SHAKESPEAR'S FOOLS.*

I was of half a dozen minds how to begin, till at last I fixed upon gravity. So here goes:—

"If a man were to introduce a Fool, to do nothing but speak folly, it were foolishness itself,"[1] as was well said or sung by Mr. Coleridge (and he is a grave man) among other good things touching motley gentry, in an extempore lecture; for his pocket was picked of the written one in his way to the Institution. It was pleasant to see Kant's philosophy, once in a way, hand-in-hand with Tom-foolery. Just then I heard there was extant a huge production on Shakespear's Fools, by one Douce.[2] A friend lent me the volumes, assuring me it was a "standard work," and so were all the books in his library;—they were ever standard. With what joy I soiled my white handkerchief in flapping away the dust, how snugly they lay under my arm, and what care I promised to take of them! Ah, thought I, now I have a treasure! —What a diappointment![3] Why this man, Douce, had no more to do with Shakespear, than the housewife who sacrilegiously steals one of his pages to tie down a pickle-jar. The deuce was in Douce.[4] It was an antiquarian treatise on Fools' dresses, grounded on authorities from Shakespear, all up-side-down. For instance, because one of them says, "I did impetticoat thy gratuity,"[5] he gravely proves that Fools wore petticoats, blind to the staring fact that it was the sweetheart's petticoat intended,[6] and follows it up with

* Author: Charles Armitage Brown / Transcribed by Fernando Cioni; Annotated by Giacomo Ferrari.

copies from monstrous old wood-cuts. Again, he affirms this particular Fool was not quite an idiot, and this one only half a natural, and so on, classing them as a gardener does cabbages. Touchstone[7] half a natural! Oh, Mr. Douce, what are you? That a man should knock his head against a wall is pardonable; but that he should obstinately keep it there, through two such big volumes, is by no means pardonable, —it is only astonishing.

It is said, in Shakespear's time Fools became less tolerable. Most likely. In his days there was an inquiring spirit abroad, which made truth insupportable; though once it was pretty sport to hear it spoken when no one else believed in it, as a beauty enjoys the joke of being called ugly; but when her charms begin to fade, it becomes a serious matter, a very intolerable piece of insolence.

Now to speak of them as individuals. It is a blank mistake to imagine, because they are all in motley, that their characters are of one colour. They are not like our harlequins in a Christmas pantomime,[8] always the same identical harlequins, whether under the influence of a Mother Goose,[9] a Friar Bacon,[10] or a little silver fairy, jumping out of a full-blown tinsel rose. Even Douce could distinguish between them in his dousing way. Come forth, my merry gentles, all four of you (I wish there were a dozen) and let me take you by the hand, one by one, that I may introduce you in a particular manner to our friends and acquaintance.

The lady Olivia's Fool[11] shall be first,—not for his own merits, but purely in compliment to the lady. There is something suspicious about him. Would you believe it?—he hath a leman![12] yea, and absents himself from the house, we don't know how long, and will not confess where he has been. This is the more inexcusable, as there happens to be a touch of prudery among the good qualities of his noble

mistress. He is a wild young rogue, and ought not to be amended. Besides, I don't half dislike him on another score. I pass by his cutting a joke about hell "to ears polite,"[13] and his contending he "lives by the church;"[14] the most orthodox have been guilty of the like. But what are we to think of him when he puts on the gown of Sir Topaz the curate?[15] Soon as it is thrown over his shoulders, he speaks this pertinence—"I will dissemble myself in it; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown."[16] Then he pays a visit to a poor wretch[17] in the clutches of his masters, with the text of "Peace in this prison!"—declaring he is "one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy,"[18] and, at the same time, falls into most intolerant abuse. So, this is his idea of a Sir Topaz! After endeavouring to persuade the prisoner he is vexed by a fiend, is a lunatic, and that a dark room is a light one, he questions him as to the tenets of a particular kind of faith, which was once held most sacred.[19] When this is answered, his catechism comes to that fearful point of "What think'st thou of his opinion?" "I think," says the prisoner, "nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion."[20] This, considering it was impossible for him to believe, seems moderate. But his Reverence, who (you must all the while understand) is the Fool, immediately puts on the sullens, croaks out, "Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness!"—insists on his giving credence to an incredible faith, and then, with another "Fare thee well," leaves him to his evil fate.[21] If these mysteries are too sublime, gentlemen, for your understanding, it is pitiful. But as this Fool, who "wore not motley in his brain,"[22] did not choose to apply them to his times, I will even follow so wise an example. What's this, my boy? A tabor![23] Ah! I know thou art very fond of music, and hast "a sweet breath to sing," "a mellifluous voice," "a contagious breath,"—no

wonder thou hast a leman! Thou canst sing "a love-song, or a song of good life," or join in a catch that shall "rouse the night owl, and draw three souls out of one weaver," or chaunt a pathetic tender ditty, which

> —— "is silly sooth,
> And dallies with the innocence of love,
> Like the old age."[24]

But your epilogue-song, I hear, from good authority, is the most despairing thing your father ever wrote. With submission I think these five stanzas are not more despairing than the "Seven Ages;"[25] though in a song, and with the original music, the bare history of man falls upon the heart with greater melancholy. I had always regarded it in no other light than as a hint to the audience, after having laughed, through a pleasant comedy, at the frailties and passions of their fellows, to look to themselves. At all events, I contend it does but "dally with the innocence"[26] of despair.

Next, "good Mr. Lavatch,"[27] as thou art highly titled by the crest-fallen Parolles,[28] step forth thou whose wit is like a "barber's chair."[29] You may see, with half an eye, he has not the same jaunty air with the rest; though, when occasion serves, he can "make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing."[30] His knowledge is somewhat limited; he has never been much beyond the walls of the Castle of Roussillon;[31] yet when he visits the court he comes off with a passable grace. "My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him;"[32] and as every one must love the memory of the old count, this is the brightest feather in his cap. He too can sing, though he treats us with only one specimen, and that is the most appropriate to his situation, a fragment from the old Troubadours of Provençe;[33] albeit a little twisted —"corrupted," the countess calls it[34]—to serve his own pur-

poses. He should be designated in the Dramatis Personæ as an uneasy bachelor. Benedick rails at love and marriage,[35] but not at womankind, as they are to him quite an abstract species; but this Fool, having a mind to marry, especially "Isbel the woman,"[36] looks forward to his chance in the lottery with strange misgivings, and, in his fears, finds fault with all the sex together. A marrying man is often thus. Our experienced dames know how to translate this language of general abuse, and when they meet with a likely young man shockingly guilty of it, entertain high hopes, and are remarkably busy in thrusting daughters and nieces in his way. Hannah More has but sublimated the first part of the character of Mr. Lavatch in her "Cœlebs in search of a Wife."[37] Both give their special reasons for matrimony, only the Fool's are the more unanswerable, and both bewail the uncertainty of their approaching fate with sundry insinuations against the good qualities of all expecting maidens. The only difference is, that one sets out with a sweetheart in his eye, and the other sets his eye agog for a sweetheart. Colebs at last finds an angelic nonpareil; but as Shakespear had no acquaintance with such young ladies, he finishes his bachelor otherwise, and down falls the curtain without a wife for Mr. Lavatch. He had been to court, forsooth! and returns home with "no mind to Isbel. The brain," quoth he, "of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach."[38] Upon this theme, a married man, with plenty of leisure and industry, might furnish a considerable folio; but that is none of my business; besides, Touchstone[39] is growing impatient.

Here he comes, lugging in something after him. What, Audrey![40] I can't speak to thee now, Audrey. Go along, Audrey. "The Gods have not made thee poetical."[41]—This fellow is the reverse of Mr. Lavatch; he has been brought up at court, and

then becomes fixed in a country life. He is a philosopher, but his humour is melancholy and satirical. It is not surprising that Jacques[42] should take so strong a liking to him, as their minds are much of the same hue; only Touchstone is no misanthrope, because he had been no libertine. There never yet was satirist, who did not "rail on lady Fortune," and waste his time in reflections on its fleeting nature; however he does it "wisely and in good set terms."[43] His education among courtiers, and his daily experience with shepherds, afford him everlasting subjects of discourse. Nothing escapes him, not Audrey herself; at every step he starts fresh game for his wit to shoot at; and is a mighty hunter in the forest of Arden.[44] All base metals are tried and proved counterfeit by this Touchstone.[45] Who will set our pious sermons and moral treatises on the sin of duelling against his "finding the quarrel on the seventh cause?"[46] What ridicule he throws upon those nice distinctions which are to make a gentleman draw his sword and put it up again; and how he sneers at the masked poltroonery of these men of—(valour, I was about to say, but mine Host of the Garter[47] reminds me of a better word)—of "mock-water."[48] These rules for quarrelling still exist, much in the same fashion, among our pistol-mongers; and I am convinced it is because they cannot study Shakespear. Touchstone's satire flies more direct to its object than that of any other of the motley tribe, and is more caustic and personal. He is a walking Juvenal[49] "under the shade of melancholy boughs."[50] Though he gives us a scrap of a stanza, and can rhyme to "the right butter-woman's rate to market,"[51] he neither sings nor loves singing. From mere idleness he asks the Pages for a song, and then makes a most ungracious return.[52] His having "no music in himself"[53] is quite in character; and indeed I have read that the jaundice[54] is often attended by a

partial loss of hearing. Audrey's admiration of him, and her being, I have no doubt, a comely, brown, black-eyed girl, may have effected somewhat; though I suspect the chief cause of his paying court to her, with no hurry to be married, was the want of a mental excitement in a pastoral life. I cannot love him so well as the others, but perhaps I love to read him more, as he, like Jacques, is "full of matter."[55]

"Now, our joy, though last, not least,"[56] my dearest of all Fools, Lear's Fool! Ah, what a noble heart, a gentle and a loving one, lies hid beneath that party-coloured jerkin. Thou hast been cruelly treated. Regan and Goneril could but hang thee,[57] while the unfeeling players did worse; for they tainted thy character, and at last thrust thee from the stage, as one unfit to appear in their worshipful company.[58] Regardless of that warning voice, forbidding them to "speak more than is set down for them,"[59] they have put into thy mouth words so foreign to thy nature,* that they might, with as much propriety, be given to Cardinal Wolsey.[60] But let me take thee, without addition or diminution, from the hands of Shakespear, and then art thou one of his most perfect creations. Look at him! It may be your eyes see him not as mine do, but he appears to me of a light delicate

* There are three passages, foisted in by the players, and adopted by the printers, which ought to be for ever expunged from the text. They are the following:—the couplet at the end of the first act; the whole of Merlin's prophecy during the storm, beginning with "This is a brave night," &c. as the Fool should go out with Lear; and those brutal words, "And I'll go to bed at noon," when the old king sinks into sleep. Such contradictions puzzled me for a long time, till looking among the Annotations, a profitable task once in a hundred times, I discovered that none of these three passages are in the quarto editions, printed eight years before Shakespear's death, but are introduced into the folio one, printed seven years after it. This, together with their absurdity, makes it plain they are not Shakespear's.[61]

frame, every feature expressive of sensibility even to pain, with eyes lustrously intelligent, a mouth blandly beautiful, and withal a hectic flush upon his cheek. O, that I were a painter! O, that I could describe him as I knew him in my boyhood, when the Fool made me shed tears, while Lear did but terrify me!

"But where's my Fool? I have not seen him these two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, the Fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well."[62]

I have sometimes speculated on filling an octavo sheet on Shakespear's admirable introduction of characters; but a little reflection showed me that I must write a volume, and that's a fearful thing. This would rank among his best. We are prepared to see him with his mind full of the fatal "division of the kingdom,"[63] and oppressed with "thick-coming fancies;"[64] and when he appears before us, we are convinced of both, though not in an ordinary way. Those who have never read any thing but the French Theatre, or the English plays of the last century, would expect to see him upon the scene, wiping his eyes with his cloak; as if the worst of sorrows did not frequently vent themselves in jests, and that there are not beings who dare not trust their nature with a serious face when the soul is deeply struck. Besides, his profession compels him to raillery and a seeming jollity. The very excess of merriment is here an evidence of grief; and when he enters throwing his coxcomb at Kent, and instantly follows it up with allusions to the miserable rashness of Lear, we ought to understand him from that moment to the last.[65] Throughout this scene his wit, however varied, still aims at the same point; and in spite of

threats, and regardless how his words may be construed by Goneril's[66] creatures, with the eagerness of a filial love he prompts the old King to "resume the shape which he had cast off."[67] "This is not altogether Fool, my Lord."[68] But alas! it is too late. And when driven from the scene by Goneril, he turns upon her with an indignation that knows no fear of the "halter" for himself:—

> "A fox when one has caught her,
> And such a daughter,
> Should sure to the slaughter,
> If my cap would buy a halter."[69]

That such a character should be distorted by players, printers, and commentators! Observe every word he speaks; his meaning, one would imagine, could not be misinterpreted; and when he at length finds his covert reproaches can avail nothing, he changes his discourse to simple mirth, in order to distract the sorrows of his master. When Lear is in the storm, who is with him? None—not even Kent—

> "None but the Fool; who labours to outjest
> His heart-struck injuries."[70]

The tremendous agony of Lear's mind would be too painful, and even deficient in pathos, without this poor faithful servant at his side. It is he that touches our hearts with pity, while Lear fills the imagination to aching. "The explosions of his passion," as Mr. Lamb[71] has written in an excellent criticism, "are terrible as a volcano; they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches."[72] Such a scene wanted relief, and Shakespear, we may rely upon it, gives us the best. But it is acted otherwise,—no, it is Tate[73] that is acted. Let

them, if they choose, bring this tragedy on the stage; but, by all means, let us not be without the Fool. I can imagine an actor in this part, with despair in his face, and a tongue for ever struggling with a jest, that should thrill every bosom. What! banish him from the tragedy, when Lear says, "I have one part in my heart that's sorry yet for thee;" and when he so feelingly addresses him with "Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold? I am cold myself."[74] At that pitch of rage, "Off, off, you lendings! Come, unbutton here!" could we but see the Fool throw himself into his master's arms, to stay their fury, looking up in his countenance with eyes that would fain appear as if they wept not, and hear his pathetic entreaty, "Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented!"[75]—Pshaw! these players know nothing of their trade. While Gloster[76] and Kent are planning to procure shelter for the King, whose wits at that time "begin to unsettle,"[77] he remains silent in grief; but afterwards, in the farm-house, we find him endeavouring to divert the progress of Lear's madness, as it becomes haunted by the visions of his daughters, and that in the most artful manner, by humouring the wanderings of his reason, and then striving to dazzle him with cheerfulness. At the last, we behold him, when all his efforts are proved unavailing, utterly dumb! "And my poor Fool is hanged!"[78]

> "With a hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
> For the rain it raineth every day."[79]

Yes—there must be something very despairing in that epilogue-song, or it could not have entered my head at such a time.

I have said there are only four Fools in Shakespear, but we have the skull of a fifth. "Alas, poor Yorick!"[80] And

this conjures to one's mind the idea of Hamlet in petticoats. Without this fact staring me in the face, I could have as soon thought of Juliet[81] grown older than her old Nurse. But it is very true. Hamlet must have once been a squalling[82] baby; and soon after, in little breeches, "with shining morning face."[83] Nor could his infancy be better ennobled, than by telling us he kissed the King's Jester "I know not how oft," and was "borne on his back a thousand times."[84]

CARLUCCIO.[85]

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EDITORIAL NOTES

[1] Unidentified reference.

[2] Francis Douce, *Illustrations of Shakspeare, and of ancient manners: with dissertations on the clowns and fools of Shakspeare*, 299-332, London: 1807.

[3] Misprint for "disappointment".

[4] The deuce is the personification or spirit of mischief, the devil, as in the exclamation "The deuce is in it!". See *OED*, "deuce (*n.2*)".

[5] A reading of Feste's line in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, II.iii.27: "I did impeticos thy gratillity", *i.e.* "I pocketed your gratuity", where "impeticos" is a nonce-word compounded of "petticoat" and the verb "impocket".

[6] Actually Feste "impockets" Sir Andrew's gratuity in his own motley coat because, as can be gathered from his ensuing non-sensical explanation, he needs money to drink and neither Malvolio nor Olivia give him any.

[7] The two fools mentioned are Feste and Touchstone, respectively in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* and *As You Like It*.

[8] Thomas John Dibdin's pantomime *Harlequin and Mother Goose, or The Golden Egg*, (music by W. Ware, Covent Garden Theatre, 1806), a successful combination of elements from the Italian *commedia dell'arte* and British folklore.

[9] The character from Charles Perrault's fairy tale collection *Contes de ma Mère l'Oye* (1697). The author is referring to the Mother Goose in *Harlequin and Mother Goose*, see n. 8 above.

[10] The skillful but careless sorcerer in Robert Greene's play *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* (c.1590).

[11] *I.e.*, Feste. Lady Olivia, the countess in *Twelfth Night*, attracts both Malvolio and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and eventually marries Sebastian.

[12] *I.e.*, a sweetheart. "Leman" is the archaic word used by Shakespeare (II.iii.25), out of place in that context.

[13] Reference to Alexander Pope's poem *Moral Essays, in Four Epistles* (1731-35, ep. IV, 150). "Never mention hell to ears polite" means being overly cautious about taboos and uncomfortable matters when in a refined company.

[14] William Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, III.i.3.

[15] Feste disguises as a priest in 4.2. and assumes the name of Sir Topaz, or Topas in the 1623 Folio. The name alludes to *The Tale of Sir Thopas* in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* and to the braggart knight Sir Tophas in John Lily's *Endimion*. Also, the changeable colours of the gemstone might allude to Feste's change of identity and to the colours of his motley coat.

[16] William Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, IV.ii.4-6.

[17] *I.e.*, Malvolio.

[18] William Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, IV.ii.34-5.

[19] Irreverent mention of Pythagoras's theory of *metempsychosis*.

[20] William Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, IV.ii.56-8.

[21] William Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, IV.ii.59-63

[22] William Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, I.v.55. Feste claims to be a fool only by profession, not by nature.

[23] A drum hanging from the neck or belt, traditionally played by stage fools.

[24] William Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, II.iii.21, 54-55, 36, 59-60, II.iv.53-55.

[25] Jaques's monologue in William Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, in which the world is compared to a stage where everyone plays his part, divided into the seven ages of man's life.

[26] William Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, II.iv.54.

[27] Lavatch is the clown in the Countess of Roussillon's household in William Shakespeare, *All's Well That Ends Well*, V.ii.1.

[28] Parolles is Bertram's disloyal follower in William Shakespeare, *All's Well That Ends Well*.

[29] *I.e.*, "Like a barber's chair that fits all buttocks" or "serve all man", fitting every occasion.

[30] William Shakespeare, *All's Well That Ends Well*, II.ii.10-11.

[31] Bertram and the Countess' household in *All's Well That Ends Well*.

[32] William Shakespeare, *All's Well That Ends Well*, IV.v.65-6.

[33] Brown is probably being ironic. The song is meant to resemble a ballad about the infidelity of nine out of ten women.

[34] William Shakespeare, *All's Well That Ends Well*, I.iii.81.

[35] Reference to the Benedick, who despises marriage, in William Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*, especially 1.1.

[36] William Shakespeare, *All's Well That Ends Well*, I.iii.20.

[37] The moralist Hannah More's novel, *Coelebs in Search of a Wife. Comprehending Observations on Domestic Habits and Manners, Religion and Morals*, London: T. Cadle and W. Davies, 1808.

[38] William Shakespeare, *All's Well That Ends Well*, III.ii.12-16.

[39] Court fool in William Shakespeare's *As You Like It*.

[40] A simple country girl, a goat-keeper, whom Touchstone tries to woo and eventually marries.

[41] Adapted quotation from William Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, III.iii.15.

[42] The melancholic gentleman, famous for the aforementioned speech on the Seven ages of man, who eventually remains in the Forest of Arden and leads a religious life.

[43] William Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, II.vii.16-23.

[44] The forest where most of the action in William Shakespeare's *As You Like It* takes place. Be it a reference to the Forest of Arden in Warwickshire, or the French Ardennes, it holds a mythical status.

[45] A Touchstone is "a very smooth, fine-grained, black or darkcoloured variety of quartz or jasper […] used for testing the quality of gold and silver alloys by the colour of the streak produced by rubbing them upon it", *OED*, "Touchstone (*n.1*)".

[46] William Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, V.iv.52-3.

[47] A character in William Shakespeare's *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

[48] William Shakespeare, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, II.iii.58. The word's exact meaning is obscure, but the context is of some help: the Host of the Garter is mocking the French Doctor Caius with made-up words that have the opposite meaning of the definition he then gives the Doctor. Therefore "mock-water" would probably mean the opposite of "valour".

[49] Decimus Junius Juvenalis (Juvenal, 55-135/40 AD), Latin satirical poet.

[50] William Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, II.vii.116.

[51] William Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, III.ii.98. Today most editions read "the right butter-women's *rank* to market", but the meaning is similar, "exactly the monotonous jog-trot of dairy-women taking butter to market" (Folger Shakespeare, edited by Barbara A. Mowatt and Paul Werstine, 96).

[52] William Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, V.iii.8-47.

[53] William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*, V.i.92.

[54] "Jaundice" meaning here the supposed effects of the condition on disposition, *i.e.*, "bitterness".

[55] William Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, II.i.72.

[56] Adapted quotation from William Shakespeare, *King Lear*, I.i.91-92, spoken by Lear who is actually referring to his daughter Cordelia.

[57] Regan and Goneril are King Lear's daughters and sisters of Cordelia. Towards the end of the play, after contributing to most of the tragic events, Goneril poisons Regan and then commits suicide. Soon before Lear's death, the old king has the line "And my poor fool is hanged! No, no, no life?" (William Shakespeare, *King Lear*, V.iii.369). Today's commentators of the play generally interpret "fool" as "a term of endearment or pity, typically with the implication of innocence" (*OED*, "fool (*n.1 & adj.*)"), therefore actually referring to Cordelia rather than to the Fool.

[58] Brown's "unfeeling players" are probably actors such as David Garrick (1717-79), John Philip Kemble (1757-1823), and Edmund Kean (1787-1833), who staged Nahum Tate's 1681 adaptation of *Lear*, which has a happy ending and omits the Fool. Kean did eventually restore the tragic ending, but not until 1823: too late for Brown's essay – already in Hunt's hands before November 1822 – to report, and still omitting the Fool.

[59] Hamlet's warning to the actors is "And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them" (William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, III.ii.40-2).

[60] Thomas Wolsey (1473-1530), English cardinal, is also a hostile and Machiavellian character in William Shakespeare and John Fletcher's 1613 history play *The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth*.

[61] Without going into the details of the textual history of *King Lear*, it suffices to say that Brown's note is based mainly on taste, and has been made obsolete by recent criticism: of the three passages listed by Brown, only "the couplet at the end of the first act" is considered an interpolation by numerous modern editors but, despite what Brown writes, it is both in the Quarto (Q) and in the Folio (F). Merlin's prophecy and the "brutal words" are indeed only in F. Critics today tend to consider F the fruit of revision and, in general, to take F and Q as two equally worthy versions of the same play (or two different plays altogether). As for the argument of the supposed temporal shortcomings of F, it is of course unjustified, since there is no proof that F was not based on an authoritative text.

[62] William Shakespeare, *King Lear*, I.iv.71-5.

[63] William Shakespeare, *King Lear*, I.i.4.

[64] William Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, V.iii.47.

[65] William Shakespeare, *King Lear*, I.iv.96-108. Kent is an earl who remains loyal to Lear throughout the tragedy. The Fool gives him his coxcomb – a jester's hat – to protect him from the cold in case he does not take the winner's side ("not smile as the wind sits"). The gesture will prove prophetical as the three – Lear, Kent, the Fool – will wander together on the heath later.

[66] See n. 57 above.

[67] Adapted quotation from William Shakespeare, *King Lear*, I.iv.326-7.

[68] Quotation from Kent in William Shakespeare, *King Lear*, I.iv.155.

[69] William Shakespeare, *King Lear*, I.iv.335-8.

[70] William Shakespeare, *King Lear*, III.i.19-20.

[71] Charles Lamb (1775-1834), English essayist and poet, author, with his sister Mary Lamb (1764-1847) of *Tales from Shakespeare* (1807). His essay "On the Tragedies of Shakespeare Considered with Reference to their Fitness for Stage Representation", published on John Hunt's *Reflector* in 1811, was one of the reasons for Kean's 1823 restoration of the tragic *Lear*. See n. 58 above.

[72] Charles Lamb, "On the Tragedies of Shakespeare Considered with Reference to their Fitness for Stage Representation", in *Specimens of Modern English Literary Criticism*, edited by William T. Brewster, New York: Macmillan, 1907, 231.

[73] Nahum Tate (1652-1715), poet and playwright, adapted *King Lear* in 1681. See n. 58 above.

[74] William Shakespeare, *King Lear*, III.i.74-80.

[75] William Shakespeare, *King Lear*, III.iv.115-17.

[76] The Earl of Gloucester remains, like Kent, loyal to Lear.

[77] William Shakespeare, *King Lear*, III.iv.170.

[78] William Shakespeare, *King Lear*, V.iii.369; but see n. 57 above.

[79] William Shakespeare, *King Lear*, III.ii.82-4.

[80] William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, V.i.190-1. Yorick was the jester at the court of Elsinore when Hamlet was a boy. It is his skull that Hamlet handles in the celebrated scene.

[81] Juliet Capulet in William Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*.

[82] *I.e.*, crying noisily.

[83] Jaques' line in William Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, II.vii.153. The "shining morning face" belongs to the "whining schoolboy" in the second of the aforementioned seven ages of man. See n. 25 above.

[84] William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, V.i.192-5.

[85] Pseudonym of Charles Armitage Brown (1787-1842), English writer and friend of the poet John Keats (1795-1821) and Leigh Hunt (1784-1859). Hunt and Brown decided that his contributions to *The Liberal* "Les Charmettes and Rousseau" (issue 2) and "Shakspear's Fools" (issue 3) would be signed "Carluccio", but the former is signed "Carlone". Brown's "Letter-Writing" (issue 4) is not signed.