have seen, in fact the only one worth entertaining, is Mr. Hunter's, who would transpose *for* and *of*, thus: "A fixed figure *of* the time *for* Scorn to point," &c. We will add Mr. R. G. White's comment on the last line of the passage: "Some have chosen the reading of the folio, on the ground that if the finger

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
 But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
 Where either I must live or bear no life,
 The fountain from the which my current runs,
 Or else dries up; to be discarded thence! 60
 Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
 To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion
 there,

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,
 Aye, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, aye; as summer flies are in the shambles,
 That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
 Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
 That the sense aches at thee, would thou had'st
 ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed? 70

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
 Made to write 'whore' upon? What com-
 mitted!

Committed! O thou public commoner!
 I should make very forges of my cheeks,
 That would to cinders burn up modesty,
 Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed!
 Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
 The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,

of scorn be 'slow,' it must move, and therefore, 'unmoving' is an incongruous epithet! But surely the finger of scorn is 'unmoving,' because it does not move *from its object*, but points at him fixedly and relentlessly. To say that a thing is 'slow,' and then to *add* that it moves, is certainly worthy only of an idiot.—H. N. H.

78. "*The bawdy wind*"; so in *The Merchant of Venice*: "Hugg'd and embraced by the *strumpet wind*."—H. N. H.

Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
 And will not hear it. What committed! 80
 Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian:

If to preserve this vessel for my lord
 From any other foul unlawful touch
 Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is 't possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy then:

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
 That married with Othello. [*Raising his voice*]

You, mistress, 90

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
 And keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter Emilia.

You, you, aye, you:

We have done our course; there's money for
 your pains:

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit.*]

83. "preserve this vessel"; this expression is from *Sacred Writ*:
 "To possess his vessel in sanctification."—H. N. H.

91. "office opposite to St. Peter"; that is, the office *opposed* to Saint Peter; alluding, evidently, to "the power of the keys," which was given to the Apostles generally, and especially to Saint Peter as representing them. So that the opposition is between Emilia as keeper of the gate of hell, and Saint Peter as keeper of the gate of heaven. The sense, therefore, requires that the special emphasis, if there be any, should be laid on *opposite*.—H. N. H.

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With who?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam. 100

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia;

I cannot weep, nor answer have I none

But what should go by water. Prithee, to-night

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets: remember;

And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here's a change indeed!

[*Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.

How have I been behaved, that he might stick

The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Re-enter Emilia, with Iago.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is't with you? 110

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:

He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,

I am a child to chiding.

109. "opinion"; suspicion.—C. H. H.

"least misuse"; Q. 1, "greatest abuse"; Collier MS., "least misdeede."—I. G.

Iago. What 's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her,
 Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
 As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as she says my lord did say I was. 119

Emil. He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink
 Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know: I am sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!

Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
 Her father and her country and her friends,
 To be call'd whore? would it not make one
 weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for 't!

How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain, 130
 Some busy and insinuating rogue,
 Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
 Have not devised this slander; I'll be hang'd
 else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his
 bones?

Why should he call her whore? who keeps her
 company?

What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?

The Moor's abused by some most villainous knave,

Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
O heaven, that such companions thou 'ldst unfold, 141

And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, fie upon them! Some such squire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven, 150

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,

144. "*Speak within door*"; do not clamor so as to be heard beyond the house.—H. N. H.

153. "*discourse of thought*" probably means much the same as "*discourse of reason*"; that is, *discursive range* of thought. See *Hamlet*, Act i. sc. 2, note 19.—The phrase, "*discoursing thoughts*," is met with in Sir John Davies' *Epigrams*. Pope changed "*discourse of thought*" to "*discourse, or thought*," which certainly is more in accordance with the solemn and impressive particularity of the speaker's asseveration of innocence. The change has also been approved as referring to the three forms of sin, "by thought, word, and deed," specified in the old catechisms and the eucharistical confession of the Church. Nevertheless, we adhere to the text as it stands in all the old copies.—H. N. H.

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
 Delighted them in any other form,
 Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
 And ever will, though he do shake me off
 To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
 Comfort foreswear me! Unkindness may do
 much;

And his unkindness may defeat my life, 160
 But never taint my love. I cannot say 'whore':
 It doth abhor me now I speak the word;
 To do the act that might the addition earn
 Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humor:
 The business of the state does him offense,
 And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. 'Tis but so, I warrant. [*Trumpets within.*]
 Hark, how these instruments summon to sup-
 per!

The messengers of Venice stay the meat: 170
 Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo.

Rod. I do not find that thou dealest justly with
 me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

170. "*The messengers of Venice stay the meat*"; Knight's reading;
 F. 1, "*The Messengers of Venice staires the meate*"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*The
 Messenger of Venice staires the meate*"; Q. 1, "*And the great Mes-
 sengers of Venice stay*"; Qq. 2, 3, "*The meate, great Messengers of
 Venice stay.*"—I. G.

Rod. Every day thou daffest me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest from me all conveniency than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it; nor am I ¹⁸⁰ yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist: you ¹⁹⁰ have told me she hath received them and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: by this hand, I say 'tis very scurvy, and begin to find myself fopped in it.

Iago. Very well. 200

Rod. I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Aye, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; ²¹⁰ and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to ²²⁰ believe now than ever, I mean purpose, courage and valor, this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why then Othello and Des-²³⁰demona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes

218. "*not without wit and judgment*"; Shakespeare knew well that most men like to be flattered on account of those endowments in which they are most deficient. Hence Iago's compliment to this *snipe* on his sagacity and shrewdness (Malone).—H. N. H.

232. "*he goes into Mauritania*"; this passage proves, so far as anything said by Iago may be believed, that Othello was not meant to be a Negro, as has been represented, both on the stage and off, but a veritable Moor. His kindred, the Mauritians,—from whose "men

away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean, removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do? 240

Iago. Aye, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him: he knows not yet of his honorable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you 250 such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*]

of royal siege he fetched his life and being," and among whom he was about to retire,—though apt enough to be confounded with the Negroes, were as different from them, externally, as brown is from black; internally, in mind and character, the difference was far greater.—H. N. H.

242. "he sups with a harlotry"; Shakespeare has the expression, "a peevish self-will'd harlotry," in two other plays.—H. N. H.

SCENE III

Another room in the castle.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honor is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?

O,—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there: look it be done.

Des. I will, my lord. 10

[Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.]

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent:
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:

11. "*he looks gentler*"; one of those side intimations of the fluctuations of passion, which we seldom meet with but in Shakespeare. He has here put into half a line what some authors would have spun out into ten set speeches (Hazlitt).—H. N. H.

We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I: my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his
frowns,— 20

Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favor in
them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the
bed.

Des. All's one. Good faith, how foolish are our
minds!

If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:

She was in love; and he she loved proved mad
And did forsake her: she had a song of 'wil-
low;'

An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song to-night 30
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do
But to go hang my head all at one side
And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, dis-
patch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

23. "All's one. Good faith"; Q. 1, "All's one good faith"; Qq. 2, 3, "All's one; good father"; Ff., "All's one: good Father."—I. G.

26. "Barbara"; Qq. read "Barbary"; F. 1, "Barbarie."—I. G.

31. "I have much to do"; that is, I have much *ado* to do any thing, but to go, &c. *To-do* was, and still is, often used thus in the sense of *ado*.—H. N. H.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have
walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of
his nether lip. 40

Des. [*Singing*] The poor soul sat sighing by a
sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd
her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the
stones;—

Lay by these:—

[*Singing*] Sing willow, willow, willow;
Prithee, hie thee; he 'll come anon:— 50

[*Singing*] Sing all a green willow must be my
garland.
Let nobody blame him; his scorn I ap-
prove,—

Nay, that's not next. Hark! who is't that
knocks?

Emil. It's the wind.

41, &c.; the original of Desdemona's song is to be found in Percy's *Reliques* under the title of "A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his Love," where the plaintive lover is a man.—I. G.

41. "sighing"; Ff., "singing"; Q. 3, "singhing"; F. 1, (Dev.) "singing."—I. G.

Des. [*Singing*] I call'd my love false love; but
what said he then?

Sing willow, willow, willow:

If I court moe women, you 'll couch with moe
men! 60

So get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do
itch;

Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so. O, these men, these
men!

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Em-
ilia,—

That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the
world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light; I
might do 't as well i' the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the
world?

Emil. The world's a huge thing: it is a great
price

For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emil. In troth, I think I should; and undo 't 71
when I had done. Marry, I would not do
such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for meas-
ures of lawn. nor for gowns, petticoats, nor

caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for the whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world. 80

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and having the world for your labor, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage as would store the world they played for. But I do think it is their husband's faults If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties And pour our treasures into foreign laps, 90 Or else break out in peevish jealousies, Throwing restraint upon us, or say they strike us,

Or scant our former having in despite,
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know

Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do

When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is: and doth affection breed it? 100

I think it doth: is 't frailty that thus errs?

'T is so too: and have not we affections,

THE MOOR

Act IV. Sc. iii.

Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well: else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night: heaven me such uses
send,

Not to pick bad from bad but by bad mend!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

Cyprus. A street.

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home:
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:

It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in 't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand. [Retires.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:
'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword: he dies.

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense, 11

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,

As gifts to Desdemona:
 It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
 He hath a daily beauty in his life
 That makes me ugly; and besides, the Moor 20
 May unfold me to him; there stand I in much
 peril:
 No, he must die. Be 't so. I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gait; 'tis he. Villain, thou diest!
 [*Makes a pass at Cassio.*]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
 But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
 I will make proof of thine.

[*Draws and wounds Roderigo.*]

Rod. O, I am slain!
 [*Iago from behind wounds Cassio in the leg, and*
exit.]

Cas. I am maim'd for ever. Help, ho! murder!
 murder! [*Falls.*]

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of Cassio: Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon! 30

Oth. 'Tis he. O brave Iago, honest and just,
 That hast such noble sense of thy friend's
 wrong!

Thou teachest me. Minion, your dear lies dead,
 And your unblest fate hies: strumpet, I come!

Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are
blotted:

Thy bed lust-stain'd shall with lust's blood be
spotted. [Exit.

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder!
murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark! 40

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groan: it is a heavy night:

These may be counterfeits: let's think 't un-
safe

To come into the cry without more help.

Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Lod. Hark!

Re-enter Iago, with a light.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and
weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries
on murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did you hear a cry? 49

Cas. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!

Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains?

What are you there? come in and give some help. [To *Lodovico and Gratiano.*

Rod. O, help me here! 60

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!
[Stabs *Roderigo.*

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!

Iago. Kill men i' the dark! Where be these bloody thieves?

How silent is this town! Ho! murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

Gra. Cassio! 70

Iago. How is't, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Light, gentlemen: I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cried?

Iago. Who is 't that cried!

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio! O
Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be that have thus mangled
you?

Cas. No. 80

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to
seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter. So. O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.
Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come;
Lend me a light. Know we this face or no?
Alas, my friend and my dear countryman
Roderigo? no:—yes, sure: O heaven! Roderigo. 90

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir: did you know him?

Gra. Know him! aye.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio? O, a chair, a chair?

Gra. Roderigo!

82-83; omitted in Q. 1.—I. G.

Iago. He, he, 'tis he. [*A chair brought in.*] O,
that 's well said; the chair:

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I 'll fetch the general's surgeon. [*To Bianca*]
For you, mistress, 100

Save you your labor. He that lies slain here,
Cassio,

Was my dear friend: what malice was between
you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [*To Bian.*] What, look you pale? O, bear
him out o' the air.

[*Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.*]

Stay you, good gentleman. Look you pale,
mistress?

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will
speak,

Though tongues were out of use. 110

Enter Emilia.

Emil. 'Las, what 's the matter? what 's the matter,
husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scaped:
He 's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentlemen! alas, good Cassio!

105. "gentlemen," the reading of Ff.; Qq., "Gentlewoman."—I. G.

107. "if you stare"; so Ff.; Qq. 1, 2, "an you stirre"; Q. 3, "an you stirr"; Anon. conj. "if you stay."—I. G.

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring. Prithee,
Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.
What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore
shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me. 120

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I! foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio
dress'd.

Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd!

Will you go on? I pray. [*Aside*] This is the
night

That either makes me or fordoes me quite.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

*A bedchamber in the castle: Desdemona in bed
asleep; a light burning.*

Enter Othello.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul:

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!

2. "*you chaste stars*"; Steevens informs us there is "no classical authority" for "*chaste stars*." Very likely; but then Othello has "authority" as good, perhaps, as "classical," in the supposed *unchastity* of his wife, which is "the cause" of his present purpose, and



OTHELLO: Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men. *Act V, Scene 2.*

It is the cause. Yet I 'll not shed her blood,
 Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow
 And smooth as monumental alabaster.
 Yet she must die, else she 'll betray more men.
 Put out the light, and then put out the light:
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can again thy former light restore,
 Should I repent me: but once put out thy light,
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature, 11
 I know not where is that Promethean heat
 That can thy light relume. When I have
 pluck'd the rose,
 I cannot give it vital growth again,
 It must needs wither: I 'll smell it on the tree.

[*Kissing her.*]

which the *purity* of the stars withholds him from naming in their presence. No classical authority!—H. N. H.

7. "*Put out the light, and then put out the light*"; *i. e.* "put out the light, and then put out the light of life." The Cambridge Editors give some dozen variant methods of punctuating and reading the line, but it is perfectly clear as it stands.—I. G.

The present regulation of this passage, by which so much beauty and spirit is added to it, was proposed by Mr. Upton, but it is to be found in Ayres's *Life of Pope*; it may therefore have originated with Warburton, who thus explains it: "The meaning is, I will put out the light, and *then* proceed to the execution of my purpose. But the expression of *putting out the light* bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks short, and questions himself about the effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repetition of his first words, as much as to say,—But hold, let me first weigh the reflection which this expression naturally excites." Dr. Farmer treats this as a refinement of Warburton's, observing that to *put out the light* was a phrase for *to kill*. "Broken sentences," says Mr. Boswell, "are very much in our Poet's manner, and are surely natural in the perturbed state of Othello's mind. I am unwilling to persuade myself that a regulation of the text which contains so much beauty could be merely the refinement of a critic, and that our great author, in one of his most highly-wrought scenes, instead of it, intended nothing but a cold conceit."—H. N. H.

Ah, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword! One more, one
more:

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after: one more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep, - 20
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's
heavenly;

It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Aye, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Aye, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by: 30
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;

No; heaven forfend! I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Aye, I do.

Des. Then heaven have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then
When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I
know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I
fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you. 40

Oth. Aye, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural that kills for loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:

These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so. What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief which I so loved and gave thee

Thou gavest to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul! 49

Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,

Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. Aye, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;

For to deny each article with oath

Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then Lord have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too! I never did

Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio

But with such general warranty of heaven 60

As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand.

O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart,

And makest me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him: send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath used thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Aye. 70

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

Des. O, my fear interprets! what, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone!

Oth. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my
face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night! 80

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour!

65. "*which I thought a sacrifice*"; some editors have managed to stumble at this passage. The language is indeed compressed, but the meaning seems clear enough. Othello goes about the killing of his wife as an act of religion, and he fears lest her perjury may excite his anger, and so corrupt the deed into an act of revenge. This is Johnson's explanation: "Thou *hardenest* my heart, and makest me *kill thee with the rage of a murderer*, when I thought to have *sacrificed thee* to justice with the calmness of a priest striking a victim."—The quarto of 1622 reads, "thou dost stone *thy* heart."—H. N. H.

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer!

Oth. It is too late. [*He stifles her.*]

Emil. [*Within*] My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?

I that am cruel am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain:
So, so.

Emil. [*Within*] What, ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who 's there?

Emil. [*Within*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you! 90

Oth. Yes: 'tis Emilia. By and by. She 's dead. 'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death. The noise was here. Ha! no more moving? Still as the grave. Shall she come in? were 't good?

I think she stirs again. No. What 's best to do?

If she come in, she 'll sure speak to my wife: My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.

82. "*there is no pause*"; omitted in Q. 1.—I. G.

Othello regards the act as *done*, when the conflict between his love and honor is fully over, his resolution finally taken, and his hand raised to strike. To admit any pause in such a case, were but to prolong the suffering of the victim.—H. N. H.

88. "*So, so*"; at these words, the Othello of the stage is made to stab Desdemona. There is no such direction in any of the old copies; but still the stage-custom may be right; as, in the agony of the moment, and in his desire "not to have her linger in her pain," Othello's resolution not to shed her blood might be overcome. It seems more natural, too, that Desdemona should speak after being stabbed, than after being smothered to death.—H. N. H.

O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
 Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
 Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
 Should yawn at alteration. 100

Emil. [Within] I do beseech you
 That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia.
 Soft; by and by. Let me the curtains draw.
 Where art thou? [Unlocks the door.]

Enter Emilia.

What 's the matter with thee now?

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder 's foul murders
 done!

Oth. What, now?

Emil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
 She comes more nearer earth than she was wont
 And makes men mad. 111

Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian
 Call'd Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
 And Cassio kill'd!

Emil. — No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! then murder 's out of tune,
 And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas, what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.
 Help! help, ho! help! O lady, speak again! 120

100. "yawn"; as if in bewildered wonder.—C. H. H.

Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done this deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself. Farewell:

Commend me to my kind lord: O, farewell!

[*Die.*

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, It was not I.

Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell:

'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel she, 130
And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Cassio did top her; ask thy husband else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. Thy husband. 140

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Aye, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,

If heaven would make me such another world

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

I 'ld not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. Aye, 'twas he that told me first:

An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman? I say thy
husband. 150

Emil. O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with
love!

My husband say that she was false!

Oth. He, woman;

I say thy husband: dost understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst:

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven 160
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed—

I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives. Help! help, ho!
help!

The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder!
murder!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter? How now, general!

151. "*made mocks with love*"; "taken advantage to play upon the
weakness of passion" (Johnson).—I. G.

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter? 171

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says thou toldst him that his wife was false:
I know thou didst not, thou 'rt not such a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought, and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie, an'odious, damned lie; 180
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie!
She false with Cassio! Did you say with
Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your
tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to
speak:

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,—

All. O heavens forfend!

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters: it is true indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villainy, villainy, villainy! 190
I think upon 't: I think: I smell 't: O villainy!
I thought so then: I 'll kill myself for grief:
O villainy, villainy!

172. "*Disprove this villain*"; Capell, "*Disprove it, villain.*"—I. G.

185, 193; omitted in Q. 1.—I. G.

192. "*I thought so then*"; that is, when she gave Desdemona's handkerchief to Iago: for even *then* Emilia appears to have suspected it was sought after for no honest purpose.—H. N. H.

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [*Falling on the bed.*]

Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. [*Rising*] O, she was foul! 200
I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your
niece,
Whose breath indeed these hands have newly
stopp'd:

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's
dead:

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows 210
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd
it:

212. "*thousand times*" is evidently put for an indefinite number, or, as Steevens remarks, "an aggravated term for many times." Still the expression infers a good deal as to the space of time occupied by the play. We have already seen that a considerable period must have elapsed after the arrival in Cyprus before the end of Act iii. Near the close of the third scene in Act iii., the Moor says to Iago,—"*Within these three days* let me hear thee say, that Cassio's not alive." We may presume this period to have elapsed between

And she did gratify his amorous works
 With that recognizance and pledge of love
 Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand:
 It was a handkerchif, an antique token
 My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. 'Zounds! hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace!

No, I will speak as liberal as the north: 220

Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,

All, all, cry shame against me, yet I 'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

[*Iago offers to stab Emilia.*

Gra. Fie!

Your sword upon a woman!

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou
 speak'st of

I found by fortune and did give my husband;

For often with a solemn earnestness,

More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,

He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villainous whore!

Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas, I found it, 230

And I did give 't my husband.

Act iii. and Act v. It is not unlikely that Othello may suppose the wickedness between his wife and Cassio to have been in progress before his marriage, when Cassio "came a-wooing with him." This, of course, would greatly aggravate her offense in his eye, by causing the marriage to seem designed on her part but as a cover for her guilty indulgence. The play may be cited as a very remarkable instance of unity of interest making us irrespective of time; for until one goes into a critical scrutinizing of the scenes for that purpose, he never thinks but that the catastrophe occurs on the second night after the landing in Cyprus.—H. N. H.

Iago. Filth, thou liest!

Emil. By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder? Precious vil-
lain!

[*He runs at Iago: Iago, from behind, stabs Emilia and exit.*]

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.

Emil. Aye, aye: O, lay me by my mistress' side.

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this
weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor: 240
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave.

[*Exeunt all but Othello and Emilia.*]

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honor outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the
swan,

235. "no stones in heaven"; that is, "no bolts but what serve for the thunder." We have before had "thunder-stone" for thunder-bolt. See *Cymbeline*, Act iv. sc. 2.—H. N. H.

239. "notorious villain"; strictly speaking, Iago was not a notorious villain, as his villainy had not been known. Probably the meaning is, worthy to be notorious. See Act iv. sc. 2.—H. N. H.

And die in music. [*Singing*] Willow, willow,
willow.

Moor, she was chaste; she loved thee, cruel
Moor;

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true; 250
So speaking as I think, I die, I die. [*Dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber;
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.—
O, here it is. Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*Within*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee
dear:

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold, I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain 260
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day
That with this little arm and this good sword
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop: but, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear:
Man but a rush against Othello's breast, 270
And he retires. Where should Othello go?

266-272; omitted in Q. 1.—I. G.

Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd
wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from
heaven,

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my
girl!

Even like thy chastity. O cursed slave!

Whip me, ye devils,

From the possession of this heavenly sight!

Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire! 280

O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!

Oh! Oh! Oh!

*Enter Lodovico, Montano, Cassio carried in a chair,
and Officers with Iago, prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate
man?

Oth. That 's he that was Othello: here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that 's a
fable.

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Wounds Iago.*

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir, but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither: I 'ld have thee live;

For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die. 290

286. "I look down towards his feet"; alluding to the devil's cloven feet. Othello looks down towards Iago's feet, to see if he has that sign of being a devil, but then concludes that he may be just as much a devil without it.—H. N. H.

Lod. O thou Othello, that wert once so good,
 Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,
 What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:
An honorable murderer, if you will;
For nought did I in hate, but all in honor.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy:
 Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Aye.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon. 300
 Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
 Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing; what you know, you
 know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What, not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
 Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a
 letter

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo,
 And here another: the one of them imports 310
 The death of Cassio to be undertook
 By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
 Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
 Roderigo meant to have sent this damned vil-
 lain;

But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber: 320
And he himself confess'd but even now
That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is besides in Roderigo's letter,
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake
After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us:
Your power and your command is taken off, 331
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they
know 't.

No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate, 341
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,

337. "bring away"; Qq., "bring him away"; Collier MS., "bring them away."—I. G.

Nor set down aught in malice: then must you
speak

Of one that loved not wisely but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued
eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees 350
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog
And smote him, thus. [*Stabs himself.*

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All that's spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee: no way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

[*Falls on the bed, and dies.*

347. "*Indian*"; F. 1, "*Iudean*"; Theobald proposed "*Judian*," adding, "I am satisfied in his *Judian* he is alluding to Herod, who, in a fit of blind jealousy, threw away such a jewel of a wife as *Mariamne* was to him." This interpretation was Warburton's. "This it is," as Coleridge put it, "for no-poets to comment on the greatest of poets! To make *Othello* say that he, who had killed his wife, was like Herod who had killed *Mariamne*!" Boswell aptly quotes from Habington's *Cestara*:—

"So the unskilful Indian those bright gems
Which might add majesty to diadems,
'Mong the waves scatters."—I. G.

350. "*Arabian trees*"; the acacia *Arabica*.—C. H. H.

352. "*in Aleppo once*"; it is said to have been immediate death for a Christian to strike a Turk in Aleppo.—H. N. H.

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no
weapon; 360

For he was great of heart.

Lod. [*To Iago*] O Spartan dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor
For they succeed on you. To you, lord gov-
ernor,

Remains the censure of this hellish villain,
The time, the place, the torture: O, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state 370
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

[*Exeunt.*]

GLOSSARY

By ISRAEL GOLLAN CZ, M.A.

- ABHOR; "it doth a. me," it is abhorrent to me; IV. ii. 162.
- ABOUT, out; I. ii. 46.
- ABUSE, deceive; I. iii. 407.
- ABUSED, deceived; I. i. 175.
- ABUSER, corrupter; I. ii. 78.
- ACHIEVED, won; II. i. 61.
- ACKNOWLEDGE, confess any knowledge of it; III. iii. 319.
- ACT, action, working; III. iii. 328.
- ACTION, accusation; I. iii. 70.
- ADDICTION, inclination; II. ii. 7.
- ADDITION, honor; III. iv. 191.
- ADVANTAGE; "in the best a.," at the most favorable opportunity; I. iii. 299.
- ADVISED, careful; I. ii. 55.
- ADVOCATION, advocacy; III. iv. 120.
- AFFINED, bound by any tie; I. i. 39.
- AFFINITY, connections; III. i. 49.
- AGNIZE, confess with pride; I. iii. 233.
- AIM, conjecture; I. iii. 6.
- ALL IN ALL, wholly, altogether; IV. i. 90.
- ALLOWANCE; "and your a.," and has your permission; I. i. 129.
- ALLOWED, acknowledged; I. iii. 225.
- ALL'S ONE, very well; IV. iii. 23.
- ALMAIN, German; II. iii. 87.
- ANCIENT, ensign; (F. 1, "*Aun-tient*"); I. i. 33.
- ANTHROPOPHAGI, cannibals; (Qq, "*Anthropophagie*"; F. 1, "*Anthropophage*"); I. iii. 144.
- ANTRES, caverns; I. iii. 140.
- APART, aside; II. iii. 400.
- APPROVE, prove, justify; II. iii. 65.
- , love, adore; IV. iii. 19.
- APPROVED, proved to have been involved; II. iii. 214.
- APT, natural; II. i. 304.
- ARRAIGNING, accusing; III. iv. 149.
- ARRIVANCE, arrival; (Ff., "*Arrivancy*" or "*Arrivancie*"); II. i. 42.
- AS, as if; III. iii. 77.
- ASPICS, venomous snakes; III. iii. 450.
- ASSAY, a test; I. iii. 18.
- ASSAY, try; II. i. 121.
- ASSURE THEE, be assured; III. iii. 20.
- AT, on; I. ii. 42.
- ATONE, reconcile; IV. i. 244.
- ATTACH, arrest; I. ii. 77.
- ATTEND, await; III. iii. 281.
- BAUBLE, fool, (used contemptuously); IV. i. 139.
- BEAR, the Constellation so called; II. i. 14.
- BEAR OUT, get the better of; II. i. 19.
- BEER; "small beer," small accounts, trifles; II. i. 163.

- BE-LEE'D, placed on the lee; (Q. 1, "*be led*"); I. i. 30.
- BESHREW ME, a mild asseveration; III. iv. 147.
- BESORT, what is becoming; I. iii. 240.
- BEST; "were b.," had better; I. ii. 30.
- BESTOW, place; III. i. 57.
- BETIMES, early; I. iii. 389.
- BID "GOOD MORROW," alluding to the custom of friends bidding *good morrow* by serenading a newly married couple on the morning after their marriage; III. i. 2.
- BIRDLIME, lime to catch birds; II. i. 127.
- BLACK, opposed to "fair"; III. iii. 263.
- BLANK, the white mark in the center of the butt, the aim; III. iv. 125.
- BLAZONING, praising; II. i. 63.
- BLOOD, anger, passion; II. iii. 208.
- BLOWN, empty, puffed out; III. iii. 182.
- BOBB'D, got cunningly; V. i. 16.
- BODING, foreboding, ominous; IV. i. 22.
- BOOTLESS, profitless; I. iii. 209.
- BRACE, state of defense; (properly, armor to protect the arm); I. iii. 24.
- BRAVE, defy; V. ii. 326.
- BRAVERY, bravado, defiance; I. i. 100.
- BRING ON THE WAY, accompany; III. iv. 194.
- BULK, the projecting part of a shop on which goods were exposed for sale; V. i. 1.
- BUTT, goal, limit; V. ii. 267.
- BY, aside; V. ii. 30.
- , "how you say by," what say you to; I. iii. 17.
- BY AND BY, presently; II. iii. 316.
- CABLE; "give him c.," give him scope; I. ii. 17.
- CAITIFF, thing, wretch; a term of endearment; IV. i. 110.
- CALLET, a low woman; IV. ii. 121.
- CAEM'D, becalmed, kept from motion; I. i. 30.
- CANAKIN, little can; II. iii. 72.
- CAPABLE, ample; III. iii. 459.
- CARACK, large ship, galleon; I. ii. 50.
- CAROUSED, drunk; II. iii. 56.
- CARVE FOR, indulge; (Q. 1, "*carve forth*"); II. iii. 176.
- CASE, matter; (Ff., "*cause*"); III. iii. 4.
- CAST, dismissed, degraded from office; V. ii. 327.
- CENSURE, judgment; II. iii. 196.
- , opinion; IV. i. 280.
- CERTES, certainly; I. i. 16.
- CHALLENGE, claim; I. iii. 188.
- CHAMBERERS, effeminate men; III. iii. 265.
- CHANCES, events; I. iii. 134.
- CHARM, make silent, restrain; V. ii. 183.
- CHARMER, enchantress, sorceress; III. iv. 57.
- CHERUBIN, cherub; IV. ii. 62.
- CHIDDEN, chiding, making an incessant noise; II. i. 12.
- CHIDE, quarrel; IV. ii. 167.
- CHUCK, a term of endearment; III. iv. 49.
- CIRCUMSCRIPTION, restraint; I. ii. 27.
- CIRCUMSTANCE, circumlocution; I. i. 13.
- , appurtenances; III. iii. 354.
- CIRCUMSTANCED, give way to circumstances; III. iv. 198.
- CIVIL, civilized; IV. i. 66.
- CLEAN, entirely, altogether; I. iii. 371.
- CLIME, country; III. iii. 230.
- CLIP, embrace; III. iii. 464.

- CLOG, encumber; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, "*enclogge*"); II. i. 70.
- CLOSE, secret; III. iii. 123.
- "CLOSE AS OAK"—"close as the grain of oak"; III. iii. 210.
- CLYSTER-PIPES, tubes used for injection; II. i. 181.
- COAT, coat of mail; V. i. 25.
- COGGING, deceiving by lying; IV. ii. 132.
- COLLIED, blackened, darkened; II. iii. 209.
- COLOQUINTIDA, colocynth, or bitter apple; I. iii. 359.
- COMMONER, harlot; IV. ii. 72.
- COMPANIONS, fellows; (used contemptuously); IV. ii. 141.
- COMPASSES, annual circuits; III. iv. 71.
- COMPLIMENT EXTERN, external show; I. i. 63.
- COMPOSITION, consistency; I. iii. 1.
- COMPT, reckoning, day of reckoning; V. ii. 273.
- CONCEIT, idea; thought; (Q. 1, "*counsell*"); III. iii. 115.
- CONCEITS, conceives, judges; III. iii. 149.
- CONDITION, temper, disposition; II. i. 262.
- CONFINE, limit; I. ii. 27.
- CONJUNCTIVE, closely united; (Q. 1, "*communicatiue*"; Q. 2, "*conjectiue*"); I. iii. 380.
- CONJURED, charmed by incantations; I. iii. 105.
- CONSCIONABLE, conscientious; II. i. 248.
- CONSENT IN, plan together; V. ii. 297.
- CONSEQUENCE, that which follows or results; II. iii. 65.
- C O N S E R V E D, preserved; (Q. 1, "*conserues*"; Q. 2, "*concerue*"); III. iv. 75.
- C O N S U L S, senators; (Theobald, "*Couns'lers*"; Hammer, "*counsel*"); I. ii. 43.
- CONTENT, joy; II. i. 188.
- , satisfy, reward; III. i. 1.
- CONTENT YOU, be satisfied, be easy; I. i. 41.
- CONTINUATE, continual, uninterrupted; (Q. 1, "*conuenient*"); III. iv. 175.
- CONTRIVED, plotted, deliberate; I. ii. 3.
- CONVENIENCES, comforts; II. i. 240.
- CONVERSE, conversation; III. i. 40.
- COPE, meet; IV. i. 88.
- CORRIGIBLE, corrective; I. iii. 330.
- COUNSELOR, prater; (Theobald, "*censurer*"); II. i. 167.
- C O U N T E R - C A S T E R, accountant; (used contemptuously); I. i. 31.
- C O U R S E, proceeding; (Q. 1, "*cause*"); II. i. 284.
- , run; (Q. 1, "*make*"); III. iv. 71.
- COURT AND GUARD OF SAFETY, "very spot and guarding place of safety"; (Theobald, "*court of guard and safety*"); II. iii. 219.
- COURT OF GUARD, the main guard-house; II. i. 223.
- COURTSHIP, civility, elegance of manners; (Q. 1, "*courtesies*"); II. i. 174.
- COXCOMB, fool; V. ii. 233.
- COZENING, cheating; IV. ii. 132.
- CRACK, breach; II. iii. 338.
- CREATION, nature; II. i. 64.
- CRIES ON, cries out; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*cries out*"); V. i. 48.
- CRITICAL, censorious; II. i. 120.
- CRUSADOES, Portuguese gold coins; so called from the cross on

- them (worth between six and seven shillings); III. iv. 26.
- CRY, pack of hounds; II. iii. 379.
- CUNNING, knowledge; III. iii. 49.
- CURLED, having hair formed into ringlets, *hence*, affected, foppish; I. ii. 68.
- CUSTOMER, harlot; IV. i. 121.
- DAFFEST, dost put off; (Collier, "*daff'st*"; Qq., "*dofftst*"; F. 1, "*dafts*"); IV. ii. 175.
- DANGER; "hurt to danger," dangerously hurt, wounded; II. iii. 200.
- DARLINGS, favorites; I. ii. 68.
- DAWS, jack-daws; I. i. 65.
- DEAR, deeply felt; I. iii. 261.
- DEAREST, most zealous; I. iii. 85.
- DEBITOR AND CREDITOR, "the title of certain ancient treatises on bookkeeping; here used as a nick-name" (Clarke); I. i. 31.
- DEFEAT, destroy; IV. ii. 160.
- , disfigure; I. iii. 348.
- DEFEND, forbid; I. iii. 268.
- DELATIONS, accusations; III. iii. 123.
- DELIGHTED, delightful; I. iii. 291.
- DELIVER, say, relate; II. iii. 222.
- DEMAND, ask; V. ii. 301.
- DEMERITS, merits; I. ii. 22.
- DEMONSTRABLE; "made d.," demonstrated, revealed; III. iv. 139.
- DENOTEMENT, denoting; II. iii. 329.
- DEPUTING, substituting; IV. i. 248.
- DESIGNMENT, design; II. i. 22.
- DESIRED; "well d.," well loved, a favorite; II. i. 209.
- DESPITE, contempt, aversion; IV. ii. 116.
- DETERMINATE, decisive; IV. ii. 235.
- DEVESTING, divesting; II. iii. 184.
- DIABLO, the Devil; II. iii. 164.
- DIET, feed; II. i. 311.
- DILATE, relate in detail, at length; I. iii. 153.
- DIRECTLY, in a direct straightforward way; IV. ii. 215.
- DISCONTENTED, full of dissatisfaction; V. ii. 314.
- DISCOURSE OF THOUGHT, faculty of thinking, range of thought; IV. ii. 153.
- DISLIKES, displeases; II. iii. 50.
- DISPLEASURE; "your d.," the disfavor you have incurred; III. i. 45.
- DISPORTS, sports, pastimes; i. iii. 273.
- DISPOSE, disposition; I. iii. 409.
- DISPROVE, refute; V. ii. 172.
- DISPUTED ON, argued, investigated; I. ii. 75.
- DISTASTE, be distasteful; III. iii. 327.
- DIVISION, arrangement; I. i. 23.
- Do, act; I. iii. 402.
- DOTAGE, affection for; IV. i. 27.
- DOUBLE, of two-fold influence; I. ii. 14.
- DOUBLE SET, go twice round; II. iii. 138.
- DOUBT, suspicion; III. iii. 188.
- , fear; III. iii. 19.
- DREAM, expectation, anticipation; II. iii. 65.
- ECSTASY, swoon; IV. i. 81.
- ELEMENTS, a pure extract, the quintessence; II. iii. 60.
- EMBAY'D, land-locked; II. i. 16.
- ENCAVE, hide, conceal; IV. i. 83.
- ENCHAFED, chafed, angry; II. i. 17.
- ENGAGE, pledge; III. iii. 462.
- ENGINES, devices, contrivances, (?) instruments of torture; IV. ii. 225.

- ENGLUTS, engulfs, swallows up; I. iii. 57.
- ENSHELTER'D, sheltered; II. i. 18.
- ENSTEEP'D, steeped, lying concealed under water; (Q. 1, "enscerped"); II. i. 70.
- ENTERTAINMENT, re-engagement in the service; III. iii. 250.
- ENWHEEL, encompass, surround; II. i. 87.
- EQUINOX, counterpart; II. iii. 132.
- ERRING, wandering; III. iii. 227.
- ERROR, deviation, irregularity; V. ii. 109.
- ESCAPE, escapade, wanton freak; I. iii. 197.
- ESSENTIAL, real; II. i. 64.
- ESTIMATION, reputation; I. iii. 276.
- ETERNAL, damned (used to express abhorrence); IV. ii. 130.
- EVER-FIXED, fixed for ever; (Qq., "ever-fired"); II. i. 15.
- EXECUTE, to wreak anger; II. iii. 231.
- EXECUTION, working; III. iii. 266.
- EXERCISE, religious exercise; III. iv. 41.
- EXHIBITION, allowance; I. iii. 239.
- EXPERT, experienced; II. iii. 84.
- EXPERT AND APPROVED ALLOWANCE, acknowledged and proved ability; II. i. 49.
- EXSUFFLICATE, inflated, unsubstantial; (Qq., Ff. 1, 2, 3, "exufflicate"; F. 4, "exufflicated"); III. iii. 182.
- EXTERN, external; I. i. 63.
- EXTINCTED, extinct; (Ff. 3, 4, "extinctest"; Rowe, "extinguish'd"); II. i. 81.
- EXTRAVAGANT, vagrant, wandering; I. i. 138.
- FACILE, easy; I. iii. 22.
- FALLS, lets fall; IV. i. 256.
- FANTASY, fancy; III. iii. 299.
- FASHION, conventional custom; II. i. 211.
- FAST, faithfully devoted; I. iii. 374.
- FATHOM, reach, capacity; I. i. 154.
- FAVOR, countenance, appearance; III. iv. 122.
- FEARFUL, full of fear; I. iii. 12.
- FELL, cruel; V. ii. 362.
- FILCHES, pilfers, steals; III. iii. 159.
- FILTH, used contemptuously; V. ii. 231.
- FINELESS, without limit, boundless; III. iii. 173.
- FITCHEW, pole-cat; (used contemptuously); IV. i. 149.
- FITS, befits; III. iv. 147.
- FLEERS, sneers; IV. i. 84.
- FLOOD, sea; I. iii. 135.
- FLOOD-GATE, rushing, impetuous; I. iii. 56.
- FOLLY, unchastity; V. ii. 132.
- FOND, foolish; I. iii. 321.
- FOPPED, befooled, duped; IV. ii. 199.
- FOR, because; (Ff., "when"); I. iii. 270.
- FORBEAR, spare; I. ii. 10.
- FORDOES, destroys; V. i. 129.
- FORFEND, forbid; V. ii. 32.
- FORGOT; "are thus f.," have so forgotten yourself; II. iii. 191.
- FORMS AND VISAGES, external show, outward appearance; I. i. 50.
- FORTH OF, forth from, out of; (F. 1, "For of"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "For off"); V. i. 35.
- FORTITUDE, strength; I. iii. 222.
- FORTUNE, chance, accident; V. ii. 226.

- FRAMED, moulded, formed; I. iii. 410.
- FRAUGHT, freight, burden; III. iii. 449.
- FREE, innocent, free from guilt; III. iii. 255.
- , liberal; I. iii. 267.
- FRIGHTS, terrifies; II. iii. 178.
- FRIZE, a kind of coarse woolen stuff; II. i. 127.
- FROM, contrary to; I. i. 133.
- FRUITFUL, generous; II. iii. 355.
- FULL, perfect; II. i. 36.
- FUNCTION, exercise of the faculties; II. iii. 362.
- FUSTIAN; "discourse f.," talk rubbish; II. iii. 287.
- GALLS, rancor, bitterness of mind; IV. iii. 94.
- GARB, fashion, manner; II. i. 323.
- GARNER'D, treasured; IV. ii. 57.
- GASTNESS, ghastliness; (Qq. 1, 2, "ieastures"; Q. 3, "jestures"; Q. 1687, "gestures"; Knight, "ghastness"); V. i. 106.
- GENDER, kind, sort; I. iii. 328.
- GENEROUS, noble; III. iii. 280.
- GIVE AWAY, give up; III. iii. 28.
- GOVERNMENT, self-control; III. iii. 256.
- GRADATION, order of promotion; I. i. 37.
- GRANGE, a solitary farm-house; I. i. 106.
- GREEN, raw, inexperienced; II. i. 258.
- GRISE, step; I. iii. 200.
- GROSS IN SENSE, palpable to reason; I. ii. 72.
- GUARDAGE, guardianship; I. ii. 70.
- GUARDS, guardians; ("alluding to the star Arctophylax," (Johnson); II. i. 15).
- GUINEA-HEN, a term of contempt for a woman; I. iii. 318.
- GYVE, fetter, ensnare; II. i. 173.
- HABITS, appearances, outward show; I. iii. 108.
- HAGGARD, an untrained wild hawk; III. iii. 260.
- HALES, hauls, draws; IV. i. 142.
- HAPLY, perhaps; II. i. 288.
- HAPP'D, happened, occurred; V. i. 127.
- HAPPINESS, good luck; III. iv. 108.
- HAPPY; "in h. time," at the right moment; III. i. 32.
- HARD AT HAND, close at hand; (Qq., "hand at hand"); II. i. 275.
- HARDNESS, hardship; I. iii. 235.
- HASTE-POST-HASTE, very great haste; I. ii. 37.
- HAVE WITH YOU, I'll go with you; I. ii. 53.
- HAVING, allowance, (?) "pin-money"; IV. iii. 93.
- HEARTED, seated in the heart; III. iii. 448.
- HEAVY, sad; V. ii. 371.
- ; "a h. night," a thick cloudy night; V. i. 42.
- HEAT, urgency; I. ii. 40.
- HELM, helmet; I. iii. 274.
- HERSELF, itself; I. iii. 96.
- HIE, hasten; IV. iii. 50.
- HIGH SUPPERTIME, high time for supper; IV. ii. 253.
- HINT, subject, theme; I. iii. 142.
- HIP; "have on the h.," catch at an advantage, (a term in wrestling); II. i. 322.
- HOLD, make to linger; V. ii. 334.
- HOME, to the point; II. i. 168.
- HONESTY, becoming; IV. i. 288.
- HONEY, sweetheart; II. i. 209.
- HOROLOGE, clock; II. iii. 138.
- HOUSEWIFE, hussy; IV. i. 95.

- HUNGERLY, hungrily; III. iv. 102.
- HURT; "to be h.," to endure being hurt; V. ii. 163.
- HYDRA, the fabulous monster with many heads; II. iii. 314.
- ICE-BROOK'S TEMPER, *i. e.* a sword tempered in the frozen brook; alluding to the ancient Spanish custom of hardening steel by plunging red-hot in the rivulet Salo near Bilbilis; V. ii. 252.
- IDLE, barren; I. iii. 140.
- IDLENESS, unproductiveness, want of cultivation; I. iii. 329.
- IMPORT, importance; III. iii. 316.
- IMPORTANCY, importance; I. iii. 20.
- IN, on; I. i. 138.
- INCLINING, favorably disposed; II. iii. 354.
- INCONTINENT, immediately; IV. iii. 12.
- INCONTINENTLY, immediately; I. iii. 307.
- INDEX, introduction, prologue; II. i. 270.
- INDIGN, unworthy; I. iii. 275.
- INDUES, affects, makes sensitive; (Q. 3, "*endures*"; Johnson conj. "*subdues*"); III. iv. 143.
- INGENER, inventor (of praises); II. i. 65.
- INGRAFT, ingrafted; II. iii. 147.
- INHIBITED, prohibited, forbidden; I. ii. 79.
- INJOINED THEM, joined themselves; I. iii. 35.
- INJURIES; "in your i.," while doing injuries; II. i. 112.
- INORDINATE, immoderate; II. iii. 317.
- INTENDMENT, intention; IV. ii. 209.
- INTENTIVELY, with unbroken attention; (F. 1, "*instinctively*"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*distinctively*"; Gould conj. "*connectively*"); I. iii. 155.
- INVENTION, mental activity; IV. i. 200.
- ISSUES, conclusions; III. iii. 219.
- ITERATION, repetition; V. ii. 150.
- JANUS, the two-headed Roman God; I. ii. 33.
- JESSES, straps of leather or silk, with which hawks were tied by the leg for the falconer to hold her by; III. iii. 261.
- JOINT-RING, a ring with joints in it, consisting of two halves; a lover's token; IV. iii. 73.
- JUMP, exactly; II. iii. 401.
- , agree; I. iii. 5.
- JUST, exact; I. iii. 5.
- JUSTLY, truly and faithfully; I. iii. 124.
- KEEP UP, put up, do not draw; I. ii. 59.
- KNAVE, servant; I. i. 45.
- KNEE-CROOKING, fawning, obsequious; I. i. 45.
- KNOW OF, learn from, find out from; V. i. 117.
- LACK, miss; III. iii. 318.
- LAW-DAYS, court-days; III. iii. 140.
- LEAGUED, connected in friendship; (Qq., Ff., "*league*"); II. iii. 221.
- LEARN, teach; I. iii. 183.
- LEARNED, intelligent; III. iii. 259.
- LEETS, days on which courts are held; III. iii. 140.
- LEVELS, is in keeping, is suitable; I. iii. 241.
- LIBERAL, free, wanton; II. i. 167.
- LIES, resides; III. iv. 2.

- LIKE, equal; II. i. 16.
 LINGERED, prolonged; IV. ii. 234.
 LIST, boundary; "patient l.", the bounds of patience; IV. i. 77.
 —, inclination; (Ff., Qq. 2, 3, "leauē"); II. i. 105.
 —, listen to, hear; II. i. 222.
 LIVING, real, valid; III. iii. 409.
 LOST, groundless, vain; V. ii. 269.
 LOWN, lout, stupid, blockhead; II. iii. 97.

 MAGNIFICO, a title given to a Venetian grandee; I. ii. 12.
 MAIDHOOD, maidenhood; I. i. 174.
 MAIN, sea, ocean; II. i. 3.
 MAKE AWAY, get away; V. i. 58.
 MAKES, does; I. ii. 49.
 MAMMERING, hesitating; (Ff., Qq. 2, 3, "mam'ring"; Q. 1, "muttering" (Johnson, "mum-mering"); III. iii. 70.
 MAN, wield; V. ii. 270.
 MANAGE, set on foot; II. iii. 218.
 MANDRAGORA, mandrake, a plant supposed to induce sleep; III. iii. 330.
 MANE, crest; II. i. 13.
 MANIFEST, reveal; I. ii. 32.
 MARBLE, (?) everlasting; III. iii. 460.
 MASS, "by the mass," an oath; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, "Introth"; F. 4, "In troth,"); II. iii. 393.
 MASTER, captain; II. i. 214.
 MAY, can; V. i. 78.
 MAZZARD, head; II. iii. 158.
 ME; "whip me," whip; (*me* ethic dative); I. i. 49.
 MEAN, means; III. i. 39.
 MEET, seemly, becoming; I. i. 147.
 MERE, utter, absolute; II. ii. 3.
 MINION, a spoilt darling; V. i. 33.
 MISCHANCE, misfortune; V. i. 38.
 MOCK, ridicule; I. ii. 69.

 MODERN, common-place; I. iii. 109.
 MOE, more; IV. iii. 57.
 MOLESTATION, disturbance; II. i. 16.
 MONSTROUS, (trissyllabic); (Capell, "monsterous"); II. iii. 220.
 MOONS, months; I. iii. 84.
 MOORSHIP'S, (formed on analogy of worship; Q. 1 reads "Worship's"); I. i. 33.
 MORALER, moralizer; II. iii. 307.
 MORTAL, deadly; II. i. 72.
 —, fatal; V. ii. 205.
 MORTISE, "a hole made in timber to receive the tenon of another piece of timber"; II. i. 9.
 MOTH, "an idle eater"; I. iii. 258.
 MOTION, impulse, emotion; I. iii. 95.
 —, natural impulse; I. ii. 75.
 MOUNTBANKS, quacks; I. iii. 61.
 MUMMY, a preparation used for magical,—as well as medicinal,—purposes, made originally from mummies; III. iv. 74.
 MUTUALITIES, familiarities; II. i. 274.
 MYSTERY, trade, craft; IV. ii. 30.

 NAKED, unarmed; V. ii. 258.
 NAPKIN, handkerchief; III. iii. 287.
 NATIVE, natural, real; I. i. 62.
 NEW, fresh; (Qq., "more"); I. iii. 205.
 NEXT, nearest; I. iii. 205.
 NORTH, north wind; V. ii. 220.
 NOTORIOUS, notable, egregious; IV. ii. 140.
 NUPTIAL, wedding; (Qq., "Nuptialis"); II. ii. 8.

 OBSCURE, abstruse; II. i. 270.

- OBSERVANCY, homage; III. iv. 146.
- ODD-EVEN, probably the interval between twelve o'clock at night and one o'clock in the morning; I. i. 125.
- ODDS, quarrel; II. iii. 188.
- OFF, away; V. ii. 331.
- OFF-CAPP'D, doffed their caps, saluted; (Qq., "*oft capt'*"); I. i. 10.
- OFFENDS, hurts, pains; II. iii. 202.
- OFFICE, duty; (Q. 1, "*duty*"); III. iv. 110.
- OFFICED, having a special function; I. iii. 272.
- OFFICES, domestic offices, where food and drink were kept; II. ii. 10.
- OLD, time-honored system; I. i. 37.
- ON, at; II. iii. 135.
- ON'T, of it; II. i. 30.
- OPINION, public opinion, reputation; II. iii. 198.
- OPPOSITE, opposed; I. ii. 67.
- OTHER, otherwise; IV. ii. 13.
- OTTOMITES, Ottomans; I. iii. 33.
- OUT-TONGUE, bear down; I. ii. 19.
- OVERT; "o. test," open proofs; I. iii. 107.
- OWE, OWN; I. i. 66.
- OWEDST, didst own; III. iii. 333.
- PADDLE, play, toy; II. i. 266.
- PAGEANT, show, pretense; I. iii. 18.
- PARAGONS, excels, surpasses; II. i. 62.
- PARCELS, parts, portions; I. iii. 154.
- PARTIALLY, with undue favor; (Qq. "*partiality*"); II. iii. 221.
- PARTS, gifts; III. iii. 264.
- PASSAGE, people passing; V. i. 37.
- PASSING, surpassingly; I. iii. 166.
- PATENT, privilege; IV. i. 209.
- PATIENCE, (trisyllabic); II. iii. 385.
- PECULIAR, personal; III. iii. 79.
- PEEVISH, childish, silly; II. iii. 188.
- PEGS, "the pins of an instrument on which the strings are fastened"; II. i. 205.
- PERDURABLE, durable, lasting; I. iii. 345.
- PERIOD, ending; V. ii. 357.
- PESTILENCE, poison; II. iii. 370.
- PIERCED, penetrated; I. iii. 219.
- PIONERS, pioneers, the commonest soldiers, employed for rough, hard work, such as leveling roads, forming mines, etc.; III. iii. 346.
- PLEASANCE, pleasure; (Qq., "*pleasure*"); II. iii. 299.
- PLIANT, convenient; I. iii. 151.
- PLUME UP, make to triumph; (Q. 1, "*make up*"); I. iii. 405.
- POISE, weight; III. iii. 82.
- PONTIC SEA, Euxine or Black Sea; III. iii. 453.
- PORTANCE, conduct; I. iii. 139.
- POSITION, positive assertion; III. iii. 234.
- POST-POST-HASTE, very great haste; I. iii. 46.
- POTTLE-DEEP, to the bottom of the tankard, a measure of two quarts; II. iii. 57.
- PRACTICE, plotting; III. iv. 138.
- PRECIOUS, used ironically; (Qq. 2, 3, "*pernitious*"); V. ii. 235.
- PREFER, promote; II. i. 294.
- , show, present; I. iii. 109.
- PREFERMENT, promotion; I. i. 36.
- PREGNANT, probable; II. i. 245.
- PRESENTLY, immediately; III. i. 38.

- PRICK'D, incited, spurred; III. iii. 412.
- PROBAL, probable, reasonable; II. iii. 352.
- PROBATION, proof; III. iii. 365.
- PROFANE, coarse, irreverent; II. i. 167.
- PROFIT, profitable lesson; III. iii. 379.
- PROOF; "made p.", test, make trial; V. i. 26.
- PROPER, own; I. iii. 69.
- , handsome; I. iii. 404.
- PROPONTIC, the Sea of Marmora; III. iii. 456.
- PROPOSE, speak; I. i. 25.
- PROPRIETY; "from her p.", out of herself; II. iii. 179.
- PROSPERITY, success; II. i. 297.
- PROSPEROUS, propitious; I. iii. 246.
- PUDDLED, muddled; III. iv. 140.
- PURSE, wrinkle, frown; III. iii. 113.
- PUT ON, incite, instigate; II. iii. 365.
- QUALIFICATION, appeasement; II. i. 290.
- QUALIFIED, diluted; II. iii. 42.
- QUALITY; "very q.", *i. e.* very nature; I. iii. 253.
- QUARTER; "in q.", in peace, friendship; II. iii. 183.
- QUAT, pistule, pimple (used contemptuously); (Q. 1, "gnat"; Theobald, "knot," etc.); V. i. 11.
- QUESTION, trial and decision by force of arms; I. iii. 23.
- QUESTS, bodies of searchers; I. ii. 46.
- QUICKEN, receive life; III. iii. 277.
- QUILLETS, quibbles; III. i. 25.
- QUIRKS, shallow conceits; II. i. 63.
- RAISED UP, awakened; II. iii. 250.
- RANK, coarse; II. i. 315.
- , lustful (? morbid); III. iii. 232.
- RECOGNIZANCE, token; V. ii. 214.
- RECONCILIATION, restoration to favor; III. iii. 47.
- REFERENCE, assignment; (Q. 1, "reuerence"; Ff. 3, 4, "reverence"; Johnson conj. "preference"); I. iii. 239.
- REGARD, view; II. i. 40.
- REGION, part; IV. i. 85.
- RELUME, rekindle; V. ii. 13.
- REMORSE, pity, compassion; III. iii. 369.
- REMOVE, banish; IV. ii. 14.
- REPEALS, recalls to favor; II. iii. 371.
- REPROBATION, perdition, damnation; (Ff., "Reprobance"); V. ii. 209.
- RESERVES, keeps; III. iii. 295.
- RESPECT, notice; IV. ii. 193.
- RE-STEM, retrace; I. iii. 37.
- REVOLT, inconstancy; III. iii. 188.
- RICH, valuable, precious; II. iii. 198.
- ROMAN (used ironically); IV. i. 120.
- ROUND, straightforward, plain; I. iii. 90.
- ROUSE, bumper, full measure; II. iii. 67.
- RUDE, harsh; III. iii. 355.
- RUFFIAN'N'D, been boisterous, ragged; II. i. 7.
- SADLY, sorrowfully; II. i. 32.
- SAFE, sound; IV. i. 279.
- SAGITTARY, a public building in Venice; I. i. 160.
- SALT, lustful; II. i. 251.
- SANS, without; I. iii. 64.
- 'Sblood, a corruption of *God's*

- blood*; an oath (the reading of Q. 1; omitted in others); I. i. 4.
- SCANT, neglect; I. iii. 269.
- SCAPES, escapes; I. iii. 136.
- SCATTERING, random; III. iii. 151.
- SCION, slip, off-shoot; (Qq., "*syen*"; Ff. "*Seyen*"); I. iii. 339.
- SCORED ME, "made my reckoning, settled the term of my life" (Johnson, Schmidt), "branded me" (Steevens, Clarke); IV. i. 128.
- SCORNS, expressions of scorn; IV. i. 84.
- SEAMY SIDE WITHOUT, wrong side out; IV. ii. 146.
- SECT, cutting, scion; I. iii. 339.
- SECURE, free from care; IV. i. 73.
- SECURE ME, feel myself secure; I. iii. 10.
- SEEL, blind (originally a term in falconry); I. iii. 271.
- SEEMING, appearance, exterior; I. iii. 109.
- , hypocrisy; III. iii. 209.
- SEGREGATION, dispersion; II. i. 10.
- SELF-BOUNTY, "inherent kindness and benevolence"; III. iii. 200.
- SELF-CHARITY, charity to one's self; II. iii. 205.
- SE'NNIGHT'S, seven night's, a week's; II. i. 77.
- SENSE, feeling; (Qq., "*offence*"); II. iii. 272.
- , "to the s.", *i. e.* "to the quick"; V. i. 11.
- SEQUENT, successive; I. ii. 41.
- SEQUESTER, sequestration; III. iv. 40.
- SEQUESTRATION, rupture, divorce; I. iii. 354.
- SHORE, did cut; V. ii. 206.
- SHOULD, could; III. iv. 23.
- SHREWED, bad, evil; III. iii. 429.
- SHRIFT, shriving place, confessional; III. iii. 24.
- SHUT UP IN, confine to; III. iv. 118.
- SIBYL, prophetess; III. iv. 70.
- SIEGE, rank, place; I. ii. 22.
- SIMPLENESS, simplicity; I. iii. 248.
- SIR; "play the s.", play the fine gentleman; II. i. 178.
- SITH, since; (Qq., "*since*"); III. iii. 380.
- SKILLET, boiler, kettle; I. iii. 274.
- SLIGHT, worthless, frivolous; II. iii. 284.
- SLIPPER, slippery; II. i. 252.
- SLUBBER, sully, soil; I. iii. 228.
- SNIFE, simpleton; (F. 1, "*Snpe*"; F. 2, "*a Swaine*"; Ff. 3, 4, "*a Swain*"); I. iii. 397.
- SNORTING, snoring; I. i. 90.
- SOFT, mild, gentle; I. iii. 82.
- SOFT YOU, hold; V. ii. 338.
- SOMETHING, somewhat; II. iii. 202.
- SORRY, painful; (Qq., "*sullen*"; Collier MS., "*sudden*"); III. iv. 51.
- SPAKE, said, affirmed; (Q. 3, "*speake*"); V. ii. 327.
- SPARTAN DOG, the dogs of Spartan breed were fiercest; V. ii. 361.
- SPEAK I' THE NOSE, "the Neapolitans have a singularly drawling nasal twang in the utterance of their dialect; and Shylock tells of "when the bagpipe sings i' the nose" (Clarke); (Collier MS., "*squeak*"; *etc.*); III. i. 5.
- SPEAK PARROT, talk nonsense; II. iii. 286.
- SPECULATIVE, possessing the power of seeing; I. iii. 272.
- SPEND, waste, squander; II. iii. 198.

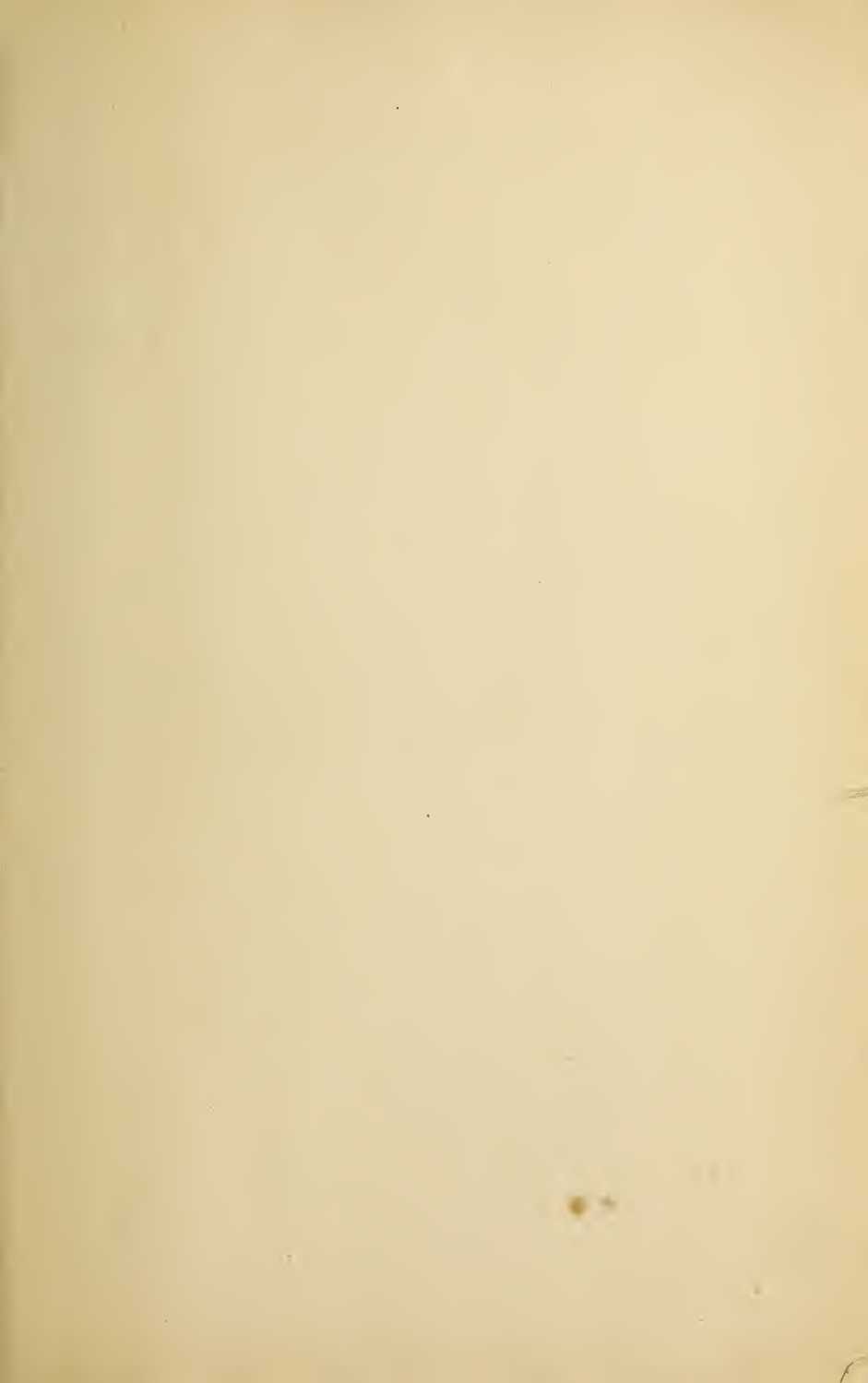
- SPLEEN, cholera, anger; IV. i. 90.
 SPLINTER, secure by splints; II. iii. 336.
 SQUIRE, fellow; (used contemptuously); IV. ii. 145.
 STAND IN ACT, are in action; I. i. 153.
 START, startle, rouse; I. i. 101.
 STARTLINGLY, abruptly; (Ff. 3, 4, "*staringly*"); III. iv. 79.
 STAY, are waiting for; IV. ii. 170.
 STEAD, benefit, help; I. iii. 347.
 STILL, often, now and again; I. iii. 147.
 STOMACH, appetite; V. ii. 75.
 STOP, "your s.", the impediment you can place in my way; V. ii. 264.
 STOUP, a vessel for holding liquor; II. iii. 31.
 STOW'D, bestowed, placed; I. ii. 62.
 STRAIGHT, straightway; I. i. 139.
 STRAIN, urge, press; III. iii. 250.
 STRANGENESS, estrangement; (Qq. "*strangest*"); III. iii. 12.
 STUFF O' THE CONSCIENCE, matter of conscience; I. ii. 2.
 SUBDUED, made subject; I. iii. 252.
 SUCCESS, that which follows, consequence; III. iii. 222.
 SUDDEN, quick, hasty; II. i. 287.
 SUFFERANCE, damage, loss; II. i. 23.
 SUFFICIENCY, ability; I. iii. 225.
 SUFFICIENT, able; III. iv. 90.
 SUGGEST, tempt; II. iii. 366.
 SUPERSUBTLE, excessively crafty; (Collier MS., "*super-supple*"); I. iii. 367.
 SWEETING, a term of endearment; II. iii. 255.
 SWELLING, inflated; II. iii. 58.
 SWORD OF SPAIN; Spanish swords were celebrated for their excellence; V. ii. 253.
 TA'EN ORDER, taken measures; V. ii. 72.
 TA'EN OUT, copied; III. iii. 296.
 TAINTING, disparaging; II. i. 283.
 TAKE OUT, copy; III. iv. 177.
 TAKE UP AT THE BEST, make the best of; I. iii. 173.
 TALK, talk nonsense; IV. iii. 25.
 TALK ME, speak to me; III. iv. 91.
 TELLS O'ER, counts; III. iii. 169.
 THEORIC, theory; I. i. 24.
 THICK-LIPS; used contemptuously for "Africans"; I. i. 66.
 THIN, slight, easily seen through; I. iii. 108.
 THREAD, thread of life; V. ii. 206.
 THRICE-DRIVEN, "referring to the selection of the feathers by *driving* with a fan, to separate the light from the heavy" (Johnson); I. iii. 233.
 THRIVE IN, succeed in gaining; I. iii. 125.
 TIME, life; I. i. 163.
 TIMOROUS, full of fear; I. i. 75.
 TIRE, make tired, weary out; II. i. 65.
 TOGED, wearing the toga; I. i. 25.
 TOLD, struck, counted; (Ff. 3, 4, "*toll'd*"); II. ii. 12.
 TOY, fancy; III. iv. 153.
 TOYS, trifles; I. iii. 270.
 TRASH, worthless thing, dross; II. i. 320.
 —, keep back, hold in check, (a hunter's term); II. i. 320.
 TRAVERSE, march, go on; I. iii. 384.
 TRIMM'D IN, dressed in, wearing; I. i. 50.

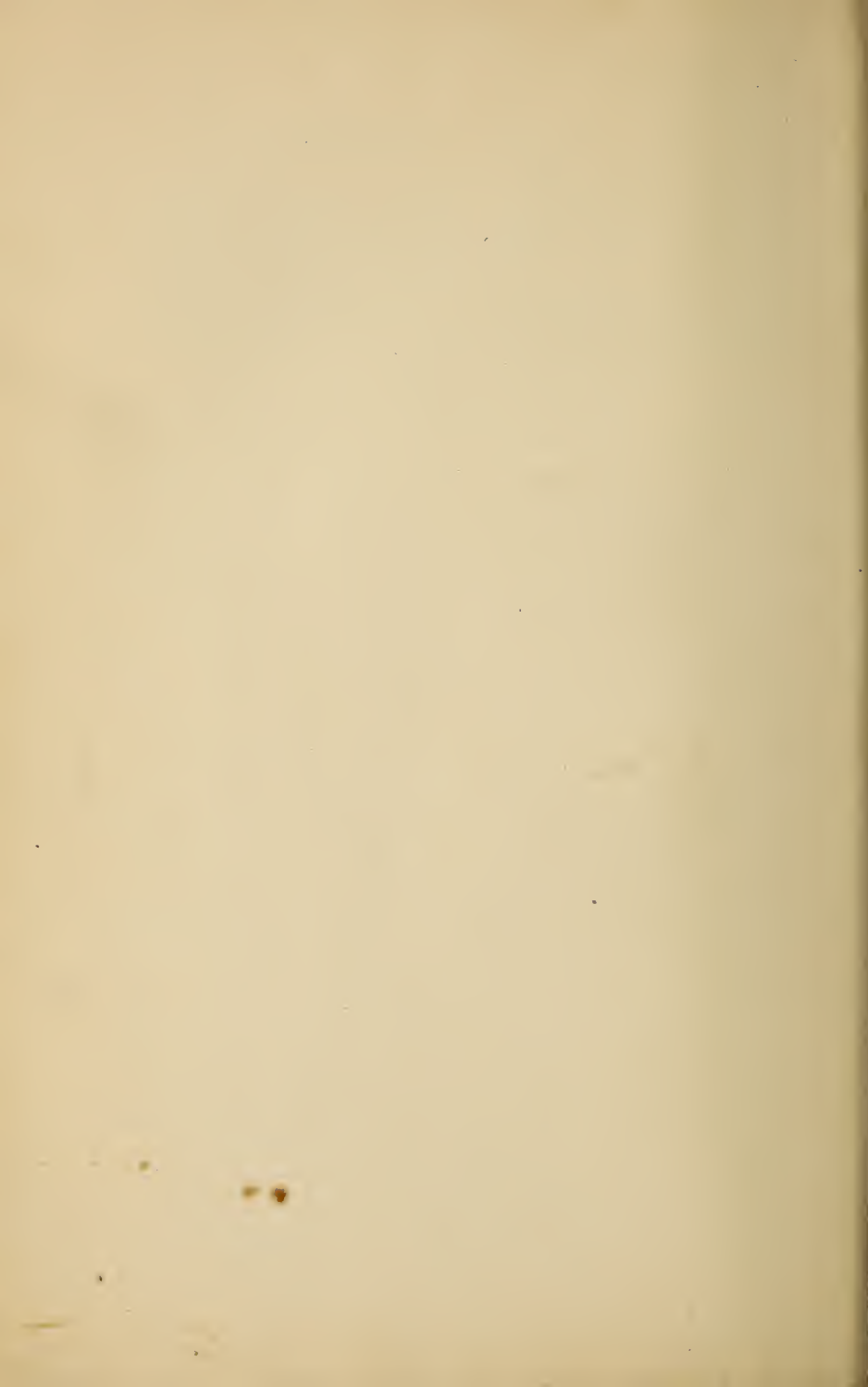
- TURN; "t. thy complexion,"
change color; IV. ii. 62.
- UNBLEST, accursed; II. iii. 317.
- UNBONNETED, without taking off
the cap, on equal terms; I. ii.
23.
- UNBOOKISH, ignorant; IV. i. 103.
- UNCAPABLE, incapable; IV. ii.
238.
- UNDERTAKER; "his u.," take
charge of him, dispatch him;
IV. i. 223.
- UNFOLD, reveal, bring to light;
IV. ii. 141.
- UNFOLDING, communication; I.
iii. 246.
- UNHANDSOME, unfair; III. iv.
148.
- UNHATCH'D, undisclosed; III. iv.
138.
- UNHOUSED, homeless, not tied to
a household and family; I. ii.
26.
- UNLACE, degrade; II. iii. 197.
- UNPERFECTNESS, imperfection; II.
iii. 304.
- UNPROVIDE, make unprepared;
IV. i. 217.
- UNSURE, uncertain; III. iii. 151.
- UNVARNISH'D, plain, unadorned;
I. iii. 90.
- UNWITTED, deprived of under-
standing; II. iii. 185
- UPON, incited by, urged by; I. i.
100.
- USE, custom; IV. i. 284.
- USES, manners, habits; (Q. 1,
"vsage"); IV. iii. 106.
- VANTAGE; "to the v.," over and
above; IV. iii. 86.
- VESSEL, body; IV. ii. 83.
- VESTURE, garment; II. i. 64.
- VIOLENCE, bold action; I. iii. 251.
- VIRTUOUS, having efficacy, power-
ful; III. iv. 108.
- VOICES, votes; I. iii. 262.
- VOUCH, assert, maintain; I. iii.
103, 106.
- , bear witness; I. iii. 265.
- , testimony; II. i. 150.
- WAGE, venture, attempt; I. iii. 30.
- WATCH, watchman; V. i. 37.
- WATCH HIM, keep him from
sleeping; a term in falconry;
III. iii. 23.
- WEARING, clothes; IV. iii. 16.
- WELL SAID, well done; (Qq., "*well
sed*"); II. i. 171.
- WHAT, who; I. i. 18.
- WHEELING, errant; (Q. 2,
"*wheedling*"); I. i. 138.
- WHIPSTER, one who whips out
his sword; (used contemptu-
ously); V. ii. 244.
- WHITE, (used with a play upon
white and *wight*); II. i. 134.
- WHOLESOME, reasonable; III. i.
49.
- WICKER, covered with wicker-
work; (Ff. "*Twiggen*"); II. iii.
155.
- WIGHT, person; (applied to both
sexes); II. i. 161.
- WIND; "let her down the w.;"
"the falconers always let the
hawk fly against the wind; if
she flies with the wind behind
her she seldom returns. If
therefore a hawk was for any
reason to be dismissed, she was
let down the wind, and from
that time shifted for herself
and *preyed at fortune*" (John-
son); III. iii. 262.
- WIND-SHAKED, wind-shaken; II. i.
13.
- WITH, by; II. i. 34.
- WITHAL, with; I. iii. 93.
- WITH ALL MY HEART, used both

Glossary

OTHELLO

- as a salutation, and also as a reply to a salutation; IV. i. 228.
- WITHIN DOOR; "speak w. d.", *i. e.* "not so loud as to be heard outside the house"; IV. ii. 144.
- WOMAN'D, accompanied by a woman; III. iv. 192.
- WORSER, worse; I. i. 95.
- WRENCH, wrest; (Q. 1, "*Wring*"); V. ii. 288.
- WRETCH, a term of endearment; (Theobald, "*wench*"); III. iii. 90.
- WROUGHT, worked upon; V. ii. 345.
- YERK'D, thrust; I. ii. 5.
- YET, as yet, till now; III. iii. 432.









Nov. 15, 1904

9.30 5400 ft. alt.

Nov. 14, 1904

6.15 5200 ft. alt.

Nov. 12, 1904

5.15 5100 ft. alt.

