And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west[4]
Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition;[5] and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.[6]
So, oft it chances in particular men,[7]
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth, — wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin; —

[4] The sense of *east and west* goes with what follows, not what precedes: "brings reproach upon us in all directions." To *tax* was often used for to *charge*, to *accuse*.

[5] *Clepe* is an old Saxon word for *call*. — The Poet often uses *addition* for *title*; so that the meaning is, they sully our title by likening us to swine. The character here ascribed to the Danes appears to have had a basis of fact. Heywood, in his *Drunkard Opened*, 1635, speaking of "the vinosity of nations," says the Danes have made profession thereof from antiquity, and are the first upon record "that have brought their wassel bowls and elbowdeep healths into this land."

[6] That is, of our *reputation*, or of what *is attributed* to us.

[7] Hamlet is now wrought up to the highest pitch of expectancy; his mind is sitting on thorns; and he seeks relief from the pain of that over-intense feeling by launching off into a strain of general and abstract reflection. His state of mind, distracted between his eager anticipation and his train of thought, aptly registers itself in the irregular and broken structure of his language. Coleridge remarks upon the passage as follows: "The unimportant conversation with which this scene opens is a proof of Shakespeare's minute knowledge of human nature. It is a well-established fact, that, on the brink of any serious enterprise, or event of moment, men almost invariably endeavour to elude the pressure of their own thoughts by turning aside to trivial objects and familiar circumstances: thus this dialogue on the platform begins with remarks on the coldness of the air, and inquiries, obliquely connected indeed with the expected hour of the visitation, but thrown out in a seeming vacuity of topics, as, to the striking of the clock, and so forth."

By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;[8]
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive[9] manners; — that these men, —
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,[10] —
Their virtues else — be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo —
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault; the dram of leav'n
Doth all the noble substance of 'em sour,
To his own scandal;[11] —

[8] The idea is, of some native aptitude indulged and fostered too much, so that it breaks down the proper guards and strongholds of reason. Here, as in some other cases, *pales* is *palings*. And *complexion* was often used, as here, to signify any constitutional *texture*, *aptitude*, or *predisposition*.

[9] *Plausive* for *approvable*, or that which is to be applauded; the active form with the passive sense. This indiscriminate use of active and passive forms, both in adjectives and participles, was very common. So Milton has *unexpressive* for *inexpressible*, and Shakespeare has *deceivable* for *deceptive*.

[10] Alluding to the old astrological notion, of a man's character or fortune being determined by the star that was in the ascendant on the day of his birth. — *Livery* is properly a *baage-dress*; of course, here put for a man's *distinctive idiom*. — Note the change of the subject from *these men* to *their virtues*.

[11] *His*, again, for *its*, referring to *substance*, or, possibly, to *leav'n*. Of course *'em* refers to *virtues*. So that the meaning is, that the dram of leaven sours all the noble substance of their virtues, insomuch as to bring reproach and scandal on that substance itself. The Poet seems to have had in mind Saint Paul's proverbial saying, 1 *Corinthians*, v. 6: "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." And so in Bacon's *Henry the Seventh*: "And, as a little *leaven* of new distaste doth commonly *soure* the whole lumpe of former *merites*, the King's wit began now to suggest unto his passion," &c. This is said in reference to Sir William Stanley, whose prompt and timely action gained the victory of Bosworth Field. Some years after, he became a suitor for the earldom of Chester; whereupon, as Bacon says, "his suit did end not only in a denial, but in a *distaste*" on the part of the King. See Critical Notes.

Hora. Look, my lord, it comes!

Enter the GHOST.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd;
Bring with thee airs from Heaven or blasts from Hell;
Be thy intents wicked or charitable;
Thou comest in such a questionable[12] shape,
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father: royal Dane, O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canónized bones, hearsèd in death,
Have burst their cerements;[13] why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in cómplete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the Moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of Nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?[14]
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[GHOST *beckons* HAMLET.

[12] "A *questionable* shape" is a shape that may be *questioned*, or *conversed with*. In like manner the Poet often uses *question* for *conversation*.

[13] *Canonized* means made sacred by the *canonical* rites of sepulture.—*Cerements* is a dissyllable. It is from a Latin word meaning *wax*, and was so applied from the use of wax or pitch in sealing up coffins or caskets so as to make them waterproof.

[14] "We fools of Nature," in the sense here implied, is, we who cannot by nature know the mysteries of the supernatural world. Strict grammar would require *us* instead of *we*.—The general idea of the passage seems to be, that man's intellectual eye is not strong enough to bear the unmuffled light of eternity.

Hora. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Marc. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removèd[15] ground:
But do not go with it.

Hora. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hora. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again: I'll follow it.

Hora. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord.
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base[16] into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,[17]
And draw you into madness?[18] think of it:
The very place puts toys[19] of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

[15] *Removèd* for *remote, secluded, retired.*

[16] *Overhangs its* base. So in Sidney's *Arcadia:* "Hills lift up their *beetle* brows, as if they would overlooke the pleasantnesse of their under prospect."

[17] To "deprive your sovereignty of reason" is to *depose* your *government* of reason, or take it away. The word was often used thus.

[18] It was anciently believed that evil spirits sometimes assumed the guise of deceased persons, to draw men into madness and suicide, as is here apprehended of the Ghost.

[19] *Toys* is *freaks, whims*, or *fancies;* here meaning any sudden mad impulse to suicide.

Ham. It waves me still. —
Go on; I'll follow thee.
Marc. You shall not go, my lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands!
Hora. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery[20] in this body
As hardy as the Némean lion's nerve.
Still am I call'd. — Unhand me, gentlemen; —
[*Breaking away from them.*
By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets[21] me!
I say, away! — Go on; I'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt* GHOST *and* HAMLET.
Hora. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Marc. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hora. Have after. — To what issue will this come?
Marc. Something is rotten in the State of Denmark.
Hora. Heaven will direct it.
Marc. Nay,[22] let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *Another Part of the Platform.*

Enter the GHOST *and* HAMLET.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.
Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,

[20] *Artery*, *nerve*, and *sinew* were used interchangeably in the Poet's time.
[21] The old *let*, now obsolete, meaning to *hinder*.
[22] *Nay* refers to Horatio's "Heaven will direct it," and means, "let us not leave it to Heaven, but look after it ourselves."

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas, poor Ghost!
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,[1]
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combinèd locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:[2]
But this eternal[3] blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love, —
Ham. O God!
Ghost. — Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
Ham. Murder!

[1] Chaucer in the *Persones Tale* says, "The misese of hell shall be *in defaute of mete and drinke*." So, too, in *The Wyll of the Devyll:* "Thou shalt lye in frost and fire, with sicknes and *hunger*."
[2] Such is the old form of the word, and so Shakespeare always has it.
[3] The Poet repeatedly has *eternal* in the sense of *infernal*, like our Yankee *'tarnal;* and such is probably the meaning here; though some think it means "the mysteries of eternity."

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,[4]
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,[5]
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forgèd process of my death
Rankly abused; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.
Ham. O my prophetic soul![6]
My uncle!
Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts, —
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce! — won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous Queen:
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor

[4] Of course "Lethe wharf" is the place on the banks of the river Lethe where the old boatman, Charon, had his moorings. — In the preceding line, *shouldst* for *wouldst*. See page 48, note 11.

[5] *Orchard* and *garden* were synonymous.

[6] Hamlet has suspected "some foul play," and now his suspicion seems prophetic, or as if inspired.

To[7] those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of Heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my sécure[8] hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursèd hebenon[9] in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect[10]
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;[11]
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like eager[12] droppings into milk,

[7] *To*, again, for *compared to*. See page 62, note 29.

[8] *Secure* has the sense of the Latin *securus; unguarded, unsuspecting*.

[9] *Hebenon* is probably derived from *henbane*, the oil of which, according to Pliny, dropped into the ears, disturbs the brain; and there is sufficient evidence that it was held poisonous. So in Anton's *Satires*, 1606: "The *poison'd henbane*, whose cold juice doth kill."

[10] *Effect* for *efficacy*, or *effectiveness*; the effect put for the cause.

[11] The Poet here implies as much as was then known touching the circulation of the blood. So in *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 1: "As dear to me as are the ruddy drops that visit my sad heart." Harvey's great discovery was not published till 1628, twelve years after the Poet's death. The lawyers claim Shakespeare as of their house: I suspect the physicians have an equal right to him.

[12] *Eager* has occurred before in the sense of *sharp, biting*. "Eager droppings" are drops of *acid*. — A *posset* is described by Randle Holme as follows: "Hot milk poured on ale or sack, having sugar, grated bisket, and eggs, with other ingredients boiled in it, which goes to a curd." So that to *posset* is to *coagulate* or *curdle*.

The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd[13] about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of Queen, at once dispatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossom of my sins,
Unhousell'd, disappointed, unanel'd;[14]
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

Ham. O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!

Ghost. If thou hast nature[15] in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damnèd incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind,[16] nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught: leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,

[13] *Bark'd* means *formed a bark* or *scab*. — *Instant* in the sense of the Latin *instans; urgent, importunate, itching*. — The meaning of *lazar-like* is well illustrated in *Paradise Lost*, xi. 477–488.

[14] *Unhousell'd* is without having received the sacrament. *Disappointed* is *unappointed, unprepared*. A man well furnished for an enterprise is said to be well-*appointed*. *Unanel'd* is without extreme unction. So in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*: "Then we began to put him in mind of Christ's passion; and sent for the abbot of the place to *anneal* him." These "last offices" were thought to have much effect in mitigating the pains of Purgatory.

[15] *Nature* for *natural affection*. A very frequent usage.

[16] This part of the injunction is well worth noting: time and manner are left to Hamlet; only he is to keep himself clean from crime and from dishonour: his revenge must be righteous, and according to the demands of justice, not merely personal.

And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:[17]
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. O all you host of Heaven! O Earth! what else?
And shall I couple Hell? O, fie![18] Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. — Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor Ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe.[19] Remember thee!
Yea, from the table[20] of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by Heaven!—
O most pernicious woman!—
O villain, villain, smiling, damnèd villain!
My tables,[21] — meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark. —
So, uncle, there you are.[22] — Now to my word;

[17] *Uneffectual* because it gives light without heat, does not *burn*. — *Matin*, properly morning-prayer, is here put for *morning*.

[18] Hamlet invokes Heaven and Earth, and then asks whether he shall invoke Hell also. "O, fie!" refers to the latter, and implies a strong negative.

[19] By *this globe* Hamlet means his *head*.

[20] *Table* for what we call *tablet*. — *Saws* is *sayings; pressures, impressions*.

[21] "*Tables*, or books, or registers for memory of things" were used in Shakespeare's time by all ranks of persons, and carried in the pocket; what we call *memorandum-books*.

[22] This, I think, has commonly been taken in too literal and formal a way, as if Hamlet were carefully writing down the axiomatic saying he has just uttered. I prefer Professor Werder's view of the matter: "Hamlet

It is *Adieu, adieu! remember me:*
I have sworn't.

Hora. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord,—
Marc. [*Within.*] Lord Hamlet,—
Hora. [*Within.*] Heaven secure him!
Marc. [*Within.*] So be it!
Hora. [*Within.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.[23]

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Marc. How is't, my noble lord?
Hora. What news, my lord?
Ham. O, wonderful!
Hora. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No; you'll reveal it.
Hora. Not I, my lord, by Heaven.
Marc. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How say you, then? would heart of man once think it?—
But you'll be secret?
Hora. } Ay, by Heaven, my lord.
Marc. }
Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave.[24]

pulls out his tablets, and jabs the point of his pencil once or twice into the leaf, because he cannot do the same to the King with his sword, as he would like to do,—nothing further; only such marks, such a sign, does he make. That stands for 'So, uncle, there you are!' And although he says he must write it down for himself, he does not literally write; that does not accord with his mood and situation."

[23] This is the call which falconers use to their hawk in the air when they would have him come down to them.

[24] Dr. Isaac Ray, a man of large science and ripe experience in the treatment of insanity, says of Hamlet's behaviour in this scene, that "it betrays

Hora. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance[25] at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you,—
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is;—and, for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.
Hora. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord
Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, faith, heartily.
Hora. There's no offence, my lord.
Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick,[26] but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost,[27] that let me tell you;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster't as you may.[28] And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

the excitement of delirium,—the wandering of a mind reeling under the first stroke of disease."

[25] *Circumstance* is sometimes used for *circumlocution*. So in *Othello*, i. 1: "A bombast *circumstance* horribly stuff'd with epithets of war." But it was also used for *circumstantial detail;* and such is probably the meaning here.

[26] Warburton has ingeniously defended Shakespeare for making the Danish Prince swear by *St. Patrick*, by observing that the whole northern world had their learning from Ireland.

[27] Hamlet means that the Ghost is a real ghost, just what it appears to be, and not "the Devil" in "a pleasing shape," as Horatio had apprehended it to be. See page 79, note 18.

[28] That is, o'ermaster your *desire:* "subdue it as you best can."

Hora. What is't, my lord? we will.
Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.
Hora. } My lord, we will not.
Marc. }
Ham. Nay, but swear't.
Hora. In faith, my lord, not I.
Marc. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my sword.
Marc. We've sworn, my lord, already.[29]
Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?[30] —
Come on, — you hear this fellow in the cellarage, —
Consent to swear.
Hora. Propose the oath, my lord.
Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen:
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. *Hic et ubique!* then we'll shift our ground. —
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard:
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the ground so fast?

[29] The oath they have already sworn is *in faith*. But this has not enough of ritual solemnity in it, to satisfy Hamlet. The custom of swearing by the sword, or rather by the cross at the hilt of it, is very ancient. The Saviour's name was sometimes inscribed on the handle. So that swearing by one's sword was the most solemn oath a Christian soldier could take.

[30] *True-penny* is an old familiar term for a right honest fellow.

A worthy pioneer![31] — Once more remove, good friends.
Hora. O day and night! but this is wondrous strange.
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.[32]
But come:
Here, as before, never, so help you Mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself, —
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,[33] —
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
as, *Well, well, we know;* or, *We could, an if*[34] *we would;*
or, *If we list to speak;* or, *There be, an if they might;*
Or such ambiguous giving-out, to note
That you know aught of me: — this not to do,
So Grace and Mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.

[31] Alluding to one of the offices of military engineers, which is to *pioneer* an army; that is, to go before and clear the road.

[32] Strictly speaking, *your* is redundant here. Hamlet means *any* philosophy. The Poet often uses the pronouns in that way. So in v. 1, of this play: "And *your* water is a sore decayer of *your* whoreson dead body." In the text, however, I suspect that *your* is meant to convey a mild sneer at philosophy, which has sometimes been as arrogant as science is in some of her modern representatives.

[33] This has been taken as proving that Hamlet's "antic disposition" is merely assumed for a special purpose. But our ripest experts in the matter are far from regarding it so. They tell us that veritable madmen are sometimes inscrutably cunning in arts for disguising their state; saying, in effect, "To be sure, you may find me acting rather strangely at times, but you must not think me crazy; I know what I am about, and have a purpose in it."

[34] *An if* is merely an old reduplication, and is equivalent simply to *if*. So the Poet uses *if*, or *an*, or *an if*, indifferently.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

[*They kiss the hilt of* HAMLET'S *sword.*

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbèd spirit! — So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you;
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do t' express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint: — O cursèd spite,
That ever I was born to set it right! —
Nay, come; let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A Room in Polonius's House.*

Enter POLONIUS *and* REYNALDO.

Polo. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.

Reyn. I will, my lord.

Polo. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Reyn. My lord, I did intend it.

Polo. Marry, well said, very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers[1] are in Paris,
And how, and who; what means, and where they keep;[2]
What company, at what expense; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,

[1] *Dansker* is *Dane; Dansk* being the ancient name of Denmark. — Here *me* is used very much as *your* in the preceding scene. See page 89, note 32.

[2] The Poet repeatedly uses *keep* in the sense of *lodge* or *dwell.*

That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:[3]
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;
As thus, *I know his father and his friends,*
And in part him; — do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Reyn. Ay, very well, my lord.

Polo. *And in part him; but,* you may say, *not well:*
But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so. And there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Reyn. As gaming, my lord?

Polo. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing; you may go so far.

Reyn. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Polo. Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another[4] scandal on him
Than he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly,[5]
That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;

[3] This seems illogical, and would be so in any mouth but a politician's, as implying that general inquiries would come to the point faster than particular ones. But here, again, *your* is used as explained in note 32, page 89. The scheme here laid down is, to *steal* upon the truth by roundabout statements and questions; or, as it is afterwards said, "By indirections find directions out."

[4] *Another* must here be taken as equivalent to *a further.*

[5] *Quaintly*, from the Latin *comptus*, properly means *elegantly*, but is here used in the sense of *adroitly* or *ingeniously.*