

THE
PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. VIII.

THE
PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME the EIGHTH.

CONTAINING

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

LONDON,

Printed for C. BATHURST, J. RIVINGTON and SONS,
T. PAYNE and SON, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, B. WHITE and
SON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, T. BOWLES, J. JOHNSON,
C. DILLY, J. ROBSON, G. G. J. and J. ROBINSON,
T. CADELL, H. L. GARDNER, J. NICHOLS, J. BEW,
W. STUART, R. BALDWIN, J. MURRAY, A. STRAHAN,
T. VERNOR, J. BARKER, W. LOWNDES, S. HAYES,
G. and T. WILKIE, SCATCHERD and WHITAKER,
T. and J. EGERTON, W. FOX, and E. NEWBERY.

M DCC LXXXV.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

VOL. VIII.

B

Persons Represented.

Julius Cæsar.

Octavius Cæsar, }
M. Antonius, } *Triumvirs, after the Death of*
M. Æmil. Lepidus, } *Julius Cæsar.*

Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lena, *Senators.*

Brutus,

Cassius,

Casca,

Trebonius,

Ligarius,

Decius Brutus,

Metellus Cimber,

Cinna,

Flavius, and Marullus, *Tribunes.*

Artemidorus, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*

A Soothsayer.

Cinna, *a Poet: Another Poet.*

Lucinius, Titinius, Messala, Young Cato, and Vol-
lumnus. *Friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

Varro, Clitus, Claudius, Strato, Lucius, Dardanius ;
Servants to Brutus.

Pindarus, *Servant to Cassius.*

Calphurnia, *Wife to Cæsar.*

Portia, *Wife to Brutus.*

Plebeians, Senators, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, *for the three first Acts, at Rome: after-
wards at an Island near Mutina; at Sardis; and
near Philippi.*

JULIUS CÆSAR¹.

ACT I. SCENE I.

R O M E.

A Street.

Enter Flavius, ² Marullus, and certain Commoners.

Flav. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home:

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,

Being

¹ *Julius Cæsar.*] It appears from Peck's *Collection of divers curious Historical Pieces, &c.* (appended to his *Memoirs, &c. of Oliver Cromwell,*) p. 14. that a Latin play on this subject had been written. "Epilogus Cæsaris interfecti, quomodo in scenam prodiit ea res, acta, in Ecclesia Christi, Oxon. Qui Epilogus a Magistro Ricardo Eedes et scriptus et in proscenio ibidem dictus fuit, A. D. 1582." Meres, whose *Wit's Commonwealth* was published in 1598, enumerates Dr. Eedes among the best tragic writers of that time. STEEVENS.

William Alexander, afterwards earl of Sterline, wrote a tragedy on the story and with the title of *Julius Cæsar*. It may be presumed that Shakspeare's play was posterior to his; for lord Sterline; when he composed his *Julius Cæsar* was a very young author, and would hardly have ventured into that circle, within which the most eminent dramatic writer of England had already walked. The death of Cæsar, which is not exhibited but related to the audience, forms the catastrophe of his piece. In the two plays many parallel passages are found, which might, perhaps, have proceeded only from the two authors drawing from the same source. However, there are some reasons for thinking the coincidence more than accidental.

Mr. Steevens has produced from *Darius*, another play of this writer's, some lines so like a celebrated passage of Shakspeare in the *Tempest*, act III. that the one must, I apprehend, have been copied from the other. Lord Sterline's *Darius* was printed at Edinburgh in 1603, and his *Julius Cæsar* in 1607, at a time when

Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

Car. Why, fir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, fir; ²what trade are you?

Cob. Truly, fir, in respect of a fine workman, I
am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me di-
rectly.

Cob. A trade, fir, that, I hope, I may use with a
safe conscience; which is, indeed, fir, a mender of
bad soals.

he was but little acquainted with English writers; for they
abound with Scoticisms, which, in the subsequent folio edition,
1637, he corrected. But neither the *Tempest*, nor the *Julius
Cæsar* of our author, was printed till 1623.

It must be also remembered, that our author has several plays,
founded on subjects which had been unsuccessfully treated by
others. Of this kind are *King John*, *King Henry V.* *King Lear*,
Measure for Measure, the *Taming of the Shrew*, *Antony and Cleo-
patra*, the *Merchant of Venice*, and perhaps *Macbeth**: whereas
no proof has hitherto been produced, that any contemporary
writer ever presumed to new model a story that had already em-
ployed the pen of Shakspeare. On all these grounds it appears
more probable, that Shakspeare was indebted to lord Sterline,
than that lord Sterline borrowed from Shakspeare. If this rea-
soning be just, this play could not have appeared before the
year 1607.

The real length of time in *Julius Cæsar*, Mr. Upton observes,
is as follows: About the middle of February, A. U. C. 709,
the festival of Luperci was held in honour of Cæsar, when the
regal crown was offered to him by Antony. On the 15th of
March in the same year, he was killed. Nov. 27, A. U. C.
710, the triumphs met at a small island, formed by the river Rhe-
nus, near Bononia, and there adjusted their savage proscription.
—A. U. C. 711, Brutus and Cassius were defeated near Phi-
lippi. MALONE.

² *Murellus.*] I have, upon the authority of *Plutarch*, &c.
given to this tribune, his right name *Marullus*. THEOBALD.

* See Dr. Farmer's note at the end of *Macbeth*.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: Yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

³ *Mar.* What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou faucy fellow?

Cob. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no trade,—man's matters, nor woman's matters, but with awl⁴. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?

³ *Mar.* *What mean'st thou by that?*] As the *Cobbler*, in the preceding speech, replies to *Flavius*, not to *Marullus*; 'tis plain, I think, this speech must be given to *Flavius*. THEOBALD.

I have replaced *Marullus*, who might properly enough reply to a faucy sentence directed to his colleague, and to whom the speech was probably given, that he might not stand too long unemployed upon the stage. JOHNSON.

The author of THE REMARKS proposes to give the first speech to *Marullus*, instead of transferring the last to *Flavius*. EDITOR.

⁴ *I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor woman's matters, but with all.*] This should be, "I meddle with no trade,—man's matters, nor woman's matters, but with awl." FARMER.

Shakspeare might have adopted this quibble from the ancient ballad, intitled, *The Three Merry Cobblers* :

"We have awle at our command,

"And still we are on the mending hand." STEEVENS.

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks⁵,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, 'till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Commoners.*]

See, whe'r⁶ their basest metal be not mov'd;

⁵ ———*her* banks,] As *Tyber* is always represented by the-figure of a man, the feminine gender is improper. Milton says, that

“ ———the river of bliss

“ Rolls o'er Elyfian flowers *her* amber stream;”

but he is speaking of the water, and not of its presiding power or genius. STEEVENS.

⁶ See, whe'r] *Whether*, thus abbreviated, is used by Ben Jonson:

“ Who shall doubt, Donne, *whe'r* I a poet be,

“ When I dare send my epigrams to thee.” STEEVENS.

They

They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Disrobe the images,
If you do find them ⁷ deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The same.

*Enter Cæsar; Antony, for the course; Calphurnia,
Portia, ⁸ Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca,
a Soothsayer, &c.*

Cæs. Calphurnia,——

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

Cæs.

⁷ ——deck'd with ceremonies.] *Ceremonies*, for religious ornaments. Thus afterwards he explains them by *Cæsar's trophies*; i. e. such as he had dedicated to the gods. WARBURTON.

Cæsar's trophies, are, I believe, the crowns which were placed on his statues. So, in Sir Tho. North's translation. "—There were set up images of Cæsar in the city with diadems on their heads, like kings. Those the two tribunes went and pulled down." STEEVENS.

⁸ This person was not *Decius*, but *Decimus Brutus*. The poet (as Voltaire has done since) confounds the characters of *Marcus* and *Decimus*. *Decimus Brutus* was the most cherished by *Cæsar* of all his friends, while *Marcus* kept aloof, and declined so large a share of his favours and honours, as the other had constantly accepted. Velleius Paterculus, speaking of *Decimus Brutus*,

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Cæs. Calphurnia, —

Calp. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' ⁹ way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chafe,
Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.

Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,
Cry, Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

says, —“ ab iis quos miserat *Antonius*, jugulatus est, justissimasque optimè de se merito, C. Cæsari pœnas dedit, cujus cum primus omnium amicorum fuisset, interfector fuit, et fortunæ ex qua fructum tulerat, invidiam in auctorem relegabat, censebatque æquum quæ acceperat à Cæsare retinere, Cæsarem qui ille dederat periisse.” Lib. ii. c. 64.

“ Jungitur his *Decimus*, notissimus inter amicos

“ Cæsaris, ingratus, cui trans-Alpina fuisset

“ Gallia Cæsareo nuper commissa favore.

“ Non illum conjuncta fides, non nomen amici

“ Deterrere potest.

“ Ante alios *Decimus*, cui fallere, nomen amici

“ Præcipue dederat, ductorem sæpe morantem

“ Incitat.”——*Supplem. Lucani.* STEEVENS.

Shakspeare's mistake of *Decius* for *Decimus*, arose from the old translation of *Plutarch*. FARMER.

Lord Sterline has committed the same mistake in his *Julius Cæsar*. MALONE.

⁹ —in Antonius' way.] The old copy generally reads *Antonio, Octavio, Flavio*. The players were more accustomed to Italian than Roman terminations, on account of the many versions from Italian novels, and the many Italian characters in dramatic pieces formed on the same originals. STEEVENS.

Sooth.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Bru. A soothfayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him:—pafs.

[¹ *Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar, and Train.*

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamefome; I do lack some part Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cæs. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And shew of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too² strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance

¹ *Sennet.*] I have been informed that *sennet* is derived from *senneste*, an antiquated French tune formerly used in the army; but the Dictionaries which I have consulted exhibit no such word.

In Decker's *Satirornastix*, 1602:

“ Trumpets sound a flourish, and then a *sennet*.”

In the *Dumb Show*, preceding the first part of *Hieronimo*, 1605, is

“ Sound a *signate* and pass over the stage.”

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of Malta*, a *synnet* is called a *flourish of trumpets*, but I know not on what authority. See a note on *K. Henry VIII.* act II. sc. iv. Vol. VII. p. 243.

Sennet may be a corruption from *sonata*, Ital. STEEVENS.

² ——— strange a hand] *Strange*, is alien, unfamiliar, such as might become a stranger. JOHNSON.

Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
 Of late, with ³ passions of some difference,
 Conceptions only proper to myself,
 Which give some foil, perhaps, to my behaviours :
 But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd ;
 (Among which number, Cassius, be you one)
 Nor construe any further my neglect,
 Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
 Forgets the shews of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
 passion ;

By means whereof, this breast of mine hath bury'd
 Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Bru. No, Cassius : for the eye sees not itself ⁴,
 But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just :

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
 That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
 Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
 That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
 Where many of the best respect in Rome,
 (Except immortal Cæsar) speaking of Brutus,
 And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
 Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,

³ *passions of some difference,*] With a fluctuation of discordant opinions and desires. JOHNSON.

So, in *Coriolanus*, act V. sc. iii :

“ ————thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour

“ At difference in thee.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *The eye sees not itself.*] So, sir John Davies in his poem on *The Immortality of the Soul*, 1599 :

Is it because the mind is like the eye,

Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees ;

Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly ;

Not seeing itself, when other things it sees ?

Again, in Marston's comedy of the *Fawne*, 1606 :

“ Thus few strike sail until they run on shelf ;

“ *The eye sees all things but its proper self.*” STEEVENS.

That you would have me seek unto myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear ;
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus :
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
⁵ To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester ; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them ; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish, and shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the
people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well :—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?
What is it that you would impart to me ?
If it be ought toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
⁶ And I will look on both indifferently :
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,

⁵ *To stale with ordinary oaths my love, &c.] To invite every new protester to my affection by the stale or allurement of customary oaths. JOHNSON.*

⁶ *And I will look on both indifferently ;] Dr. Warburton has a long note on this occasion, which is very trifling. When Brutus first names honour and death, he calmly declares them indifferent ; but as the image kindles in his mind, he sets honour above life. Is not this natural? JOHNSON.*

As well as I do know your outward favour.
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
 I cannot tell, what you and other men
 Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
 I had as lief not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :
 We both have fed as well ; and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,
 Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point ?*—Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow : so, indeed he did.
 The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd⁷,
 Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber
 Did I the tired Cæsar : And this man
 Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake :

⁷ *But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,*] The verb *arrive* is used, without the preposition *at*, by Milton in the second book of *Paradise Lost*, as well as by Shakspeare in the third part of *K. Henry VI.* act V. sc. iii. See Vol. VII. p. 412.

⁸ His coward lips did from their colour fly ;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas ! it cry'd, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So⁹ get the start of the majestick world,
 And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.

Bru. Another general shout !
 I do believe, that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
 Like a Colossus ; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates :
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus, and Cæsar : What should be in that Cæsar ?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well¹ ;
 Weigh

⁸ *His coward lips did from their colour fly ;*] A plain man would have said, the colour fled from his lips, and not his lips from their colour. But the false expression was for the sake of as false a piece of wit : a poor quibble, alluding to a coward flying from his colours. WARBURTON.

⁹ *—get the start of the majestick world, &c.]* This image is extremely noble : it is taken from the Olympic games. *The majestick world* is a fine periphrasis for the Roman empire : their citizens set themselves on a footing with kings, and they called their dominion *Orbis Romanus*. But the particular allusion seems to be to the known story of Cæsar's great pattern Alexander, who being asked, Whether he would run the course at the Olympic games, replied, *Yes, if the racers were kings.*

WARBURTON.

¹ *Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well.]* A similar thought occurs in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638 :

“ What

Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
 Now in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd :
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?
 When could they say, 'till now, that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide walls ² incompass'd but one man ?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough.
 When there is in it but one only man.
 O ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
³ There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
 The ⁴ eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
 As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim :
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,
 I would not, so with love I might intreat you,
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
 I will consider ; what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear ; and find a time
 Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.

“ What diapason's more in Tarquin's name,
 “ Than in a subject's ? or what's Tullia
 “ More in the sound, than should become the name
 “ Of a poor maid ?” STEEVENS.

² *That her wide walls*] The old copy reads *walks*, which may be right. STEEVENS.

³ *There was a Brutus once*, i. e. *Lucius Junius Brutus*.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *eternal devil*—]. I should think that our author wrote rather, *infernal devil*. JOHNSON.

I would continue to read *eternal devil*. *L. J. Brutus* (says *Cassius*) *would as soon have submitted to the perpetual dominion of a demon, as to the lasting government of a king*: STEEVENS.

'Till

'Till then, my noble friend, ⁵ chew upon this;
 Brutus had rather be a villager,
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome
 Under such hard ⁶ conditions as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

Cæs. I am glad, that my weak words
 Have struck but thus much shew of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter Cæsar, and his train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cæs. As they pass by, pluck Cæsca by the sleeve;
 And he will, after his four fashion, tell you
 What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,
 The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
 And all the rest look like a chidden train:
 Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
 Looks with such ⁷ ferret and such fiery eyes,
 As we have seen him in the Capitol,
 Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cæs. Cæsca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me, that are fat;
 Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights ⁸:

Yon

⁵ —*chew upon this*;) Consider this at leisure; *ruminate* on this. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Under such hard*—] The old copy reads, *these hard*—
 STEEVENS.

⁷ —*ferret*—] A ferret has red eyes. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Sleek-headed men, &c.*] So, in sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*, 1579, "When Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him; he answered, as for those fat men and smooth-combed heads, (quoth he) I never reckon of them: but those pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most, meaning Brutus and Cassius."

And again:

“ Cæsar

Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no musick:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt Cæsar, and his train.*]

Manent Brutus and Cassius: Casca to them.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you
speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca: tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?

“Cæsar had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much; whereupon he said on a time, to his friends, what will Cassius do, think you? I like not his pale looks.” STEEVENS.

‘Would he were fatter:—] Jonson in his *Bartholomew-Fair*, 1614, unjustly sneers at this passage, in Knockham's speech to the Pig-woman. “Come, there's no malice in fat folks; I never fear thee, an I can, scape thy lean moon-calf there.”

WARBURTON.

Bru.

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a' shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice; What was the last cry for?

Casca. Why for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was meer foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets^{*};—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost choak'd Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar swoon?

* ———one of these coronets;] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: “——he came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel.” STEEVENS.

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a² man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said, any thing amiss, he desir'd their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cry'd, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those, that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pull-

² —a man of any occupation,] Had I been a mechanick, one of the Plebeians to whom he offer'd his throat. JOHNSON.

ing scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: Farewel both. [Exit.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be? He was quick metal, when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a fauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—'till then, think of the world.
[Exit Brutus.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble: yet, I see,
³ Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
⁴ If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,

He

³ *Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From what it is dispos'd:]*

The best *metal* or *temper* may be worked into qualities contrary to its original constitution. JOHNSON.

⁴ *If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me.]*

He should not humour me. I will this night,
 In several hands, in at his windows throw,
 As if they came from several citizens,
 Writings, all tending to the great opinion
 That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
 Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
 And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

A Street.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter Casca, his sword drawn;
 and Cicero, meeting him.*

Cic. Good even, Casca: ⁵ Brought you Cæsar
 home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are you not mov'd, when all the ⁶ sway of
 earth

Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

This is a reflection on Brutus's ingratitude; which concludes, as is usual on such occasions, in an encomium on his own better conditions. *If I were Brutus (says he) and Brutus, Cassius, he should not cajole me as I do him.* To humour signifies here to turn and wind him, by inflaming his passions. The Oxford editor alters the last line to

Cæsar should not love me.

What he means by it, is not worth inquiring. WARBURTON.

The meaning, I think, is this, *Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not humour me, should not take hold of my affection, so as to make me forget my principles.* JOHNSON.

⁵ —Brought you Cæsar home?} Did you attend Cæsar home?

JOHNSON.

⁶ —sway of earth] The whole weight or momentum of this globe. JOHNSON.

Have

Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
 The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
 To be exalted with the threatening clouds;
 But never 'till to-night, never 'till now,
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
 Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave⁷ (you know him well by
 fight)

Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn,
 Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides, (I have not since put up my sword)

Against the Capitol I met a lion,

⁸ Who glar'd upon me, and went furly by,

Without annoying me: And there were drawn

Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,

Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
 Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.

And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,

Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,

Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,

These are their reasons,—They are natural;

⁷ *A common slave, &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*:
 "—a slave of the souldiers that did cast a marvelous burning
 flame out of his hande, insomuch as they that saw it, thought he
 had bene burnt; but when the fire was out, it was found he had
 no hurt." STEEVENS.

⁸ *Who glar'd upon me,——*] The first edition reads:

Who glaz'd upon me,——

Perhaps, *Who gaz'd upon me.* JOHNSON.

Glar'd. is certainly right. To *gaze* is only to look stedfastly,
 or with admiration. *Glar'd* has a singular propriety, as it ex-
 presses the furious scintillation of a lion's eyes: and, that a lion
 should appear full of fury, and yet attempt no violence, aug-
 ments the prodigy. STEEVENS.

For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewel, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.*]

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is
this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of
faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by token, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,

And

And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
 To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
 But if you would consider the true cause,
 Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
 ° Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;
 Why old men, fools, ¹ and children calculate;
 Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
 Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
 To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
 That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
 To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
 Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
 Most like this dreadful night;
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
 As doth the lion in the Capitol:
 A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
 In personal action; yet prodigious grown ²,
 And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not, Cassius?

° *Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;*] That is, Why they *deviate* from quality and nature. This line might perhaps be more properly placed after the next line:

*Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;
 Why all these things change from their ordinance.*

JOHNSON.

¹ —and children calculate;] *Calculate* here signifies to foretel or prophesy: for the custom of foretelling fortunes by judicial astrology (which was at that time much in vogue) being performed by a long tedious calculation, Shakspeare, with his usual liberty, employs the *species* [calculate] for the *genus* [foretel].

WARBURTON.

Shakspeare found the liberty established. *To calculate a nativity*, is the technical term. JOHNSON.

There is certainly no prodigy in old men's *calculating* from their past experience. The wonder is, that old men should not, and that children should. I would therefore point thus:

Why old men fools, and children calculate.

BLACKSTONE.

² —prodigious *grown*,] *Prodigious* is portentous. See Vol. III. p. 134. STEEVENS.

Cas. Let it be who it is : for Romans now
³ Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors ;
 But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,
 And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits ;
 Our yoke and sufferance shew us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
 Mean to establish Cæsar as a king :
 And he shall wear his crown, by sea, and land,
 In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then ;
 Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :
 Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;
 Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat :
 Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;
 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
 If I know this, know all the world besides,
 That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
 I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I :
 So every bondman in his own hand bears
 The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then ?
 Poor man ! I know, he would not be a wolf,
 But that he sees, the Romans are but sheep :
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
 Begin it with weak straws : What trash is Rome,
 What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate
 So vile a thing as Cæsar ? But, O, grief !

³ *Have thewes and limbs*—] *Thewes* is an obsolete word implying *nerves* or *muscular strength*. It is used by Falstaff in the Second Part of *Henry IV.* and in *Hamlet*.

The two last folios, in which some words are injudiciously modernized, read *sinews*. STEEVENS.

Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
 Before a willing bondman: then I know
⁴ My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca: and to such a man,
 That is no fearing tell-tale. ⁵ Hold my hand:
⁶ Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
 And I will set this foot of mine as far,
 As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
 Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
 Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
 To undergo, with me, an enterprize
 Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
 And I do know, by this, they stay for me
 In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
 There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
 And the complexion of the element,
⁷ It favours like the work we have in hand,
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

⁴ *My answer must be made.*] I shall be called to account, and
 must answer as for seditious words. JOHNSON.

⁵ ——— *Hold my hand:*] Is the same as, *Here's my hand.*

JOHNSON.

⁶ *Be factious for redress*—] *Faction* seems here to mean *active*.

JOHNSON.

⁷ *Is fev'rous, like the work*—] The old edition reads:

Is favours, like the work—

I think we should read:

In favour's like the work we have in hand,

Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Favour is look, countenance, appearance. See Vol. II. p. 118.

JOHNSON.

To *favour* is to resemble. Thus Stanyhurst in his translation
 of the Third Book of Virgil's *Æneid*, 1582:

“With the petit town gates favouring the principal old
 portes.”

We may read *It favours*, or—*Is favour'd*—i. e. is in appear-
 ance or countenance like, &c. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Cinna.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait; He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: Who's that, Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this? There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,

You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win The noble Brutus to our party——

Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper, And look you lay it in the prætor's chair, Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this In at his window; set this up with wax Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done, Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us. Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie, And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[Exit Cinna.]

Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day, See Brutus at his house: three parts of him Is ours already; and the man entire Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he fits high in all the people's hearts: And that, which would appear offence in us, His countenance, like richest alchymy, Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cæs. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
 You have right well conceited. Let us go,
 For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
 We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Brutus, in his Orchard §.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
 I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
 Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
 I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
 When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: What, Lu-
 cius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
 When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,

§ ———in his orchard.] The modern editors read *garden*, but *orchard* seems anciently to have had the same meaning.

STEEVENS.

That these two words were anciently synonymous, appears from a line in this play:

“—————He hath left you all his walks,
 “ His private arbours, and new-planted orchards
 “ On this side Tiber.”

In Sir T. North's *Translation of Plutarch*, the passage which Shakspeare has here copied, stands thus: “He left his *gardens* and arbours unto people, which he had on this side of the river Tyber.” MALONE.

I know

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the ques-
tion.

It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—

That;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round,²
He then unto the ladder turns his back;
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,

¹ Remorse from power:] *Remorse*, for mercy. WARBURTON.
Remorse (says the author of the *Revisal*) signifies the conscious
uneasiness arising from a sense of having done wrong; to extin-
guish which feeling, nothing hath so great a tendency as abso-
lute uncontrolled power.

I think Warburton right. JOHNSON.

Remorse is pity, and has twice occurred in that sense in *Mea-
sure for Measure*. See Vol. II. p. 48. STEEVENS.

experience ¹ ——— common proof,] Common experiment. JOHNSON.

² But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back; &c.]

So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, 1602:

“ The aspirer once attain'd unto the top,
“ Cuts off those means by which himself got up:
“ And with a harder hand, and straighter rein,
“ Doth curb that looseness he did find before;
“ Doubting the occasion like might serve again:
“ His own example makes him fear the more.”

MALONE.

³ ——— base degrees] Low steps. JOHNSON.

Fashion

Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these, and these extremities :
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatch'd, would, ⁴ as his kind, grow mis-
 chievous :
 And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This paper, thus seal'd up ; and, I am sure,
 It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
⁵ Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March ?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
 Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

Brutus, thou sleep'st ; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome——Speak, strike, redress !

Brutus, thou sleep'st ; awake,——

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

Shall Rome——Thus must I piece it out ;

Shall Rome stand under one man's sawe ? What ! Rome ?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

⁴ ——*as his kind,*——] According to his nature. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Is not to-morrow, boy, the first of March ?*] We should read *ides* : for we can never suppose the speaker to have lost fourteen days in his account. He is here plainly ruminating on what the soothsayer told Cæsar [Act I. sc. ii.] in his presence. [—*Beware the ides of March.*] The boy comes back and says, *Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.* So that the *morrow* was the *ides of March*, as he supposed. For March, May, July, and October, had six nones each, so that the fifteenth of March was the *ides* of that month. WARBURTON.

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated
 To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
 If the redress will follow, thou receivest
 Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. ⁶ Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knocks within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody
 knocks. [Exit *Lucius.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
 I have not slept.

⁷ Between the acting of a dreadful thing,

And

⁶ In former editions :

Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

The editors are slightly mistaken : it was wasted but *fourteen* days : this was the dawn of the 15th, when the boy makes his report.

THEOBALD.

⁷ *Between the acting of a dreadful thing,*

And the first motion, &c.] That nice critic, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, complains, that of all kind of beauties, those great strokes which he calls the *terrible graces*, and which are so frequent in Homer, are the rarest to be found in the following writers. Amongst our countrymen, it seems to be as much confined to the British Homer. This description of the condition of conspirators, before the execution of their design, has a pomp and terror in it that perfectly astonishes. The excellent Mr. Addison, whose modesty made him sometimes diffident of his own genius, but whose true judgment always led him to the safest guides (as we may see by those fine strokes in his *Cato* borrowed from the *Philippics* of Cicero) has paraphrased this fine description ; but we are no longer to expect those terrible graces which animate his original :

“ O think, what anxious moments pass between

“ The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.

“ Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,

“ Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death.” Cato.

I shall make two remarks on this fine imitation. The first is, that the subjects of the two conspiracies being so very different (the fortunes of Cæsar and the Roman empire being concerned in the

one ;

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like

one; and that of a few auxiliary troops only in the other) Mr. Addison could not, with propriety, bring in that magnificent circumstance which gives one of the *terrible graces* of Shakspeare's description;

*The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council——*

For *kingdoms*, in the Pagan Theology, besides their *good*, had their *evil genius's*, likewise, represented here, with the most daring stretch of fancy, as sitting in consultation with the conspirators, whom he calls their *mortal instruments*. But this, as we say, would have been too pompous an apparatus to the rape and desertion of Syphax and Sempronius. The other thing observable is, that Mr. Addison was so struck and affected with these *terrible graces* in his original, that instead of imitating his author's sentiments, he hath, before he was aware, given us only the copy of his own impressions made by them. For,

*Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death.*

are but the affections raised by such forcible images as these:

*———All the int'rim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.
———the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.*

Comparing the troubled mind of a conspirator to a state of anarchy, is just and beautiful; but the *int'rim* or interval, to an *hideous* vision, or a frightful *dream*, holds something so wonderfully of truth, and lays the soul so open, that one can hardly think it possible for any man, who had not some time or other been engaged in a conspiracy, to give such force of colouring to nature. WARBURTON.

The *δεινον* of the Greek critics does not, I think, mean sentiments which *raise fear*, more than *wonder*, or any other of the tumultuous passions; τὸ *δεινον* is that which *strikes*, which *astonishes* with the idea either of some great subject, or of the author's abilities.

Dr. Warburton's pompous criticism might well have been shortened. The *genius* is not the *genius* of a *kingdom*, nor are the *instruments*, *conspirators*. Shakspeare is describing what passes in a single bosom, the *insurrection* which a conspirator feels agitating the *little kingdom* of his own mind; when the *genius*, or power that watches for his protection, and the *mortal instruments*, the passions, which excite him to a deed of honour and danger, are in council and debate; when the desire of action, and the
care

Like a ^s phantasma, or a hideous dream :
 The genius, and the mortal instruments,
 Are then in council ; and the state of man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother⁹ Cassius at the door,
 Who doth desire to see you.

care of safety, keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance. JOHNSON.

The foregoing was perhaps among the earliest notes written by Dr. Warburton on Shakspeare. Though it was not inserted by him in Theobald's editions, 1732 and 1740, (but was reserved for his own in 1747) yet he had previously communicated it, with little variation, in a letter to Matthew Concanen in the year 1726. See a note on Dr. Akenfide's *Ode* to Mr. Edwards, and the end of this play. STEEVENS.

Instead of *instruments*, it should, I think, be *instrument*, and explained thus :

The *genius*, i. e. the soul or spirit, which should govern ; and the *mortal instrument*, i. e. the man, with all his bodily, that is, earthly passions, such as envy, pride, malice, and ambition, *are then in council*, i. e. debating upon the horrid action that is to be done, the soul and rational powers dissuading, and the *mortal instrument*, man, with his bodily passions, prompting and pushing on to the horrid deed, whereby the state of man, like to a little kingdom, suffers then the nature of an insurrection, the inferior powers rising and rebelling against the superior. See this exemplified in *Macbeth's* soliloquy, and also by what King *John* says, act IV :

“ Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,

“ This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,

“ Hostility and civil tumult reigns

“ Between my conscience and my cousin's death.” SMITH :

^s A phantasma,] “ Suidas maketh a difference between *phantasma* and *phantasia*, saying that *phantasma* is an imagination, or appearance, or sight of a thing which is not, as are those sights whiche men in their sleepe do thinke they see : but that *phantasia* is the seeing of that only which is in very deeds.” *Lavaterus*, 1572. HENDERSON.

⁹ ———your brother Cassius—] *Cassius* married *Junia*, Brutus' sister. STEEVENS.

Bru.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, fir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, fir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,

And half their faces bury'd in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark¹ of favour.

Bru. Let them enter.

[*Exit Lucius.*

They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspi-
racy;

Hide it in smiles, and affability:

² For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.

¹ *mark of favour.*] Any distinction of countenance. JOHNSON.

² *For if thou path thy native semblance on,*] If thou walk in thy true form. JOHNSON.

The same verb is used by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, Song II:
“Where, from the neighbouring hills, her passage Wey
doth path.”

Again, in his *Epistle from Duke Humphrey to Elinor Cobham*:

“Pathing young Henry's unadvised ways.” STEEVENS.

This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [They whisper.

Dec. Here lies the east: Doth not the day break
here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both de-
ceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. ³ No, not an oath ⁴: If not the face of men,
The

No, not an oath. [If that the face of men, &c.] Dr. Warburton would read *fate of men*; but his elaborate emendation is, I think, erroneous. *The face of men* is the *countenance*, the *regard*, the *esteem* of the publick; in other terms, *honour* and *reputation*; or *the face of men* may mean the dejected look of the people.

He reads, with the other modern editions:

————— *if that the face of men:*

but the old reading is;

————— *if not the face, &c.* JOHNSON.

So, Tully in *Catilinam*—*Nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt?*

STEEVENS.

⁴ *No, not an oath.* —] Shakspeare formed this speech on the following

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
 If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
 And every man hence to his idle bed;
 So let high-fighted tyranny range on,
 'Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
 As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
 To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
 The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
 What need we any spur, but our own cause,
 To prick us to redress? what other bond,
 Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
 And will not palter? and what other oath,
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
 'Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous',
 Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls

following passage in sir T. North's translation of *Plutarch*:—

“The conspirators having never taken oaths together, nor taken or given any caution or assurance, not binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they kept the matter so secret to themselves, &c.” STEEVENS.

‘Till each man drop by lottery.] Perhaps the poet alluded to the custom of *decimation*, i. e. the selection by *lot* of every tenth soldier, in a general mutiny, for punishment.

He speaks of this in *Coriolanus*:

“By decimation, and a tythed death,

“Take thou thy fate.” STEEVENS.

‘Swear priests, &c.] This is imitated by Otway:

“When you would bind me, is there need of oaths?” &c.

Venice Preserved.

JOHNSON.

? —cautelous] Is here *cautious*, sometimes *insidious*.

So, in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612: “Yet warn you be as *cautelous* not to wound my integrity.”

Again, in Drayton's *Miseries of Queen Margaret*:

“Witty, well-spoken, *cautelous*, though young.”

Again, in the second of these two senses in the romance of *Kynge Appolyn of Thyre*, 1610:

“—a fallacious polycy and *cautelous* wyle.”

Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 945: “—the emperor's counsell thought by a *cautell* to have brought the king in mind to sue for a licence from the pope.” STEEVENS.

That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
 Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
 The even virtue of our enterprize,
 Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
 To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
 Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he do break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cic. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
 I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
 Will purchase us a good opinion,
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
 It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
 Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
 But all be bury'd in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;
 For he will never follow any thing
 That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think, it is not meet,
 Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
 Should out-live Cæsar: We shall find of him
 A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
 If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
 As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
 Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
 To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
 Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
 For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
 Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.

We

We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar ;
 And in the spirit of men there is no blood :
 O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit ⁸,
 And not dismember Cæsar ! But, alas,
 Cæsar must bleed for it ! And, gentle friends,
 Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;
 Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods ⁹,
 Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds :
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
 And after seem to chide them. This shall make
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious ;
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,
 We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers,
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;
 For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
 When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him :

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,——

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him :
 If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
 Is to himself ; ' take thought, and die for Cæsar :

And

⁸ O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit, &c.] Lord Sterling has the same thought : Brutus remonstrating against the taking off of Antony, says :

“ Ah ! ah ! we must but too much murder see,
 “ That without doing evil cannot do good ;
 “ And would the gods that Rome could be made free,
 “ Without the effusion of one drop of blood !”

MALONE.

⁹ —— as a dish fit for the gods, &c.]

“ —— Gradive, dedisti,

“ Ne qua manus vatem, ne quid mortalia bello

“ Lædere tela queant, sanctum et venerabile Diti

“ Funus erat.” *Stat. Theb.* VII. l. 696. STEEVENS.

⁸ —— take thought,——] That is, turn melancholy. JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ What shall we do, Ænobarbus ?

“ Think and die.”

Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 833 : “ —— now they were without

And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Wher Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion² he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'erfway him: ³ for he loves to hear,

service, which caused them to *take thought*, infomuch that some
died by the way, &c." STEEVENS.

² *For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:]*

Cæsar, as well as Cassius, was an Epicurean. By *main opinion*
Cassius intends a compliment to his sect, and means solid, fun-
damental opinion, grounded in truth and nature: as by *fantasy*
is meant ominous forebodings; and by *ceremonies*, atonements of
the gods by means of religious rites and sacrifices. A little after,
where Calphurnia says:

*Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me:*

The poet uses *ceremonies* in a quite different sense, namely, the
turning *accidents to omens*, a principal superstition of antiquity.

WARBURTON.

Main opinion, is nothing more than *leading, fixed, predominant
opinion.* JOHNSON.

³ ——— *for he loves to hear, &c.]* It was finely imagined by the
poet, to make Cæsar delight in this sort of conversation. The
author of *St. Evremond's Life* tells us, that the great prince of
Conde took much pleasure in remarking on the foible and ridi-
cule of characters. WARBURTON.

That

* That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work:

For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard⁵,

Who

* *That unicorns may be betray'd by trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes.]*

Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was dispatched by the hunter.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. ch. 5:

“ Like as a lyon whole imperiall powre
“ A proud rebellious *unicorne* defies;
“ T'avoid the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
“ Of his fiers foe, him to *a tree* applies:
“ And when him running in full course he spies,
“ He slips aside; the whiles the furious beast
“ His precious horne, sought of his enemies,
“ Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,
“ But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.”

Again, in *Buffy D'Ambois*, 1641:

“ An angry *unicorne* in his full career
“ Charge with too swift a foot a jeweller
“ That watch'd him for the treasure of his brow,
“ And e'er he could get shelter of *a tree*,
“ Nail him with his rich antler to the earth.”

Bears are reported to have been surpris'd by means of a *mirror*, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. This circumstance, I think, is mentioned by Claudian. *Elephants* were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them, was expos'd. See Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* B. VIII.

STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— *bear Cæsar hard.]* Thus the old copy, but Rowe, Pope, and Hanmer, on the authority of the second and latter folios

Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along to him :
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cæs. The morning comes upon us : We'll leave
you, Brutus :—

And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all remember
What you have said, and shew yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
° Let not our looks put on our purposes ;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy :
And so, good-morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt.*]

Manet Brutus.

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

Bru. Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise you
now ?

It is not for your health ; thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently,
Brutus,

read *hatred*, though the same expression appears again in the first
scene of the following act : “ ———I do beseech you, if you *bear
me hard* :” and has already occur'd in a former one :

“ Cæsar doth *bear me hard*, but he loves Brutus.”

STEEVENS.

° *Let not our looks—*] Let not our faces *put on*, that is, wear
or show our designs. JOHNSON.

Stole

Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper,
 You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
 Musing, and sighing, with your arms across:
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
 I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
 But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
 Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did;
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
 Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
 And, could it work so much upon your shape,
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
 He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do:—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
 To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
 Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick;
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night?
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
 To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
 I charm you⁷, by my once commended beauty,

⁷ *I charm you*—] Thus the old copy. Pope and Hanmer read *charge*, but unnecessarily. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“—————’tis your graces

“ That from my muteſt conſcience to my tongue

“ *Charms* this report out.” STEEVENS.

By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy : and what men to-night
Have had resort to you : for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus:
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals⁸, comfort your bed⁹,
And

⁸ *To keep with you at meals, &c.]*

“ I being, O Brutus, (sayed she) the daughter of Cato, was married vnto thee, not to be thy beddefellowe and companion in bedde and at borde onelie, like a harlot: but to be partaker also with thee, of thy good and euill fortune. Nowe for thyselfe, I can finde no cause of faulte in thee touchinge our matche: but for my parte, how may I showe my duetie towardes thee, and how muche I woulde doe for thy sake, if I can not constantlie beare a secret mischaunce or grieffe with thee, which requireth secrecy and fidelitie? I confesse, that a womans wit commonly is too weake to keep a secret safely: but yet, Brutus, good education, and the companie of vertuous men, haue some power to reforme the defect of nature. And for myselfe, I haue this benefit moreouer: that I am the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before: vntil that now I have found by experience, that no paine nor grieffe whatsoeuer can ouercome me. With those wordes she shewed him her wounde on her thigh, and tolde him what she had done to proue her selfe.”

Sir Tho. North's Translat. of Plutarch. STEEVENS.

Here also we find our author and lord Sterline walking over the same ground:

“ I was not, Brutus, match'd with thee, to be
“ A partner only of thy board and bed,
“ Each fervile whore in those might equal me,
“ That did herself to mought but pleasure wed.
“ No—Portia spous'd thee with a mind t' abide
“ Thy fellow in all fortunes good or ill;

“ With

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
suburbs¹

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this
secret.

I grant, I am a woman²; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:

“ With chains of mutual love together ty'd

“ As those that have two breasts, one heart, two souls,
one will.” Lord Sterline's *Julius Cæsar*.

MALONE.

¹ ————*comfort your bed,*] “ is but an odd phrase, and gives as
odd an idea,” says Mr. Theobald. He therefore substitutes,
consort. But this good old word, however disused through mo-
dern refinement, was not so discarded by Shakspeare. Henry
VIII. as we read in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, in commenda-
tion of queen Katharine, in public said, “ She hath beene to
me a true obedient wife, and as *comfortable* as I could wish.”

UPTON.

In the book of entries at Stationers' Hall, I meet with the
following: 1598. “ *A Conversation between a careful Wyfe and
her comfortable Husband.*” STEEVENS.

In our marriage ceremony, the husband promises to *comfort*
his wife; and Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1582,
says, that to *comfort* is, “ to recreate, to solace, to make pas-
time.” COLLINS.

² ————*in the suburbs.*] Perhaps here is an allusion to the
place in which the harlots of Shakspeare's age resided. See
Vol. II. p. 16. STEEVENS.

³ *I grant I am a woman, &c.*] So, lord Sterline:

“ And though our sex too talkative be deem'd

“ As those whose tongues import our greatest pow'rs;

“ For secrets still bad treasurers esteem'd,

“ Of others greedy, prodigal of ours;

“ Good education may reform defects,

“ And I this vantage have to a vertuous life,

“ Which others minds do want, and mine respects,

“ *I'm Cato's daughter, and I'm Brutus' wife.*”

MALONE.

I grant,

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
³ A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.
 Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
 Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound
 Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
 And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
 Render me worthy of this noble wife! [Knock.
 Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
 And by and by thy bosom shall partake
 The secrets of my heart.
 All my engagements I will construe to thee,
 All the charactery⁴ of my sad brows:—
 Leave me with haste, [Exit Portia.

Enter Lucius, and Ligarius.

Lucius, who is that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with
 you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

⁵ *A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.*] This false pointing should be corrected thus:

A woman well reputed Cato's daughter.

i. e. worthy of my birth, and the relation I bear to Cato. This indeed was a good reason why she should be intrusted with the secret. But the false pointing, which gives a sense only implying that she was a woman of a good character, and that she was Cato's daughter, gives no good reason: for she might be Cato's daughter, and yet not inherit his firmness; and she might be a woman well-reputed, and yet not the best at a secret. But if she *was well-reputed Cato's daughter*, that is, worthy of her birth, she could neither want her father's love to her country, nor his resolution to engage in its deliverance. WARBURTON.

⁴ *—all the charactery—*] i. e. *all that is character'd on,* &c. The word has already occur'd in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. STEEVENS.

Boys

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not sick⁴!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men
whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make
sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁴ *Would you were not sick! &c.*] So, lord Sterline:

“ By sickness being imprison'd in his bed

“ Whilst I Ligarius spied, whom pains did prick

“ When I had said with words that anguish bred,

“ *In what a time Ligarius art thou sick?*

“ He answer'd straight, as I had physick brought,

“ Or that he had imagin'd my design,

“ *If worthy of thyself thou would'st do ought,*

“ *Then Brutus I am whole, and wholly thine.*”

MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

*Cæsar's Palace.**Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsar, in his night-gown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace
to-night :
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cry'd out,
Help, ho ! They murder Cæsar. Who's within ?

*Enter a Servant.**Serv.* My lord ?*Cæs.* Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.*Serv.* I will, my lord.[*Exit.*]*Enter Calphurnia.**Cal.* What mean you, Cæsar ? Think you to walk
forth ?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth : The things, that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back ; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies ^s,

^s *Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies.*] i. e. I never paid a ceremonious or superstitious regard to prodigies or omens.

The adjective is used in the same sense in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607 :

“ The devil hath provided in his covenant,

“ I should not cross myself at any time :——

“ I never was so ceremonious.”

The original thought is in the old translation of *Plutarch* :
“ Calphurnia, until that time, was never given to any fear or
superstition.” STEEVENS.

Yet

Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
 Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
 Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
 A lions hath whelped in the streets;
 And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:
 Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
 In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
 Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
 The noise of battle huttled in the air⁶;
 Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
 And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
 O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
 And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
 Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
 Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
 Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
 The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
 princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths⁷;
 The valiant never taste of death but once.
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard⁸,

It

⁶ *The noise of battle hurtled in the air.*] See Vol. III. p. 386.
 STEEVENS.

⁷ *Cowards die many times before their deaths.*] So in Marston's
Injurious Countess, 1603:

“Fear is my vassal; when I frown, he flies,
 “A hundred times in life a coward dies.”

The first known edition of *Julius Cæsar* is that of 1623:

Lord Essex, probably before any of these writers, made the
 same remark. In a letter to lord Rutland, he observes, “that
 as he which dieth nobly, doth live for ever, so he that doth live
 in fear, doth die continually.” MALONE.

“When some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard
 for the safety of his person; he would never consent to it, but
 said, it was better to die once, than always to be affrayed of
 death.” *Sir Th. North's Transl. of Plutarch.* STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— *that I yet have heard.*] This sentiment appears to have
 been

It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
 Seeing that ⁹ death, a necessary end,
 Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers ?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
 Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
 They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this ¹ in shame of cowardice :
 Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
 If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
 No, Cæsar shall not : Danger knows full well,
 That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
² We are two lions, litter'd in one day,

been imitated by Dr. Young in his tragedy of *Busiris King of Egypt* :

“ ————Didst thou e'er fear ?

“ Sure 'tis an art ; I know not how to fear :

“ 'Tis one of the few things beyond my power ;

“ And if death must be fear'd before 'tis felt,

“ Thy master is immortal.” ————STEEVENS.

⁹ ————*death, a necessary end, &c.*] This is a sentence derived from the stoical doctrine of predestination, and is therefore improper in the mouth of Cæsar. JOHNSON.

¹ ————*in shame of cowardice :*] The ancients did not place courage but wisdom in the heart. JOHNSON.

² *We were, &c.*] In old editions :

We heard two lions—————The first folio :

—————*We heare*—————

The copies have been all corrupt, and the passage, of course, unintelligible. But the slight alteration, I have made, restores sense to the whole ; and the sentiment will neither be unworthy of Shakspeare, nor the boast too extravagant for Cæsar in a vein of vanity to utter : that he and Danger were two twin-whelps of a lion, and he the elder, and more terrible of the two.

THEOBALD.

Upton would read :

—————*We are*—————

This resembles the boast of Otho :

Experti invicem sumus, Ego et Fortuna. Tacitus.

STEEVENS.

And

And I the elder and more terrible ;

³ And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,

Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.

Do not go forth to-day : Call it my fear,

That keeps you in the house, and not your own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house ;

And he shall say, you are not well to-day :

Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well :

And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail ! Good morrow, worthy
Cæsar :

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,

To bear my greeting to the senators,

And tell them, that I will not come to-day :

Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;

I will not come to-day : Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

³ — *Cæsar shall go forth.* —] Any speech of Cæsar throughout this scene will appear to disadvantage, if compared with the following sentiments, put into his mouth by May, in the seventh book of his *Supplement to Lucan* :

—— Plus me, Calphurnia, luctus
Et lachrymæ movere tuæ, quam tristia vatum
Responſa, infaustæ volucres, aut ulla dierum
Vana superstitio poterant. Ostenta timere
Si nunc inciperem, quæ non mihi tempora posthac
Anxia transfirent ? quæ lux jucunda maneret ?
Aut quæ libertas ? frustra servire timori
(Dum nec luce frui, nec mortem arcere licebit)
Cogar, et huic capiti quod Romæ veretur, aruspex
Jus dabit, et vanus semper dominabitur augur.

STEEVENS.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lye?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth?—
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
* She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
* And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck

* *She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,*] The defect of the metre in this line, and a redundant syllable in another a little lower, show that this passage, like many others, has suffered by the carelessness of the transcriber. It ought, perhaps, to be regulated thus:

She dreamt to-night she saw my statue, which,
Like a fountain with a hundred spouts, did run
Pure blood; and many lusty Romans came
Smiling, and did bathe their hands in't: and these
Does she apply for warnings and portents
Of evils imminent. MALONE.

* *And these she does apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent.*]

The late Mr. Edwards was of opinion that we should read:

—warnings and portents
Of evils imminent. STEEVENS.

Reviving blood; ⁶ and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognifance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signify'd.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now; The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word, you will not come,

⁶ ———— *and that great men shall press*

For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance.]

That this dream of the statue's spouting blood should signify, the increase of power and empire to Rome from the influence of Cæsar's arts and arms, and wealth and honour to the noble Romans through his beneficence, expressed by the words, *from you great Rome shall suck reviving blood*, is intelligible enough. But how these great men should literally press *for tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance*, when the spouting blood was only a symbolical vision, I am at a loss to apprehend. Here the circumstances of the dream, and the interpretation of it, are confounded with one another. This line therefore,

For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance,

must needs be in way of similitude only; and if so, it appears that some lines are wanting between this and the preceding; which want should, for the future, be marked with asterisks. The sense of them is not difficult to recover, and, with it, the propriety of the line in question. The speaker had said, the statue signified, that by Cæsar's influence Rome should flourish and increase in empire, and that great men should press to him to partake of his *good fortune*, just as men run with handkerchiefs, &c. to dip them in the blood of martyrs, that they may partake of their *merit*. It is true, the thought is from the Christian history; but so small an anachronism is nothing with our poet. Besides, it is not my interpretation which introduces it, it was there before: for the line in question can bear no other sense than as an allusion to the blood of the martyrs, and the superstition of some churches with regard to it. WARBURTON.

I am not of opinion that any thing is lost, and have therefore marked no omission. This speech, which is intentionally pompous, is somewhat confused. There are two allusions; one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, or give new *tinctures*, and new marks of *cognizance*; the other to martyrs, whose reliques are preserved with veneration. The Romans, says Decius, all come to you as to a saint, for reliques, as to a prince, for honours. JOHNSON.

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
 Apt to be render'd, for some one to say;
Break up the senate 'till another time,
*When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams*⁷.
 If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?
 Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
 To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
⁸ And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia?

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
 Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
 Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
 Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
 As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
 What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

⁷ *When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*] So, in lord Sterling's *Julius Cæsar*:

“ How can we satisfy the world's conceit,
 “ Whose tongues still in all ears your praise proclaims?
 “ Or shall we bid them leave to deal in state,
 “ Till ibai Calphurnia first have better dreams?”

MALONE.

⁸ *And reason, &c.*] And reason, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up:—Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be,
[*Aside.*
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with
me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yerns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

A street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

*Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come
not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebo-
nius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves
thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is
but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar.
If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: Security gives
way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!*

Thy lover,

Artemidorus.

E 3

Here

Here will I stand, 'till Cæsar pass along,
 And as a suitor will I give him this.
 My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
 Out of the teeth of emulation.
 If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
 If not, ' the fates with traitors do contrive. [Exit,

S C E N E IV.

Another part of the same street.

Enter Portia, and Lucius.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
 Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
 Why dost thou stay'?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
 Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—
 O constancy, be strong upon my side!
 Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
 I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
 How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
 Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
 Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
 And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look
 well,

' ———the fates with traitors do contrive.] The fates join with traitors in contriving thy destruction. JOHNSON.

' Why dost thou stay? &c.] Shakspeare has expressed the perturbation of *K. Richard* the third's mind by the same incident:

“ ———! O! unmindful villain!

“ Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?—

“ *Cat.* First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,

“ What from your grace I shall deliver to him.”

STEEVENS.

For he went sickly forth : And take good note,
 What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
 Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well :
 I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
 And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter Soothsayer*².

Por. Come hither, fellow : Which way hast thou
 been ?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock ?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?

Sooth. Madam, not yet ; I go to take my stand,
 To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not ?

Sooth. That I have, lady, if it will please Cæsar
 To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me :
 I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended to-
 wards him ?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear
 may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow :
 The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
 Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
 Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :
 I'll get me to a place more void, and there
 Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

² *Enter Soothsayer.*] The introduction of the *Soothsayer* here is unnecessary, and, I think, improper. All that he is made to say, should be given to Artemidorus ; who is seen and accosted by Portia, in his passage from the first stand, p. 54, to one more convenient, p. 55. TYRWHITT.

Por. I must go in.—Ay me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit,
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

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

The Street, and then

The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Cicero, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, Publius, and the Soothsayer.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

[*Cæsar*

[*Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following.*]

Pop. I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprize, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive,
I fear, our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius, or Cæsar, never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,
Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Treb.*]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is addrest³: press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rear your hand⁴.

Cas. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [Kneeling.
An humble heart:—

Cas. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

³ *He is addrest:*] i. e. he is ready. See Vol. III. p. 117.
We are now to suppose the senate is seated. STEEVENS.

⁴ ————*you are the first that rear your hand.*] This, I think, is not English. The first folio has *reares*, which is not much better. To reduce the passage to the rules of grammar, we should read—*You are the first that rears his hand.* TYRWHITT.

These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
 Might fire the blood of ordinary men ;
⁵ And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,
⁶ Into the lane of children. Be not fond,
 To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
 That will be thaw'd from the true quality
 With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
 Low-crook'd curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
 Thy brother by decree is banished ;
 If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
 Know, Cæsar doth not wrong ; nor without cause

⁵ *And turn pre-ordinance—*] *Pre-ordinance*, for ordinance already established. WARBURTON.

⁶ *Into the lane of children.*] I do not well understand what is meant by the *lane* of children. I should read, the *law* of children. That is, *change pre-ordinance and decree into the law of children*; into such slight determinations as every start of will would alter. *Lane* and *lawe* in some manuscripts are not easily distinguished. JOHNSON.

If the *lane of children* be the true reading, it may possibly receive illustration from the following passage in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News* :

“ A narrow-minded man ! my thoughts do dwell
 “ All in a *lane*.”

The *lane of children* will then mean the narrow conceits of children, which must change as their minds grow more enlarged, So, in *Hamlet* :

“ For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
 “ In thewes and bulk ; but as this temple waxes,
 “ *The inward service of the mind and soul,*
 “ *Grows wide withal.*”

But even this explanation is harsh and violent. Perhaps the poet wrote :—“ in the *line* of children,” i. e. after the method or manner of children. In *Troilus and Cressida*, he uses *line* for method, course :

“ ———in all *line* of order.”

In an ancient bl. ballad, entitled, *Household Talk, or Good Counsel for a Married Man*, I meet indeed with a similar phrase to the *lane* of children :

“ Neighbour Roger, when you come
 “ Into the *row* of neighbours married.” STEEVENS.

Will

Will he be satisfied ?

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother ?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar ;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus !

*Know, Cæsar doth not wrong ; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.]*

Ben Jonson quotes this line unfaithfully among his *Discoveries*, and ridicules it again in the Introduction to his *Staple of News* :
“ Cry you mercy ; you never did wrong, but with just cause ?”

STEEVENS.

It may be doubted, I think, whether Jonson has *quoted this line unfaithfully*. The turn of the sentence, and the defect in the metre (according to the present reading), rather incline me to believe that the passage stood originally thus :

*Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, but with just cause ;
Nor without cause will he be satisfied.*

We may suppose that Ben started this formidable criticism at one of the earliest representations of the play, and that the players, or perhaps Shakspeare himself, over-awed by so great an authority, withdrew the words in question ; though, in my opinion, it would have been better to have told the captious censurer that his criticism was ill-founded ; that *wrong* is not always a synonymous term for *injury* ; that, in poetical language especially, it may be very well understood to mean only *harm*, or *hurt*, what the law calls *damnum sine injuriâ* ; and that, in this sense, there is nothing absurd in Cæsar's saying, that he *doth not wrong* (i. e. doth not inflict any evil, or punishment) *but with just cause*. But, supposing this passage to have been really censurable, and to have been written by Shakspeare, the exceptionable words were undoubtedly left out when the play was printed in 1623 ; and therefore what are we to think of the malignant pleasure with which Jonson continued to ridicule his deceased friend for a slip, of which posterity, without his information, would have been totally ignorant ? TYRWHITT.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's very ingenious conjecture is, in my opinion, strongly confirmed by our author's having used the verb, to *wrong*, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, in the sense in which he is supposed to have employed it here, as the passage stood originally :

“ Time's glory is———

“ To *wrong* the wronger, till he render right.”

MALONE.

Cæs.

Cæs. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
'They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and ⁸ apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know ⁹ but one
That unaffailable ¹ holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,——

Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,——

Cæs. ² Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Cæsca.

² —— *apprehensive*;] Susceptible of fear, or other passions.
JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Hen. IV. P. II. Act IV. sc. iii*: “——makes it *apprehensive*, quick, forgetive, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁹ —— *but one*] One and only one. JOHNSON.

¹ —— *holds on his rank*,] Perhaps, *holds on his race*; continues his course. We commonly say, *To hold a rank*, and *To hold on a course* or *way*. JOHNSON.

² *Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?*] I would read:
Do not Brutus bootless kneel! JOHNSON.

I cannot subscribe to Dr. Johnson's opinion. Cæsar, as some of the conspirators are pressing round him, answers their importunity properly: *See you not my own Brutus kneeling in vain? What success can you expect to your solicitations, when his are ineffectual?* This might have put my learned coadjutor in mind of the passage of Homer, which he has so elegantly introduced in his preface. *Thou?* (said Achilles to his captive) *when so great*

Casca. Speak, hands, for me. [*They stab Cæsar.*

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute?*—Then fall, Cæsar! [*Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cæs. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus³.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
Cæsar's

Should chance——

Bru. Talk not of standing:—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else⁴: so tell them, Publius.

Cæs. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cæs. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:

a man as Patroclus has fallen before thee, dost thou complain of the common lot of mortality? STEEVENS.

³ ————*Go to the pulpit, Brutus.*] We have now taken leave of Casca. Shakspeare for once knew that he had a sufficient number of heroes on his hands, and was glad to lose an individual in the croud. It may be added, that the singularity of Casca's manners would have appeared to little advantage amidst the succeeding varieties of tumult and war. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Nor to no Roman else.*] This use of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is common to Chaucer, Spenser, and other of our ancient writers. Hickes observes, that in the Saxon, even *four* negatives are sometimes conjoined, and still preserve a negative signification. STEEVENS.

Men,

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were dooms-day.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:—
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

⁵ *Cas.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—⁶ Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages
hence,

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd

⁵ *Cas.*] Both the folios give this speech to Casca. EDITOR.

⁶ —Stoop, Romans, stoop;] Mr. Pope has arbitrarily taken away the remainder of this speech from Brutus, and placed it to Casca; because he thinks nothing is more inconsistent with Brutus's mild and philosophical character. I have made bold to restore the speech to its right owner. Brutus esteem'd the death of Cæsar a sacrifice to liberty: and, as such, gloried in his heading the enterprize. Besides, our poet is strictly copying a fact in history. Plutarch, in the *Life of Cæsar*, says, "Brutus and his followers, being yet hot with the murder, march'd in a body from the senate-house to the Capitol, with their drawn swords, with an air of confidence and assurance." And in the *Life of Brutus*,—"Brutus and his party betook themselves to the Capitol, and in their way, shewing their hands all bloody, and their naked swords, proclaim'd liberty to the people." THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton follows Pope. JOHNSON.

The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cæs. Ay, every man away:

Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. *[Exit Servant.]*

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cæs. I wish, we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark
Antony.

I

Ant.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
 Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
 I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
 Who else must be let blood,⁷ who else is rank:
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit
 As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
 Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
 With the most noble blood of all this world:
 I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself so apt to die:
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,
 As, here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
 The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
 As by our hands, and this our present act,
 You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
 And this the bleeding business they have done:
 Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
 And pity to the general wrong of Rome
 (As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
 Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
 To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
 Antony:

⁸ Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
 Of

⁷ ————*who else is rank:*] Who else may be supposed to have overtopped his equals, and grown too high for the public safety. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Our arms* exempt from *malice*,] This is the reading only of the modern editions, yet perhaps the true reading. The old copy has:

Our arms in strength of *malice*. JOHNSON.

The old reading I believe to have been what the author design'd; and Dr. Johnson seems to have given a sanction to the alteration of his predecessors, without considering the context.

To you, (says Brutus) *our swords have leaden points: our arms,*
 strong

Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cæs. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, 'till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Me-
tellus;—

Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.—

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,

strong in the deed of malice they have just perform'd, and our hearts united like those of brothers in the action, are yet open to receive you with all possible affection. The supposition that Brutus meant, *their hearts were of brothers' temper in respect of Antony*, seems to have misled those who have commented on this passage before. I have replaced the old reading. Mr. Pope first substituted the words *exempt from*, in its place. If alteration were necessary, it would be easier to read:

Our arms no strength of malice,—— STEEVENS.

One of the phrases in this passage, which Mr. Steevens has so happily explained, occurs again in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“To make you *brothers*, and to knit your *hearts*,
“With an unslipping knot.”

Again, *ibid*:

“The *heart of brothers* governs in our love!” MALONE.

Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better, than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave
 hart;

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and ⁹ crimson'd in thy lethe.
 O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
 Dost thou here lie?

Cas. Mark Antony,——

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
 The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
 But what compact mean you to have with us?
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, in-
 deed,
 Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.

⁹ ——*crimson'd in thy lethe.*] Mr. Theobald says, *The dictionaries acknowledge no such word as lethe; yet he is not without supposition, that Shakspeare coin'd the word; and yet, for all that, the l might be a d imperfectly wrote, therefore he will have death instead of it.* After all this pother, *lethe* was a common French word, signifying *death* or *destruction*, from the Latin *lethum*.

WARBURTON.

Lethe is used by many of the old translators of novels, for *death*; and in Heywood's *Iron Age*, Part II. 1632:

“The proudest nation that great Asia nurs'd,
 “Is now extinct in *lethe*.”

Again, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1616:

“For vengeance' wings bring on thy *lethal* day.”

Dr. Farmer observes, that we meet with *lethal* for *deadly* in the information for *Mungo Campbell*. STEEVENS.

Friends

Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and whercin, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cæs. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do; Do not consent, [*Aside.*
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cæs. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say, you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Conspirators.*]

Manet Antony.

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived¹ in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy²,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—
A curse shall light³ upon the limbs of men;
Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:

¹ ————*in the tide of times.*] That is, in the course of times.
JOHNSON.

² *Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,——*
Which like dumb mouths, &c.]

Shakspeare had, perhaps, in his thoughts an old play, called, *A Warning for faire Women*, 1599. It was once very popular, and appears to have been written some years before it was printed:

“ ———— I gave him fifteen wounds,
“ Which now be fifteen mouths that do accuse me:
“ In every wound there is a bloody tongue
“ Which will all speak although he hold his peace.”

MALONE.

³ ————*upon the limbs of men;*] We should read:
———*line of men;*

i. e. human race. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads:

———*kind of men;*
I rather think it should be,
———*the lives of men;*

unless we read:

———*these lymms of men;*

That is, *these bloodbonds* of men. The uncommonness of the word *lymm* easily made the change. JOHNSON.

I think the old reading may very well stand. Antony means only, that a future curse shall commence in distempers seizing on *the limbs of men*, and be succeeded by commotion, cruelty, and desolation over all Italy. STEEVENS.

Blood

Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
 All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds:
 And Cæsar's spirit⁴, ranging for revenge,
 With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
⁵ Cry *Havock*, and⁶ let slip the dogs of war;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth

⁴ *And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge, &c.]*

“ ——— umbræque erraret Crassus inulta.” *Lucan*, lib. 1.

“ Fatalem populis ultro poscentibus horam

“ Admoveret atra dies; Stygiisque emissa tenebris

“ Mors fruitur cœlo, bellatoremque volando

“ Campum operit, nigroque viros invitat hiatu.”

Stat. Theb. VIII.

“ ——— Furix rapuerunt licia Parcix.” *Ibid.* STEEVENS.

⁵ *Cry Havock,*—] A learned correspondent has informed me, that, in the military operations of old times *havock* was the word by which declaration was made, that no quarter should be given.

In a tract intitled, *The Office of the Constable and Mareschall in the Tyme of Werre*, contained in the Black Book of the Admiralty, there is the following chapter:

“ The peyne of hym that crieth *havock* and of them that followeth hym, etit. v.”

“ Item Si quis inventus fuerit qui clamorem inceperit qui vocatur *Havok*.”

“ Also that no man be so hardy to crye *Havok* upon peyne that he that is begynner shal be deede therefore: & the remanent that doo the same or folow, shall lose their horse & harnais: and the perones of such as followeth and escrien shal be under arrest of the Conestable and Mareschall warde unto tyme that they have made fyn; and founde suretie no morr to offende; and his body in prison at the Kyng wyll.—” JOHNSON.

⁶ *Let slip*] This is a term belonging to the chase. Manhood, in his *Forest Laws*, c. XX. f. 9. says, “ ———that when any pourallee man doth find any wild beasts of the forest in his pourallee, that is, in his owne freehold lands, that he hath within the pourallee, he may *let slippe his dogges* after the wild beastes, and hunt and chase them there, &c.” EDITOR.

Sir Francis Bacon, in his speech on the arraignment of the earl of Somersset, said, “ He is not the hunter alone that *lets slip the dog* at the deer, but he that lodgeth him. HENDERSON.

With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him, to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming :
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—

O Cæsar !— [*Seeing the body.*]

Ant. Thy heart is big ; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of
Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
chanc'd :

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ⁷ ;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while ;
Thou shalt not back, 'till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place : there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men ;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with Cæsar's body.*]

⁷ *No Rome of safety, &c.*] If Shakspeare meant to quibble on the words *Rome* and *room*, in this and a former passage, he is at least countenanced in it by other authors :

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638 :

“ ————You shall have my *room*,

“ My *Rome* indeed, for what I seem to be,

“ Brutus is not, but born great *Rome* to free.”

STEEVENS.

S C E N E II.

*The Forum.**Enter Brutus, and Cassius, with the Plebeians.**Pleb.* We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience,
friends.—*Cassius,* go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

And publick reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.*1 Pleb.* I will hear Brutus speak.*2 Pleb.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their
reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

*[Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebeians:
Brutus goes into the rostrum.**3 Pleb.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!*Bru.* Be patient till the last.Romans, ^s countrymen, and lovers! hear me for
my

^s *countrymen, and lovers! &c.*] There is no where, in all Shakspeare's works a stronger proof of his not being what we call a scholar than this; or of his not knowing any thing of the genius of learned antiquity. This speech of Brutus is wrote in imitation of his famed laconic brevity, and is very fine in its kind; but no more like that brevity, than his times were like Brutus's. The ancient laconic brevity was simple, natural, and easy; this is quaint, artificial, gingling, and abounding with forced antitheses. In a word, a brevity, that for its false eloquence would have suited any character, and for its good sense would have become the greatest of our author's time; but yet, in a stile of declaiming, that fits as ill upon Brutus as our author's trowsers or collar-band would have done. WARBURTON.

This artificial jingle of short sentences was affected by most of the orators in Shakspeare's time, whether in the pulpit or at the
F 4 bar.

my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and dye all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bond-man? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, &c. with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the com-

bar. The speech of Brutus may therefore be regarded rather as an imitation of the false eloquence then in vogue, than as a specimen of laconic brevity. STEEVENS.

monwealth;

monwealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 Pleb. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 Pleb. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 Pleb. Let him be Cæsar.

4 Pleb. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus.

1 Pleb. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 Pleb. Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 Pleb. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, 'till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 Pleb. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 Pleb. Let him go up into the publick chair;
We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 Pleb. What does he say of Brutus?

3 Pleb. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all⁹.

4 Pleb. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus
here.

1 Pleb. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 Pleb. Nay, that's certain:

⁹ —————beholden to us all.] Throughout the old copies of Shakspeare, and many other ancient authors, *beholden* is corruptedly spelt—*beholding*. STEEVENS.

We are blest, that Rome is rid of him.

2 Pleb. Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil, that men do, lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse—Was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause;

What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him?—

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Pleb.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, masters?
I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause 'till it come back to me.] Perhaps our author recollected the following passage in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1593:

“As for my love, say, Antony, hath all;
“Say that my heart is gone into the grave
“With him, in whom it rests, and ever shall.”

MALONE.

Cæsar has had great wrong. 3 *Pleb.* Cæsar had never wrong but with just cause.] If ever there was such a line written by Shakespeare, I should fancy it might have its place here, and very humourously in the character of a plebeian. One might believe Ben Jonson's remark was made upon no better credit than some blunder of an actor in speaking that verse near the beginning of the third act:

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied

But the verse, as cited by Ben Jonson, does not connect with, *Will he be satisfied*. Perhaps this play was never printed in Ben Jonson's time, and so he had nothing to judge by, but as the actor pleased to speak it, POPE.

I have inserted this note, because it is Pope's, for it is otherwise of no value. It is strange that he should so much forget the date of the copy before him, as to think it not printed in Jonson's time. JOHNSON.

Ant.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,
³ And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men :
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will :
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins ⁴ in his sacred blood ;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

⁴ *Pleb.* We'll hear the will : Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will ; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not
read it ;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad :
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;
For if you should, O, what would come of it !

⁴ *Pleb.* Read the will ; we will hear it, Antony ;
You shall read us the will ; Cæsar's will.

³ *And none so poor* —] The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to Cæsar. JOHNSON.

⁴ ——— *their napkins.*] i. e. their handkerchiefs. See Vol. III, p. 384. STEEVENS.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 Pleb. They were traitors: Honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2 Pleb. They were villains, murderers: The will!
read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?—
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me shew you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 Pleb. Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 Pleb. You shall have leave.

4 Pleb. A ring; stand round.

1 Pleb. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 Pleb. Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his curst steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel^s:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!

^s For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:] This title of endearment is more than once introduced in Sidney's *Arcadia*.

This was the most unkindest cut of all :
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
⁶ And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity ⁷ : these are gracious drops.

Kind

⁶ *And, in his mantle, &c.]* Read the lines thus :
And, in his mantle muffling up his face
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue.

Plutarch tell us, that Cæsar received many wounds in the face on this occasion, so that it might be said to run blood. But, instead of that, the statue, in this reading, and not the face, is said to do so ; it is plain that these two lines should be transposed : And then the reflection, which follows :

O what a fall was there —

is natural, lamenting the disgrace of being at last subdued in that quarrel in which he had been compleat victor. WARBURTON.

The image seems to be, that the blood of Cæsar flew upon the statue, and trickled down it. And the exclamation :

O what a fall was there —

follows better after

—great Cæsar fell,

than with a line interposed. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare meant that the very statue of Pompey lamented the fate of Cæsar in tears of blood. Such poetical hyperboles are not uncommon. Pope, in his *Eloisa*, talks of

—pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep.

Shakspeare has enumerated *deus of blood* among the prodigies on the preceding day ; and, as I have since discovered, took these very words from sir Thomas North's Translation of *Plutarch* :
 “ —against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, which ran all a gore of blood, till he was slain.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *The dint of pity]* is the impression of pity.

The word is in common use among our ancient writers. So, in Preston's *Cambyfes* :

“ Your

Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!

^s Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

₁ *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

₂ *Pleb.* O noble Cæsar!

₃ *Pleb.* O woeful day!

₄ *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

₁ *Pleb.* O most bloody fight!

₂ *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: Revenge: About,—
Seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor
live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

₁ *Pleb.* Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.

₂ *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll
die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise, and honour-
able,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me publick leave to speak of him.

“ Your grace therein may hap receive, with others for your
parte,

“ The *dent* of death, &c.”

Again, *Ibid*:

“ He shall dye by *dent* of sword, or els by choking rope.”

STEEVENS.

^s Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.] To *mar*
seems to have anciently signified to *lacerate*. So, in *Solyman*
and *Perfeda*, a tragedy, 1599, Basilisco feeling the end of his
dagger, says:

“ This point will *mar* her skin.” MALONE.

⁹ For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know ;
Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths !

And bid them speak for me : But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me
speak :

All. Peace, ho ! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not
what :

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves ?
Alas, you know not :—I must tell you then :—
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true ;—the will ;—let's stay, and hear
the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas¹.

2 *Pleb.* Most noble Cæsar !—We'll revenge his
death.

3 *Pleb.* O royal Cæsar !

⁹ *For I have neither wit,——]* The old copy reads :

For I have neither writ, nor words,——

which may mean, I have no *penned* and premeditated oration.

JOHNSON.

The second folio reads *wit*. STEEVENS.

¹ ——*seventy-five drachmas.*] A drachma was a Greek coin,
the same as the Roman *denier*, of the value of four sesterces,
7d. ob. STEEVENS.

Ant.

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
² On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

¹ *Pleb.* Never, never:—Come, away, away:
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses³.
Take up the body.

² *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

³ *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

⁴ *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Plebeians, with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot,

² *On this side Tiber.*] The scene is here in the Forum near the Capitol, and in the most frequented part of the city; but Cæsar's gardens were very remote from that quarter:

Trans Tiberim longe cubat is, prope Cæsar's hortos, says Horace: and both the Naumachia and gardens of Cæsar were separated from the main city by the river; and lay out wide, on a line with Mount Janiculum. Our author therefore certainly wrote,

On that side Tiber;—

and Plutarch, whom Shakspeare very diligently studied, in the *Life of Marcus Brutus*, speaking of Cæsar's will, expressly says, That he left to the public his gardens, and walks, *beyond the Tiber.* THEOBALD.

This emendation has been adopted by the subsequent editors; but hear the old translation, where *Shakspeare's study* lay. “He bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome seventy-five drachmas a man, and he left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on *this* side of the river Tiber.” FARMER.

³ —*fire the traitors' houses.*] Thus the first folio. The second, and the modern editors read—*fire all the traitor's houses*; but *fire* was then pronounced, as it was sometimes written, *fer*. So, in *Humors Ordinary*, a collection of Epigrams:

“Oh rare compound, a dying horse to choke,

“Of English *fer* and of Indian smoke!” STEEVENS.

Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now,
fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome:

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*

* S C E N E III.

A Street.

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him, the Plebeians.

Cin. I dream't to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

* *Scene III.*] The subject of this scene is taken from *Plutarch*.
STEEVENS.

3 *Pleb.*

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answer'd directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! firebrands. To Brutus' and to Cassius', burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's, some to Ligarius': away; go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

On^s a small Island near Mutina.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.

Octa. Your brother too must die; Consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Octa. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. ^o Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who

⁵ *A small island*] Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Pope after him, have mark'd the scene here to be at Rome. The old copies say nothing of the place. Shakspeare, I dare say, knew from *Plutarch*, that these triumvirs met, upon the proscription, in a little island; which Appian, who is more particular, says, lay near Mutina, upon the river Lavinius. THEOBALD.

A small island in the little river Rhenus near Bononia.

HANMER.

So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "Thereupon all three met together (to wete, Cæsar, Antonius, & Lepidus) in an island enuyroned round about with a little riuer, & there remayned three dayes together. Now as touching all other matters, they were easily agreed, & did deuide all the empire of Rome betwene them, as if it had bene their owne inheritance. But yet they could hardly agree whom they would put to death: for euery one of them would kill their enemies, and saue their kinsmen and friends. Yet at length, giving place to their greedy desire to be reuenged of their enemies, they spurned all reuerence of blood, and holines of friendship at their feete. For Cæsar left Cicero to Antonius will, Antonius also forsooke Lucius Cæsar, who was his vncle by his mother: and both of them together suffred Lepidus to kill his owne brother Paulus." That Shakspeare, however, meant the scene to be at Rome, may be inferred from what almost immediately follows:

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Cæs. Or here, or at the Capitol." STEEVENS.

⁶ *Upon condition, Publius shall not live.*] Mr. Upton has sufficiently proved that the poet made a mistake as to this character

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him⁷.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Octa. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Octa. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold⁸,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Octa. You may do your will;

ter mentioned by Lepidus. Lucius, not Publius, was the person meant, who was uncle by the mother's side to Mark Antony: and in consequence of this, he concludes that Shakspeare wrote:

You are his sister's son, Mark Antony.

The mistake, however, is more like the mistake of the author, than of his transcriber or printer. STEEVENS.

⁷ ———damn him.] i. e. condemn him. See Vol. IV. p. 336.
STEEVENS.

⁸ ———as the ass bears gold,] This image had occur'd before in *Measure for Measure*, Act III. sc. i:

“ ———like an ass whose back with ingots bows,

“ Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,

“ Till death unloads thee.” STEEVENS.

But he's a try'd and valiant foldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
° A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations;
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius

° In the old editions:

*A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations, &c.]*

'Tis hard to conceive, why he should be call'd a *barren-spirited* fellow that could feed—*either on objects or arts*: that is, as I presume, form his ideas and judgment upon them: *stale and obsolete imitation*; indeed, fixes such a character. I am persuaded, to make the poet consonant to himself, we must read, as I have restored the text:

On object orts,————

i. e. on the *scraps and fragments* of things *rejected and despised* by others. THEOBALD.

It is surely easy to find a reason why that devotee to pleasure and ambition, Antony, should call him *barren-spirited* who could be content to feed his mind with *objects*, i. e. *speculative knowledge*, or *arts*, i. e. *mechanic operations*. I have therefore taken the liberty of bringing back the old reading to its place, though Mr. Theobald's emendation is still left before the reader. Lepidus, in the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*, is represented as inquisitive about the structures of Egypt, and that too when he is almost in a state of intoxication. Antony, as at present, makes a jest of him, and returns him unintelligible answers to very reasonable questions.

Objects, however, may mean things *objected* or thrown out to him. In this sense Shakspeare uses the verb *to object* in another play, where I have given an instance of its being employ'd by Chapman on the same occasion. A man who can avail himself of neglected hints thrown out by others, though without original ideas of his own, is no uncommon character. STEEVENS.

Are

Are levying powers : we must straight make head :
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd
out ;

And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Octa. Let us do so : for we are at the stake²,
And bay'd about with many enemies ;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Before Brutus' tent, in the camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and Soldiers : Titinius
and Pindarus meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho !

Luc. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius ? is Cassius near ?

Luc. He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
³ In his own change, or by ill officers,

Hath

¹ —and our best means stretch'd out ;] The oldest copy reads :
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd ;
The present reading was given in the second folio. MALONE.

² —at the stake.] An allusion to bear-baiting. So, in *Macbeth*, act V :

“ They have chain'd me to a stake, I cannot fly,

“ But bear-like I must fight the course.” STEEVENS.

³ In his own change, or by ill officers,] The sense of which is
this, *Either your master, by the change of his virtuous nature, or
by his officers abusing the power he had intrusted to them, hath done
some things I could wish undone.* This implies a doubt which of
the two was the case. Yet, immediately after, on Pindarus's say-
ing, *His master was full of regard and honour,* he replies, *He is
not doubted.* To reconcile this we should read :

Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone : but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius ;—
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough ;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling : Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith ;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle ;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

In his own charge, or by ill officers,
i. e. *Either by those under his immediate command, or under the command of his lieutenants, who had abused their trust. Charge is so usual a word in Shakspeare, to signify the forces committed to the trust of a commander, that I think it needless to give any instances. WARBURTON.*

The arguments for the change proposed are insufficient, Brutus could not but know whether the wrongs committed were done by those who were immediately under the command of Cassius, or those under his officers. The answer of Brutus to the servant is only an act of artful civility ; his question to Lucilius proves, that his suspicion still continued. Yet I cannot but suspect a corruption, and would read :

In his own change, or by ill offices.
That is ; either *changing* his inclination of himself, or by the *ill offices* and bad influences of others. JOHNSON.

Surely alteration is unnecessary. In the subsequent conference Brutus charges both Cassius and his officer Lucius Pella, with corruption. STEEVENS.

Luc.

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd ;

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

[*March within.*]

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd :—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius, and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho !

Bru. Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods ! Wrong I mine enemies ?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs ;
And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well :—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle : Bid them move away ;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like ; and let no man
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE III.

The inside of Brutus' tent.

Enter Brutus, and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear
in this :

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein, my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That ⁴ every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March re-
member !

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers ; shall we now

⁴ ———every nice offence——] i. e. small trifling offence.

WARBURTON.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, act V :

“ The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge

“ Of dear import.” STEEVENS.

Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
 And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
 For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—
⁵ I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me;
 I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
⁶ To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I⁷,

Older

⁵ *I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman.*]

The poets and common people, who generally think and speak alike, suppose the dog bays the moon out of envy at its brightness; an allusion to this notion makes the beauty of the passage in question: Brutus hereby insinuates a covert accusation against his friend, that it was only envy at Cæsar's glory which set Cassius on conspiring against him; and ancient history seems to countenance such a charge. Cassius understood him in this sense, and with much conscious pride retorts the charge by a like insinuation:

—————*Brutus, bay not me.* WARBURTON.

The old copy reads—*bait* not me; but Dr. Warburton's emendation is strengthened by Shakspeare's having used the word *bay* in other places, and in the sense here required. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, act II. sc. iii:

“What moves Ajax thus to *bay* at him?”

Again, in the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* act I. sc. iii;

“—————the French and Welsh

“*Baying* him at the heels.”

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“Set the dogs of the street

“To *bay* me.”

The old reading, however, may be countenanced by the following passage in a *Pleasant conceited comedy how to chuse a good Wife from a bad*, 1634:

“Do I come home so seldom, and that seldom,

“Am I thus *baited*?”

Again, in our author's *Coriolanus*:

“—————why stay we to be *baited*

“With one that wants her wits?” MALONE:

⁶ *To hedge me in*; —] That is, to limit my authority by your direction or censure. JOHNSON.

⁷ —————*I am a soldier, I,*

Older in practice, &c.]

Thus the ancient copies; but the modern editors, instead of *I,*
 have

Older in practice, abler than yourself

^s To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius,

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, flight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, 'till your proud
heart break;

Go, shew your slaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me, every way you wrong me,
Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

have read *ay*, because the vowel *I* sometimes stands for *ay* the affirmative adverb. I have replaced the old reading, on the authority of the following line:

And I am Brutus; Marcus Brutus I. STEEVENS.

^s *To make conditions.*] That is, to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices which are at my disposal. JOHNSON.

Bru.

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love:

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for. There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats; For I am arm'd so strong in honesty, That they pass by me, as the idle wind, Which I respect not. I did send to you For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;— For I can raise no money by vile means: By heaven, I had rather coin my heart, And drop my blood for drachmas, ⁹ than to wring From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash, By any indirection. I did send To you for gold to pay my legions, Which you deny'd me: Was that done like Cassius? Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so? When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous, To lock such rascal counters from his friends, Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts, Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

⁹ ————*than to wring*

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,]

This is a noble sentiment, altogether in character, and expressed in a manner inimitably happy. For to *wring*, implies both to get *unjustly*, and to use *force* in getting: and *hard hands* signify both the peasant's great *labour and pains* in acquiring, and his *great unwillingness* to quit his hold. . WARBURTON.

Cas.

Cas. I did not :—he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd
my heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

¹ *Bru.* I do not, 'till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a weary of the world :

Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;
Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
² If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;

I, that

¹ *Bru.* *I do not, till you practise them on me.*] But was this talking like Brutus? Cassius complained that his friend made his infirmities greater than they were. To which Brutus replies, not till those infirmities were injuriously turned upon me. But was this any excuse for *aggravating* his friend's failings? Shakspeare knew better what was fit for his hero to say, and certainly wrote and pointed the line thus :

I do not. Still you practise them on me.

i. e. I deny your charge, and this is a fresh injury done me.

WARBURTON.

The meaning is this : I do not look for your faults, I only see them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, *by practising them on me.* JOHNSON.

² *If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth, &c.*] But why is he bid to rip out his heart, if he were a Roman? There is no other sense but this, If you have the courage of a Roman. But this is so poor, and so little to the purpose, that the reading may be justly suspected. The occasion of this quarrel was Cas-

sius's

I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger :

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand

sius's refusal to supply the necessities of his friend, who charges it on him as a dishonour and crime, with great asperity of language. Cassius, to shew him the injustice of accusing him of avarice, tells him, he was ready to expose his life in his service ; but at the same time, provoked and exasperated at the other's reproaches, he upbraids him with the severity of his temper, that would pardon nothing, but always aimed at the life of the offender ; and delighted in his blood, though a Roman, and attached to him by the strongest bonds of alliance : hereby obliquely insinuating the case of Cæsar. The sense being thus explained, it is evident we should read :

If that thou need'st a Roman's, take it forth.

i. e. if nothing but another Roman's death can satisfy the unrelenting severity of your temper, take my life as you did Cæsar's.

WARBURTON.

I am not satisfied with the change proposed, yet cannot deny, that the words, as they now stand, require some interpretation. I think he means only, that he is so far from avarice, when the cause of his country requires liberality, that if any man should wish for his heart, he would not need enforce his desire any otherwise, than by shewing that he was a Roman. JOHNSON.

This seems only a form of adjuration like that of Brutus, p. 99.

“ Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.”

BLACKSTONE.

Bru.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[A noise within.]

Poet. [within.] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [within.] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [within.] Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Enter Poet*³.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals; What do you mean?
⁴ Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, firrah; faucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his
time:

³ *Enter Poet.*] Shakspeare found the present incident in *Plutarch*. The intruder, however, was *Marcus Phaonius* who had been a friend and follower of Cato; not a poet, but one who assumed the character of a cynic philosopher. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.*

This passage is a translation from the following one in the first book of *Homer*:

‘ΑΛΛὰ τίθεσθ' ἄμφω δὲ νεωτέρω ἔσον εμεῖο.

which is thus given in Sir Thomas North's *Plutarch*:

“ My lords, I pray you hearken both to me,

“ For I have seen more years than such ye three.”

What should the wars do with these jigging fools⁵?—
Companion⁶, hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone. [Exit Poet.

Enter Lucilius, and Titinius.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with
you

Immediately to us. [Exeunt Lucilius, and Titinius.

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think, you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,

⁵ *What should the wars do with these jigging fools?*] i. e. with these silly poets. A jig signified, in our author's time, a metrical composition.—A modern editor (Mr. Capell) who, after having devoted the greater part of his life to the study of old books, appears to have been extremely ignorant of antient English literature, not knowing this, for *jigging* reads *jingling*. His work exhibits above *six hundred* alterations of the genuine text, equally capricious and unwarrantable.

This editor, of whom it was justly said by the late Bishop of Gloucester, that “*he had hung himself up in chains over our poet's grave,*” having boasted in his preface, that “*his emendations of the text were at least equal in number to those of all the other editors and commentators put together,*” I had lately the curiosity to look into his volumes with this particular view. On examination I found, that of three hundred and twenty-five emendations of the antient copies, which he has properly received into his text, *two hundred and eighty-five* were suggested by some former editor or commentator, and *forty* only by himself. The innovations and arbitrary alterations, either adopted from others, or first introduced by this editor, from ignorance of our antient customs and phraseology, amount to no less a number than *six hundred and thirty-three*!! MALONE.

⁶ Companion, hence.] *Companion* is used as a term of reproach in many of the old plays; as we say at present—*fellow*. So, in *K. Henry IV. Part II.* Dol Tearsheet says to Pistol;

“——I scorn you, scurvy companion, &c.” STEEVENS.

Insolent *companion* is used so lately as in Foote's *Mayer of Garret*. See Vol. VII. p. 461. HENDERSON.

If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you
so?—

O insupportable and touching loss!—

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came;—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire⁷.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter Lucius, with wine, and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of
wine:—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—
Fill, Lucius, 'till the wine o'er-swell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Re-enter Titinius, and Messala.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good
Messala.—

⁷ *And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.*] This circumstance is taken from *Plutarch*. It is also mentioned by *Val. Maximus*.

It may not, however, be amiss to remark, that the death of Portia wants that foundation which has hitherto entitled her to a place in poetry, as a pattern of Roman fortitude. She is reported, by Pliny, I think, to have died at Rome of a lingering illness while Brutus was abroad; but some writers seem to look on a natural death as a derogation from a distinguished character.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia! art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition towards Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death a hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators, that dy'd
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you ought of her in
yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Mes-
sala:

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,

Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,

Do stand but in a forc'd affection;

For they have grudg'd us contribution:

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;

From which advantage shall we cut him off,

If at Philippi we do face him there,

These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,

That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,

Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe:

The enemy increaseth every day,

We, at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a tide in the affairs of men⁸,

⁸ *There is a tide &c.*] This passage is poorly imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher, in the *Custom of the Country*:

“*There is an hour in each man's life appointed*

“*To make his happiness, if then he seize it,*” &c.

STEEVENS.

A similar sentiment is found in Chapman's *Bussy d'Ambois*, 1607:

“*There is a deep nick in time's restless wheel,*

“*For each man's good; when which nick comes it strikes,*

“*So no man riseth by his real merit,*

“*But when it cries *slink* in his raifer's spirit.*” MALONE.

Which,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on ; we will along
Ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity ;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say ?

Cas. No more. Good night :
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Luc.*] Farewel,
good Messala ;—

Good night, Titinius :—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother !
This was an ill beginning of the night :
Never come such division 'tween our souls !
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewel, every one.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily ?

Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er-watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men ;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius !

Enter Varro, and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep; It may be, I shall raise you by and by On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs; It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I fought for so; I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Can'st thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while, And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might; I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again; I will not hold thee long: ⁹ If I do live, I will be good to thee. [*Musick, and a song.*

This is a sleepy tune:—O murd'rous slumber!

⁹ ———— *if I do live,
I will be good to thee.]*

I will be a *good master* to thee. It is probable that the poet alluded here to the common forms used in this age by clients and dependents, in their letters to their patrons, intreating them to be *good masters* to them. There is the same allusion in Heywood's interlude of the *Four P's*:

“ If any rewarde may entreat ye,

“ I beseech your mast'ship *be good to me.*”

See Vol. IV, p. 442. WHALLEY.

Lay't

Lay'st thou thy leaden¹ mace upon my boy,
 That plays thee musick?—Gentle knave, good night;
 I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.—
 If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
 I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
 Let me see, let me see;—Is not the leaf turn'd
 down,

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down to read.*]

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
 I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
 That shapes this monstrous apparition.
 It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?
 Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
 That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
 Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; Then I shall see thee again²?

Ghost.

¹ ————*thy leaden mace.*] A *mace* is the ancient term for a sceptre. So, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

“ ————look upon my stately grace,

“ Because the pomp that longs to Juno's *mace*,” &c.

Again:

“ ————because he knew no more

“ Fair Venus' Ceston, than dame Juno's *mace*.”

Again, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

“ ————proud Tarquinius

“ Rooted from Rome the sway of kingly *mace*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. x:

“ Who mightily uphold that royal *mace*,” STEEVENS.

² *Well; Then I shall see thee again?*] Shakspeare has on this occasion deserted his original. It does not appear from *Plutarch* that the *Ghost of Cæsar* appeared to Brutus, but “a wonderful strange
 and

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. [*Exit Ghost.*

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so
cry'dst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any
thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow³ thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Both. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; Saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

and monstrous shape of a body." This apparition could not be at once the *shade of Cæsar*, and the *evil genius of Brutus*.

"Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god, or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit answered him, I am thy euill spirit, Brutus: and thou shalt see me by the citie of Philippes. Brutus beeing no otherwaife affryd, replyed againe vnto it: well, then I shall see thee agayne. The spirit presently vanished away: and Brutus called his men vnto him, who tolde him that they heard no noyse, nor sawe any thinge at all."

See the story of *Cassius Parmensis* in *Valerius Maximus*, Lib. I. c. 7. STEEVENS.

³ *Thou! awake.*] The accent is so unmusical and harsh, 'tis impossible the poet could begin his verse thus. Brutus certainly was intended to speak to both his other men; who both awake, and answer, at an instant. I read:

Varro awake! WARBURTON.

Clau.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done, my lord. [Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Octa. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to ⁴ warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
⁵ With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,

⁴ —warn us—] To *warn* is to summon. So in *K. John*:

“Who is it that hath *warn'd* us to the walls?”

Shakspeare uses the word yet more intelligibly in *K. Rich. III*:

“And sent to *warn* them to his royal presence.”

Throughout the books of the Stationers Company, the word is always used in this sense. “Receyved of Raufe Newbery for his fyne, that he came not to the hall when he was *warned*, according to the orders of this house. STEEVENS.

⁵ *With fearful bravery*,—] That is, *with a gallant shew of courage, carrying with it terror and dismay*. *Fearful* is used here, as in many other places, in an active sense—*producing fear—intimidating*. MALONE.

To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you, generals :
The enemy comes on in gallant shew ;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left-hand of the even field.

Octa. Upon the right-hand I, keep thou⁶ the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

Octa. I do not cross you ; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. *Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army ; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, &c.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius : We must out and talk.

Octa. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Octa. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows : Is it so, countrymen ?

Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words :

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live ! hail, Cæsar !*

Cas. Antony,

⁷ The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;

⁶ ————*keep thou*———] The tenour of the conversation evidently requires us to read—*you*. REMARKS.

⁷ *The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;*] It should be —*is* yet unknown. Yet the error is such, that it probably was Shakspeare's. MALONE.

But for your words; they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and fowlless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile
daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned ⁸ Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Octa. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make
us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, 'till Cæsar's ⁹ three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or 'till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou can'st not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Octa. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

⁸ ———*Casca*———] Casca struck Cæsar on the neck, coming like a degenerate cur behind him. JOHNSON.

⁹ ———*three and thirty wounds*] Thus all the editions implicitly; but I have ventured to reduce this number to *three and twenty* from the joint authorities of *Appian*, *Plutarch*, and *Suetonius*: and I am persuaded, the error was not from the poet but his transcribers. THEOBALD.

Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Octa. Come, Antony; away.—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and swim, bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

[*Lucilius, and Messala, stand forth.*]

Luc. My lord. [*Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius.*]

Cas. Messala.

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala¹,

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand; Messala:
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.

¹ *Messala, &c.*] Almost every circumstance in this speech is taken from sir Thomas North's Translation of *Plutarch*:

“ But touching Cassius, Messala reporteth that he supped by him selfe in his tent with a few of his friendes, and that all supper tyme he looked very sadly, and was full of thoughts, although it was against his nature: and that after supper he tooke him by the hande, and holding him fast (in token of kindnes as his manner was) told him in Greeke: Messala, I protest vnto thee, and make thee my witnes, that I am compelled against my minde and will (as Pompey the Great was) to ieopard the libertie of our contry, to the hazard of a battel. And yet we must be liuely, and of good corage, considering our good fortune, whom we shoulde wronge too muche to mistrust her, although we followe euill counsell. Messala writeth, that Cassius hauing spoken these last wordes vnto him, he bad him farewell, and willed him to come to supper to him the next night following, because it was his birth-day.” STEEVENS.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
 And his opinion : now I change my mind,
 And partly credit things that do presage.
 Coming from Sardis, on our foremost ensign²
 Two mighty eagles fell ; and there they perch'd
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;
 Who to Philippi here-conforted us :
 This morning are they fled away, and gone ;
 And, in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
 Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
 As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem
 A canopy most fatal, under which
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly ;
 For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
 To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
 The gods to-day stand friendly ; that we may,
 Lovers, in peace, lead on our days to age !
 But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
 If we do lose this battle, then is this³
 The very last time we shall speak together :
 What are you then determined to do ?

² —*our* foremost ensign.] The old copy reads *former*, which may be right, as Shakspeare sometimes uses the *comparative* instead of the *positive* and superlative. See *K. Lear*, act IV. sc. iii. Either word has the same origin ; nor do I perceive why *former* should be less applicable to *place* than *time*. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare perhaps wrote *foremer* ; and I do not see why the word (so spelt, to distinguish it from *former*, antecedent in point of time) should not be admitted into the text. MALONE.

³ *The very last time we shall speak together :*

What are you then determined to do ?]

i. e. I am resolved in such a case to kill myself. What are you determined of? WARBURTON.

Bru.

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy ⁴,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself;—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent

⁴ —of that philosophy,] There is an apparent contradiction between the sentiments contained in this and the following speech which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of Brutus. In this, Brutus declares his resolution to wait patiently for the determinations of Providence; and in the next, he intimates, that though he should survive the battle, he would never submit to be led in chains to Rome. This sentence in sir Thomas North's *Translation*, is perplexed, and might be easily misunderstood. Shakspeare, in the first speech, makes that to be the present opinion of Brutus, which in *Plutarch*, is mentioned only as one he formerly entertained, though now he condemned it.

So, in sir Thomas North:—“There Cassius beganne to speak first, and sayd: the gods graunt vs, O Brutus, that this day we may winne the field, and euer after to liue all the rest of our life quietly, one with another. But sith the gods haue so ordeyned it, that the greatest & chiefest things amongest men are most vncertaine, and that if the battell fall out otherwise to daye then we wishe or looke for, we shall hardely meete againe: what art thou then determined to doe, to fly, or dye? Brutus answered him, being yet but a young man, and not ouergreatly experienced in the world: I trust, (I know not how) a certaine rule of philosophie, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing of him selfe, as being no lawfull nor godly acte, touching the gods, nor concerning men, valliant, not to giue place and yield to diuine prouidence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send vs, but to drawe backe, and flie: but being nowe in the midst of the daunger, I am of a contrarie mind. For if it be not the will of God, that this battell fall out fortunate for vs: I will looke no more for hope, neither seeke to make any new supply for war againe, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune. For, I gaue vp my life for my contry in the ides of Marche, for the which I shall liue in another more glorious worlde.” STEEVENS.

I see no contradiction in the sentiments of Brutus. He would not determine to kill himself merely for the loss of *one* battle; but as he expresses himself, (page 131.) would try his fortune in a second fight. Yet he would not submit to be a captive.

BLACKSTONE.

The

The time of life:—⁵ arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills⁶
Unto the legions on the other side: [Loud alarm.]

⁵ —arming myself with patience, &c.] Dr. Warburton thinks, that in this speech something is lost, but there needed only a parenthesis to clear it. The construction is this; I am determined to act according to that philosophy which directed me to blame the suicide of Cato, arming myself with patience. JOHNSON.

⁶ —give these bills] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: “In the meane tyme Brutus that led the right winge, sent litle billes to the collonells and captaines of private bandes, in which he wrote the worde of the battell, &c.” STEEVENS.

Let

Let them set on at once; for I perceive
 But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
 Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Alarum. Enter Cassius, and Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
 This ensign here of mine was turning back;
 I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:
 Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
 Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
 Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
 Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
 Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough?—Look, look,
 Titinius;
 Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit.

? *This hill is far enough, &c.]* Thus, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "So, Cassius him selfe was at length compelled to flie, with a few about him, vnto a little hill, from whence they might easely see what was done in all the plaine: howbeit Cassius him self sawe nothing; for his sight was verie bad, sauing that he saw (and yet with much a doe) how the enemies spoiled his campe before his eyes. He sawe also a great troupe of horsemen, whom Brutus sent to aide him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him: but yet he sent Titinnius, one of them that was with him, to goe and know what they were. Brutus horsemen sawe him comming a farre of, whom when they knewe

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yon troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit.*

⁸ *Cas.* Go, Pindarus, get thither on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit Pindarus.*

This day I breathed first: time is come round⁹,
And, where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pind. [above] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

knewe that he was one of Cassius chiefeſt friendes, they ſhowted out for ioy: and they that were familiarly acquainted with him, lighted from their horſes, and went and imbraced him. The reſt compaſſed him in rōunde about a horſebacke, with ſongs of victorie and great ruſhing of their harnes, ſo that they made all the field ring againe for ioy. But this marred all. For Cassius thinking in deede that Titinnius was taken of the enemies, he then ſpake theſe wordes: Deſiring too much to liue, I haue liued to ſee one of my beſt frēdes taken, for my ſake, before my face. After that, he gotte into a tent where no bodie was, and tooke Pyndarus with him, one of his freed bondmen, whom he reſerued euer for ſuche a pinche, ſince the curſed battell of the Parthians, where Crassus was ſlaine, though he notwithstanding ſcaped from that ouerthrow: but then caſting his cloke ouer his head, & holding out his bare neck vnto Pyndarus, he gaue him his head to be ſtriken of. So the head was found ſeuered from the bodie: but after that time Pyndarus was neuer ſeene more.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Go, Pindarus]* This dialogue between Cassius and Pindarus, is beautifully imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher in their tragedy of *Bonduca*, Act III. sc. v. STEEVENS.

⁹ —*time is come round.*] So, in *K. Lear*, the Bastard, dying ſays:

“ The wheel is come full circle.” STEEVENS.

Pind. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;—
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him; now,
Titinius!—Now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—
He's ta'en;—and, hark, they shout for joy. [*Shout.*

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Re-enter Pindarus.

Come hither, firrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine
oath;

Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are
done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!

Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius; whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this fight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit Mes.*]
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part;
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*]

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato,
Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. Oh Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [Low alarums.

Cato. Brave Titinius!—

Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
Thou last of all the Romans, ¹ fare thee well!
It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, ² and to Thassos send his body;
His funeral shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—
³'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.

¹ *Thou last of all the Romans.*] Objectum est Historico (*Cremutius Cordo*. Tacit. Ann. l. iv. 34.) quod Brutum Cassiumque ultimos Romanorum dixisset. Suet. Tiber. Lib. III. c. 61.

STEEVENS.

² *and to Tharsus send his body:*] Thus all the editions hitherto very ignorantly. But the whole tenor of history warrants us to write, as I have restored the text, *Thassos*. THEOBALD.

It is *Thassos* in Sir Tho. North's *Translation*. STEEVENS.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Cato, Lucilius, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet, hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho³!

Enter Soldiers, and fight.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

[*Exit.*]

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou dy'st as bravely as Titinius;
And may'st be honour'd⁴ being Cato's son.

¹ *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

⁵ *Luc.* Only I yield to die:

³ *I am the son of Marcus Cato—*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: “There was the sonne of *Marcus Cato* slaine valiantly fighting, &c. telling aloud his name and his father's name, &c.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ *—being Cato's son.*] i. e. worthy of him. WARBURTON.

⁵ *Luc.* Only I yield to die:

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;]

Dr. Warburton has been much inclined to find *lacunæ*, or passages broken by omission, throughout this play. I think he has been always mistaken. The soldier here says, *Yield, or thou diest*. Lucilius replies, I yield only on this condition, that I may die; here is so much gold as thou seest in my hand, which I offer thee as a reward for speedy death. What now is there wanting? JOHNSON.

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;
[Offering money.]
 Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* ⁶ I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony ⁷; Brutus is safe enough:
 I dare assure thee, that no enemy
 Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
 The gods defend him from so great a shame!
 When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
 He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
 A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
 Give him all kindness: I had rather have
 Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
 And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead:

⁶ *I'll tell the news.*] The old copy reads:

I'll tell thee news.————— JOHNSON.

⁷ *Safe, Antony;*] So in the old translation of *Plutarch*: “In the mean time Lucilius was brought to him, who stowtly with a bold countenance sayd, Antonius, I dare assure thee, that no enimie hath taken, nor shall take Marcus Brutus alie: and I beseech God keepe him from that fortune. For wheresoeuer he be found, alie or dead, he will be founde like him self. And now for my selfe, I am come vnto thee, hauing deceived these men of armes here, bearing them downe that I was Brutus: and doe not refuse to suffer any torment thou wilt put me to. Lucilius wordes made them all amazed that heard him. Antonius on the other side, looking vpon all them that had brought him, sayd vnto them: my companions, I thinke ye are forie you haue failed of your purpose, & that you thinke this man hath done great wrong: but I doe assure you, you have taken a better bootie, then that you followed. For, instead of an enimie, you have brought me a friend, &c.” STEEVENS.

And

And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Another part of the field.

*Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volum-
nius.*

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this
rock.

Cli. Statilius shew'd the torch-light^s; but, my
lord,

He

^s *Statilius shew'd the torch-light, &c.]* So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slaine in battell, and to know the trueth of it, there was one called Statilius, that promised to goe through his enemies (for otherwise it was impossible to goe see their campe) and from thence if all were well, that he woulde lift vp a *torch light* in the ayer, and then returne againe with speede to him. The *torche-light* was lift vp as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Nowe Brutus seeing Statilius tarie long after that, and that he came not againe, he sayd: if Statilius be alieue, he will come againe. But his euill fortune was suche, that as he came backe, he lighted in his enemies hands, and was slaine. Now, the night being farre spent, Brutus as he fate, bowed towards Clitus one of his men, and told him somwhat in his eare, the other aunswered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proued Dardanus, and sayd somwhat also to him: at length he came to Volumnius him selfe, and speaking to him in Græke, prayed him for the studies sake which brought them acquainted together, that he woulde helpe him to put his hande to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others: and amongest the rest, one of them sayd, there was no tarying for them there, but that they must needes flie. Then Brutus rising vp, we must flie indeed, sayd he, but it must be with our hands, not with our feete. Then taking euery man by the hand, he sayd these words vnto them with a cheerefull countenance. It reioyceth my hart that not one of my friends hath failed me at my neede, and I do not complaine of my fortune, but only for my contries sake: for, as for me, I thinke my selfe happier than they that haue
ouercome,

He came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus : Slaying is the word ;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[*Whispering.*

Cli. What, I, my lord ? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius !

Dar. Shall I do such a deed ?

Cli. O, Dardanius !

Dar. O, Clitus !

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus : Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius ; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord ?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius :

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night : at Sardis, once ;
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit : [*Alarum.*
It is more worthy, to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry 'till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together ;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword's hilt, whilst I run on it.

ouercome, considering that I leaue a perpetuall fame of our
corage and manhoode, the which our enemies the conquerors
shall neuer attaine vnto by force nor money, neither can let their
posteritie to say, that they being naughtie and uniuft men, haue
slaine good men, to vsurpe tyrannical power not pertaining to
them. Hauing sayd so, he prayed euery man to shift for them
selues, and then he went a little aside &c." STEEVENS,

Vol.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewel to you;—and you;—and you, Vol-
lumnus.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

⁹ Farewel to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,

My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,

I found no man but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history:

Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within. Fly, fly, fly.*

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly. [*Exeunt Cli. Dar. and Vol.*

Bru. Hence; I will follow.

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smack of honour in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my
lord.

Bru. Farewel, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still;
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

⁹ *Farewel to thee too, Strato.]* Thus the modern editions. I
think, rightly. The old folio reads:

Farewel to thee, to Strato, countrymen. JOHNSON.

Alarum.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, and the army.

Octa. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala; The conquerors can but make a fire of him: For Brutus only overcame himself, And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus, That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Octa. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them. Fellow, will thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee, That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all: All the conspirators, save only he¹, Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar; He, only, in a general honest thought, And common good to all, made one of them. His life was gentle; and the elements²

So

¹ ————*save only he, &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "For, it was sayd that Antonius spake it openly diuers tymes, that he thought, that of all them that had slayne Cæsar, there was none but Brutus only that was moued to do it, as thinking the acte commendable of it selfe: but that all the other conspirators did conspire his death, for some priuate malice or enuy, that they otherwise did beare vnto him." STEEVENS.

² ————*the elements*

*So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, This was a man.]*

So, in the *Barons' Wars*, by Drayton, Canto III:

“ He

So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

Ota. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—

So, call the field to rest: and let's away,

To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

“ He was a man (then boldly dare to say)

“ In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit;

“ *In whom so mix'd the elements all lay,*

“ That none to one could sov'reignty impute;

“ As all did govern, so did all obey:

“ He of a temper was so absolute,

“ As that it seem'd, when nature him began,

“ She meant to shew *all that might be in man.*”

This poem was published in the year 1598. The play of our author did not appear before 1623. STEEVENS.

Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconcilment of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakspeare's plays; his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius. JOHNSON.

The following letter, referred to in p. 32, being of too great length to be inserted as a note, I have placed it at the end of this play. EDITOR.

The note on Dr. Akinfide's *Ode to Mr. Edwards*, is as follows:

“ During Mr. Pope's war with Theobald, Concanen, and the rest of their tribe, Mr. Warburton, the present lord bishop of Gloucester, did with great zeal cultivate their friendship; having been introduced, forsooth, at the meeting of that respectable confederacy: a favour which he afterwards spoke of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulness. At the same time, in his intercourse with them he treated Mr. Pope in a most contemptuous manner, and as a writer without genius. Of the truth of these assertions his lordship can have no doubt, if he recollects his own correspondence with Concanen; a part of which is still in being, and will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings.”

If

If the letter here alluded to, contained any thing that might affect the moral character of the writer, tenderness for the dead would forbid its publication. But that not being the case, and the learned prelate being now beyond the reach of criticism, there is no reason why this literary curiosity should be longer withheld from the publick :

“ Duncan is in his grave ;
 “ After life’s fitful fever he sleeps well ;
 “ Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,
 “ Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing
 “ Can touch him further.”

Letter from Mr. W. Warburton to Mr. M. Concanen.

“ Dear Sir,

“ having had no more regard for those papers which I spoke of and promis’d to Mr. Theobald, than just what they deserv’d I in vain sought for them thro’ a number of loose papers that had the same kind of abortive birth. I used to make it one good part of my amusement in reading the English poets, those of them I mean whose vein flows regularly and constantly, as well as clearly, to trace them to their sources ; and observe what ear, as well as what slime and gravel they brought down with them. Dryden I observe borrows for want of leisure, and Pope for want of genius : Milton out of pride, and Addison out of modesty. And now I speak of this latter, that you and Mr. Theobald may see of what kind those Idle collections are, and likewise to give you my notion of what we may safely pronounce an imitation, for it is not I presume the same train of ideas that follow in the same description of an Ancient and a modern, where nature when attended to, always supplies the same stores, which will authorize us to pronounce the latter an imitation, for the most judicious of all poets, Terence, has observed of his own science, *Nil est dictum, quod non sit dictum prius* : For these reasons I say I give mysele the pleasure of setting down some imitations I observed in the Cato of Addison.

Addison. A day, an hour of virtuous liberty
 Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Act 1. Sc. 1.

Tully. Quod si immortalitas consequeretur præsentis periculi fugam, tamen eo magis ea fugienda esse videretur, quo diuturnior esset servitus.

Philipp. Or. 10^a.

Addison. Bid him disband his legions
 Restore the commonwealth to liberty
 Submit his actions to the public censure,
 And stand the judgement of a Roman senate,
 Bid him do this and Cato is his friend.

Tully.

Tully. Pacem vult? arma deponat, roget, deprecetur.
Neminem equiorem reperiet quam me.

Philipp. 5^a.

Addison. ————— But what is life?
'Tis not to stalk about and draw fresh air
From time to time—————
'Tis to be free. When Liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid and has lost its relish.

Tully. Non enim in spiritu vita est: sed ea nulla est om-
nino servienti. *Philipp.* 10^a.

Sc. 3.

Addison. Remember O my friends the laws the rights
The gen'rous plan of power deliver'd down
From age to age by your renowned forefathers.
O never let it perish in your hands.

Tully. ————— Hanc [libertatem scilt] retinete, quæso,
Quirites, quam vobis, tanquam heredita-
tem, majores nostri reliquerunt.

Act 3. *Sc.* 5.

Addison. The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of Heros, the Delight of Gods.

Philipp. 4^a.

Tully. Roma domus virtutis, imperii dignitatis, domi-
cilium gloriæ, lux orbis terrarum.

de oratore.

“ The first half of the 5 Sc. 3 Act is nothing but a transcript from the 9 book of lucan between the 300 and the 700 line. You see by this specimen the exactness of Mr. Addison's judgement who wanting sentiments worthy the Roman Cato sought for them in Tully and Lucan. When he wou'd give his subject those terrible graces which Dion. Hallicar: complains he could find no where but in Homer, he takes the assistance of our Shakespear, who in his *Julius Cæsar* has painted the conspirators with a pomp and terrour that perfectly astonishes. hear our British Homer.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the Int'rim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream,
The Genius and the mortal *Instruments*
Are then in *council*, and the state of Man
like to a little Kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Mr. Addison has thus imitated it :

O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods
O 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Filled up with horror all, and big with death.

I have

I have two things to observe on this imitation. 1. the decorum this exact Mr. of propriety has observed. In the Conspiracy of Shakespear's description, the fortunes of Cæsar and the roman Empire were concerned. And the magnificent circumstances of

“ The genius and the mortal instruments

“ Are then in council.

is exactly proportioned to the dignity of the subject. But this wou'd have been too great an apparatus to the desertion of Syphax and the rape of Sempronius, and therefore Mr. Addison omits it. II. The other thing more worth our notice is, that Mr. A. was so greatly moved and affected with the pomp of Sh:s description, *that instead of copying his author's sentiments, he has before he was aware given us only the marks of his own impressions on the reading him.* For,

“ O 'tis a dreadful interval of time

“ Filled up with horror all, and big with death.

are but the affections raised by such lively images as these

“ ———all the Int'rim is

“ Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.

&

“ The state of man—like to a little kingdom suffers then

“ The nature of an insurrection.

Again when Mr. Addison wou'd paint the softer passions he has recourse to Lee who certainly had a peculiar genius that way. thus his Juba

“ True she is fair. O how divinely fair!

coldly imitates Lee in Alex:

“ Then he wou'd talk: Good Gods how he wou'd talk?

I pronounce the more boldly of this, because Mr. A. in his 39 Spec. expresses his admiration of it. My paper fails me, or I should now offer to Mr. Theobald an objection ag^t. Shakespear's acquaintance with the ancients. As it appears to me of great weight, and as it is necessary he shou'd be prepared to obviate all that occur on that head. But some other opportunity will present itself. You may now, S^r, justly complain of my ill manners in deferring till now, what shou'd have been first of all acknowledged due to you. which is my thanks for all your favours when in town, particularly for introducing me to the knowledge of those worthy and ingenious Gentlemen that made up our last night's conversation. I am, Sir, with all esteem your most obliged friend and humble servant.

W. Warburton

Newarke Jan. 2. 1726.

[The superscription is thus]

For

Mr. M. Concanen at
Mr. Woodwards at the
half moon in fleetstreet.
London.

The foregoing Letter was found about the year 1750, by Dr. Gawin Knight, first librarian to the British Museum, in fitting up a house which he had taken in Crane-court Fleet-street. The house had, for a long time before, been let in lodgings, and in all probability, Concanen had lodged there. The original letter has been many years in my possession, and is here most exactly copied, with its several little peculiarities in grammar, spelling, and punctuation. April 30. 1766. M. A.

The above is copied from an indorsement of Dr. Mark Akin-
side, as is the preceding letter from a copy given by him to
~~_____~~ Esq.—I have carefully retained all the peculi-
arities above mentioned. MALONE.

A N T O N Y

A N T O N Y

A N D

C L E O P A T R A .

Vol. VIII.

K

Persons Represented.

M. Antony,
 Octavius Cæsar, } *Triumvirs.*
 Æmilius Lepidus, }
 Sextus Pompeius.

Domitius Enobarbus, }
 Ventidius, } *Friends of Antony.*
 Canidius, }
 Eros, }
 Scarus, }
 Dercetas, }
 Demetrius, }
 Philo, }

Mecænas, }
 Agrippa, } *Friends of Cæsar.*
 Dolabella, }
 Proculeius, }
 Thyreus, }
 Gallus, }

Menas, }
 Menecrates, } *Friends of Pompey.*
 Varius, }

Silius, *an Officer in Ventidius's army.*
 Taurus, *Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.*

Alexas, }
 Mardian, } *Servants to Cleopatra.*
 Seleucus, }
 Diomedes, }

A Soothsayer: A Clown.

Cleopatra, *Queen of Ægypt.*

Octavia, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*

Charmian, } *Attendants on Cleopatra.*
 Iras, }

*Ambassadors from Antony to Cæsar, Captains, Soldiers,
 Messengers, and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE is dispersed in several parts of the Roman
 Empire.*

A N T O N Y

A N D

C L E O P A T R A.

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

Cleopatra's Palace at Alexandria.

Enter Demetrius, and Philo.

Phil. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, ² reneges all temper;
And

¹ Among the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company, October 19, 1593, I find "A Booke entituled the Tragedie of *Cleopatra*." It is entered by Symon Waterston, for whom some of Daniel's works were printed; and therefore it is probably by that author, of whose *Cleopatra* there are several editions.

In the same volumes, May 2, 1608, Edward Blount entered "A Booke called *Anthony and Cleopatra*." This is the first notice I have met with concerning any edition of this play more ancient than the folio, 1623. STEEVENS.

² —reneges—] Renounces. POPP.

K 2

Co,

³ And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a ⁴ gypfy's lust.—Look, where they come!

*Flourish. Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with their trains;
Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
⁵ The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

So, in *K. Lear*: “*Renega, affirm, &c.*” This word is likewise used by Stanyhurst in his version of the second book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

“To live now longer, Troy burnt, he *reneageth.*”

STEEVENS.

³ *And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gypfy's lust.—*]

In this passage something seems to be wanting. The *bellows* and *fan* being commonly used for contrary purposes, were probably opposed by the author, who might perhaps have written:

—*is become the bellows, and the fan,*

To kindle and to cool a gypfy's lust. JOHNSON.

In Lylly's *Midas*, 1592, the *bellows* is used both to *cool* and to *kindle*: “Methinks Venus and Nature stand with *each of them a pair of bellows*, one *cooling* my low birth, the other *kindling* my lofty affections.” STEEVENS.

I do not see any necessity for supposing a word lost. The *bellows*, as well as the *fan*, *cools* the air by ventilation; and Shakspeare probably considered it in that light only. We meet a similar phraseology in his *Venus and Adonis*, 1594:

“Then with her *windy sighs* and golden hair

“To *fan* and *blow* them dry again, she seeks.”

MALONE.

⁴ —*gypfy's lust.—*] *Gypfy* is here used both in the original meaning for an *Ægyptian*, and in its accidental sense for a *bad woman*. JOHNSON.

⁵ *The triple pillar—*] *Triple* is here used improperly for *third*, or *one of three*. One of the *triumvirs*, one of the three masters of the world. WARBURTON.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd ⁶.

Cleo. I'll set a ⁷ bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. ⁸ Then must thou needs find out new heaven,
New earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me:—The sum ⁹.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia, perchance is angry; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this;*
¹ *Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;*
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I would say?—
Both?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Ægypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messen-
gers.

⁶ *There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.]*
So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ They are but *beggars* that can count their worth.”

“ *Basia pauca cupit, qui numerare potest.*”

Mart. l. vi. ep. 36. STEEVENS.

⁷ —*bourn*—] Bound or limit. POPE.

⁸ *Then must thou needs find out new heaven, &c.]* Thou must set the boundary of my love at a greater distance than the present visible universe affords. JOHNSON.

⁹ —*The sum.*] Be brief, *sum* thy business in a few words.

JOHNSON.

¹ *Take in, &c.]* i. e. subdue, conquer. See Vol. IV. p. 415.
Vol. VII. p. 355. EDITOR.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! ² and the wide arch

Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair, [*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do't; in which, I bind
On pain of punishment, the world ³ to weet,
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood?

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not; ⁴ Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—

Now, for the love of love, ⁵ and his soft hours

² ———and the wide arch

Of the rang'd empire fall!—]

*Taken from the Roman custom of raising triumphal arches to perpetuate their victories. Extremely noble. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether Shakspeare had any idea but of a fabric standing on pillars. The later editions have all printed the *raised* empire, for the *ranged* empire, as it was first given. JOHNSON.

'The *rang'd* empire is certainly right. Shakspeare uses the same expression in *Coriolanus*:

“ ———bury all which yet distinctly *ranges*,
“ In heaps and piles of ruin.”

Again, in *Much ado about Nothing*, act II. sc. ii: “Whatsoever comes athwart his affection, *ranges* evenly with mine.”

STEEVENS.

³ ———to weet,] To know. POPE.

⁴ ———Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—]

But, in this passage, seems to have the old Saxon signification of *without, unless, except*. *Antony*, says the queen, *will recollect his thoughts*. *Unless kept*, he replies, *in commotion by Cleopatra*.

JOHNSON.

⁵ ———and his soft hours] The old copy has *her*. Mr. Rowe made this correction, which is not necessary. By *her* I suppose Shakspeare meant the *Queen* of love,

So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“ Let *Love*, being light, be drowned, if *she* sink.”

MALONE.

Let's

⁶ Let's not confound the time with conference harsh :
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now : What sport to-night ?

Cleo. Hear the embassadors.

Ant. Fye, wrangling queen !

⁷ Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep ; ⁸ whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd !
No messenger, but thine ;—And all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people ⁹. Come, my queen ;
Last night you did desire it :—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Cleop. with their train.*]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight ?

Phil. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry,
That he approves the common liar ¹, who

⁶ *Let's not confound the time—*] i. e. Let us not consume the time. See Vol. VII. p. 367. MALONE.

⁷ *Whom every thing becomes ;—to chide, to laugh,*

To weep ;] So, in our author's 150th Sonnet :

“ Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,

“ That in the very refuse of thy deeds

“ There is such strength and warrantise of skill,

“ That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds ?”

MALONE.

⁸ *—whose—*] The folio reads *who*. The alteration by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁹ *To-night we'll wander through the streets, &c.*] So, in Sir Thomas North's *Translation of the Life of Antonius* : “ —Some-time also when he would goe up and downe the citie disguised like a slave in the night, and would peere into poore mens' windowes and their shops, and scold and brawl with them within the house ; Cleopatra would be also in a chamber maides array, and amble up and down the streets with him, &c.” STEEVENS.

¹ *That he approves the common liar,—*] Fame. That he *proves* the common liar, fame, in his case to be a true reporter.

MALONE.

Thus speaks of him at Rome : But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Another part of the Palace.

Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer².

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing
Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the
soothsayer that you prais'd so to the queen? O!
that I knew this husband, which, you say, must
³ change his horns with garlands.

Alex.

² *Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.*] The old copy reads: "Enter Enobarbus, *Lamprius*, a Soothsayer, *Rannius*, *Lucillius*, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas."

Plutarch mentions his grandfather *Lamprias*, as his author for some of the stories he relates of the profuseness and luxury of Antony's entertainments at Alexandria. Shakspeare appears to have been very anxious in this play to introduce every incident and every personage he met with in his historian. In the multitude of his characters, however, *Lamprias* is entirely overlook'd, together with the others whose names we find in this stage-direction.

STEEVENS.

³ ———change *his horns with garlands.*] This is corrupt; the true reading evidently is: ———*must charge his horns with garlands*, i. e. make him a rich and honourable cuckold, having his horns hung about with garlands. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, not improbably, *change* for *horns* his *garlands*. I am in doubt, whether to *change* is not merely to *dress*; or to *dress with changes of garlands*. JOHNSON.

So, Taylor the water-poet, describing the habit of a coachman: "———with a cloak of some py'd colour, with two or three *change* of laces about." *Change* of clothes in the time of Shakspeare signified *variety* of them. *Coriolanus* says that he has received "*change of honours*" from the Patricians. Act II. sc. i.

STEEVENS.

It

Alex. Soothfayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, fir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good fir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than lov'd.

Char. ⁴ I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex.

It should, however, be remembered, that “to *charge with*” was the language of Shakspeare's time, as it is also of the present day; and that “to *change with*,” when applied to two things, one of which is to be put in the place of the other, is the language neither of our author or any other writer. We do not say, “I'll *change* my coach *with* a chariot, but *for* a chariot.” It should likewise be observed, that *change* is frequently printed in the first folio for *charge*, and *vice versa*, owing to both words being abbreviated in old English MSS. in the same manner,—*chāge*. MALONE.

⁴ *I had rather heat my liver*—] To know why the lady is so averse from *heating* her *liver*, it must be remembered, that a heated liver is supposed to make a pimpled face. JOHNSON.

The following passage in an ancient satirical poem, entitled *Notes from Blackfryars*, 1617, confirms Dr. Johnson's observation:

“He'll

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all! let me have a child at fifty, ⁵ to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage! find me to marry with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress!

Sooth. You shall out-live the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs ⁶.

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. ⁷ Then, belike, my children shall have no names;

“ He'll not approach a taverne, no nor drink ye,

“ To save his life, hot water; wherefore think ye?

“ For heating's *liver*; which some may suppose

“ Scalding hot, by the *bubbles on his nose*.” MALONE.

⁵ —to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage!—] Herod paid homage to the Romans, to procure the grant of the kingdom of Judea; but I believe there is an allusion here to the theatrical character of this monarch, and to a proverbial expression founded on it. *Herod* was always one of the personages in the mysteries of our early stage, on which he was constantly represented as a fierce, haughty, blustering tyrant, so that *Herod of Jewry* became a common proverb, expressive of turbulence and rage. Thus, Hamlet says of a ranting player, that he “*out-herods Herod*.” And in this tragedy Alexas tells Cleopatra that “not even *Herod of Jewry* dare look upon her when she is angry;” i. e. not even a man as fierce as *Herod*. According to this explanation, the sense of the present passage will be—Charmian wishes for a son who may arrive to such power and dominion that the proudest and fiercest monarchs of the earth may be brought under his yoke.

STEEVENS.

⁶ —*I love long life better than figs*.] This is a proverbial expression. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Then, belike, my children shall have no names*:—] A *fairer fortune*, I believe, means—a more reputable one. Her answer then implies, that belike all her children will be bastards, who have no right to the name of their father's family. Thus says Launce in the third act of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: “That's

names: Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. ⁸ If every of your wishes had a womb,
And foretel every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy
to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to night,
shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presageth chastity, if nothing
else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth
famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prog-

as much as to say *bastard* virtues, that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore *have no names.*" STEEVENS.

A line in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* confirms Mr. Steevens's interpretation:

"Thy issue blurr'd with *nameless* bastardy."

MALONE.

⁸ *If every of your wishes had a womb,
And foretold every wish a million.]*

This nonsense should be reformed thus:

*If ev'ry of your wishes had a womb,
And fertil ev'ry wish,———]* WARBURTON.

For *foretel*, in ancient editions, the later copies have *foretold*. *Foretel* favours the emendation, which is made with great acuteness; yet the original reading may, I think, stand. *If you had as many wombs as you will have wishes, and I should foretel all those wishes, I should foretel a million of children.* It is an ellipsis very frequent in conversation; *I should shame you, and tell all;* that is, *and if I should tell all.* *And is for and if*, which was anciently, and is still provincially used for *if*. JOHNSON.

In the instance given by Dr. Johnson—"I should shame you and tell all," *I* occurs in the former part of the sentence, and therefore may be well omitted afterwards; but here no personal pronoun has been introduced. Dr. Warburton's emendation, therefore, which is so near the old copy, deserves, in my opinion, to be received. MALONE.

noſtication, I cannot ſcratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have ſaid.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than ſhe?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you chooſe it?

Iras. Not in my huſband's noſe.

Char. Our worſer thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, ſweet Iſis, I beſeech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worſe! and let worſe follow worſe, 'till the worſt of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Iſis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Iſis, I beſeech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddeſs, hear that prayer of

Char. Our worſer thoughts heav'ns mend.

Alex. Come, his fortune, his fortune. O, let him marry a woman, &c.] Whoſe fortune does Alexas call out to have told? But, in ſhort, this I dare pronounce to be ſo palpable and ſignal a tranſpoſition, that I cannot but wonder it ſhould have ſlipt the obſervation of all the editors; eſpecially of the ſagacious Mr. Pope, who has made this declaration, *That if, throughout the plays, had all the ſpeeches been printed without the very names of the perſons, he believes one might have applicd them with certainty to every ſpeaker.* But in how many inſtances has Mr. Pope's want of judgment falſified this opinion? The fact is evidently this; Alexas brings a fortune-teller to Iras and Charmian, and ſays himſelf, *We'll know all our fortunes.* Well; the ſoothſayer begins with the women; and ſome jokes paſs upon the ſubject of huſbands and chaſtity: after which, the women hoping for the ſatiſfaction of having ſomething to laugh at in Alexas's fortune, call him to hold out his hand, and wiſh heartily that he may have the prognſtication of cuckoldom upon him. The whole ſpeech, therefore, muſt be placed to Charmian. There needs no ſtronger proof of this being a true correction, than the obſervation which Alexas immediately ſubjoins on their wiſhes and zeal to hear him abuſed.

THEOBALD.

the

the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter Antony, with a Messenger, and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt.*

Mes. Fulvia thy wife came first into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mes. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst
Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mes. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.—On :
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus ;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him, as he flatter'd.

Mes. Labienus (this is stiff news).
Hath, with his Parthian force, 'extended Asia,
From Euphrates his conquering banner shook,
From Syria, to Lydia, and to Ionia ;
Whilst——

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,——

Mes. O my lord !

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
tongue ;

Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome :
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase ; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice

" ——extended Asia,] i. e. widened or extended the bounds
of the Lesser Asia. WARBURTON.

To *extend*, is a term used for to *seize* ; I know not whether
that be not the sense here. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnson's explanation right. So, in *Selimus Em-
peror of the Turks*, by T. Goff, 1638 :

" Ay, though on all the world we *make extent*.

" From the south pole unto the northern bear."

Again, in *Twelfth Night* :

" ——this uncivil and unjust *extent*

" Against thy peace."

Again, in Massinger's *New Way to pay old Debts*, the Extor-
tioner says :

" This manor is *extended* to my use."

Mr. Tollet has likewise no doubt but that Dr. Johnson's expla-
nation is just ; " for (says he) Plutarch informs us that Labienus
was by the Parthian king made general of his troops, and had
over-run Asia from Euphrates and Syria to Lydia and Ionia."

To *extend* is a law term used for to *seize* lands and tenements.
In support of his assertion he adds the following instance : " Those
wasteful companions had neither lands to *extend* nor goods to be
seized. *Sawile's Translation of Tacitus, dedicated to Q. Elizabeth* :"
and then observes, that " Shakspeare knew the legal significa-
tion of the term, as appears from a passage in *As you like it* :

" And let my officers of such a nature

" Make an *extent* upon his house and lands."

See Vol. III. p. 333. STEEVENS.

Have

Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth
weeds,

² When our quick winds lie still; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

Mef. At your noble pleasure. [Exit.

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

¹ *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an
one?

² *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.—

These strong Ægyptian fetters I must break,

Enter a second Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

² *When our quick winds lie still;—*] The sense is, that man, not agitated by censure, like soil not ventilated by quick winds, produces more evil than good. JOHNSON.

The *Tragedy of Cræsus*, 1604, seems to contain a similar allusion.

“Whose knowledge clouded is with *prosperous winds*.”

Some one, I forget who, has proposed to read—*minds*. It is at least a conjecture that deserves to be mentioned. STEEVENS.

I suspect that *quick winds* is, or is a corruption of, some provincial word signifying either *arable lands*, or the *instruments of husbandry* used in tilling them. *Earing* signifies *plowing* both here and in page 159. So, in *Genesis*, c. 45. “Yet there are five years, in the which there shall neither be *earing* nor harvest.”

BLACKSTONE.

This conjecture is well founded. The ridges left in lands turned up by the plough, that they may sweeten during their fallow state, are still called *wind-rows*. *Quick winds*, I suppose to be the same as *teeming fallows*; for such *fallows* are always fruitful in weeds.

Wind-rows likewise signify heaps of manure, consisting of dung or lime mixed up with virgin earth, and distributed in long rows under hedges. If these *wind-rows* are suffered to lie still, in two senses, the farmer must fare the worse for his want of activity. First, if this compost be not frequently turned over, it will bring forth weeds spontaneously; secondly, if it be suffered to continue where it is made, the fields receive no benefit from it, being fit only in their turn to produce a crop of useless and noxious herbage. STEEVENS.

² *Mef.*

2 *Mef. Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 *Mef.* In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a Letter.*

Ant. Forbear me:— [*Exit Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; ³ the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
⁴ The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on!
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

³ ————*the present pleasure,*
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself;—]

The allusion is to the sun's diurnal course; which rising in the east, and by *revolution lowering*, or setting in the west, becomes *the opposite of itself*. WARBURTON.

This is an obscure passage. The explanation which Dr. Warburton has offer'd is such, that I can add nothing to it; yet perhaps Shakspeare, who was less learned than his commentator, meant only, that our pleasures, as they are *revolved* in the mind, turn to pain. JOHNSON.

I rather understand the passage thus: *What we often cast from us in contempt we wish again for, and what is at present our greatest pleasure, lowers in our estimation by the revolution of time; or by a frequent return of possession becomes undesirable and disagreeable.*

TOLLET.

I believe *revolution* means change of circumstances. This sense appears to remove every difficulty from the passage.—*The pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain.* STEEVENS.

⁴ *The hand could pluck her back, &c.]* The verb *could* has a peculiar signification in this place; it does not denote *power* but *inclination*. The sense is, *the hand that drove her off would now willingly pluck her back again.* REVISAL.

Could, would and should, are a thousand times indiscriminately used in the old plays, and yet appear to have been so employed rather by choice than by chance. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, fir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far⁵ poorer moment: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, fir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: ⁶ We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, fir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

⁵ —poorer moment:—] For less reason; upon meaner motives.
JOHNSON.

⁶ We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears;] I believe Shakspeare wrote:

“ We cannot call her sighs and tears, winds and waters.
MALONE.

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, ⁷ it shews to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow ⁸.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broach'd here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose: I shall break ⁹ The cause of our expedience to the queen, And get her love to part. For not alone

⁷ —*it shews to man the tailors of the earth, comforting therein, &c.*] I have printed this after the original, which, though harsh and obscure, I know not how to amend. Sir Tho. Hanmer reads, *They shew to man the tailors of the earth comforting him therein.* I think the passage, with somewhat less alteration, for alteration is always dangerous, may stand thus; *It shews to men the tailors of the earth, comforting them, &c.* JOHNSON.

The meaning is this. *As the gods have been pleased to take away your wife Fulvia, so they have provided you with a new one in Cleopatra; in like manner as the tailors of the earth, when your old garments are worn out, accommodate you with new ones.*

ANONYMOUS.

⁸ —*the tears live in an onion, &c.*] So, in *The noble Soldier*, 1634: “So much water as you might squeeze out of an onion had been tears enough, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *The cause of our expedience*——] *Expedience* for expedition, WARBURTON.

See Vol. III. p. 333. EDITOR.

The

The death of Fulvia, with ¹ more urgent touches,
 Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
 Of many our contriving friends in Rome
² Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
 Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
 The empire of the sea: our slippery people
 (Whose love is never link'd to the deserfer,
 'Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
 Pompey the great, and all his dignities
 Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the main foldier; whose quality, going on,
 The sides o' the world may danger: Much is breed-
 ing,
 Which, like the ³ courser's hair, hath yet but life,
 And not a serpent's poison. ⁴ Say, our pleasure,
 To

¹ ————*more urgent touches,*] Things that touch me more sensibly, more pressing motives. JOHNSON.

² *Petition us at home:—*] Wish us at home; call for us to reside at home. JOHNSON.

³ ————*the courser's hair, &c.*] Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horse dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal. POPE.

So, in Holinshed's *Description of England*, p. 224: "———A horse-haire laid in a pale full of the like water will in a short time stirre and become a living creature. But sith the certaintie of these things is rather proved by few, &c." STEEVENS.

Dr. Lister, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, showed that what were vulgarly thought animated horse-hairs, are real insects. It was also affirmed, that they moved like serpents, and were poisonous to swallow. TOLLET.

⁴ ————*Say, our pleasure
 To such whose places under us require
 Our quick remove from hence.*]

Such is this passage in the first copy. The late editors have all altered it, or received it altered in silence thus:

———*Say, our pleasure
 To such whose place is under us, requires
 Our quick remove from hence.*

This is hardly sense. I believe we should read:

Their quick remove from hence.

To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he
does:—

⁵ I did not send you;—If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return. [*Exit Alex.*]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him
dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in
nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose
him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes Antony.

Tell our design of going away to those, who being by their places
obliged to attend us, must remove in haste. JOHNSON. †

Surely the old reading with the slight amendment made by some
former editor—*whose place is*—affords perfect sense.—“Say to
such whose place is under us, i. e. to our attendants, that our
pleasure requires our quick remove from hence.” MALONE.

⁵ *I did not send you;—*] You must go as if you came without
my order or knowledge. JOHNSON.

Cleo.

Cleo. I am sick, and fullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the fides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,——

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter'?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good
news.

What says the marry'd woman?—You may go;
'Would, she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,——

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,——

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and
true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,——

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your
going,

But bid farewell, and go: when you sh'ld staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then;—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliss in our brows' bent⁶; none our parts so poor,
But was⁷ a race of heaven: They are so still,

Or

⁵ ——*in our brows' bent*; ——] i. e. in the arch of our eye-
brows. STEEVENS.

⁶ ——*a race of heaven*: ——] i. e. had a smack or flavour of
heaven. WARBURTON.

Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou should'st know,
There were a heart in Ægypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
^s Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords; Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to
strength,

Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honours, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: ⁹ My more particular,
And

This word is well explained by Dr. Warburton; the *race* of wine is the taste of the soil. Sir T. Hanmer, not understanding the word, reads, *ray*. See Vol. I. p. 34. JOHNSON.

^s *Remains in use*.——] The poet seems to allude to the legal distinction between the *use* and *absolute possession*. JOHNSON.

⁹ ————*My more particular,
And that which most with you should save my going,
Is Fulvia's death.*]

Thus all the more modern editions; the first and second folios read *safe*: All corruptedly. Antony is giving several reasons to Cleopatra, which make his departure from Ægypt necessary; most of them, reasons of state; but the death of Fulvia, his wife, was a particular and private call. Cleopatra is jealous of Antony, and suspicious that he is seeking colours for his going. Antony replies to her doubts, with the reasons that obliged him to be absent for a time; and tells her, that as his wife Fulvia is dead, and so she has no rival to be jealous of, that circumstance should be his best plea and excuse, and have the greatest weight with her for his going. Who does not see now, that it ought to be read:

—————*Should save my going.* THEOBALD.

Mr.

And that which most with you should save my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me
freedom,

It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die¹?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd²; at the last, best:
See, when, and where she died.

*Cleo.*³ O most false love!

Mr. Upton reads, I think rightly:

—————*save my going.* JOHNSON.

¹ —————*Can Fulvia die?*] That Fulvia was mortal, Cleopatra could have no reason to doubt; the meaning therefore of her question seems to be:—*Will there ever be an end of your excuses? As often as you want to leave me, will not some Fulvia, some new pretext be found for your departure?* She has already said that though age could not exempt her from follies, at least it frees her from a childish belief in all he says. STEEVENS.

The author of THE REMARKS inclines to think, that Cleopatra means no more than—Is it possible that Fulvia should die? I will not believe it. EDITOR.

² *The garboils she awak'd*;—] i. e. the commotion she occasioned. The word is used by Heywood in the *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638:

“ —————thou Tarquin, dost alone survive,
“ The head of all those garboiles.”

Again, by Stanyhurst in his translation of the four first books of *Virgil's Æneid*, 1582:

“ Now manhood and *garboils* I chaunt and martial horror.”

Again, in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607: “ Days of mourning by continuall *garboiles* were, however, numbered and encreas'd.” The word is derived from the old French *garboail*, which Cotgrave explains by *burlyburly, great fir.*” STEEVENS.

³ *O most false love!*

*Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water?*—]

Alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend. JOHNSON.

So, in the first act of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, written by Fletcher in conjunction with Shakspeare:

“ Balms and gums, and heavy cheers,
“ *Sacred vials fill'd with tears.*” STEEVENS.

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: By the fire,
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well:
So Antony loves⁴.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong⁵ to Egypt: Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling: and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman⁶ does become

⁴ *So Antony loves.*] i. e. uncertain as the state of my health is the love of Antony. STEEVENS.

I believe Mr. Steevens is right; yet before I read his note, I thought the meaning to be,—“My fears quickly render me ill; and I am as quickly well again, when I am convinced that Antony has an affection for me.” *So, for so that.* If this be the true sense of the passage, it ought to be regulated thus:

I am quickly ill—and well again,

So Antony loves. MALONE.

⁵ —*to Egypt*:—] To me, the queen of Egypt. JOHNSON.

⁶ —*Herculean Roman*—] Antony traced his descent from *Antion* a son of *Hercules*. STEEVENS.

The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:

Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;

That you know well: Something it is I would,—

⁷ O, my oblivion is a very Antony,

And I am all forgotten.

⁷ O, my oblivion is a very Antony,

And I am all forgotten.]

The plain meaning is, *My forgetfulness makes me forget myself.* But she expresses it by calling *forgetfulness Antony*; because *forgetfulness* had forgot her, as *Antony* had done. For want of apprehending this quaintness of expression, the Oxford editor is forced to tell us news, *That all forgotten is an old way of speaking, for apt to forget every thing.* WARBURTON.

I cannot understand the learned critic's explanation. It appears to me, that she should rather have said:

O my remembrance is a very Antony,

And I am all forgotten.

It was her memory, not her oblivion, that, like Antony, was forgetting and deserting her. I think a slight change will restore the passage. The queen, having something to say, which she is not able, or would not seem able to recollect, cries out:

O my oblivion!—'Tis a very Antony.

The thought of which I was in quest is a very Antony, is treacherous and fugitive, and has irrevocably left me:

And I am all forgotten.

If this reading stand, I think the explanation of Hanmer must be received. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is certainly just, but I cannot perceive any need of change. Cleopatra has something to say, which seems to be suppressed by sorrow, and after many attempts to produce her meaning, she cries out: *O, this oblivious memory of mine is as false and treacherous to me as Antony is, and I forget every thing.* Oblivion, I believe, is boldly used for a memory apt to be deceitful.

If too great a latitude be taken in this explanation, we might with little violence read, as Mr. Edwards has proposed in his MS. notes:

Oh me! oblivion is a very Antony, &c. STEEVENS.

Perhaps nothing more is necessary here than a change of punctuation; *O my!* being still an exclamation frequently used in the west of England. HENLEY.

Ant. ⁸ But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming's kill me⁹, when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurell'd victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

⁸ *But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.]*

i. e. *But that your charms hold me, who am the greatest fool on earth, in chains, I should have adjudged you to be the greatest. That this is the sense is shewn by her answer:*

*'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart,
As Cleopatra, this.———* WARBURTON.

The sense may be:—*But that your queenship chuses idleness for the subject of your conversation, I should take you for idleness itself. So Webster (who was often a very close imitator of Shakspeare) in his Vittoria Corombona, 1612:*

*“———how idle am I
“ To question my own idleness!”*

Or an antithesis may be designed between *royalty* and *subject*.—*But that I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, exalting you far above its influence, I should suppose you to be the very genius of idleness itself.* STEEVENS.

⁹ *Since my becoming's kill me,———]* There is somewhat of obscurity in this expression. In the first scene of the play Antony had called her:

*“———wrangling queen,
“ Whom every thing becomes.”*

It is to this, perhaps, that she alludes. STEEVENS.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

*Cæsar's palace in Rome.**Enter Octavius Cæsar, Lepidus, and Attendants.*

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate

¹ One great competitor: From Alexandria
This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You shall find
there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodnefs:
His faults, in him, seem ² as the spots of heaven,
More

¹ One great competitor:—] Perhaps, Our great competitor. JOHNSON.

² ———as the spots of heav'n,
More fiery by night's blackness;]
If by spots are meant stars, as night has no other fiery spots, the comparison is forced and harsh, stars having been always supposed to beautify the night; nor do I comprehend what there is in the counterpart of this simile, which answers to night's blackness. Hanmer reads:

————spots on ermine,
Or fires, by night's blackness. JOHNSON.

The meaning seems to be—As the stars or spots of heaven are not obscured, but rather rendered more bright by the blackness of the night, so neither is the goodness of Antony eclipsed by his evil qualities, but, on the contrary, his faults seem enlarged and aggravated by his virtues.

That which answers to the blackness of the night, in the counterpart of the simile, is Antony's goodness. His goodness is a ground

More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than ³ purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not
Amis to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tipling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat; ⁴ say, this becomes
him,

(As

ground which gives a relief to his faults, and makes them stand out more prominent and conspicuous.

It is objected, that stars rather beautify than deform the night. But the poet considers them here only with respect to their *prominence and splendour*. It is sufficient for him that their scintillations appear stronger in consequence of darkness, as jewels are more resplendent on a black ground than on any other.—That the *prominence and splendour* of the stars were alone in Shakspeare's contemplation, appears from a passage in *Hamlet*, where a similar thought is less equivocally express'd:

“Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
“Stick fiery off indeed.”

A kindred thought occurs in *K. Henry V*:

“Though the truth of it stands off as gross
“As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.”

Again, in *K. Henry IV*. P. I.

“And like bright metal on a fullen ground,
“My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
“Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes
“Than that which hath no foil to set it off.” MALONE.

³ ———purchas'd——] Procur'd by his own fault or endeavour. JOHNSON.

⁴ ———say, this becomes him;
As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish;——]

This seems inconsequent. I read:

And his composure, &c.

Grant that this becomes him, and if it can become him, he must have in him something very uncommon, yet, &c. JOHNSON.

Though the construction of this passage, as Dr. Johnson observes, appears harsh, there is, I believe, no corruption. In *As You Like It*, we meet with the same kind of phraseology:

“———what though you have beauty,

“ (As

(As his compofure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must Antony
5 No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
6 So great weight in his lightness: If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
7 Call on him for't: but, to confound such time,—
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate 8 boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

“ (As by my faith I see no more in you
“ Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
“ Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?”

MALONE:

5 *No way excuse his foils,*] The meaning is clear; but is there any instance of this word being used in the sense here required, by Shakspeare or any other writer?—The old copy has *foyles*. Our author I believe wrote, *foils*, formerly spelt *foyles*.

So, in *Hamlet*:

“ ———and no *soil* nor cautel doth besmirch
“ The virtue of his will.”

Again, in *Love's Labour Lost*:

“ The only *soil* of his fair virtue's glofs.”

Again, in *Measure for Measure*, edit. 1623:

“ Who is as free from touch or *soyle* with her,
“ As she from one ungot.” MALONE.

6 *So great weight in his lightness:—*] The word *light* is one of Shakspeare's favourite play-things. The sense is, His trifling levity throws so much burden upon us. JOHNSON.

7 *Call on him for't:—*] *Call on him*, is, *visit him*. Says Cæsar, *If Antony followed his debaucheries at a time of leisure, I should leave him to be punished by their natural consequences, by surfeits and dry bones.* JOHNSON.

8 *—boys; who, being mature in knowledge,*] For this Hammer, who thought the *maturity* of a *boy* an inconsistent idea, has put:

—————*who, immature in knowledge:*

but the words *experience* and *judgment* require that we read *mature*: though Dr. Warburton has received the emendation. By *boys mature in knowledge*, are meant, *boys old enough to know their duty.* JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news

Mes. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;

And

¹ *That only have fear'd Cæsar:—*] Those whom not *love* but *fear* made adherents to Cæsar, now shew their affection for Pompey. JOHNSON.

² *The discontents repair——*] That is, the *malecontents*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

“——that may please the eye

“Of fickle changelings and poor *discontents*.”

See the note there. MALONE.

² *——he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, 'till ne'er worth love,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd.——*]

Let us examine the sense of this in plain prose. *The earliest histories inform us, that the man in supreme command was always wish'd to gain that command, till he had obtain'd it. And he, whom the multitude has contentedly seen in a low condition, when he begins to be wanted by them, becomes to be fear'd by them. But do the multitude fear a man because they want him? Certainly, we must read:*

Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.

i. e. endear'd, a favourite to them. Besides, the context requires this reading; for it was not fear, but love, that made the people flock to young Pompey, and what occasion'd this reflection. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“I shall be *lov'd*, when I am *lack'd*.” WARBURTON.

This passage has been happily amended by Dr. Warburton; but surely there is something yet wanting. What is the mean-
ing

And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, 'till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lacking the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion ⁴.

Mef. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; ⁵ which they ear and wound

ing of—"ne'er lov'd, till *ne'er* worth love?" I have no doubt that the second *ne'er* was inadvertently repeated at the press, and that we should read—"ne'er lov'd, till *not* worth love."

MALONE.

⁵ *Goes to, and back, lashing the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.*]

How can a flag, or rush, floating upon a stream, and that has no motion but what the fluctuation of the water gives it, be said to lash the tide? This is making a scourge of a weak ineffective thing, and giving it an active violence in its own power. All the old editions read *lacking*. 'Tis true, there is no sense in that reading; but the addition of a single letter will not only give us good sense, but the genuine word of our author into the bargain.

—————*Lacquing the varying tide,*

i. e. floating backwards and forwards with the variation of the tide, like a page, or *lacquey*, at his master's heels. THEOBALD.

Theobald's conjecture may be supported by a passage in the fifth book of Chapman's translation of Homer's *Odyssy*:

"—————who would willingly
" *Lacky* along so vast a lake of brine?"

Again, in his version of the 24th *Iliad*:

"My guide to Argos either ship'd or *lacky* by thy side."

Again, in the Prologue to the second part of *Antonio and Melida*, 1602:

"O that our power

" Could *lacky* or keep pace with our desires!"

Again, in the whole magnificent entertainment given to king James, queen Anne his wife, &c. March 15, 1603, by Tho. Decker, 4to, 1604: "The minutes (that *lackey* the heels of time) run not faster away than do our joyes." STEEVENS.

⁴ Perhaps *another messenger* should be noted here, as entering with fresh news. STEEVENS.

⁵ —————*which they ear*—————] To *ear*, is to *plow*; a common metaphor. JOHNSON.

To *ear*, is not, however, at this time, a common word. I meet with it again in Turberville's *Falconry*, 1575:

"—————because I have a larger field to *ear*."

See also Vol. IV. p. 28. STEEVENS.

With

With keels of every kind : Many hot inroads
 They make in Italy ; the borders maritime
⁶ Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth ⁷ revolt :
 No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
 Taken as seen ; for Pompey's name strikes more,
 Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
 Leave thy lascivious wassels ⁸. When thou once
 Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
 Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
 Did famine follow ; whom thou fought'st against,
 Though daintily brought up, with patience more
 Than savages could suffer : Thou didst drink
 The stale of horses ⁹, and the gilded puddle ¹
 Which beasts would cough at : thy palate then did
 deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge ;
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
 The barks of trees thou browsed'st : on the Alps,
 It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
 Which some did die to look on : And all this

⁶ *Lack blood to think on't,*——] Turn pale at the thought of it. JOHNSON.

⁷ *and flush youth*——] *Flush youth* is youth ripened to manhood ; *youth* whose blood is at the flow. STEEVENS.

⁸ ——*thy lascivious wassels.*——] *Wassel* is here put for intemperance in general. For a more particular account of the word, see *Macbeth*, act I. sc. ult. The old copy, however, reads *vassails*. STEEVENS.

⁹ ——*Thou didst drink*

The stale of horses,——]

All these circumstances of Antony's distress, are taken literally from Plutarch. STEEVENS.

¹ *gilded puddle*] There is frequently observable on the surface of stagnant pools that have remained long undisturbed, a reddish gold coloured slime : to this appearance the poet here refers. As the skin, when smeared with blood, is of a similar hue, I cannot but fancy that lady Macbeth's expression takes its colour from thence :

If he do bleed,
 I'll *gild* the faces of his grooms withal. HENLEY.

(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
1 Drive him to Rome: Time is it, that we twain
Did shew ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
2 Assemble me immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time.

Cæs. 'Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewel.

Lep. Farewel, my lord: What you shall know
mean time
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt it not, sir; I knew it for my bond.

[*Exeunt.*]

1 *Drive him to Rome: Time is it, that we twain
Did shew ourselves i' the field;*]

The first and second folio read,

Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain &c.

The order of the words has been changed, and a word added for the sake of the metre. But it is very improbable that "'tis time" should have been either written or printed for "Time is it." The editors amended the line, I think, in the wrong place. I suppose a word was omitted at the press, (which very often happens) and that our author wrote,

—————Let his shames quickly

Drive him to Rome *disgrac'd*: 'Tis time we twain &c.

MALONE.

2 *Assemble me immediate council:*] The second folio reads, perhaps rightly,—Assemble *we*————. So afterwards:

“—————Haste *we* for it;

“ Yet, ere we put ourselves to arms, dispatch *we*

“ The business we have talk'd of.”

There are many instances, in our author's plays, of the other phraseology, but seldom, I believe, in solemn dialogue.

MALONE.

S C E N E V.

*The Palace in Alexandria.**Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.**Cleo.* Charmian,—*Char.* Madam.*Cleo.* Ha, ha,—Give me to drink ³ mandragora.*Char.* Why, madam?*Cleo.* That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.*Char.* You think of him too much.*Cleo.* O, 'tis treason!*Char.* Madam, I trust, not so.*Cleo.* Thou, eunuch! Mardian!*Mar.* What's your highness's pleasure?*Cleo.* Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unfeminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Ægypt. Hast thou affections?

³ —*mandragora.*] A plant of which the infusion was supposed to procure sleep. Shakspeare mentions it in *Othello*:

“ Not poppy, nor *mandragora*,

“ Nor all the drowfy syrups of the east,

“ Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep. JOHNSON.

So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

“ Come violent death,

“ Serve for *mandragora*, and make me sleep.”

STEEVENS.

———*to drink mandragora.*] Gerard, in his *Herbal*, says of the *mandragoras*: “ Dioscorides doth particularly set downe many faculties hereof, of which notwithstanding there be none proper unto it, save those that depend upon the drowfie and sleeping power thereof.”

In Adlington's *Apuleius* (of which the epistle is dated 1566) reprinted 1639, 4to, bl. l. p. 187, lib. 10: “ I gave him no poyson, but a doling drink of *mandragoras*, which is of such force, that it will cause any man to sleepe, as though he were dead. PERCY.”

Mar.

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian!

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou
mov'st?

The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm
+ And burgonet of man.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*
For so he calls me;—Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison: Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? ⁵ Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of Ægypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!

⁴ *And burgonet of man*——] A *burgonet* is a kind of helmet.
So, in *Hen. VI.*:

“ This day I'll wear aloft my *burgonet*.”

Again, in the *Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

“ This, by the gods and my good sword, I'll set

“ In bloody lines upon thy *burgonet*.” STEEVENS.

⁵ ——*Broad-fronted Cæsar*,] Mr. Seward is of opinion, that
the poet wrote——*bald-fronted Cæsar*. STEEVENS.

Yet, coming from him, ⁶ that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd, the last of many doubled kisses,
This orient pearl;—His speech sticks in my heart,

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, the firm Roman to great Ægypt sends
This treasure of an oyster: at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an ⁷ arm-gaunt steed,

Who

⁶ ————*that great medicine hath with his tinct gilded thee.*] Alluding to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold. The alchemists call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation, a *medicine*. JOHNSON.

Thus Chapman, in his *Shadow of Night*, 1594:

“O then, thou *great elixir* of all treasures.”

And on this passage he has the following note: “The philosopher's stone, or *philosophica medicina*, is called the *great Elixir*, to which he here alludes.” Thus, in the *Chronicles Yemanntes Tale* of Chaucer, late edit. v. 16330:

“———the philosophre's stone,

“*Elixir* cleped, we seken fast eche on.” See Vol. I. p. 127. STEEVENS.

⁷ ————*arm-gaunt steed*,] i. e. his steed worn lean and thin by much service in war. So, Fairfax:

“His *stall worn* steed the champion stout bestrode.”

WARBURTON.

On this note Mr. Edwards has been very lavish of his pleasantries, and indeed has justly censured the misquotation of *stall-worn*, for *stall-worth*, which means *strong*, but makes no attempt to explain the word in the play. Mr. Seward, in his preface to Beaumont and Fletcher, has very elaborately endeavoured to prove, that an *arm-gaunt* steed is a steed with *lean shoulders*. *Arm* is the Teutonic word for *want*, or *poverty*. *Arm-gaunt* may be therefore an old word, signifying, *lean for want*, ill fed. Edwards's observation, that a worn-out horse is not proper for Atlas to mount in battle, is impertinent; the horse here mentioned seems to be a post-horse, rather than a war-horse. Yet as *arm-gaunt* seems not intended to imply any defect,

Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
 Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the
 extreams

Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
 Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note
 him:

He was not sad; for he would shine on those
 That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
 Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
 In Ægypt with his joy: but between both:
 O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,
 The violence of either thee becomes;
 So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers;
 Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day

defect, it perhaps means, a horse so slender that a man might
 clasp him, and therefore formed for expedition. Hanmer reads:

—*arm-girt steed.* JOHNSON.

The following compound word which I find in Chaucer's de-
 scription of a king of Thrace in the *Knight's Tale*, may support
 Dr. Johnson's explanation:

“A wreth of gold *arm-gret*, of huge weight

“Upon his hed &c.” late edit. v. 2147.

Arm-grete is as big as the arm, and *arm-gaunt* may mean as slender
 as the arm. We still say, in vulgar comparison, *as long as my arm*,
as thick as my leg, &c. Again, in the *Booke of Fyshing*, &c. bl. l.

no date: “—cut between Michelmas and Candellmas a fayre
 staff of a fadome and a half longe and *arm-great* of hasyll, &c.”

Again, in *Lidgate*: “—*Line-right*,” i. e. as strait as a line.

STEEVENS.

³ *Was beastly dumb by him.*] Mr. Theobald reads *dumb'd*, put
 to silence. “Alexas means, (says he) the horse made such a neigh-
 ing, that if he had spoke he could not have been heard.”

JOHNSON.

The verb which Theobald would introduce, is found in *Peri-
 cles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

“Deep clerks the *dumbs* &c.” STEEVENS.

When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be choak'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. ⁹ My fallad days!

When I was green in judgment: Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then!—But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll ¹ unpeople Ægypt.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁹ *My fallad days!*

When I was green in judgment, cold in blood!

To say, as I said then!—]

This puzzles the late editor, Mr. Theobald. He says: “Cleopatra may speak very naturally here with contempt of her judgment at that period: but how truly with regard to the coldness of her blood may admit some question:” and then employs his learning to prove, that at this *cold* season of her *blood*, she had seen twenty good years. But yet he thinks his author may be justified, because Plutarch calls Cleopatra at those years, *Κόρη*, which by ill luck proves just the contrary; for that state which the Greeks designed by *Κόρη*, was the very height of blood. But Shakspeare's best justification is restoring his own sense, which is done merely by a different pointing:

My fallad days;

When I was green in judgment. Cold in blood!

To say as I said then.

Cold in blood, is an upbraiding expostulation to her maid. *These*, says she, *were my fallad days, when I was green in judgment; but your blood is as cold as my judgment, if you have the same opinion of things now as I had then.* WARBURTON.

¹ —unpeople Ægypt.] By sending out messengers. JOHNSON.

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

Messina. Pompey's House.

Enter ² Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.

Pomp. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Men. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pomp. ³ Whiles we are suitors to their throne,
decays
The thing we sue for.

Men. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good: so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

² The persons are so named in the first edition; but I know not why Menecrates appears; Menas can do all without him.
JOHNSON.

³ *Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.]*
This nonsense should be read thus:

*Whiles we are suitors to their throne, delay's
The thing we sue for.*

Menecrates had said, *The gods do not deny that which they delay.* The other turns his words to a different meaning, and replies, *Delay is the very thing we beg of them, i. e. the delay of our enemies in making preparation against us: which he explains afterwards, by saying, Mark Antony was tied up by lust in Ægypt; Cæsar by avarice at Rome; and Lepidus employed in keeping well with both.* WARBURTON.

It is not always prudent to be too hasty in exclamation; the reading which Dr. Warburton rejects as *nonsense*, is in my opinion right; if *delay* be what they sue for, they have it, and the consolation offered becomes superfluous. The meaning is, *While we are praying, the thing for which we pray is losing its value.*

JOHNSON.

M 4

Pomp.

Pomp. I shall do well:
 The people love me, and the sea is mine;
⁴ My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
 Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
 In Ægypt sits at dinner, and will make
 No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money, where
 He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
 Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
 Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus are in the field;
 A mighty strength they carry.

Pomp. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pomp. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome to-
 gether,
 Looking for Antony: But all the charms of love,
 Salt Cleopatra, soften ⁵ thy wan lip!

Let

⁴ In old editions,

*My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
 Says it will come to th' full.]*

What does the relative *it* belong to? It cannot in *sense* relate to *hope*, nor in *concord* to *powers*. The poet's allusion is to the *moon*; and Pompey would say, he is yet but a half moon, or *crescent*; but his hopes tell him, that crescent will come to a *full orb*.

THEOBALD,

⁵ ———thy wan lip!] In the old edition it is
 ———thy wand lip!

Perhaps, for *fond lip*, or *warm lip*, says Dr. Johnson. *Wand*, if it stand, is either a corruption of *wan*, the adjective, or a contraction of *wanned*, or *made wan*, a participle. So, in *Hamlet*;

“That, from her working, all his visage wan'd.”

Again, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*:

“—————a cheek

“Not as yet wan'd.”

Or perhaps *waned lip*, i. e. decreased, like the moon, in its beauty. So, in the *Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613:

“And Cleopatra then to seek had been

“So firm a lover of her wained face.”

Again, in the *Skynner's Play*, among the Chester collection of *Mysteries*, MS. Harl. 1013. p. 152:

“O blessed be thou ever and aye

“Now wayned is all my woo.”

Yet

Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !
 Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
 Keep his brain fuming ; Epicurean cooks,
 Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;
 That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
 Even 'till a Lethe'd dulness—How now Varrius ?

Enter Varrius.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver ;
 Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
 Expected ; since he went from Ægypt, 'tis
 A space for farther travel ⁶.

Pomp. I could have given less matter
 A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
 This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm ⁷
 For such a petty war : his soldiership
 Is twice the other twain : But let us rear

Yet this expression of Pompey's perhaps, after all, implies a wish only, that every charm of love may confer additional softness on the lips of Cleopatra : i. e. that her beauty may improve to the ruin of her lover. The epithet *wan* might have been added, only to shew the speaker's private contempt of it. It may be remarked, that the lips of Africans and Asiatics are paler than those of European nations. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare's orthography often adds a *d* at the end of a word. Thus, *vile* is (in the old editions) every where spelt *wild*. *Laund* is given instead of *la-wn* : why not therefore *wan'd* for *wan* here ?

If this however should not be accepted, suppose we read with the addition only of an apostrophe, *wan'd* ; i. e. *waned*, declined, gone off from its perfection ; comparing Cleopatra's beauty to the moon past the full. PERCY.

⁶ ———since he went from Ægypt, 'tis
 A space for farther travel.]

i. e. since he quitted Ægypt, a space of time has elapsed in which a longer journey might have been performed than from Ægypt to Rome. STEEVENS

⁷ ———would have don'd his helm] To *don* is to *do on*, to put on. So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623 :

“ Call upon our dame aloud,

“ Bid her quickly *don* her shrowd.” STEEVENS.

The

The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Ægypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope⁸,
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together :
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar ;
His brother warr'd upon him⁹ ; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pomp. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should¹ square between them-
selves ;

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords : but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.

Be it as our gods will have it ! It only stands
² Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.

Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

⁸ *I cannot hope, &c.*] The judicious editor of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer in four vols. 8vo, 1775, observes that to *hope* on this occasion means to *expect*. So, in the *Reeve's Tale*, v. 4027 ;

“ Our manciple I *hope* he wol be ded.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *—warr'd upon him ;—*] Thus the second folio ; the first *wan'd*. The present reading is, however, ascertained to be the true one, by a passage in the next scene, in which Cæsar says to Antony

“ *—your wife and brother*

“ Made *wars* upon me.” MALONE.

¹ *—square—*] That is, *quarrel*. See Vol. II. p. 269. Vol. III. p. 26. STEEVENS.

² *Our lives upon, —*] This play is not divided into acts by the author or first editors, and therefore the present division may be altered at pleasure. I think the first act may be commodiously continued to this place, and the second act opened with the interview of the chief persons, and a change of the state of action. Yet it must be confessed, that it is of small importance, where these unconnected and desultory scenes are interrupted.

JOHNSON.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

*Rome.**Enter Enobarbus, and Lepidus.*

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
³ Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shav't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony, and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.

³ *Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shav't to-day.]*

Alluding to the phrase, I will beard him. WARBURTON.

I believe he means, *I would meet him undressed, without shew
of respect.* JOHNSON.

Cæs.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech)
Touch you the fourest points with sweetest terms,
+ Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit⁵.

Ant. Sit, sir!

Cæs. Nay, then——

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not.

⁴ *Nor curstness grow to the matter.*] Let not *ill-humour* be added to the real *subject* of our difference. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Cæs. Sit.*

Ant. Sit, sir!]

Antony appears to be jealous of a circumstance which seemed to indicate a consciousness of superiority in his too successful partner in power; and accordingly resents the invitation of Cæsar to be seated: Cæsar answers, *Nay then*—i. e. if you are so ready to resent what I meant an act of civility, there can be no reason to suppose you have temper enough for the business on which at present we are met. The former editors leave a full point at the end of this as well as the preceding speech. STEEVENS.

The following circumstance may serve to strengthen Mr. Steevens's opinion: When the fictitious Sebastian made his appearance in Europe, he came to a conference with the Conde de Lemos; to whom, after the first exchange of civilities, he said, *Conde de Lemos, be covered.* And being asked by that nobleman, by what pretences he laid claim to the superiority expressed by such permission, he replied, I do it by right of my birth; I am Sebastian. JOHNSON.

Cæs.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to found your
name

It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Ægypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Ægypt: Yet, if you there
Did practise on my state⁶, your being in Ægypt
Might be my question⁷

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me; and⁸ their contestation

Was

⁶ *Did practise on my state,*—] To *practise* means to employ unwarrantable arts or stratagems. So, in the *Tragedie of Antonie*, done into English by the countess of Pembroke, 1595:

“ —————nothing kills me so

“ As that I so my Cleopatra see

“ *Practise with Cæsar.*” See Vol. II. p. 148.

STEEVENS.

⁷ ————*question.*] i. e. My theme or subject of conversation. So again in this sense:

“ Out of our *question* wipe him.”

See a note on *Hamlet*, act I: “Thou com'st in such a *questionable* shape, &c.” MALONE.

⁸ —————*their contestation*

Was theam for you, you were the word of war.]

The only meaning of this can be, that the war, which Antony's wife and brother made upon Cæsar, was theam for Antony too to make war; or was the occasion why he did make war. But this is directly contrary to the context, which shews, Antony did neither encourage them to it, nor second them in it. We cannot doubt then, but the poet wrote:

—————*and their contestation*

Was theam'd for you.

i. e. The pretence of the war was on your account, they took up arms in your name, and you were made the theme and subject of their insurrection. WARBURTON.

Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; ⁹ my brother never

Did urge me in his act: I did enquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports¹,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,

I am neither satisfied with the reading nor the emendation; *theam'd* is, I think, a word unauthorised, and very harsh. Perhaps we may read:

———*their contestation*

Had *theme* from you, you were the word of war.

The dispute derived its subject from you. It may be corrected by mere transposition:

———*their contestation*

You were theme for, you were the word— JOHNSON.

Was theam for you, I believe means only, was proposed as an example for you to follow on a yet more extensive plan; as *themes* are given for a writer to dilate upon. Shakspeare, however, may prove the best commentator on himself. Thus, in *Coriolanus*, act I. sc. i:

“ ———throw forth greater *themes*

“ For insurrection's arguing.”

Sicinius calls Coriolanus, “ ———the *theme* of our assembly.”

STEEVENS.

Was theam, &c.] I cannot help thinking Dr. Warburton's conjecture right. *Theam'd* is such a word as Shakspeare would not scruple to use. In almost every one of his plays we meet substantives used as verbs. I read:

Was theam'd from you.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is confirmed by a passage in *Hamlet*, in which we meet a similar phraseology:

“ ———So like the king

“ That was and is the *question* of these wars.”

MALONE.

⁹ ———*my brother never*

Did urge me in his act: ———]

i. e. Never did make use of my name as a pretence for the war.

WARBURTON.

¹ ———*true reports*,] *Reports* for *reporters*. Mr. Tollet observes that Holinshed, p. 1181, uses *records* for *vouchers*. STEEVENS.

Having

² Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
³ As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself,
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so:
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes ⁴ attend those wars
Which ⁵ fronted mine own peace. ⁶ As for my wife,
I would

² *Having alike your cause?—*] The meaning seems to be, *having the same cause as you to be offended with me.* But why, because he was offended with Antony, should he make war upon Cæsar? May it not be read thus:

———*Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Hating alike our cause?* JOHNSON.

The old reading is immediately explained by Antony's being the partner with Octavius in the cause against which his brother fought. STEEVENS.

³ *As matter whole you have not to make it with,*] The original copy reads:

As matter whole you have to make it with.

Without doubt erroneously; I therefore only observe it, that the reader may more readily admit the liberties which the editors of this author's works have necessarily taken. JOHNSON.

The old reading may be right. It seems to allude to Antony's acknowledged neglect in aiding Cæsar; but yet Antony does not allow himself to be faulty upon the present cause alledged against him. STEEVENS.

⁴ *———with graceful eyes———*] Thus the old copy reads, and I believe, rightly. We still say, *I could not look handsomely on such or such a proceeding.* The modern editors read—*grateful.*

STEEVENS.

⁵ *——fronted——*] i. e. *Opposed.* JOHNSON.

⁶ *—————As for my wife,
I wish you had her spirit in such another:]*

I would you had her spirit in such another :
 'The third o' the world is yours ; which with a snaffle
 You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would, we had all such wives, that the men
 might go to wars with the women !

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
 Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
 Shrewdness of policy too) I grieving grant,
 Did you too much disquiet : for that, you must
 But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
 When rioting in Alexandria ; you
 Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
 Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted ; then
 Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
 Of what I was i' the morning : but, next day,
 ' I told him of myself ; which was as much
 As to have ask'd him pardon : Let this fellow
 Be nothing of our strife ; if we contend,
 Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
 The article of your oath ; which you shall never
 Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak ;
^s The honour is sacred that he talks on now,

Sup-

In such another ! In what other ? Surely there can be no doubt
 that we ought to read :

I wish you had her spirit ; *e'en* such another.

In has again been printed by mistake in this play, and has
 been rightly corrected : " No more, but *in* a woman." So also,
 in *All's Well that Ends Well*, edit. 1623 ; " What have you
 here ?—*In* (for *e'en*) that you have there." MALONE.

⁷ *I told him of myself* ;—] i. e. Told him the condition I was
 in, when he had his last audience. WARBURTON.

^s *The honour is sacred*—] *Sacred*, for unbroken, unviolated.
 WARBURTON.

Dr.

Supposing that I lack'd it:—But on, Cæsar;—
The article of my oath,——

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd
them;

The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected, rather;

And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it: Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Ægypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between you: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the
instant, you may, when you hear no more words of

Dr. Warburton seems to understand this passage thus; *The honour which he talks of me as lacking, is unviolated, I never lacked it.* This may perhaps be the true meaning, but before I read the note, I understood it thus: Lepidus interrupts Cæsar, on the supposition that what he is about to say will be too harsh to be endured by Antony; to which Antony replies, *No, Lepidus, let him speak; the security of honour on which he now speaks, on which this conference is held now, is sacred, even supposing that I lacked honour before.* JOHNSON.

I do not entirely agree with either of the learned commentators on this passage. Antony, in my opinion, means to say;—“The theme of honour which he now speaks of, namely the religion of an oath, for which he supposes me not to have a due regard, is sacred; it is a tender point, and touches my character nearly. Let him therefore urge his charge, that I may vindicate myself.”

MALONE.

Pompey, return it again : you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a foldier only ; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to then ; ' your considerate stone.

' ————*your considerate stone.*] This line is passed by all the editors, as if they understood it, and believed it universally intelligible. I cannot find in it any very obvious, and hardly any possible meaning. I would therefore read :

Go to then, you considerate ones.

You who dislike my frankness and temerity of speech, and are so *considerate* and discreet, *go to*, do your own business.

JOHNSON.

I believe, *Go to then, your considerate stone*, means only this : *If I must be chidden, henceforward I will be mute as a marble statue, which seems to think, though it can say nothing. As silent as a stone*, however, might have been once a common phrase. So, in the Interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1598 :

“ Bring thou in thine, Mido, and see thou be a stone.

“ *Mido.*] *A stone*, how should that be, &c.

“ *Rebecca.*] I meant *thou should'st nothing say.*”

Again, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. !. no date :

“ Guy let it passe *as still as stone*,

“ And to the steward word spake none.”

Again, in *Gower, De Confessione Amantis*, b. i. fol. 17 :

“ But he lay *still as any stone.*”

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*, act III. sc. i :

“ *A stone is silent* and offendeth not.”

Again, Chaucer :

“ To riden by the way, *dombe as the stone.*”

Mr. Tollet explains the passage in question, thus : “ I will henceforth seem senseless as a stone, however I may observe and consider your words and actions.” STEEVENS.

The metre of this line is deficient. It will be perfect, and the sense rather clearer, if we read (without altering a letter) :

“ ————*your consideratest one.*”

I doubt indeed whether this adjective is ever used in the superlative degree ; but in the mouth of Enobarbus it might be pardoned. BLACKSTONE.

Ces.

Cæs. ¹ I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech : for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,——

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia : great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. ² Say not so, Agrippa ;
If Cleopatra heard you, ³ your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar : let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife : whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men ;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,

¹ *I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech :——]*

I do not, says Cæsar, think the man wrong, but too free of his
interposition ; for't cannot be, we shall remain in friendship : yet
if it were possible, I would endeavour it. JOHNSON.

² *Say not so, Agrippa ;]* The old copy has——Say not say.
Mr. Rowe made this necessary correction. MALONE.

³ *———your reproof
Were well deserv'd——]*

In the old edition :

*———your proof
Were well deserv'd——]*

Which Mr. Theobald, with his usual triumph, changes to *ap-
proof*, which he explains, *allowance*. Dr. Warburton inserted
reproof very properly into Hanmer's edition, but forgot it in his
own. JOHNSON.

And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
 Would then be nothing : truths would be tales,
 Where now half tales be truths : her love to both
 Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
 Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke ;
 For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
 By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak ?

Cæs. Not 'till he hears how Antony is touch'd
 With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
 If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
 To make this good ?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
 His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
 To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
 Dream of impediment !—Let me have thy hand :
 Further this act of grace ; and, from this hour,
 The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
 And sway our great designs !

Cæs. There is my hand.
 A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
 Did ever love so dearly : Let her live
 To join our kingdoms, and our hearts ; and never
 Fly off our loves again !

Lep. Happily, amen !

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
 Pompey ;
 For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
 Of late upon me : I must thank him only,
 * Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ;
 At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us :

* *Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ;*] Lest I be thought too willing to forget benefits, I must barely return him thanks, and then I will defy him. JOHNSON.

Of us must Pompey presently be fought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

'Would, we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.*

Mec. Welcome from Ægypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!—
my honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are
so well digested. You stay'd well by it in Ægypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of counte-
nance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a break-
fast, and but twelve persons there; Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had
much more monstrous matter of feast, which wor-
thily deserv'd noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be
square to her^s.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she purs'd
up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

^s —be square to her.] i. e. if report *quadrates* with her, or
suits with her merits. STEEVENS.

Agr. There she appear'd, indeed ; or my reporter
Devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you :
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them : the oars were
silver ;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description : she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue)
⁶ O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work nature : on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
⁷ And what they undid, did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony !

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, ⁸ tended her i' the eyes,
⁹ And made their bends adornings : at the helm
A seeming

⁶ *O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see &c.]* Meaning the Venus of Protogenes mentioned by Pliny, l. 35. c. 10.

WARBURTON.

⁷ *And what they undid, did.]* It might be read less harshly :

And what they did, undid. JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copy is, I believe, right. The wind of the fans seemed to give a new colour to Cleopatra's cheeks, which they were employed to cool ; and *what they undid*, i. e. that warmth which they were intended to diminish or allay, *they did*, i. e. they in fact produced. MALONE.

⁸ *—tended her i' th' eyes,]* Perhaps *tended her* by th' eyes, discovered her will by her eyes. JOHNSON.

⁹ *And made their bends adornings :—]* This is sense indeed, and may be understood thus ; her maids bowed with so good an air, that it added new graces to them. But this is not what Shakspeare would say : Cleopatra, in this famous scene, personated Venus just rising from the waves : at which time the Mythologists tell us, the Sea-deities surrounded the goddess to

A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackles
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That

adore, and pay her homage. Agreeably to this fable, Cleopatra had dressed her maids, the poet tells us, like Nereids. To make the whole therefore conformable to the story represented, we may be assured, Shakspeare wrote:

And made their bends adorings,

They did her observance in the posture of *adoration*, as if she had been Venus. WARBURTON.

That Cleopatra personated Venus, we know; but that Shakspeare was acquainted with the circumstance of homage being paid her by the Deities of the sea, is by no means as certain. The old term will probably appear the more elegant of the two to modern readers, who have heard so much about *the line of beauty*. The whole passage is taken from the following in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch: "She disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus, the poepe whereof was of golde, the sailes of purple, and the owers of siluer, whiche kept stroke in rowing after the founde of the musicke of flutes, howboyes, citherns, violls, and such other instruments as they played vpon in the barge. And now for the person of her selfe: she was layed vnder a pauillion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the Goddess Venus, commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretie faire boyes apparelled as painters do set forth God Cupide, with little fannes in their hands, with the which they fanned wind vpon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were apparelled like the nymphes Nereides (which are the mermaides of the waters) and like the Graces, some steering the helme, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderfull passing sweete fauor of perfumes, that perfumed the wharfe-side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all alongst the river's side: others also ranne out of the citie to see her coming in. So that in thend, there ranne such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market place, in his imperiall seate to geve audience:" &c.

Had Shakspeare written *adore* instead of *adorn*, it has been observed that were once synonymously used. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iv. c. 11:

"Congealed little drops which do the morn *adore*."

Again, in the *Elder Brother* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"And those true tears, falling on your pure chrystals,
Should turn to armlets for great queens to *adore*."

STEEVENS.

I think

That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast

I think *bonds* or *bands* is the same word, and means in this place the several *companies* of Nereids, that waited on Cleopatra. It is said in Spenser's *Shepherd's Calender* for May: "A fresh *bend* of lovely nymphs did attend on lady Flora." It is easy to conceive how these attendants being happily disposed in groups, might add new graces to the appearance of their mistresses. So, in *Titus Andronicus*, act II. sc. iii: "Whom have we here? Rome's royal empress? Unfurnish'd of her *well-beseeming troop*?" TOLLET,

Mr. Tollet may be right. So, in Tho. Drant's translation of the third epistle of *Horace*, 1567:

"Quid studiosa *cohors* operum struit?"

"What dothe our busye *bende* of clarkes?"

Again, in Hall's *Chronicle*, *K. Henry VIII.* p. 75: "—should be set in the breste of the battaill or *bend* of footmen." Again, "—most goodly battaill or *bend* of footmen. STEEVENS.

And made their bends adornings:—] *Their bends*, I apprehend, refers to Cleopatra's eyes, and not to her gentlewomen. *Her attendants in order to learn their mistress's will, watched the motion of her eyes, the bends or movements of which added new lustre to her beauty.*

In our author we frequently find the word *bend* applied to the eye. Thus, in the first act of this play:

"Those his goodly eyes

———now *bend*, now turn, &c."

Again:

"Eternity was in our lips and eyes,

"Bliss in our brows-*bent*."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"Although they wear their faces to the *bent*

"Of the king's looks."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"All gaze and *bent* of amorous view."

And lastly, in *Julius Cæsar*, which affords an instance exactly apposite:

"And that same *eye* whose *bend* doth awe the world."

MALONE.

I cannot but prefer the conjecture of Dr. Warburton, which substitutes *adorings* for *adornings*. Thus, in *Timon*: "The lords rise from table with much *adoring* of Timon." There is in Mr. Gray's *Descent of Venus*, a passage which illustrates both Shakspeare and the Bishop's emendation:

Slow solemn strains their queen's approach declare,

Where'er she turns, the graces *homage* pay. HENLEY.

Her

Her people out upon her : and Antony,
 Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air ; ¹ which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Ægyptian !

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
 Invited her to supper : she reply'd,
 It should be better, he became her guest ;
 Which she intreated : Our courteous Antony,
 Whom ne'er the word of *no* woman heard speak,
 Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast ;
 And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
 For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench !

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed ;
 He plough'd her, and she cropt.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the publick street :
 And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
 That she did make defect, perfection,
 And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never ; he will not :

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale ²
 Her infinite variety : Other women cloy ³

The

¹ ————*which, but for vacancy,*
Had gone———]

Alluding to an axiom in the peripatetic philosophy then in vogue,
 that *Nature abhors a vacuum.* WARBURTON.

² ————*nor custom stale*] This verb is used by Heywood in
 the *Iron Age*, 1632 : “ One that hath *stal'd* his courtly tricks at
 home.” STEEVENS.

³ ————*Other women cloy*
The appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies.———]

Almost the same thought, cloathed nearly in the same expressions,
 is found in the old play of *Pericles* : “ Who starves the ears she
 feeds, and makes them hungry the more she gives them speech.”
 Again,

The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. ⁴ For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her, when she is riggish ⁵.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is ⁶
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you, [Exeunt.]

Again, in our author:

“ And yet not cloy thy lips with loath’d satiety,
“ But rather famish them amid their plenty.”

MALONE,

⁴ ————— for vilest things
Become themselves in her;]

So, in our author’s 150th sonnet:

“ Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill?”

MALONE.

⁵ ————when she is riggish.] *Rigg* is an ancient word meaning
a strumpet. So, in Whetstone’s *Castle of Delight*, 1576:

“ Then loath they will both lust and wanton love,
“ Or else be sure such ryggs my care shall prove.”

Again:

“ Immodest rigg, I Ovid’s counsel usde.” STEEVENS.

⁶ ————Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.]

Dr. Warburton says, the poet wrote *allottery*: but there is no
reason for this assertion. The ghost of Andrea in the *Spanish*
Tragedy, says:

“ Minos in graven leaves of lottery
“ Drew forth the manner of my life and death,”

FARMER.

So, in Stanyhurst’s translation of *Virgil*, 1582:

“ By this hap escaping the filth of *lottarye* carnal.”

Again, in the *Honest Man’s Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ ————fainting under-
“ Fortune’s false lottery.” STEEVENS.

S C E N E III.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Octavia between them; Attendants, and a Soothsayer.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will some-
times

Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow in prayers⁷
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. ⁸ Good night, dear
lady.

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt Cæsar, and Octavia.*]

Ant. Now, firrah! you do wish yourself in Ægypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor
you

Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. ⁹ I see it in

My

⁷ ————*shall bow in prayers*] The old copy reads:

—————*shall bow my prayers*

which I believe to be the true reading. The same construction is in *Coriolanus*, act I. sc. i:

“*Shouting their emulation.*”

Again, in *K. Lear*, act II. sc. ii:

“*Smile you my speeches?*” STEEVENS.

⁸ ————*Good night, dear lady.*

Octa. *Good night, sir.*]

These last words, in the only authentic copy of this play, are given to Antony. I see no need of change. He addresses himself to Cæsar, who immediately replies, *Good night.* MALONE.

⁹ *I see it in*

My motion, have it not in my tongue:—]

What

My motion, have it not in my tongue : But yet
Hie you again to Ægypt.

Ant. Say to me.

Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine ?

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side :
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not ; but near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd ; therefore
Make

What *motion*? I can trace no sense in this word here, unless the author were alluding to that *agitation* of the *divinity*, which diviners pretend to when the fit of foretelling is upon them ; but then, I think verily, he would have wrote, *emotion*. I am persuaded, Shakspeare meant that the Soothfayer should say, he saw a reason in his *thought* or *opinion*, though he gave that thought or opinion no utterance. *Notion* is a word which our author frequently chuses to express the mental faculties. See *K. Lear*, *Coriolanus*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*. THEOBALD.

I see it in

My motion, ———]

i. e. the divinitory agitation. WARBURTON.

¹ *Becomes a Fear, ———]* i. e. a fearful thing. The abstract for the concrete. WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton reads :

Becomes a fear'd, ———

The common reading is more poetical. JOHNSON.

A *Fear* was a personage in some of the old moralities. Beaumont and Fletcher allude to it in the *Maid's Tragedy*, where Aspasia is instructing her servants how to describe her situation in needle-work :

“ ———and then a *Fear* :

“ Do that *Fear* bravely, wench.” ———

Spenser had likewise personified *Fear*, in the 12th canto of the third book of his *Faery Queen*. In the sacred writings *Fear* is also a person : “ I will put a fear in the land of Egypt.” *Exodus*.

The whole thought is borrowed from sir T. North's translation of Plutarch : “ With Antonius there was a soothfayer or astronomer of Ægypt, that coulde cast a figure, and iudge of men's natiuities, to tell them what should happen to them. He, either to please Cleopatra, or else for that he founde it so by his art, told Antonius plainly, that his fortune (which of it selfe was excellent good, and very great) was altogether blemished,
and

Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee ; no more, but when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose ; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds ; thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by : I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him ;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone :

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him :—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true : The very dice obey him ;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance : if we draw lots, he speeds :
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought ; and³ his quails ever
Beat mine,⁴ inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Ægypt :
And

and obscured by Cæsar's fortune : and therefore he counselled him utterly to leave his company, and to get him as farre from him as he could. For thy Demon said he, (that is to say, the good angell and spirit that keepeth thee) is affraied of his : and being coragious and high when he is alone, becometh fearefull and timorous when he commeth neere vnto the other." STEEVENS.

² *But, he away, 'tis noble.*] The old copy reads *alway*. Mr. Pope, I believe, corrected it. MALONE.

³ *—his quails—*] The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks. JOHNSON.

So, in the old translation of Plutarch : " For, it is said, that as often as they two drew cuts for pastime, who should have any thing, or whether they plaied at dice, Antonius alway lost. Oftentimes when they were disposed to see cockefight, or quailles that were taught to fight one with an other : Cæsar's cockes or quailles did euer ouercome." STEEVENS.

⁴ *—inhoop'd at odds.—*] Thus the old copy. *Inhoop'd* is *inclosed, confined*, that they may fight. The modern editions read :

Beat mine, in whoop'd-at odds.— JOHNSON.

Shakspeare

And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter Ventidius.

I' the east my pleasure lies.—O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The same; a Street.

Enter Lepidus, Mæcenas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no farther: pray you,
hasten

Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. 'Till I shall see you in your soldiers' dress;
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at mount^s
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your stay is shorter;
My purposes to draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.

Both. Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*]

Shakspeare gives us the practice of his own time: and there is no occasion for *in whoop'd at*, or any other alteration. John Davies begins one of his epigrams upon *proverbs*:

“He sets cocke *on* the hoope,” *in*, you would say;

“For cocking *in hoopes* is now all the play.” FARMER

The attempt at emendation, however, deserves some respect; as in *As you like it*, Celia says? “——and after that *out of all whooping.*” STEEVENS.

^s ——*at mount*] i. e. Mount *Misenum*. STEEVENS.

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

*The Palace in Alexandria.**Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexis.*

Cleo. Give me some musick; ⁶musick, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Omnes. The musick, ho!

Enter Mardian.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards: come;
Charmian.

Char. My arm is fore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman:—Come, you'll play with me, fir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shew'd, though it
come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—

Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river: there

My musick playing far off, I will betray

⁷Tawny-finn'd fishes: my bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an Antony;

And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

⁶—*musick, moody food*] The *mood* is the *mind*, or *mental disposition*. Van Haaren's panegyrick on the English begins, *Grootmoedig Volk*, [*great-minded nation*.] Perhaps here is a poor jest intended between *mood* the *mind* and *moods* of musick. JOHNSON.

Moody, in this instance, means *melancholy*. Cotgrave explains *moody*, by the French words, *morne* and *triste*. STEEVENS.

Moody is applied as an epithet to melancholy, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“ Sweet recreation barr'd what doth ensue

“ But *moody* and dull *melancholy*?” MALONE.

⁷ *Tawny-finn'd fishes*:—] The first copy reads:

Tawny fine fishes,———— JOHNSON.

Char.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook⁸, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drank him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him,⁹ whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;—

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings¹ in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mes. Madam, madam,——

Cleo. Antony's dead?—

⁸ *Did hang a salt-fish &c.]* This circumstance is likewise taken from sir Tho. North's translation of the life of Antony in *Plutarch*. STEEVENS.

⁹ _____whilst

I wore his sword Philippan.——

We are not to suppose, nor is there any warrant from history, that Antony had any particular sword so called. The dignifying weapons, in this sort, is a custom of much more recent date. This therefore seems a compliment à posteriori. We find Antony, afterwards, in this play, boasting of his own prowess at Philippi.

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; &c.

That was the greatest action of Antony's life; and therefore this seems a fine piece of flattery, intimating, that this sword ought to be denominated from that illustrious battle, in the same manner as modern heroes in romance are made to give their swords pompous names. THEOBALD.

¹ *Ram thou thy fruitful tidings—]* Shakspeare probably wrote, (as sir T. Hanmer observes) *Rain thou &c.* *Rain* agrees better with the epithets *fruitful* and *barren*. So, in *Timon*:

Rain sacrificial whisp'rings in his ear."

Again, in the *Tempest*:

“ _____Heavens rain grace!” STEEVENS.

If

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress :
 But well and free²,
 If so thou yield him, there is gold, and here
 My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings
 Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mes. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark ;
 We use

To say, the dead are well : bring it to that,
 The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
 Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mes. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will ;

But there's no goodness in thy face :³ If Antony
 Be free, and healthful,—so tart a favour
 To trumpet such good tidings ? If not well,
 Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
⁴ Not like a formal man.

Mes.

² *But well and free, &c.*] This speech is but coldly imitated
 by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The False One* :

“ *Cleo.* What of him ? Speak : if ill, Apollodorus,
 “ It is my happiness : and for thy news
 “ Receive a favour kings have kneel'd in vain for,
 “ And kiss my hand.” STEEVENS.

³ ————— *If Antony*

*Be free and healthful,—so tart a favour
 To trumpet such good tidings ?]*

There seems to have been a word omitted. We might read :

————— *If Antony*

Be free and healthful, need's so tart a favour, &c.

MALONE.

A late editor reads,

“ ————— *Why so tart a favour,*” &c. EDITOR.

⁴ *Not like a formal man.*] *Formal*, for ordinary.

WARBURTON.

Rather decent, regular. JOHNSON.

By a *formal* man, 'Shakspeare means, a man *in his senses*. *In-*
formal women, in *Measure for Measure*, is used for women *beside*
themselves. STEEVENS.

Formal man, I believe, only means a man *in form*, i.e. *shape*.

Mef. Will't please you hear me ?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st ;
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well ⁵,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
⁶ I'll fet thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mef. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mef. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou art an honest man.

You should come in the *form* of a fury, and not in the *form* of a man. So, in *A mad World my Masters*, by Middleton, 1640 :

“ The very devil assum'd thee *formally*.”

i. e. assumed thy form. MALONE.

⁵ *I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st ;
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll fet thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.——]*

We surely should read *is well*. The messenger is to have his reward, if he says, that Antony is *alive*, in *health*, and *either friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him*. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this reading, being thoroughly convinced of its probability and propriety. STEEVENS.

⁶ *I'll fet thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.]*

That is, I will give thee a kingdom : it being the eastern ceremony, at the coronation of their kings, to powder them with *gold-dust* and *seed-pearl* ; so Milton :

“ ——the gorgeous east with liberal hand
“ Showers on her kings barbaric *pearl* and *gold*.”

In the *Life of Timur-bec or Tamerlane*, written by a Persian contemporary author, are the following words, as translated by *Monf. Petit de la Croix*, in the account there given of his coronation, book ii. chap. i. “ *Les princes du sang royal & les emirs repandirent à pleines mains sur sa tête quantité d'or & de pierreries selon la coûtume.*” WARBURTON.

We learn from *Trebellius Pollio*, that *Gallien* used to strew gold-dust upon his hair ; which was also a fashion, as it seems, among the ladies of *Edward the Fourth's* court ; and there is now existing, a lock of *Jane Shore's* hair powdered with gold-dust. See *Grainger's Biogr.* Vol. I. *Histor. Augustæ Scriptores*, p. 736. Ed. 8vo. 1661. S. W.

Mef.

Mef. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me. "

Mef. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence; fye upon *but yet*:
But yet is as a jailor to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out ⁷ the pack of matter to mine ear;
The good and bad together: He's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st; free.

Mef. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mef. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mef. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mef. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence; [*Strikes him again.*]
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and stew'd in brine;
Smarting in lingring pickle.

Mef. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow, thou hadst,
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mef. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a dagger* ⁸.]

⁷ —the pack—] A late editor reads: *thy* pack. EDITOR.

⁸ *Draws a dagger.*] The old copy—*Draw a knife.*

STEEVENS.

Mef. Nay, then I'll run:—
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Ægypt into Nile⁹! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—

¹ These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good

⁹ *Melt Ægypt into Nile!*—] So, in the first scene of this play:

“ Let Rome in Tyber melt, &c.” STEEVENS.

¹ *These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself;—*]

This thought seems to be borrowed from the laws of chivalry, which forbid a knight to engage with his inferior. So, in *Albumazar*:

“ Stay; understand'st thou well the points of duel?

“ Art born of gentle blood, and pure descent?—

“ Was none of all thy lineage hang'd or cuckold?

“ Bastard, or bastinado'd? is thy pedigree

“ As long and wide as mine?—for otherwise

“ Thou wert most unworthy, and 'twere loss of honour

“ In me to fight.” STEEVENS.

Perhaps here was intended an indirect censure of Queen Elizabeth, for her unprincely and unfeminine treatment of the amiable Earl of Essex. The play was probably not produced till after her death, when a stroke at her proud and passionate demeanour to her courtiers and maids of honour (for her majesty used to chastise *them* too) might be safely hazarded. In a subsequent part of this scene there is (as Dr. Grey has observed) an evident allusion to Elizabeth's inquiries concerning the person of her rival, Mary, Queen of Scots. MALONE.

To

To bring bad news : Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues ; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mes. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married ?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mes. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee ! dost thou hold
there still ?

Mes. Should I lye, madam ?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst ;

So half my Ægypt were submerg'd², and made
A cistern for scald snakes ! Go, get thee hence ;
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me

Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married ?

Mes. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married ?

Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you :
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal : He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of
thee,

³ Thou art not what thou'rt sure of !—Get thee hence :
The

² —were submerg'd,——] *Submerg'd* is whelm'd under water. So, in the *Martial Maid*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ —spoil'd, lost, and *submerg'd* in the inundation, &c.”

STEEVENS.

³ *Thou art not what thou'rt sure of !—*] For this, which is not easily understood, sir T. Hanmer has given :

That say't but what thou'rt sure of !

I am not satisfied with the change, which, though it affords sense, exhibits little spirit. I fancy the line consists only of abrupt starts.

O that this fault should make a knave of thee,

Thou art—not what ?—Thou'rt sure on't. Get thee hence :
That his fault should make a knave of thee that art—but what shall I say thou art not ? Thou art then sure of this *marriage*.—Get thee hence.

The merchandise, which thou hast brought from
Rome,

Are all too dear for me; Lye they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [Exit Messenger.

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for it now. Lead me from hence,
I faint; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter:—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia⁴, her years,

He

Dr. Warburton has received sir T. Hanmer's emendation.

JOHNSON.

In *Measure for Measure*, act II. sc. ii. is a passage so much resembling this, that I cannot help pointing it out for the use of some future commentator, though I am unable to apply it with success to the very difficult line before us:

“Drest in a little brief authority,

“Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,

“His glassy essence.” STEEVENS.

Thou art not what thou'rt sure of!—] i. e. Thou art not an honest man, of which thou art thyself assured, but thou art in my opinion a knave by thy master's fault alone. TOLLET.

I suspect, the editors have endeavoured to correct this passage in the wrong place. Cleopatra begins now a little to recollect herself, and to be ashamed of having struck the servant for the fault of his master. She then very naturally exclaims,

“O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,

“That art not what thou'rt *sore* of!”

for so I would read, with the change of only one letter.—Alas, is it not strange, that the fault of Antony should make thee appear to me a knave, thee that art innocent, and art not the cause of that ill news, in consequence of which thou art yet *sore* with my blows! MALONE.

⁴ —the feature of Octavia,——] By *feature* seems to be meant the cast and make of her face. *Feature*, however, anciently appears to have signified *beauty* in general. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617: “—rich thou art, *featur'd* thou art, feared thou art.” Spenser uses *feature* for the whole turn of the body. *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. 8:

“Thus when they had the witch disrobed quite,

“And all her filthy *feature* open shown.”

Again,

Her inclination, ⁵ let him not leave out
The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—

[*Exit Alexas.*

⁶ Let him for ever go:—Let him not,—Charmian;
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way he is a ⁷ Mars:—Bid you Alexas

[*To Mardian.*

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Char-
mian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*

Again, in b. iii. c. 9:

“ She also doft her heavy haberjeon

“ Which the fair *feature of her limbs* did hide.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ ————*let him not leave out*

The colour of her hair:—]

This is one of Shakspeare's masterly touches. Cleopatra, after bidding Charmian to enquire of the messenger concerning the beauty, age, and temperament of Octavia, immediately adds, *let him not leave out the colour of her hair*; as from thence she might be able to judge for herself, of her rival's propensity to those pleasures, upon which her passion for Antony was founded.

HENLEY.

⁶ *Let him for ever go.*—] She is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger, but Antony. JOHNSON.

⁷ *The other way's a Mars:*—] In this passage the sense is clear, but, I think, may be much improved by a very little alteration.

Cleopatra, in her passion upon the news of Antony's marriage, says:

Let him for ever go—Let him not—Charmian,—

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way he's a Mars.—

This, I think, would be more spirited thus:

Let him for ever go—let him—no,—Charmian;

Though he be painted, &c. TYRWHITT.

S C E N E VI.

Near Misenum.

Enter Pompey, and Menas, at one door, with drum and trumpet: at another, Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, with soldiers marching,

Pomp. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent:
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pomp. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him, What was it,
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And
What made, all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despightful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant.

Ant. ⁸ Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy
fails,

We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pomp. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
⁹ But, since the cuckow builds not for himself,
Remain in't, as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pomp. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates: then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back,
Our targes undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pomp. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,

⁸ *Thou canst not fear us—*] Thou canst not affright us with thy
numerous navy. JOHNSON.

⁹ *But since the cuckow builds not for himself,*] Since, like the
cuckow, that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a
house which you could not build, keep it while you can.

JOHNSON.

So, in P. Holland's translation of *Pliny*, b. x. ch. 9:

“These (cuckows) lay alwaies in other birds' nests.”

STEEVENS.

Your

Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pomp. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pomp. Well, I know not,
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pomp. I hope so, Lépidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pomp. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and let us
Draw lots, who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pomp. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first,
Or last, your fine Ægyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pomp. I have fair meanings², sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pomp. Then so much have I heard:—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried——

¹ *What counts hard fortune casts, &c.*] Metaphor from making marks or lines in casting accounts in arithmetick. WARBURTON.

² *meanings*] Former editions, *meaning*. See REMARKS.

Eno. No more of that:—He did so.

Pomp. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar³ in a mattress.

Pomp. I know thee now; How far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well.

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pomp. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pomp. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

All. Shew us the way, sir.

Pomp. Come. [*Exeunt. Manent Eno. and Menas.*]

Menas. [*Aside.*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er
have made this treaty.—

You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Menas. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Menas. And you by land.

*Eno.*⁴ I will praise any man that will praise me:
though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

³ —to Cæsar—] i. e. To Julius Cæsar. STEEVENS.

⁴ *I will praise any man that will praise me,*] The poet's art in delivering this humorous sentiment (which gives us so very true and natural a picture of the commerce of the world) can never be sufficiently admired. The confession could come from none but a frank and rough character like the speaker's: and the moral lesson insinuated under it, that *flattery* can make its way through the most stubborn manners, deserves our serious reflexion.

WARBURTON.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But now she is the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band, that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Ægyptian dish again: then shall

shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar ; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is ; he marry'd but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard ?

I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir : we have us'd our throats in Ægypt.

Men. Come ; let's away. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Near mount Misenum.

On board Pompey's Galley.

Musick plays. Enter two or three Servants with a banquet.

1 Serv. Here they'll be, man : ⁵ Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 Serv. Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1 Serv. ⁶ They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 Serv. ⁷ As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *no more* ; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

⁵ —*Some o' their plants*—] *Plants*, besides its common meaning, is here used for the *foot*, from the Latin. JOHNSON.

⁶ *They have made him drink alms-drink.*] A phrase, amongst good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy. WARBURTON.

⁷ *As they pinch one another by the disposition,*—] A phrase equivalent to that now in use, of *Touching one in a sore place.*

WARBURTON.

1 Serv.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as ³ a partizan I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* ⁹ To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disfigure the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mæcenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir: 'They take the flow o' the Nile

By

³ ——— a partizan ———] A pike. JOHNSON.

⁹ To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disfigure the cheeks.] This speech seems to be mutilated; to supply the deficiencies is impossible, but perhaps the sense was originally approaching to this:

To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it, is a very ignominious state; great offices are the holes where eyes should be, which, if eyes be wanting, pitifully disfigure the cheeks.

JOHNSON.

In the eighth book of the *Civil Wars*, by Daniel, ft. 103, is a passage which resembles this, though it will hardly serve to explain it. The earl of Warwick says to his confessor:

“ I know that I am fix'd unto a sphere
 “ That is ordain'd to move. It is the place
 “ My fate appoints me; and the region where
 “ I must, whatever happens there embrace.
 “ Disturbance, travail, labour, hope and fear,
 “ Are of that clime, ingender'd in that place:
 “ And action best, I see, becomes the best:
 “ The stars that have most glory, have no rest.”

STEEVENS.

¹ They take the flow of the Nile—] Pliny, speaking of the Nile, says, “ How high it riseth, is knowne by markes and measures
 “ taken of certain pits. The ordinary height of it is sixteen
 “ cubites. Under that gage, the waters overflow not all. Above
 “ that stint, there are a let and hindrance, by reason that the

By certain scales i' the pyramid ; they know,
 By the height, the lowness, or the mean², if dearth,
 Or foizon, follow³ : The higher Nilus swells,
 The more it promises : as it ebbs, the seedsman
 Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
 And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Ægypt is bred now of your
 mud by the operation of your sun : so is your croco-
 dile.

Ant. They are so.

Pomp. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepi-
 dus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er
 out.

Eno. Not 'till you have slept ; I fear me, you'll be
 in, 'till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly,⁴ I have heard, the Ptolemies'
 Pyramises

“ later it is ere they bee fallen and downe againe. By these the
 “ seed-time is much of it spent, for that the earth is too wet.
 “ By the other there is none at all, by reason that the ground
 “ is drie and thirstie. The province taketh good keepe and
 “ reckoning of both, the one as well as the other. For when
 “ it is no higher than 12 cubites, it findeth extreame famine :
 “ yea, and at 13 it feeleth hunger still ; 14 cubites comforts
 “ their hearts, 15 bids them take no care, but 16 affordeth
 “ them plentie and delicious dainties. So soone as any part of
 “ the land is freed from the water, streight waies it is sowed.”

Philemon Holland's Translation, 1601, B. v. c. 9. EDITOR.

² —the mean,—] i. e. the middle. STEEVENS.

³ Or foizon follow :—] *Foizon* is a French word signifying
 plenty, abundance. I am told that it is still in common use in
 the North. See Vol. I. p. 52. STEEVENS.

⁴ *I have heard, the Ptolemies' Pyramises are very goodly things ;]*
Pyramis for *pyramid* was in common use in our author's time.
 So, in Bishop Corbet's *Poems*, 1658 :

“ Nor need the chancellor boast, whose *pyramis*

“ Above the host and altar reared is,”

From this word Shakspeare formed the English plural, *pyra-
 mises*,

Pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*

Pomp. Say in mine ear: What is't?

Men. Forfake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, [*Aside.*

And hear me speak a word.

Pomp. Forbear me 'till anon.—This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, sir, like it self; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pomp. [*To Menas aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's the cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool.

Pomp. [*Rises, and walks aside.*] I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pomp. [*To Menas.*] Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's eise to say?—

mises, which perhaps he preferred, as better suited to the pronunciation of a man nearly intoxicated. In other places he has introduced the Latin plural *pyramides*, which was constantly used by our ancient writers. So, in this play:

“ My country's high *pyramides*——.” Act V. sc. ii.

MALONE.

Be

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pomp. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's
twice.

Pomp. How shall that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And, though you think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pomp. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips⁵,
Is thine, if thou wilt have it.

Pomp. Shew me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competi-
tors,
Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable⁶;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine⁷.

Pomp. Ah, this thou should'st have done,

⁵ ———or *sky* inclips,] i. e. embraces. STEEVENS.

⁶ ———Let me cut the cable;] So, in the old translation of Plu-
tarch: "Now in the midst of the feast, when they fell to be-
merie with Antonius loue vnto Cleopatra: Menas the pirate came
to Pompey, and whispering in his eare, said unto him: shall I cut
the gables of the ankers, and make thee Lord not only of Sicile
and Sardinia, but of the whole empire of Rome besides? Pompey
hauing pawfed a while vpon it, at length aunswered him: thou
shouldest haue done it, and neuer haue told it me, but now we
must content vs with that we haue. As for my selfe, I was ne-
uer taught to breake my faith, nor to be counted a traitor."

STEEVENS.

⁷ All then is thine.] The old copy reads: *All there is thine*.
If alteration be necessary, we might as well give: *All theirs is
thine*. All there, however, may mean *all in the vessel*.

STEEVENS.

And not have spoke of it! In me, 'tis villainy;
 In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,
 'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
 Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
 Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,
 I should have found it afterwards well done;
 But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this,
 I'll never follow^s thy pall'd fortunes more.—
 Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
 Shall never find it more.

Pomp. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him,
 Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pomp. Fill, 'till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the attendant who carries off Lepidus.*]

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears

The third part of the world, man; See'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it
 were all,

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; encrease the reels.

Men. Come.

Pomp. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens toward it.—⁹ Strike the vessels, ho!
 Here

^s —*thy pall'd fortunes*—] *Palled*, is *vapid*, past its time of excellence; *palled* wine, is wine that has lost its original sprightliness. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Hist. of Clyomon Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. 1599:

“ Can comfort more the careful corps and over-palled
 spright.” STEEVENS.

⁹ —*Strike the vessels*,—] Try whether the casks found as empty. JOHNSON.

Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it,
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it,
I will make answer: but I had rather fast
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [To *Ant.*
Shall we dance now the Ægyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink.

Pomp. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands;
'Till that the conqu'ring wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—
The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing;
'The holding every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volly.

[*Musick plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*

I believe, *strike the vessels* means no more than *chink the vessels one against the other, as a mark of our unanimity in drinking, as we now say, chink glasses.* STEEVENS.

¹ In old editions:

The holding every man shall beat, ———]

The company were to join in the burden, which the poet styles, the Holding. But how were they to *beat* this with their *sides*? I am persuaded, the poet wrote:

*The holding every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volly.*

The breast and *sides* are immediately concerned in straining to sing as loud and forcibly as a man can. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's emendation is very plausible; and yet *beat* I believe to have been the poet's word, however harsh it may appear at present. In *Hen. VIII.* we find a similar expression:

“ ———let the music *knock* it.” STEEVENS.

The holding every man shall beat, ———] Every man shall accompany the chorus by drumming on his sides, in token of concurrence and applause. JOHNSON.

S O N G.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne² :
In thy vats our cares be drown'd ;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd ;
Cup us 'till the world go round ;
Cup us, 'till the world go round !*

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good night. Good brother, Let me request you off: our graver business Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part; You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

Pomp. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir: give's your hand.

Pomp. ³ O, Antony, you have my father's house,
But

² —with pink eyne:—] Dr. Johnson, in his *Dictionary*, says a pink eye is a small eye, and quotes this passage for his authority. Pink eyne, however, may be red eyes: eyes inflamed with drinking, are very well appropriated to Bacchus. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ —such ferret and such fiery eyes.”

So, Greene, in his *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592: “ —like a pink-ey'd ferret.” Again, in a song sung by a drunken Clown in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

“ Thou makest some to stumble, and many mo to fumble,

“ And me have pinky eyne, most brave and jolly wine!”

STEEVENS.

³ O, Antony, you have my father's house,] The historian Patriculus says: “ *Cum Pompeia quoque circa Misenum pax inita: Qui haud absurdè cum in navis Cæsaremque et Antonium cæna exciperet, dixit: In carinis suis se cœnam dare: referens hoc dictum ad locum solum in quo paterna domus ab Antonio possidebatur.*” Our author, though he lost the joke, yet seems willing to commemorate the story. WARBURTON.

Th:

But what? we are friends: Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—

Menas I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd, sound
out. [*Sound a flourish, with drums.*]

Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain! Come! [*Exeunt.*]

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

A Plain in Syria.

Enter Ventidius, as after conquest; with Silius and other Romans, and the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou⁴ struck; and
now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes⁵!
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,

The joke of which the learned editor seems to lament the loss, is not preserved in the old translation of Plutarch, and Shakspeare looked no further. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Struck*] alludes to *darting*. Thou whose darts have so often struck others, art struck now thyself. JOHNSON.

⁵ —*Thy Pacorus, Orodes!*] *Pacorus* was the son of *Orodes*, king of Parthia. STEEVENS.

Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he we serve's away.
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he atchiev'd by the minute, lost his favour,
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, ⁶ that,
Without the which, a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to An-
tony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia

⁶ ———— that, without the which

A soldier, and his sword, grants scarce distinction:]

Grant, for afford. It is badly and obscurely expressed: but the sense is this, Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless. This was wisdom or knowledge of the world. Ventidius had told him the reasons why he did not pursue his advantages: and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight.

WARBURTON.

We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither with what haste

The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass
along. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Rome.

Cæsar's House.

Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;

The other three are fealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou? Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—go
no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent
praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—Yet he loves
Antony:

—[*Arabian bird!*] The phoenix. JOHNSON.

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, ^s bards, poets,
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love
To Antony. But as for Cæsar, kneel,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno They are his shards, and he their beetle[?]. So,—
This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa. [*Trumpets.*]

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

^s —*bards, poets,*—] Not only the tautology of *bards* and *poets*, but the want of a correspondent action for the *poet*, whose business in the next line is only to *number*, makes me suspect some fault in this passage, which I know not how to mend. JOHNSON.

I suspect no fault. The ancient *bard* sung his compositions to the harp; the *poet* only commits them to paper. Verses are often called *numbers*, and to *number*, a verb (in this sense) of Shakspeare's coining, is *to make verses*.

This puerile arrangement of words was much studied in the age of Shakspeare, even by the first writers.

So in *An excellent Sonnet of a Nymph*, by Sir P. Sidney; printed in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

“ Vertue, beautie, and speech, did strike; wound, charme,
“ My heart, eyes, eares, with wonder, love, delight:
“ First, second, last, did binde, enforce, and arme,
“ His works, shoves, futes, with wit, grace, and vowes-might;
“ Thus honour, liking, trust, much, farre, and deepe,
“ Held, pearst, posselt, my judgment, fence, and will;
“ Till wrongs, contempt, deceite, did grow, steale, creepe,
“ Bands, favour, faith, to breake, defile, and kill.
“ Then grieffe, unkindnes, prooffe, tooke, kindled, taught,
“ Well grounded, noble, due, spite, rage, disdain:
“ But ah, alas (in vaine) my mind, fight, thought,
“ Doth him, his face, his words, leave, shunne, refraine:
“ For nothing, time, nor place, can loose, quench, ease,
“ Mine own, embraced, fought, knot, fire, disease.”

STEEVENS.

[?] *They are his shards, and he their beetle.*—] i. e. They are the *wings* that raise this *heavy lumpish insect* from the ground. See Note on *Macbeth*, act III. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself ¹ ;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and ² as my furthest
band

Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortrefs of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious ³, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewel, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
⁴ The elements be kind to thee, and make

Thy

¹ *You take from me a great part of myself;*]
So in the *Tempest*:

“ I have given you here a third of my own life.”

STEEVENS.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ I have a kind of self resides in you.” MALONE.

² ————*as my furthest band*] As I will venture the greatest
pledge of security, on the trial of thy conduct. JOHNSON.

³ ————*therein curious,*] i. e. scrupulous. See Vol. III.
p. 528.

⁴ *The elements be kind, &c.*] This is obscure. It seems to mean,
*May the different elements of the body, or principles of life, main-
tain such proportion and harmony as may keep you cheerful.*

JOHNSON.

The elements be kind, &c. I believe means only, *May the four
elements,*

Thy spirits all of comfort ! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother !

Ant. The April's in her eyes ; It is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on :—Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house ; and—

Cæs. What, Octavia ?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue : the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep ?

Agr. He has a cloud in his face.

Eno. He were the worse for that were he a horse⁵ ;

elements, of which this world is composed, unite their influences to make thee cheerful.

There is, however, a thought which seems to favour Dr. Johnson's explanation in *The two noble Kinsmen* by Fletcher and Shakspeare :

“ ————My precious maid,
“ Those best affections that the heavens infuse
“ In their best temper'd pieces, keep enthron'd
“ In your dear heart !”

Again, in *Twelfth Night* :

“ Does not our life consist of the *four elements* ?—Faith, so they say.”

And another, which may serve in support of mine,

“ ————the *elements*,
“ That know not what nor why, yet do effect
“ Rare issues by their operance.”

These parting words of Cæsar to his sister, may indeed mean no more than the common compliment which the occasion of her voyage very naturally required. He wishes *that serene weather and prosperous winds may keep her spirits free from every apprehension that might disturb or alarm them.* STEEVENS.

“ *The elements be kind to thee,*” (i. e. the elements of air and water.) Surely this expression means no more than, *I wish you a good voyage* ; Octavia was going to sail with Antony from Rome to Athens. T. H. W.

⁵ —were he a horse ;] A horse is said to have *a cloud in his face*, when he has a black or dark-coloured spot in his forehead between his eyes. This gives him a sour look, and being supposed to indicate an ill-temper, is of course regarded as a great blemish. STEEVENS.

So is he, being a man.

Ag. Why, Enobarbus?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a
rheum;

What willingly he did confound, he wail'd:

⁶ Believe it, 'till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewel, farewell! [Kisses Octavia.]

Ant. Farewel! [Trumpets sound. Exeunt.]

⁶ *Believe it, 'till I weep too.*] I have ventured to alter the sense of the verb here, against the authority of all the copies. There was no sense in it, I think, as it stood before.

THEOBALD.

I am afraid there was better sense in this passage as it stood before, than Mr. Theobald's alteration will afford us. *Believe it,* (says Enobarbus) *that Antony did so, i. e. that he wept over such an event, till you see me weeping on the same occasion, when I shall be obliged to you for putting such a construction on my tears, which, in reality, (like his) will be tears of joy.* I have replaced the old reading. Theobald reads, "'till I wept too." STEEVENS.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

*The Palace in Alexandria.**Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.**Cleo.* Where is the fellow ?*Alex.* Half afraid to come.*Cleo.* Go to, go to :—Come hither, sir.*Enter Messenger.**Alex.* Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.*Cleo.* That Herod's head
I'll have : But how ? when Antony is gone,
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou
near.*Mes.* Most gracious majesty,—*Cleo.* Didst thou behold
Octavia ?*Mes.* Ay, dread queen.*Cleo.* Where ?*Mes.* Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face ; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me ?⁷*Mes.* She is not, madam.*Cleo.* Didst hear her speak ? Is she shrill-tongu'd,
or low ?

⁷ *Is she as tall as me, &c. &c. &c.*] This scene (says Dr. Grey) is a manifest allusion to the questions put by queen Elizabeth to sir James Melvil, concerning his mistress the queen of Scots. Whoever will give himself the trouble to consult his Memoirs, will probably suppose the resemblance to be more than accidental. STEEVENS.

Mes.

Mef. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.

Cleo. ⁸ That's not so good:—he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mef. She creeps;

Her motion and her station ⁹ are as one:

She shews a body rather than a life;

A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mef. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Ægypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't:—There's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mef. Madam, she was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Mef. And I do think, she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is it long, or round?

⁸ *That's not so good; he cannot like her long.*] Cleopatra perhaps does not mean—"That is not so good a piece of intelligence as your last;" but, "*That*, i. e. a low voice, is not so good as a shrill tongue."

That she did not herself esteem a low voice (on which our author never omits to introduce an elogium when he has an opportunity,) as a merit in a lady, appears from what she adds afterwards,—"*Dull of tongue and dwarfish!*"—If the words be understood in the sense first mentioned, the latter part of the line will be found inconsistent with the foregoing. MALONE.

⁹ ————*her station*] *Station*, in this instance, means *the act of standing.*" So, in *Hamlet*:

"A *station* like the herald Mercury." STEEVENS.

Mef.

Mef. Round even to faultinefs.

Cleo. For the moft part too,
They are foolifh that are fo.—Her hair, what colour?

Mef. Brown, madam: And her forehead
As low as ſhe would wiſh it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou muſt not take my former ſharpnefs ill:—
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Moſt fit for buſinefs: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is fo: I repent me much,
That I ſo harry'd him¹. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no ſuch thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath ſeen ſome majeſty, and ſhould
know.

Char. Hath he ſeen majeſty? Iſis elſe defend,
And ſerving you ſo long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to aſk him yet, good
Charmian:—

But 'tis no matter; thou ſhalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [Exeunt.]

¹ —ſo harry'd him.—] To *harry*, is to uſe roughly. I meet with the word in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607:

“ He *barried* her, and midſt a throng, &c.”

Again, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

“ Will *harry* me about inſtead of her.”

Holinſhed, p. 735, ſpeaking of the body of Rich. III. ſays, it was “ *barried* on horſeback, dead.”

The ſame expreſſion had been uſed by Harding in his *Chronicle*. Again, Naſh in his *Lenten Stuff*, 1599, “ —as if he were *harrying* and chaſing his enemies.” STEEVENS.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

*Antony's house at Athens.**Enter Antony, and Octavia.*

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took it,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts; The good gods will mock
me presently
When I shall pray, O, *blefs my lord and husband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, *blefs my brother!* Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,

² *When the best hint was given him, he o'erlook'd,
Or did it from his teeth.]*

The first folio reads, *not look'd*. Dr. Thirlby advis'd the emendation which I have inserted in the text. THEOBALD.

Your-

Yourself shall go between us : ³ The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother : Make your soonest haste ;
So your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler ! ⁴ Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should folder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way ; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going ;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

³ ———the mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother ;——]

Thus the printed copies. But, sure, Antony, whose business here is to mollify Octavia, does it with a very ill grace : and 'tis a very odd way of satisfying her, to tell her the war, he raises, shall *stain*, i. e. cast an odium upon her brother. I have no doubt, but we must read, with the addition only of a single letter.

Shall strain your brother ;———

i. e. shall lay him under constraints ; shall put him to such shifts, that he shall neither be able to make a progress against, or to prejudice me. Plutarch says, that Octavius, understanding the sudden and wonderful preparations of Antony, was astonish'd at it ; for he himself was in many wants ; and the people were sorely oppressed with grievous exactions. THEOBALD.

I do not see but *stain* may be allowed to remain unaltered, meaning no more than *shame* or *disgrace*. JOHNSON.

⁴ —wars 'twixt you twain would be, &c.] The sense is, that war between Cæsar and Antony would engage the world between them, and that the slaughter would be great in so extensive a commotion. JOHNSON.

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

*The same.**Enter Enobarbus, and Eros.**Eno.* How now, friend Eros?*Eros.* There's strange news come, sir.*Eno.* What, man?*Eros.* Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.*Eno.* This is old; What is the success?*Eros.* Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him ⁵ rivalry; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; ⁶ upon his own appeal, seizes him: So the poor third is up, 'till death enlarge his confine.*Eno.* ⁷ Then 'would thou had'st a pair of chaps, no more;And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the other. Where is Antony?*Eros.* He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurnsThe rush that lies before him: cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*⁵ *rivalry.*] Equal rank. JOHNSON.⁶ *Upon his own appeal,*] *To appeal*, in Shakspeare, is to *accuse*; Cæsar seized Lepidus without any other proof than Cæsar's accusation. JOHNSON.⁷ *Then 'would thou had'st a pair of chaps, no more; and throw between them all the food thou hast, they'll grind the other. Where's Antony?*] This is obscure, I read it thus,*Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more,**And throw between them all the food thou hast,**They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?*

Cæsar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey upon between them. JOHNSON.

And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. ⁸ More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Rome. Cæsar's house.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenâs.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this: And
more;

In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place⁹, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;

⁸ ——— *More, Domitius;*] I have something *more* to tell you,
which I might have told at first, and delayed my news. Antony
requires your presence. JOHNSON.

⁹ *I' the market-place,*—] So in the old translation of Plutarch.
“ For he assembled all the people in the show place, where younge
men doe exercise them selues, and there vpon a high tribunall
siluered, he set two chayres of gold, the one for him selfe, and
the other for Cleopatra; and lower chaires for his children: then
he openly published before the assembly, that first of all he did
establiſh Cleopatra queene of Egypt, of Cyprvs, of Lydia, and of
the lower Syria, and at that time also, Cæsarion king of the same
realmes. This Cæsarion was supposed to be the sonne of Julius
Cæsar, who had left Cleopatra great with child. Secondly, he
called the sonnes he had by her, the kings of kings, and gaue
Alexander for his portion, Armenia, Media, and Parthia, when
he had conquered the contry: and vnto Ptolemy for his portion,
Phenicia, Syria, and Cilicia. STEEVENS.

And

And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
 Since then hath made between them. Unto her
 He gave the 'stablishment of Ægypt; made her
 Of lower Syria, Cyprus, ¹ Lydia,
 Absolute queen.

Mæc. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common shew-place, where they ex-
 ercise.

His sons ² he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings:
 Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
 He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
 Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She
 In the habiliments of the goddess Isis ³
 That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
 As 'tis reported, so.

Mæc. Let Rome be thus
 Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
 Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
 His accusations.

¹ For *Lydia*, Mr. Upton, from Plutarch, has restored *Lybia*.
 JOHNSON.

In the translation from the French of Amyot, by Tho. North,
 in folio, 1597*, will be seen at once the origin of this mistake.—
 "First of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Ægypt, of Cy-
 prus, of *Lydia*, and the lower Syria." FARMER.

² ——— *he there* ———] The old copy has *hither*. Mr. Rowe
 corrected it. MALONE.

³ ——— *the goddess Isis*] So in the old translation of Plutarch:
 "Now for Cleopatra, she did not onely weare at that time (but
 at all other times els when she came abroad) the apparell of the
 goddesse Isis, and so gaue audience vnto all her subjects, as a new
 Isis." STEEVENS.

* I find the character of this work pretty early delineated:

" 'Twas Greek at first, that Greek was Latin made,
 " That Latin French, that French to English straid:
 " Thus 'twixt one Plutarch there's more difference,
 " Than i' th' same Englishman return'd from France."

FARMER.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change; for what I have con-
quer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mæc. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear
Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you
cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You
come not

Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented

The

The ostentation of our love, which, left unshewn,
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea, and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. ⁴ Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
⁵ The kings o' the earth for war: He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;

⁵ Which soon he granted,

Being an abstract 'tween his lust and him.]

Antony very soon comply'd to let Octavia go at her request,
says Cæsar; and why? Because she was an *abstract* between his
inordinate passion and him; this is absurd. We must read,

Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

i. e. his wife being an obstruction, a bar to the prosecution of his
wanton pleasures with Cleopatra." WARBURTON.

⁶ Mr. Upton remarks, that there are some errors in this enu-
meration of the auxiliary kings: but it is probable that the au-
thor did not much wish to be accurate. JOHNSON.

Mr. Upton proposes to read:

"—— Polemon and Amintas

"Of Lycaonia; and the king of Mede."

And this obviates all impropriety. STEEVENS.

Herod of Jewry ; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene ; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of scepters.

Octa. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other !

Cæs. Welcome hither :
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth ;
'Till we perceived, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart :
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities ;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome :
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought : and the high gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort⁶ ;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mæc. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you :
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off ;
And gives his⁷ potent regiment to a trull,

That

⁶ Be of comfort.] The old copy—*Best* of comfort. STEEVENS.
The connecting particle, *and*, seems to favour the old reading.
According to the modern innovation, (which was introduced by
Mr. Rowe,) it stands very awkwardly. “ *Best of comfort*” may
mean—*Thou best of comforters!* a phrase which we meet with
again in *the Tempest* :

“ A solemn air, and the *best comforter*

“ To an unsettled fancy's cure !” MALONE.

⁷ —*potent regiment*—] *Regiment*, is, *government, authority*; he
puts his *power* and his empire into the hands of a false woman.

It may be observed, that *trull* was not, in our author's time, a
term of mere infamy, but a word of slight contempt, as *wench*
is now. JOHNSON,

That noises it against us.

Octa. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Antony's camp, near the promontory of Actium.

Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast^s forspoke my being in these
wars;

And

Regiment is used for *regimen* or *government* by most of our ancient writers. The old translation of the *Schola Salernitana*, is called the *Regiment of Helth*.

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

“ Or Hecate in Pluto's *regiment*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. x:

“ So when he had relign'd his *regiment*.”

Trull is not employed in an unfavourable sense by G. Peele in the *Song of Coridon and Melampus*, published in *England's Helicon*:

“ When swaines sweet pipes are puffed, and *trulls* are warme.”

Again, in *Damætas's Jigge* in praise of his love, by John Wootton; printed in the same collection:

“ ———be thy mirth scene;

“ Heard to each swaine, scene to each *trull*.” STEEVENS.

^s ———*forspoke my being* ———] To *for speak*, is to *contradict*, to *speak against*, as *forbid* is to order negatively. JOHNSON.

Thus, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1580:

“ ———thy life *forspoke* by love.”

To *for speak* likewise signified to *curse*. So in Drayton's *Epistle from Elinor Cobham to Duke Humphrey*:

“ Or to *for speak* whole flocks as they did feed.”

To *for speak*, in the last instance, has the same power as to *forbid* in *Macbeth*:

“ He shall live a man *forbid*.”

And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd against us? Why should
not we

Be there in person?

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—

If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his
time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us? A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will

So to *forthink* meant anciently to *repent*.

“ Therefore of it be not to boolde,

“ Left thou *forthink* it when thou art too olde.”

Interlude of Youth, bl. l. no date.

And in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, b. i. to *forspake* is to
mishape.

“ Out of a man into a stone

“ *Forspake*, &c.”

To *forspeak* has generally reference to the mischiefs effected by
enchantment. So in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, “——— a
witch, gossip to *forspeak* the matter thus.” In Shakspeare it is
the opposite of *bespeak*. STEEVENS.

^o *Is't not denounc'd against us? &c.*] I would read:

“ Is't not? *Denounce* against us, why should not we

“ Be there in person?”———TYRWHITT.

The old copy reads———

If not denounc'd against us, why, &c.

which may be right. If there is no particular denunciation
against us, why should we not be there in person?—Or, with
Mr. Tyrwhitt, we may read,

If not, [i. e. if it be not fit,] *denounce*, &c. MALONE.

Appear

Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done: Here comes the emperor.

Enter Antony, and Canidius.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne¹?—You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muleteers², reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy³: No disgrace

¹ *And take in Toryne.*] To *take in* is to gain by conquest. See Vol. IV. p. 415, Vol. VII. p. 355. STEEVENS.

² —*muleteers*,—] The old copy read *milites*. MALONE.

³ *Their ships are yare; yours heavy*:—] So in sir Tho. North's *Plutarch*.—"Cæsar's ships were not built for pomp, high and great, &c. but they were light of *yarage*." *Yare* generally signifies, *dextrous, manageable*. See Vol. I. p. 4.

STEEVENS.

Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute foldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
⁴ Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse:—We'll to our ship;
Away, my Thetis ⁵!—How now, worthy foldier?

⁴ *Strange, that his power should be.*] It is strange that his *forces*
should be there. So afterwards in this scene:

“His *power* went out in such distractions as

“Beguil'd all spies.”

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

“Before the which was drawn the *power* of Greece.”

MALONE.

⁵ —*my Thetis!*—] Antony addresses Cleopatra by the name
of this sea-nymph, because she had just promised him assistance
in his naval expedition. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. O noble emperor⁵, do not fight by sea ;
Trust not to rotten planks : Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds ? Let the Ægyptians,
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking ; we
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*]

Sold. ⁶ By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art : but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't : So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not ?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea :
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,

⁵ *O noble emperor, &c.*] So in the old translation of *Plutarch*.
“ Now, as he was setting his men in order of battel, there was
a captaine, & a valliant man, that had serued Antonius in many
battels & conflicts, & had all his body hacked & cut : who as
Antonius passed by him, cryed out vnto him, and sayd : O,
noble emperor, how commeth it to passe that you trust to these
vile brittle shippes ? what, doe you mistrust these woundes of
myne, and this sword ? let the Ægyptians and Phœnicians fight
by sea, and set vs on the maine land, where we vse to conquer,
or to be slayne on our feete. Antonius passed by him, and sayd
neuer a word, but only beckoned to him with his hand and head,
as though he willed him to be of good corage, although indeede
he had no great corage himselfe.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.*

Can. *Soldier, thou art ; but his whole action grows*

Not in the power on't : —————]

That is, his whole conduct becomes, ungoverned by the right,
or by reason. JOHNSON.

His

His power went out in such ⁷ distractions, as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour; and
throws forth,
Each minute, some. *Exeunt.*

S C E N E VIII.

The same. A Plain.

Enter Cæsar, Taurus, Officers, &c.

Cæs. Taurus.—

Taur. My lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke
not battle,
'Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scrowl: Our fortune lies
Upon this jump. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon' side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. *[Exeunt.]*

⁷ —*distractions*—] Detachments; separate bodies. JOHNSON.
The word is thus used by sir Paul Rycout in his *Maxims of Turkish Polity*: “——and not suffer his affections to wander on other wives, slaves, or *distractions of his love*.” STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Canidius, marching with his land army one way over the stage; and Taurus, the lieutenant of Cæsar, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight. Alarum. Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:

⁸ The Antoniad, the Ægyptian admiral,
With all their fixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods, and goddeffes,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. ⁹ The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kifs'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,

⁸ *The Antoniad, &c.*] Which Plutarch says, was the name of Cleopatra's ship. POPE.

⁹ *The greater cantle*——] A piece or lump. POPE.

Cantle is rather a *corner*. Cæsar in this play mentions the *three-nook'd world*. Of this triangular world every triumvir had a corner. JOHNSON.

The word is used by Chaucer in the *Knights Tale*, late edit. v. 3010:

“Of no partie ne *cantel* of a thing.” STEEVENS.

^{*} *token'd*——] Spotted. JOHNSON.

The death of those visited by the plague was certain when particular eruptions appear'd on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens*. So, in the comedy of *Two wise Men and all the rest Fools*, in seven acts, 1619: “A will and a tolling bell are as present death as *God's tokens*.” Again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

“His sickness, madam, rageth like a plague

“Once spotted, never cur'd.”

Again, in *Love's Labour Lost*:

“For the *Lord's tokens* on you both I see.” See Vol. II.

p. 521. STEEVENS.

Where

Where death is sure. Yon² ribald nag of Ægypt,
³ Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst o' the fight,—
 When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
 Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,——

² ——ribald——] A luxurious squanderer. POPE.

The word is in the old edition *ribaudred*, which I do not understand, but mention it, in hopes others may raise some happy conjecture. JOHNSON.

A *ribald* is a lewd fellow. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

“ ——that injurious *riball* that attempts

“ To vyolate my dear wyve's chastity.”

Again:

“ Injurious strumpet and thou *ribald* knave.”

Ribaudred, the old reading is, I believe, no more than a corruption. Shakspeare, who is not always very nice about his versification, might have written:

“ Yon ribald-rid nag of Ægypt,——

i. e. Yon strumpet, who is common to every wanton fellow. It appears however from Barrett's *Alvearie*, 1580, that the word was sometimes written *ribaudrous*. STEEVENS.

——Yon ribald nag of Ægypt,] I believe we should read——*bag*. What follows seems to prove it:

“ ——She once being looft,

“ The noble ruin of her *magic*, Antony,

“ Claps on his sea-wing.—— TYRWHITT.

The brieze, or *cæstrum*, the fly that stings cattle, proves that *nag* is the right word. JOHNSON.

³ Whom leprosy o'ertake!——] *Leprosy*, an epidemical distemper of the Ægyptians; to which Horace probably alludes in the controverted line:

“ *Contaminato cum grege turpium*

“ *Morbo virorum.*” JOHNSON.

Leprosy was one of the various names by which the *Lues venerea* was distinguished. So, in Greene's *Disputation between a He Coneycatcher and a She Coneycatcher*, 1592: “ Into what jeopardy a man will thrust himself for her that he loves, altho' for his sweete villanie he be brought to loathsome *leprosie*.”

STEEVENS.

Pliny, who says, *the white leprosy*, or *elephantiasis*, was not seen in Italy before the time of Pompey the Great, adds, it is “ a peculiar maladie, and *naturall to the Ægyptians*; but looke when any of their kings fell into it, woe worth the subjects and poore people: for then were the tubs and bathing vessels wherein they sate in the baine, filled with men's blood for their cure.” *Philemon Holland's Translation*, B. XXVI. c. 1. EDITOR.

The

The brize upon upon her ⁴, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld :

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being looft ⁵,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :
I never saw an action of such shame ;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack !

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts ? Why then, good
night
Indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't ; and there will I attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse ; six kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow

⁴ *The brize upon her;*————] The *brize* is the *gad-fly*. So, in Spenser :

“————a *brize*, a scorned little creature,

“ Through his fair hide his angry sting did threaten.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ ————*being looft,*] To *loof* is to bring a ship close to the wind. This expression is in the old translation of Plutarch. STEEVENS.

The wounded chance of Antony⁶, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IX.

The palace in Alexandria.

Enter Antony, with Eros, and other attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is ashamed to bear me!—Friends, come hither;
I am so⁷ lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Omnes. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and shew their shoulders.—Friends, be gone:
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doating.—Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,

⁶ *The wounded chance of Antony.*—] I know not whether the author, who loves to draw his images from the sports of the field, might not have written:

The wounded chase of Antony,—

The allusion is to a deer wounded and chased, whom all other deer avoid. *I will*, says Enobarbus, *follow Antony*, though *chased and wounded*.

The common reading, however, may very well stand.

⁷ ————*so lated in the world,*—] Alluding to a benighted traveller. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*, act III:

“Now spurs the *lated* traveller apace.” STEEVENS.

Nor

Nor make replies of lothness: take the hint
 Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
 Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
 I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
 Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:—
 Nay, do so; for, indeed,⁸ I have lost command,
 Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.

Enter Eros, and Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Iras.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fye, fye, fye.

Char. Madam,——

Iras. Madam; O good emprefs!

Eros. Sir, sir,——

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—⁹ He, at Philippi, kept
 His

⁸ —*I've lost command,*] I am not maker of my own emotions.
 JOHNSON.

Surely, he rather means,—*I intreat* you to leave me, because
 I have lost all power to *command* your absence. STEEVENS.

⁹ ————*He, at Philippi kept
 His sword even like a dancer,*———]

In the Morisco, and perhaps anciently in the Pyrrhick dance,
 the dancers held swords in their hands with the points upward.

JOHNSON.

I am told that the peasants in Northumberland have a *sword-*
dance which they always practise at Christmas. STEEVENS.

Sword dances at Christmas are not peculiar to Northumber-
 land; they are common to the adjoining counties; and are, not
 without the greatest probability, supposed to have descended
 from the Romans. In these dances the sword points are gene-
 rally over the shoulders of the performers. Antony means, that
 Caesar stood inactive with his sword on his shoulder. REMARKS.

The Goths in one of their dances held swords in their hands,
 with the points upwards, sheathed and unsheathed. Might not

His sword even like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; ' and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended: ' he alone

Dealt

the Moors in Spain borrow this custom of the Goths who intermixed with them? TOLLET.

I believe it means that Cæsar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. There is a similar allusion in *Titus Andronicus*, act II. sc. i:

“ ———our mother, unadvis'd,

“ Gave you a *dancing rapier* by your side.” STEEVENS.

That Mr. Steevens's explanation is the true one, appears from a passage in *All's Well that Ends Well*. Bertram, lamenting that he is kept from the wars, says,

“ I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,

“ Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,

“ Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,

“ But one to dance with.”

The word *worn* shews that in both passages our author was thinking of the English, and not of the Pyrrick, dance; in which the sword was *not* worn at the side, but held in the hand.

MALONE.

' ———and 'twas I,

That the mad Brutus ended: ———]

Nothing can be more in character, than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the heroic love of one's country and public liberty, *madness*. WARBURTON.

' ———he alone

Dealt on *lieutenantry*, ———]

I know not whether the meaning is, that Cæsar acted only as lieutenant at Philippi, or that he made his attempts only on lieutenants, and left the generals to Antony. JOHNSON.

Dealt on lieutenantry, I believe, means only, — *fought by proxy*, made war by his lieutenants, or *on* the strength of his lieutenants. So, in the countess of Pembroke's *Antonie*, 1595:

“ ———Cassius and Brutus ill betid,

“ March'd against us, by us twice put to flight,

“ But by my sole conduct; for all the time,

“ Cæsar heart-sick with fear and feaver lay.”

To *deal on* any thing, is an expression often used in the old plays. So, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611:

“ You will *deal upon* men's wives no more.”

The prepositions *on* and *upon* are sometimes oddly employed by our ancient writers. So, in Drayton's *Miseries of Q. Margaret*:

“ That it amaz'd the *marchers*, to behold

“ Men so ill arm'd *upon* their bows so bold.”

Upon

Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war : Yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him ;
He is unquality'd with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me :—O !

Eros. Most noble sir, arise ; the queen approaches ;
Her head's declin'd, and ³ death will seize her ; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation ;
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Ægypt ? See,
⁴ How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,
By looking back on what I have left behind
⁵ Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord !
Forgive my fearful fails ! I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Ægypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ⁵ ty'd by the strings,
And

*Upon their bows must here mean on the strength of their bows—re-
lying on their bows. Again, in Have with you to Saffron Walden,
&c. by Nashe, 1596 : “ At Wolfe's he is billeted, sweating and
dealing upon it most intently.” Again, in Othello :*

“ Upon malicious bravery dost thou come

“ To start my quiet.”

Again, in *K. Richard III :*

“ ———are they that I would have thee deal upon.”

STEVENS.

³ ———death will seize her, but

Your comfort, &c.]

*But has here, as once before in this play, the force of except, or
unless. JOHNSON.*

⁴ *How I convey my shame——] How, by looking another way,
I withdraw my ignominy from your sight. JOHNSON.*

⁵ *—ty'd by the strings] That is, by the heart-string. JOHNSON.*

*So, in the Tragedie of Antonie, done into English by the coun-
tess of Pembroke, 1595 :*

And thou should'st tow me after : O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st ; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness ; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror ; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say ; one of them rates
All that is won and lost : Give me a kiss ;
Even this repays me.—We sent our school-master,
Is he come back ?—Love, I am full of lead :—
Some wine, there, and our viands :—Fortune
knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E X.

Cæsar's camp, in Ægypt.

Enter Cæsar, Dolabella, Thyreus⁶, with others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him ?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster⁷ :

“ —————as if his soule

“ Unto his ladies soule had been *euchained*,

“ He left his men &c.” STEEVENS.

⁶ —*Thyreus*,—] in the old copy always—*Thidias*. STEEVENS.

⁷ —————*his schoolmaster* :] The name of this person was *Euphronius*. STEEVENS.

An

An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony :
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf^s
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be it so ; Declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Ægypt : which not granted,
He lessens his requests ; and to thee sues

^s ——— as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.]

Thus the old copy. To *whose* grand sea? I know not. Perhaps we should read :

To this grand sea.

We may suppose that the sea was within view of Cæsar's camp, and at no great distance. TYRWHITT.

The modern editors arbitrarily read :—*the* grand sea.

I believe the old reading is the true one. *His grand sea* may mean his *full tide of prosperity*. So, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher and Shakspeare :

“ ——— though I know

“ His *ocean* needs not my poor drops, yet they

“ Must yield their tribute here.”

There is a play-house tradition that the first act of this play was written by Shakspeare. Mr. Tollet offers a further explanation of the change proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt: “ Alexandria, towards which Cæsar was marching, is situated on the coast of the Mediterranean sea, which is sometimes called *mare magnum*. Pliny terms it, “ *immensa aquorum vastitas*.” I may add, that sir John Mandevile, p. 89. calls that part of the Mediterranean which washes the coast of Palestine, “ *the grete see*.” The passage, however, is capable of yet another explanation. *His grand sea* may mean the sea from which the dew-drop is exhaled. Shakspeare might have considered the sea as the source of dews as well as rain. *His* is used instead of *its*. STEEVENS.

To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
 A private man in Athens : This for him.
 Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness ;
 Submits her to thy might ; and of thee craves
 ° The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
 Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
 I have no ears to his request. The queen
 Of audience, nor desire, shall fail ; so she
 From Ægypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
 Or take his life there : This if she perform,
 She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee !

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit Ambassador.*

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time : Dispatch ;
 From Antony win Cleopatra : promise, [*To Thyreus.*
 And in our name, what she requires ; add more,
 From thine invention, offers : Women are not,
 In their best fortunes, strong ; but want will perjure
 The ne'er-touch'd vestal : Try thy cunning, Thyreus ;
 Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
 Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe¹ how Antony becomes his flaw ;
 And what thou think'st his very action speaks
 In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*

° *The circle of the Ptolemies*——] The diadem ; the ensign of royalty. JOHNSON.

¹ —— *how Antony becomes his flaw ;*] That is, how Antony conforms himself to this breach of his fortune. JOHNSON.

SCENE XI.

*The Palace in Alexandria.**Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.**Cleo.* What shall we do, Enobarbus?*Eno.* ² Think, and die.*Cleo.*² *Think, and die.*] Read:*Drink, and die.*

This reply of Enobarbus seems grounded upon a peculiarity in the conduct of Antony and Cleopatra, which is related by Plutarch: that, after their defeat at Actium, they instituted a society of friends, who entered into engagement to die with them, not abating, in the mean time, any part of their luxury, excess, and riot, in which they had liv'd before. HANMER.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

Drink, and die.

And his emendation has been approved, it seems, by Dr. Warburton and Mr. Upton. Dr. Johnson, however, "has not advanced it into the page, not being convinced that it is necessary. *Think, and die;*" says he, "that is, *Reflect on your own folly, and leave the world,* is a natural answer." I grant it would be, according to this explanation, a very proper answer from a moralist or a divine; but Enobarbus, I doubt, was neither the one nor the other. He is drawn as a *plain, blunt soldier*; not likely, however, to offend so grossly in point of delicacy as sir T. Hanmer's alteration would make him. I believe the true reading is:

Wink, and die.

When the ship is going to be cast away, in the *Sea-voyage* of Beaumont and Fletcher, (act I. sc. i.) and Aminta is lamenting, Tibalt says to her:

"———Go, take your gilt

"Prayer-book, and to your business; *wink, and die:*" insinuating plainly, that she was afraid to meet death with her eyes open. And the same insinuation, I think, Enobarbus might very naturally convey in his return to Cleopatra's desponding question. TYRWHITT.

I adhere to the old reading, which may be supported by the following passage in *Julius Cæsar*:

"———all that he can do

"Is to himself; *take thought, and die for Cæsar.*"Mr. Tollet observes that the expression of *taking thought*, in our

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, ³ he being

The

old English writers is equivalent to *the being anxious* or *solicitous*, or *laying a thing much to heart*. So, says he, it is used in our translations of the New Testament. Matthew vi. 25, &c. So, in Holinshed, vol. III. p. 50, or anno 1140: "——taking thought for the losse of his houses and money, he pined away and died." In the margin thus: "The bishop of Salisburie dieth of thought." Again, in p. 833. Again, in Stowe's *Coronicle*, anno 1508: "Christopher Liawis shortened his life by thought-taking." Again, in p. 546, edit. 1614. Again, in Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. I. p. 234: "——their mother died for thought." —Mr. Tyrwhitt might have given additional support to the reading which he offers, from a passage in the second part of *K. Hen. IV.*

"——led his powers to death,

"And winking leapt into destruction." STEEVENS.

After all that has been written upon this passage, I believe the old reading is right; but then we must understand *think and die* to mean the same as *die of thought*, or *melancholy*. In this sense is *thought* used below, act IV. sc. vi. and by Holinshed, *Chron. of Ireland*, p. 97. "His father lived in the Tower—where for thought of the young man his follie he died." There is a passage almost exactly similar in the *Beggar's Bush* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Can I not think away myself and die?" TYRWHITT.

³ ——be being

The meered question:——]

The *meered* question is a term I do not understand, I know not what to offer, except:

The mooted question.——

That is, the *disputed* point, the subject of debate. *Mere* is indeed a *boundary*, and the *meered* question, if it can mean any thing, may, with some violence of language, mean, the *disputed* boundary. JOHNSON.

So, in Stanyhurst's translation of *Virgil*, b. iii. 1582:

"Whereto jointlye mearing a cantel of Italye neereth."

Barrett in his *Alvearie* or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets

a meere.

The meered question : 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer ?

Amb. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy,
So she will yield us up.

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grissled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord ?

Ant. To him again ; Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him ; from which, the world should
note

Something particular : his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's ; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar : I dare him therefore
To lay ⁴ his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,

And

a meere-stone by *lapis terminalis*. *Question* is certainly the true reading. So, in *Hamlet*, act I. sc. i :

“ ———the king

“ That was and is the *question* of these wars.”

STEEVENS.

Meered may be a word of our author's own formation, from *mere*. He being the *sole*, the entire subject of dispute.

MALONE.

⁴ ———his gay comparisons apart

And answer me declin'd, ———]

I require of Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the comparison of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer me man to man, in this *decline* of my age or power.

2

JOHNSON.

To

Ourselves alone : I'll write it ; follow me.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Amb.*]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the shew^s
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes ; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness !—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,

To lay his gay comparisons apart,] I suspect Shakspeare wrote,
his gay *caparisons*.

Let him divest himself of the splendid trappings of power, *his
coin, ships, legions, &c.* and meet me in single combat.

Caparison is frequently used by our author and his contempo-
raries, for an *ornamental dress*.

So, in *As you Like it*, act III. sc. ii :

“ Though I am *caparison'd* like a man”——

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, act IV. sc. ii :

“ With die and drab I purchas'd this *caparison*.”

The old reading is however supported by a passage in *Macbeth* :

“ 'Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof,

“ Confronted him with *self-comparisons*,

“ Point against point, rebellious.”

Dr. Johnson's explanation of *declin'd* is certainly right. So in
Timon :

“ Not one accompanying his *declining* foot.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ ——What the *declin'd* is,

“ He shall as soon read in the eyes of others

“ As feel in his own fall.”

Again, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1593 :

“ Before she had *declining* fortune prov'd.” MALONE.

^s ——*be stag'd to shew*——]

So Goff, in his *Raging Turk*, 1631 :

“ ——as if he *stag'd*

“ The wounded Priam——” STEEVENS.

That

That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square. [*Aside.*
° The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly :—Yet, he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. Cæsar's will ?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends ; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has ;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend : For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are ; and that is, Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd ; ° Cæsar intreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on : Right royal.

° *The loyalty, well held to fools, &c.]* After Enobarbus has said, that his honesty and he begin to quarrel, he immediately falls into this generous reflection : “ Though loyalty, stubbornly preserv'd to a master in his declin'd fortunes, seems folly in the eyes of fools ; yet he, who can be so obstinately loyal, will make as great a figure on record, as the conqueror.” I therefore read :

Though loyalty, well held, to fools does make

Our faith mere folly—— THEOBALD.

I have preserv'd the old reading : Enobarbus is deliberating upon desertion, and finding it is more prudent to forsake a fool, and more reputable to be faithful to him, makes no positive conclusion. Sir T. Hanmer follows Theobald ; Dr. Warburton retains the old reading. JOHNSON.

7 ———*Cæsar intreats,*

Not to consider in what case thou stand'st

Further than he is Cæsar.]

i. e. *Cæsar intreats, that at the same time you consider your desperate fortunes, you would consider he is Cæsar : That is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to restore them.* WARBURTON.

Thyr.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right : Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [*Aside.*
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit Enobarbus.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him ? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you would make a staff
To lean upon : but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shrowd,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name ?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. ^s Most kind messenger,

Say

^s *Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this in disputation,
I kiss his conqu'ring hand :—*]

The poet certainly wrote :

*Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this ; in deputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand :—*

i. e. by proxy ; I depute you to pay him that duty in my name.

WARBURTON.

I am not certain that this change is necessary.—*I kiss his hand in disputation*—may mean, I own he has the better in the controversy.—I confess my inability to *dispute or contend* with him. To *dispute* may have no immediate reference to words or language by which controversies are agitated. So in *Macbeth*, “*Dispute it like a man ;*” and Macduff, to whom this short speech is addressed, is *disputing* or contending with himself only. Again, in *Twelfth Night*,

Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation
I kiss his conquering hand : tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel :
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Ægypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. ¹ Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in ²,
Beslow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kiñes.

Re-enter Antony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Night.—“For though my soul *disputes* well with my sense.”—
If Dr. Warburton's change be adopted, we should read—“*by*
deputation. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Tell him, that from his all-obeying breath &c.*—] *Doom* is
declared rather by an *all-commanding*, than an *all-obeying breath*.
I suppose we ought to read,

—————*all-obeyed breath.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps there is no need of change. In the *Gentlemen of Ve-*
rona, Shakspeare uses *longing*, a participle *active*, with a *passive*
signification :

“To furnish me upon my *longing* journey.”

i. e. my journey *long'd* for.

In the *Unnatural Combat*, by Massinger, the active participle
is yet more irregularly employed :

“For the recovery of a *strangling husband.*”

i. e. one that *was to be* strangled. STEEVENS.

¹ —Give me grace—] Grant me the favour. JOHNSON.

² —————*taking kingdoms in,*] See p. 233. EDITOR.

Ant.

Ant. Approach, there:—Ah, you kite!—Now,
 gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd,
 ho!

³ Like boys unto a muffs, kings would start forth,
 And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
 Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!—

Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tribu-
 taries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
 So saucy with the hand of she here, (What's her
 name,

Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
 'Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
 And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
 Bring him again:—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
 Bear us an errand to him—*[Exeunt Att. with Thyreus.*
 You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!
 Have I my pillow left unprest in Rome,
 Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
 And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
⁴ By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo.

³ *Like boys unto a muffs,—*] i. e. a scramble. POPE.
 So used by Ben Jonson in his *Magnetic Lady*:

“ ————nor are they thrown

“ To make a *muff* among the gamesome suitors.”

Again, in the *Spanish Gipsie*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:

“ To see if thou be'st Alcummy or no,

“ They'll throw down gold in *musses*.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *By one that looks on feeders?*] One that waits at the table
 while others are eating. JOHNSON.

A feeder

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods feel our eyes⁵;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out:—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Bafan, to out-roar
⁶ The horned herd! for I have savage cause;

A *feeder*, or an *eater*, was anciently the term of reproach for a *servant*. So in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*: "Bar my doors. Where are all my *eaters*? My *moules* now? bar up my doors, my varlets." *One who looks on feeders*, is one who throws away her regard on *servants*, such as Antony would represent Thyreus to be. Thus in *Cymbeline*:

"——— that base wretch,
" One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
" The very scraps o' the court." STEEVENS.

⁵ ——feel our eyes] This passage should rather be pointed thus:
feel our eyes; In our own filth drop our clear judgments.

TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this punctuation. Formerly,

———feel our eyes

In our own filth; &c.

STEEVENS.⁷

⁶ *The horned herd*, ——] It is not without pity and indignation that the reader of this great poet meets so often with this low jest, which is too much a favourite to be left out of either mirth or fury.

JOHNSON.

And

And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants with Thyreus.

Attend. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?

Attend. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou-hast been whipp'd for following him: hence-
forth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say⁷,
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abism of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,

⁷ ———*thou say, &c.*] Thus in the old translation of Plutarch.
“Whereupon Antonius caused him to be taken and well favour-
edly whipped, and so sent him vnto Cæsar: and bad him tell
him that he made him angrie with him, bicause he shewed him
self prowde and disdainfull towards him, and now specially when
he was easie to be angered, by reason of his present miserie. To
be short, if this mislike thee said he, thou hast Hipparchus one
of my enfranchised bondmen with thee: hang him if thou wilt,
or whippe him at thy pleasure, that we may crie quittaunce.”

STEEVENS.

As

As he shall like, ⁸ to quit me : Urge it thou :
Hence with thy stripes, begone. [*Exit Thyreus.*]

Cleo. Have you done yet ?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd ; and it portends alone
'The fall of Antony !

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points ?

Cleo. Not know me yet ?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me ?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven ingender hail,
And poison it in the source ; and the first stone
Drop in my neck : as it determines, so
Dissolve my life ! ⁹ The next Cæsarion smite !
'Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Ægyptians all,
'By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless ; 'till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey !

Ant. I am satisfy'd :

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria ; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held ; our fever'd navy too
Have knit again, ² and fleet, threat'ning most sea-like.

Where

⁸ ———to quit me :——] To repay me this insult ; to *requite* me.
JOHNSON.

⁹ —the next Cæsarion smite !] Cæsarion was Cleopatra's son by
Julius Cæsar. STEEVENS.

¹ By the discattering of this pelleted storm,] This reading we
owe first, I presume, to Mr. Rowe : and Mr. Pope has very faith-
fully fallen into it. The old folios read, *discandering* : from
which corruption both Dr. Thirlby and I saw, we must retrieve
the word with which I have reformed the text. THEOBALD.

² ———and float,——] This is a modern emendation, perhaps
right. The old reading is,

—————and fleet,———— JOHNSON.

Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear,
lady?

If from the field I should return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
³ I and my sword will earn my chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-finew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
⁴ Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night⁵: call to me

All

I have replaced the old reading. So in the tragedy of *Edward II.* by Marlow, 1622:

“This isle shall *fleet* upon the ocean.”

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

“Shall meet those Christians *fleeting* with the tide.”

Again, in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

“And envious snakes among the *fleeting* fish.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. ii. c. 7:

“And in frayle wood on Adrian gulfe doth *fleeet*.”

Again, in *Harding's Chronicle*, 1543:

“The bodies *flete* amonge our shippes eche daye.”

Mr. Tollet has since furnished me with instances in support of this old reading, from Verstegan's *Restitution of decay'd Intelligence*, Holinshed's *Description of Scotland*, and Spenser's *Colin Clout's come home again*. STEEVENS.

The old reading should certainly be restored. *Fleet* is the old word for *float*. See Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1958, 2399, 4883. TYRWHITT.

³ *I and my sword will earn my chronicle*;] The old copy reads, —our chronicle; which is right. *I and my sword will do such acts as shall deserve to be recorded*. Antony's boast has proved true. His sword is chronicled. MALONE.

⁴ *Were nice and lucky*,—] *Nice*, for delicate, courtly, flowing in peace. WARBURTON.

Nice rather seems to be, *just fit for my purpose, agreeable to my wish*. So we vulgarly say of any thing that is done better than was expected, it is *nice*. JOHNSON.

Nice is *trifling*. See p. 90. STEEVENS.

⁵ —*gaudy night*.] This is still an epithet bestowed on feast days in the colleges of either university. STEEVENS.

Gaudy,

All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since my
lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll
force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my
queen;

There's sap in't yet. ⁶ The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend

Even with his pestilent scythe. [*Exeunt Ant. and Cleo.*]

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be
furious,

Is, to be frightened out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain

Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*]

Gawdy, or Grand days in the inns of court, are four in the year, Ascension day, Midsummer day, All-faints day, and Candlemas day. "The etymology of the word," says Blount in his Dictionary, "may be taken from Judge Gawdy, who (as some affirm) was the first institutor of those days; or rather from *gaudium*, because (to say truth) they are days of joy, as bringing good cheer to the hungry students. In colleges they are most commonly called *Gawdy*, in inns of court *Grand days*, and in some other places they are called *Collar days*." EDITOR.

⁶ ———— *The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me, for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.*]

This idea seems to have been caught from the 12th book of Harrington's translation of the *Orlando Furioso*:

"Death goeth about the field rejoicing mickle,
"To see a sword that so surpass his sickle."

STEVENS.

S 2.

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.**Enter Cæsar, reading a letter; Agrippa, Mæcenas, &c.*

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had
 power
 To beat me out of Ægypt: my messenger
 He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal
 combat,
Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
 ' I have many other ways to die; mean time,
 Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
 When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
 Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
 Make boot ⁸ of his distraction: Never anger
 Made good guard for itself.

⁷ I have *many other ways to die:—*] What a reply is this to Antony's challenge? 'tis acknowledging that he should die under the unequal combat; but if we read,

*He hath many other ways to die: mean time,
 I laugh at his challenge.*

In this reading we have poignancy, and the very repartee of Cæsar. Let's hear Plutarch. *After this, Antony sent a challenge to Cæsar, to fight him hand to hand, and received for answer, that he might find several other ways to end his life.* UPTON.

I think this emendation deserves to be received. It had, before Mr. Upton's book appeared, been made by sir T. Hanmer.

JOHNSON.

Most indisputably this is the sense of Plutarch, and given so in the modern translations; but Shakspeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old one. "Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight him: Cæsar answered, that he had many other ways to die, than so." FARMER.

⁸ *Make boot of—*] Take advantage of. JOHNSON.

Cæs.

Cæs. Let our best heads
 Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
 We mean to fight :—Within our files there are
 Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
 Enough to fetch him in. See it done ;
 And feast the army : we have store to do't,
 And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The palace at Alexandria.

*Enter Antony, and Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,
 Iras, Alexas, with others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not ?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
 By sea and land I'll fight : or I will live,
 Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
 Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well ?

Eno. I'll strike ; and cry, ⁹ *Take all.*

Ant. Well said ; come on.—

Call forth my household servants ; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
 Thou hast been rightly honest ;—so hast thou ;—
 And thou ;—and thou ;—and thou :—you have
 serv'd me well,

⁹ ————*take all.*] Let the survivor take all. No composition, victory or death. JOHNSON.

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. [*Aside.*] 'Tis ' one of those odd tricks, which
sorrow shoots

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.

I wish, I could be made so many men ;
And all of you clapt up together in
An Antony ; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Omnes. The gods forbid !

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-
night :

Scant not my cups ; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean ?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night ;

May be, it is the period of your duty :

Haply, you shall not see me more ; ² or if,

A mangled

¹ —one of those odd tricks,—] I know not what obscurity the editors find in this passage. *Trick* is here used in the sense in which it is uttered every day by every mouth, elegant and vulgar : yet sir T. Hanmer changes it to *freaks*, and Dr. Warburton, in his rage of Gallicism, to *traits*. JOHNSON.

² ————— or if,

A mangled shadow.]

Or if you see me more, you will see me a mangled shadow, only the external form of what I was. JOHNSON.

————— or if,

A mangled shadow.]

The thought is, as usual, taken from sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch : " So being at supper, (as it is reported) he commaunded his officers and household seruauntes that waited on him at his bord, that they should fill his cuppes full, and make as much of him as they could : for said he, you know not whether you shall doe so much for me to morrow or not, or whether you shall serue an other maister : and it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead bodie. This notwithstanding, perceiuing
that

A mangled shadow : perchance, to-morrow
 You'll serve another master. I look on you,
 As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
 I turn you not away ; but, like a master
 Married to your good service, stay 'till death :
 Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
 And the gods yield you for't ?

Eno. What mean you, sir,
 To give them this discomfort ? Look, they weep ;
 And I, an afs, am "onion-ey'd" : for shame,
 Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho !
 Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus !
 Grace grow where those drops fall ! My hearty
 friends,
 You take me in too dolorous a sence :
 For I spake to you for your comfort ; did desire you
 To burn this night with torches : Know, my hearts,
 I hope well of to-morrow ; and will lead you,
 Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
 Than ⁶ death and honour. Let's to supper ; come,
 And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

that his friends and men fell a weeping to heare him say so : to
 salve that he had spoken, he added this more vnto it, that he
 would not leade them to battell, where he thought not rather
 safely to returne with victorie, than valliantly to dye with honor."

STEEVENS.

³ *And the gods yield you for't ?*] i. e. reward you. See a note
 on *Macbeth*, act I. sc. vi. and another on *As you like it*, act V.
 sc. iv. STEEVENS.

⁴ *—onion-ey'd—*] I have my eyes as full of tears as if they
 had been fretted by onions. JOHNSON.

So in the *Birth of Merlin*, 1662 :

" I see something like a peel'd onion ;

" It makes me weep again." STEEVENS.

⁵ *Grace grow where those drops fall !*] So in *K. Richard II* :

" Here did she drop a tear ; here, in this place,

" I'll set a bank of rue, four herb of grace." STEEVENS.

⁶ *—death and honour.—*] That is, an honourable death.

UPTON.

S C E N E III.

*Before the Palace.**Enter a Company of Soldiers.*

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 *Sold.* Nothing: What news?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour: Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, fir, good night.

[They meet with other soldiers.]

2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

1 *Sold.* And you: Good night, good night.

[They place themselves on every corner of the stage.]

2 *Sold.* Here we: and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up,

1 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.

[Musick of hautboys under the stage.]

2 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?

⁷ *Peace, what noise?* So in the old translation of Plutarch. "Furthermore, the selfe same night within litle of midnight, when all the citie was quiet, full of feare, and sorrowe, thinking what would be the issue and ende of this warre: it is said that suddenly they heard a maruelous sweete harmonic of sundry sortes of instrumentes of musicke, with the crie of a multitude of people, as they had bene dauncing, and had song as they vse in Bacchus feastes, with mouinges and turnings after the maner of the satyres: & it seemed that this daunce went through the city vnto the gate that opened to the enemies, & that all the troupe that made this noise they heard, went out of the city at that gate. Now, such as in reason sought the depth of the interpretacion of this wonder, thought that it was the god vnto whom Antonius bare singular deuotion to counterfeate and resemble him, that did forsake them."

STEEVENS.

1 *Sold.*

1 *Sold.* Lift, lift!

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Musick i' the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It signs well, ^s does it not?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

2 *Sold.* How now, masters? [*Speak together.*

Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?

1 *Sold.* Ay; Is't not strange?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how it will give off.

Omnes. Content:—'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Antony, and Cleopatra, with Charmian, and others;

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour,
Eros!

Enter Eros, with armour.

Come, good fellow, put thine ⁹ iron on:—

⁸ *It signs well, &c.]* i. e. it bodes well, &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ ~~thine iron~~] I think it should be rather,

~~mine iron~~—JOHNSON.

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. ¹ Nay, I'll help too.

Ant. What's this for? Ah, let be, let be! thou
art

The armourer of my heart:—False, false; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, ia, I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;

We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. ² Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, 'till we do please
To doff it ³ for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this, than thou: Dispatch.—O love,
That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou should'st see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.

Off. A thousand, sir,
Early though it be, ⁴ have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*]

¹ *Nay, I'll help too.*] These three little speeches, which in the other editions are only one, and given to Cleopatra, were happily disentangled by sir T. Hanmer. JOHNSON.

² *Briefly, sir.*] That is, *quickly*, sir. JOHNSON.

³ *To doff it*—] *To doff* is to *do off*, to put off. See Vol. V. p. 59. STEEVENS.

⁴ —*have on their rivetted trim,*] So, in *K. Hen. V.*

“The armourers accomplishing the knights,

“With busy hammers closing *rivets* up.” MALONE.

Enter

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

Cap. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general⁵!

All. Good morrow, general!

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable. [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On mere mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt Ant. Officers, &c.*

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Near Alexandria.

*Trumpets found. Enter Antony, and Eros; a soldier
meeting them.*

⁶ *Sold.* The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once
prevail'd

⁵ *The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general!*] The speech, in the old copy, is erroneously given to Alexas. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Eros. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!*] 'Tis evident, as Dr. Thirlby likewise conjectured, by what Antony immediately replies, that this line should not be placed to Eros, but to the soldier, who, before the battle of Actium, advised Antony to try his fate at land. THEOBALD.

To make me fight at land !

Eros. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning ?

Eros. Who ?

One ever near thee : Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee ; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant. What say'st thou ?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone ?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after ; do it ;
Detain no jot, I charge thee : write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings :
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men !—⁷ Dispatch.—Enobarbus !
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Cæsar's camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Enobarbus, and others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight :

⁷ ———*Dispatch, my Eros.*] Thus the modern editors. The old edition reads :

—————*Dispatch Enobarbus.*

Perhaps, it should be :

—————*Dispatch ! To Enobarbus !* JOHNSON.

⁸ Our will is, Antony be took alive ;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit Agrippa.

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near :
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
⁹ Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the vant,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [Exeunt Cæsar, &c.

Eno. Alexas did revolt ; and went to Jewry, on
Affairs of Antony ; there did ' persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony : for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill ;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

⁸ *Our will is, Antony be took alive ;*] It is observable with what judgment Shakspeare draws the character of Octavius. Antony was his hero ; so the other was not to shine : yet being an historical character, there was a necessity to draw him *like*. But the ancient historians, his flatterers, had delivered him down so fair, that he seems ready cut and dried for a hero. Amidst these difficulties Shakspeare has extricated himself with great address. He has admitted all those great strokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-spirited, narrow-minded, proud, and revengeful.

WARBURTON.

⁹ *Shall bear the olive freely,*] i. e. shall spring up every where spontaneously and without culture. WARBURTON.

¹ *—persuade*] The old copy has *dissuade*, perhaps rightly.

JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure^s, with
His bounty over-plus: The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus,
I tell you true: Best you safed the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold!^s This blows my
heart:

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall out-strike thought; but thought will do't, I
feel.

I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek

^s *Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, &c.]* So, in the old translation of Plutarch: “Furthermore, he dealt very friendly and courteously with Domitius, and against Cleopatraes mynde. For, he being sicke of an agewe when he went, and tooke a little boate to go to Cæsar's campe, Antonius was very fory for it, but yet he sent after him all his caryage, trayne, and men: and the same Domitius, as though he gaue him to vnderstand that he repented his open treason, he died immediately after.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ ————*This blows my heart:]* All the latter editions have:

—————*This bows my heart:*

I have given the original word again the place from which I think it unjustly excluded. *This generosity*, (says Enobarbus) swells *my heart*, so that it will quickly break, *if thought break it not, a swifter mean.* JOHNSON.

Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

Before the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa, and others.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far :
Cæsar himself has work, and ⁷ our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [Exeunt.

Enter Antony, and Scarus, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed !
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes ; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage
serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind ;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee

⁷ ————*and our oppression*] *Oppression* for *opposition*.

Sir T. Hanmer has received *opposition*. WARBURTON.

Perhaps rightly.

JOHNSON.

Once

Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Under the walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter Antony again in a march. Scarus,
with others.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: Run one
before,

And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have shewn all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives³, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears,
Wash the concealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;
[*To Scarus.*]

Enter Cleopatra.

⁴ To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness⁵ to my heart, and there

³ —clip your wives,——]. To *clip* is to embrace. See Vol. I. p. 97. IV. 436. STEEVENS.

⁴ *To this great fairy*——] Mr. Upton has well observed, that *fairy*, which Dr. Warburton and sir T. Hanmer explain by *Incantress*, comprises the idea of power and beauty. JOHNSON.

⁵ —proof of harness,——] i. e. armour of proof. *Harnois*, French. *Arneso*, Ital. STEEVENS.

Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords!

O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl?
though grey

Do something mingle with our younger brown; yet
have we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
‘Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,

An armour all of gold; it was a king's⁷.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;—
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
‘Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them;
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we would all sup together;
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,

⁶ *Get goal for goal of youth.*—] At all plays of barriers, the boundary is called a *goal*; to *win a goal*, is to be a superiour in a contest of activity. JOHNSON.

⁷ —*it was a king's.*] So, in sir T. North's translation of Plutarch: “Then came Antony again to the palace greatly boasting of this victory, and sweetly kissed Cleopatra, armed as he was when he came from the fight, recommending one of his men of arms unto her, that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra, to reward his manliness, gave him an armour and head-piece of clean gold.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:*] i. e. hack'd as much as the men to whom they belong.

WARBURTON.

Why not rather, *Bear our hack'd targets* with spirit and exultation, such as becomes the brave warriors that *own* them?

JOHNSON.

Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
 With brazen din blast you the city's ear ;
 Make mingle with our rattling tabourines⁹ ;
 That heaven and earth may strike their sounds to-
 gether,
 Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IX.

Cæsar's camp.

Enter a Centinel, and his company. Enobarbus follows.

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
 We must return to the court of guard¹ : The night
 Is shiny ; and, they say, we shall embattle
 By the second hour i' the morn.

1 Sold. This last day was a shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night !—

2 Sold. What man is this ?

1 Sold. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
 When men revolted shall upon record
 Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
 Before thy face repent !

Cent. Enobarbus !

3 Sold. Peace ; hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy
 The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me ;
 That life, a very rebel to my will,

⁹ ————*tabourines* ;] A *tabourin* was a small drum. It is often mentioned in our ancient romances. So, in the *History of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bl. l. no date : “ Trumpetes, clerons, *tabourins*, and other minstrelsy.” STEEVENS.

¹ ————*the court of guard* : ————] i. e. the guard-room, the place where the guard musters. The expressions occurs again in *Othello*. STEEVENS.

May hang no longer on me : * Throw my heart
 Against the flint and hardness of my fault ;
 Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
 And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
 Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
 Forgive me in thine own particular ;
 But let the world rank me in register
 A master-leaver, and a fugitive :
 O Antony ! O Antony ! [Dies.

1 *Sold.* Let's speak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
 May concern Cæsar.

2 *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

Cent. Swoons rather ; for so bad a prayer as his
 Was never yet for sleep.

1 *Sold.* Go we to him.

2 *Sold.* Awake, fir, awake ; speak to us.

1 *Sold.* Hear you, fir ?

Cent. The hand of death hath raught him³.

[Drums afar off.

⁴ Hark, how the drums demurely wake the sleepers :
 Let's bear him to the court of guard ; he is
 Of note : our hour is fully out.

2 *Sold.* Come on then ;

He may recover yet. [Exeunt, with the body.

² ————*Throw my heart*] The pathetic of Shakspeare too often ends in the ridiculous. It is painful to find the gloomy dignity of this noble scene destroyed by the intrusion of a conceit so far-fetched and unaffecting. JOHNSON.

³ *The hand of death hath raught him.*] *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb to *reach*. See Vol. II. p. 460.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Hark, how the drums demurely*——] *Demurely* for solemnly.
WARBURTON.

S C E N E X.

*Between the two camps.**Enter Antony, and Scarus, with their army.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea ;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air ;
We'd fight there too. But this it is ; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us ; order for sea is given ;
5 They have put forth the haven,
6 Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar, and his army.

Cæs. 7 But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which,

5. *They have put forth the haven.* Further on.] These words, *further on*, though not necessary, have been inserted in the later editions, and are not in the first. JOHNSON.

6 *Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour.]*

i. e. where we may best discover their numbers, and see their motions. WARBURTON.

7 *But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall ;—]*

i. e. unless we be charg'd we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I suppose we shall keep. *But being charg'd* was a phrase of that time, equivalent to *unless we be*, which the Oxford editor not understanding, he has alter'd the line thus :

*Not being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which as I take't we shall not.* WARBURTON.

“ *But* (says Mr. Lambe in his notes on the ancient metrical history of the *Battle of Flodden*) signifies *without*,” in which sense it is often used in the North. “ *Boots but spurs.*” Vulg. Again, in Kelly's Collection of Scots proverbs : “ — He could eat me *but* salt.” Again : “ He gave me whittings *but* bones.”
Again,

Which, as I take it, we shall ; for his best force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter Antony, and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd : Where yonder pine
does stand,
I shall discover all : I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit.]

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests : the augurers^s
Say, they know not,——they cannot tell ;——look
grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected ; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not. [Exit.]

Again, in Chaucer's *Perfones Tale*, late edit. " Fal oft time I rede, that no man trust in his owen perfection, *but* he be stronger than Sampson, or holier than David, or wiser than Solomon." *But* is from the Saxon *Butan*. Thus *butan leas* ; absque falso, without a lye. Again, in the *Vintner's Play* in the Chester collection. Brit. Mus. MS. Harl. 2013. p. 29 :

" *Abraham.* Oh comely creature *but* I thee kill

" I greeve my God and that full ill."

See also Ray's *North Country Words*. And in the MSS. called *William and the Werwolf*, in the Library of King's College, Cambridge :

" I sayle now in the see as schip *boute* mast,

" *Boute* anker, or ore, or ani femlych sayle." p. 86.

STEEVENS.

^s ——*the augurers*] The old copy has *auguries*. This leads us to what seems most likely to be the true reading—*augurers*, which word is used in the last act :

" You are too sure an *augurer*." MALONE.

Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd
 That over-topp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
 O this false soul of Ægypt! ² this grave charm,—
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
 home;

Whose bosom was my crownet³, my chief end,—
 Like a right gipsy⁴, hath, at fast and loose,

Be-

cell'd to be the right reading, being a metaphor taken, he says, from a *pannel* of wainscot. JOHNSON.

Spaniel'd is so happy a conjecture, that I think we ought to acquiesce in it. It is of some weight with me that *spaniel* was often formerly written *spannel*. Hence there is only the omission of the first letter, which has happened elsewhere in our poet, as in the word *chear*, &c. To *dog* them at the heels is not an uncommon expression in Shakspeare; and in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act II. sc. ii. Helena says to Demetrius:

“ I am your *spaniel*—only give me leave,

“ Unworthy as I am, to follow you.” TOLLET.

² ———*this grave charm*,——] I know not by what authority, nor for what reason, *this grave charm*, which the first, the only original copy exhibits, has been through all the modern editions changed to *this gay charm*. By *this grave charm*, is meant, *this sublime, this majestic beauty*. JOHNSON.

I believe *grave charm* means only *deadly, or destructive piece of witchcraft*. In this sense the epithet *grave* is often used by Chapman in his translation of *Homer*. So, in the 19th book:

“ ———but not far hence the fatal minutes are

“ Of thy *grave* ruin.”

It seems to be employed in the sense of the Latin word *gravis*.

STEEVENS.

³ ———*was my crownet, my chief end*,——] Dr. Johnson supposes that *crownet* means last purpose, probably from *finis coronat opus*. Chapman, in his translation of the second book of *Homer*, uses *crown* in the sense which my learned coadjutor would recommend:

“ ———all things have their *crowne*.”

Again, in our author's *Cymbeline*:

“ My supreme *crown* of grief.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,*
Beguil'd me &c.]

There is a kind of pun in this passage, arising from the corruption of the word *Ægyptian* into *gipsy*. The old law-books term such persons as ramble about the country, and pretend skill in

Beguil'd me^s to the very heart of losfs.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.—

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot

palmistry and fortune-telling, *Ægyptians*. *Fast and loose* is a term to signify a cheating game, of which the following is a description. A leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it would think he held it fast to the table; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends, and draw it away. This trick is now known to the common people, by the name of *pricking at the belt or girdle*, and perhaps was practised by the Gypsies in the time of Shakspeare. Sir J. HAWKINS.

Sir John Hawkins's supposition is confirm'd by the following Epigram in an ancient collection called *Run and a great Cast*, by Tho. Freeman, 1614:

In Ægyptum suspensum. Epig. 95.

“ Charles the *Ægyptian*, who by juggling could
“ Make *fast or loose*, or whatsoere he would;
“ Surely it seem'd he was not his craft's master,
“ Striving to loose what struggling he made faster:
“ The hangman was more cunning of the twaine,
“ Who knit what he could not unknit againe.
“ You countrymen *Ægyptians* make such sots,
“ Seeming to loose indissoluble knots:
“ Had you been there, but to see the cast,
“ You would have won, had you but laid—'tis fast.”

STEEVENS.

That the *Ægyptians* were great adepts in this art before Shakspeare's time, may be seen in *Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 336, where these practices are fully explained.

EDITOR.

^s ——— to the very heart of losfs.——] To the utmost losfs possible. JOHNSON.

Of

Of all thy sex ; ⁶ most monster-like, be shewn
 For poor'st diminutives to dolts ; and let
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
⁷ With her prepared nails. 'Tis well thou'rt gone,—
[Exit Cleopatra.]

If it be well to live : But better 'twere,
 Thou fell'st into my fury ; for one death
 Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho !——
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me : Teach me,
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage :

⁸ Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon ;
And

⁶ ———most monster-like, be shewn
 For poor'st diminutives, for dolts ;——]

As the allusion here is to monsters carried about in shews, it is plain, that the words, *for poorest diminutives*, must mean for the least piece of money ; we must therefore read the next word :

———for dolts,———

i. e. farthings, which shews what he means by *poorest diminutives*.
WARBURTON.

There was surely no occasion for the poet to *show what he meant by poorest diminutives*. The expression is clear enough, and certainly acquires no additional force from the explanation. I rather believe we should read :

For poorest diminutives, TO DOLTS ;———

This aggravates the contempt of her supposed situation ; to be shewn, *as monsters are*, not only for the *smallest pieces of money*, but to the *most stupid and vulgar spectators*. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this truly sensible emendation. STEEVENS.

⁷ *With her prepared nails.———*] i. e. with nails which she suffered to grow for this purpose. WARBURTON.

⁸ *Let me lodge Lichas———*] Sir T. Hanmer reads thus :

———thy rage
 Led thee lodge Lichas—and———
 Subdue thy *worthiest self*.———

This reading, harsh as it is, Dr. Warburton has received, after having rejected many better. The meaning is, Let me do something in my rage, becoming the successor of Hercules.

JOHNSON.

Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' th' moon,] This image our poet seems to have taken from Seneca's *Hercules*, who says Lichas being launched into the air, sprinkled the clouds with his blood. Sophocles, on the same occasion, talks at a much soberer rate. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare

And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

S C E N E XI.

Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield⁶; the boar of Theffaly
Was never so emboss'd¹.

Char. To the monument;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more at parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: Hence, Mardian;
And bring me how he takes my death.—To the mo-
nument. [*Exeunt.*

Shakspeare might have taken part of this imagery from Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

“ To see this wanton, with her bastard, blown
“ And hang'd upon the high horns of the moon.”

STEEVENS.

The author of THE REMARKS, however, observes, that if Heywood's play was not published earlier than 1613, he might as probably have borrowed from Shakspeare. EDITOR.

⁶ *Than Telamon for his shield;—*] i. e. than *Ajax Telamon* for the armour of *Achilles*, the most valuable part of which was the shield. *The boar of Theffaly* was the boar killed by *Melcager*.

STEEVENS.

¹ *Was never so emboss'd.*] See Vol. III. p. 421. Vol. IV. p. 98. EDITOR.

S C E N E

S C E N E XII.

*The same.**Enter Antony, and Eros.**Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me?*Eros.* Ay, noble lord.

Ant. ² Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
 A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
 A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory
 With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
 And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these
 signs;

‡ They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

² *Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish, &c.]* So, Aristophanes, *Nubes*, v. 345:

"Ἦδη ποτ' ἀναβέψας εἶδες νηφέλην Κενταύρω ὁμοίαν;

"Ἡ παρδάλι, ἢ λύκω, ἢ ταύρω; Sir W. RAWLINSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare received the thought from P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* b. ii. ch. 3: "——our eyesight testifieth the same, whiles in one place there appeareth the resemblance of a waine or chariot, in another of a beare, the figure of a bull in this part, &c." or from Chapman's *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:

" Like to a mass of clouds that now seem like

" An elephant, and straightways like an ox,

" And then a mouse, &c." STEEVENS.

Perhaps our author was indebted for this thought to Chapman's *Buffy d'Ambois*, 1607:

" ——like empty clouds,

" In which our faulty apprehensions forge

" The forms of dragons, lions, elephants,

" When they hold no proportion." MALONE.

³ *They are black vesper's pageants.]* The beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakspeare's age.

T. WARTON.

Ant.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a thought,

⁴ The rack dissimms; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros⁵, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Ægypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
⁶ Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—

⁴ *The rack dissimms;—*] i. e. The fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture. STEEVENS.

⁵ *My good knave, Eros,——*] *Knave* is servant. So, in *A Mery Geste of Robyn Hood*, bl. l. no date:

“ I shall thee lende lyttle John my man,
“ For he shall be thy *knave*.”

Again, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Degore*, bl. l. no date:

“ He sent the chyld to her full rathe
“ With much money by his *knave*.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.——*]

Shakspeare has here, as usual, taken his metaphor from a low trivial subject; but has enobled it with much art, by so contriving that the principal term in the subject from whence the metaphor was *taken*, should belong to, and suit the dignity of the subject to which the metaphor is *transferred*: thereby providing at once for the integrity of the figure, and the nobleness of the thought. And this by the word *triumph*, which either signifies Octavius's conquest, or what we now call, contractedly, the *trump* at cards, then called the *triumph* or the *triumphing sort*.

WARBURTON.

This explanation is very just, the thought did not deserve so good an annotation. JOHNSON.

A passage in Ben Jonson's *Fortunate Isles*, a masque, I think sufficiently supports Dr. Warburton's etymology:

“ The kings and queens that *triumph* in the cards.”

This use of the word comes to us from the French, who at this day call the *trump* at cards, *le triomphe*. STEEVENS.

Nay,

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter Mardian.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once;
And that she hath discharg'd: What thou would'st do,
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
The name so buried in her,

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead,

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck off;—
[*Exit Mardian.*

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent⁸,
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—
[*Exit Eros.*

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and

⁷ The *battery from my heart.*—] I would read:

This *battery from my heart.*— JOHNSON.

⁸ —thy continent,] i. e. the thing that contains thee. So, in another of our author's plays: "You shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see. STEEVENS.

Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
 All length is torture:—Since the torch is out,
 Lie down, and stray no further: Now all labour
 Mays what it does; yea, very force entangles
 Itself with strength: ⁹ Seal then, and all is done.—
 Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
 And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
 Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
 And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra dy'd,
 I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
 Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
 With ships made cities, ¹ condemn myself, to lack
 The

⁹ —Seal *then, and all is done.*—] Metaphor taken from civil contracts, where, when all is agreed on, the sealing compleats the contract; so he hath determined to die, and nothing remain'd but to give the stroke. The Oxford editor not apprehending this, alters it to

—sleep *then,*— WARBURTON.

I believe the reading is:

—feel *then, and all is done.*—

To *feel hawks*, is to close their eyes. The meaning will be:

—since the torch is out,

Lie down, and stray no further. Now all labour

Mays what it does.—Seal *then, and all is done.*

Close thine eyes for ever, and be quiet. JOHNSON.

¹ —condemn myself, to lack

The courage of a woman, less noble mind

Than she, —]

According to this reading, Antony is made to say, that he is destitute of even the courage of a woman; that he is *destitute* of a less noble mind than Cleopatra. But he means to assert the very contrary;—that he *has* a less noble mind than she. I therefore strongly incline to read:

—condemn

The courage of a woman, less noble mind
 Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
 That, when the exigent should come, (which now
 Is come, indeed) when I should see behind me
 The inevitable prosecution of
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
 Thou then would'st kill me: do't, the time is come:
 Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
 Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
 Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
 Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
 Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
 Thy master thus ² with pleach'd arms, bending down
 His corrigible neck ³, his face subdu'd
 To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
 Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
⁴ His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

—————condemn myself to lack
 The courage of a woman; less noble-minded
 Than she, &c.

The old copy has *minde*, so that there is only the addition of one letter. MALONE.

² —————pleach'd arms,————] Arms folded in each other.

JOHNSON.

A passage very like this occurs in Thomas Kyd's translation of Robert Garnier's *Cornelia*, published in 1595:

“ Now shalt thou march (thy hands fast bound behind thee)

“ Thy head hung down, thy cheeks with tears besprent,

“ Before the victor; while thy rebel son

“ With crowned front triumphing follow thee.”

STEEVENS.

³ *His corrigible neck,*————] *Corrigible* for *corrected*, and afterwards *penetrative* for *penetrating*. So Virgil has “*penetrabile frigus*” for “*penetrans frigus*,” in his *Georgicks*. STEEVENS.

⁴ *His baseness that ensued?*] The poor conquered wretch that followed. JOHNSON.

Ant.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free⁵, swor'st thou not
then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein⁶ the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee.— [Turning from him.

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

⁵ *When I did make thee free, &c*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Now he had a man of his called Eros, whom he loved and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to swear vnto him, that he should kill him when he did commaunde him: and then he willed him to keepe his promise. His man drawing his sworde, lift it vp as though he had ment to haue striken his maister: but turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into him selfe, and fell downe dead at his maister's foete. Then said Antonius, O noble Eros, I thanke thee for this, and it is valliantly done of thee, to shew me what I should do to my selfe, which thou couldest not doe for me. Therewithall he tooke his sword, and thrust it into his bellie, and so fell downe vpon a litle bed. The wounde he had, killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a litle when he was layed: and when he came somewhat to him selfe againe, he praied them that were about him to dispatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out and tormenting him selfe: vntill at last there came a secretarie vnto him called Diomedes, who was commaunded to bring him into the tombe or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that she was aliue, he verie earnestlie prayed his men to carie his bodie thither, and so he was caried in his men's armes into the entry of the monument." STEEVENS.

⁶ —the worship of the whole world—] The *worship*, is the *dignity*, the *authority*. See Vol. V. p. 110. JOHNSON.

Ant.

Ant. 'Tis said, man ;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now ?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then :—Thus do I escape the
 sorrow [*Eros kills himself.*

Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself !

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
 I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros
 Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me

A nobleness in record : ⁷ But I will be

A bridegroom in my death, and run into't

As to a lover's bed. Come then ; and, Eros,

Thy master dies thy scholar ; to do thus

[*Falling on his sword.*

I learn'd of thee. How ! not dead ? not dead ?

The guard, ho !—O, dispatch me.

Enter Dercetas, and Guards.

1 Guard. What's the noise ?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends ; O, make
 an end

Of what I have begun.

2 Guard. The star is fallen.

1 Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe !

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

⁷ ————*But I will be*

A bridegroom in my death, &c.]

This thought has occurred before in *Measure for Measure* :

I will encounter darkness as a bride,

And hug it in my arms.

STEEVENS.

Stowe, describing the execution of Sir Charles Davers, one of the earl of Essex's associates, says, that "having put off his gown and doublet in a most cheerful manner, *rather like a bridegroom than a prisoner appointed for death*, he prayed very devoutly." Our author might have recollected the passage.

MALONE.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one.

[*Exeunt.*

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly,
This sword but shewn to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he? Wilt thou not answer, man?

[*Exit Dercetas.*

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,
and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a pro-
phelying fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd^s with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was
dead;

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I
pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The
guard, what, ho!

Come, your lord calls.

^s *She had dispos'd with Cæsar.] To dispose, in this instance, perhaps signifies to make terms, to settle matters. STEEVENS.*

Enter a Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra
bides;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

Guard. Woe, woe, are we, sir, you may not live
to wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day.

Ant. Nay, my good fellows, do not please sharp
fate

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome

Which comes to punish us, and we punish it,

Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:

I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,

And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*]

S C E N E XIII.

A Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras, above.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,

But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,

Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter Diomedes.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument,

His guard have brought him thither.

Enter Antony, borne by the guard.

Cleo. ⁹ O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling ¹
stand

The varying shore o' the world!—O Antony!
Antony, Antony!

Help, Charmian, help; Iras, help; help, friends
Below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace:

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So should it be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Ægypt, dying; only
² I here importune death a while, until

Of

⁹ O sun,

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling stand
The varying shore o' th' world!—]

The varying shore o' th' world! i. e. of the earth, where light and darkness make an incessant variation. But then, if the sun should set on fire the whole sphere, in which he was supposed to move, how could the earth stand darkling? On the contrary, it would be in perpetual light. Therefore, if we allow Cleopatra not to be quite mad, we must believe she said,

Turn from th' great sphere——

i. e. forsake it, fly off from it: and then indeed the consequence would be, that the varying shore would become invariably dark.

WARBURTON.

She desires the sun to burn his own orb, the vehicle of light, and then the earth will be dark.

JOHNSON.

¹ —darkling—] i. e. without light. See Vol. III. p. 58.

STEEVENS.

² I here importune death——] I solicit death to delay; or, I trouble death by keeping him in waiting. JOHNSON.

I here importune death a while, until

Of many thousand kisses the poor last

I lay upon thy lips.—Come down.

Cleo. I dare not,

Dear, dear, my lord, your pardon; that I dare not,

Left I be taken.—————

What

Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not,
Dear, dear, my lord, pardon; I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me³; if knife, drugs, serpents,
have

Edge,

What curious hobbling versification do we encounter here in the last line but one? Besides, how inconsistently is the lady made to reply? Antony says, he only holds life, till he can give her one last kiss: and she cries, she dares not: What dares she not do? kiss Antony? But how should she? she was above, lock'd in her monument; and he below, on the outside of it. With a very slight addition, I think, I can cure the whole; and have a warrant from Plutarch for it into the bargain.

Now Plutarch says, that “Antony was carried in his men’s arms *into the entry of the monument*: Notwithstanding, Cleopatra would not *open the gates*, but *came to the high windows*, and cast out certain chains and ropes, &c.”—So that Antony might very reasonably desire her to come down, and she as reasonably excuse herself for fear of being ensnared by Cæsar. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald’s emendation is received by the succeeding editors; but it seems not necessary that a dialogue so distressful should be nicely regular. I have therefore preserved the original reading in the text, and the emendation below. JOHNSON.

Theobald attempted, I think, to correct this passage in the wrong place. The old copy arranges the lines thus:

I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
Dear my lord, pardon, I dare not
Lest I be taken.

I believe, the compositor omitted a word at the end of the third line, and would read:

I dare not, dear,

(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not *descend*,

Lest I be taken.

MALONE.

³ *Be brooch'd with me.*] *Be brooch'd*, i. e. *adorn'd*. A *brooch* was an ornament formerly worn in the hat. So in Ben Jonson’s *Poetaster*, “Honour’s a good *brooch* to wear in a man’s hat at all times.” Again, in his *Staple of News*:

“The very *brooch* o’ the bench, gem of the city.”

Again, in the *Magnetic Lady*:

“The *brooch* to any true state cap in Europe.”

Edge, sting, or operation⁴, I am safe.
 Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
 And⁵ still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
 Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
 Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
 Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. ⁶ Here's sport, indeed!—How heavy weighs
 my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,

The Rev. Mr. Lambe observes in his notes on the ancient metrical *History of Flodden Field*, that *brooches* in the North are buckles set with stones, such as those with which shirt-bosoms and handkerchiefs are clasped. STEEVENS.

—— bc *brooch'd* with me.

Brooch is properly a *bodkin*, or some such instrument (originally a spit) and ladies' bodkins being headed with gems, it sometimes stands for an ornamental trinket or jewel in general, in which sense it is perhaps used at present, or as probably in its original one, for *pinned up*, as we now say *pin up the basket*; *brooch'd with me*, i. e. pinned up, compleated with having me to adorn his triumph. PERCY.

A *brooch* is always an ornament; whether a buckle or pin for the breast, hat, or hair, or whatever other shape it may assume. A *brooch* is a spit: the spires of churches are likewise so called in the northern counties, as Darnton *brooch*. *Brooch'd*, in the text, certainly means *adorn'd*, as it has been properly explained by Mr. Steevens. REMARKS.

⁴ —— *if knife, drugs, serpents, have
 Edge, sting, or operation.*]

Here is the same irregular position of the words, that Mr. Warner would avoid or amend in *Hamlet*: and yet Shakspeare seems to have attended to this matter in the very play before us, act III, sc. ii. TOLLET.

This thought occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*:

“ If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
 “ Unty'd I still my virgin knot will keepe.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ —— *still conclusion,*——] Sedate determination; silent coolness of resolution. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Here's sport, indeed!*——] I suppose the meaning of these strange words is, *here's trifling, you do not work in earnest.*

JOHNSON.

That

That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;—

[*They draw Antony up to Cleopatra.*

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd:
Quicken with kissing;—had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy fight!

Ant. I am dying, Ægypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little².

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false³ huswife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!—

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:—
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust,
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end⁴,
Lament

² *Quicken with kissing*——] That is, *Revive by my kiss.*
JOHNSON.

So in Heywood's *Royal King*, &c. 1637:

“And quickens most where he would most destroy.”
STEEVENS.

³ *Give me some wine, &c.*] This circumstance, like almost every other, Shakspeare adopted from Plutarch. Sir Tho. North, in his translation, says,—“Antony made her cease from lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was athirst, or else for that thereby to hasten his death. When he had dronke, he earnestly prayed her, and perswaded that she would seeke to save her life, if she could possible, without reproache and dishonour: and that she should chiefly trust Proculeius above any man else about Cæsar.”
STEEVENS.

⁴ —*huswife Fortune*——] This despicable line has occurred before. JOHNSON.

⁵ *The miserable change, &c.*] This speech stands thus in Sir Tho. North's translation of Plutarch.—“As for himself, she should

Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts
 In feeding them with those my former fortunes
 Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
 The noblest: and do now not basely die,
 Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to
 My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
 Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
 I can no more.— [Antony dies,

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
 Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
 In this dull world, which in thy absence is
 No better than a stye?—O, see, my women,
 The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
 O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
² The soldier's pole is fall'n; young boys, and girls,
 Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
 And there is nothing left remarkable
 Beneath the visiting moon. [She faints

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam!—

Char. O, madam, madam, madam,—

Iras. Royal Ægypt! empress!

Char. ³ Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo.

not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his days; but rather, that she should think him the more fortunate, for the former triumphs and honours he had received, considering that while he lived, he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world, and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Roman, by another Roman."—

STEEVENS.

² *The soldier's pole*—] He at whom the soldiers pointed, as at a pageant held high for observation. JOHNSON.

³ The common copies,

Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo. *No more but a meer woman,*—

Cleopatra is fallen into a swoon; her maids endeavour to recover her by invoking her by her several titles. At length Charmian, says

Cleo. No more—but e'en a woman; and commanded

By

says to the other, *Peace, peace, Iras*; on which Cleopatra comes to herself, and replies to these last words, *No, you are mistaken. I am a mere woman like yourself.* Thus stands this senseless dialogue. But Shakspeare never wrote it so: we must observe then, that the two women call her by several titles, to see which best pleased her; and this was highly in character: the ancients thought that not only men, but gods too, had some names, which above others they much delighted in, and would soonest answer to; as we may see by the hymns of Orpheus, Homer, and Callimachus. The poet, conforming to this notion, makes the maids say, *Sovereign lady, madam, royal Ægypt, empress.* And now we come to the place in question: Charmian, when she saw none of these titles had their effect, invokes her by a still more flattering one;

Peace, peace, Isis:

for so it should be read and pointed: i. e. Peace, we can never move her by these titles: let us give her the favourite name of the goddess Isis. And now Cleopatra's answer becomes pertinent and fine;

No more but a mere woman; and commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks—

i. e. I now see the folly of assuming to myself these flattering titles of divinity. My misfortunes, and my impotence in bearing them, convince me I am a mere woman, and subject to all the passions of the meanest of my species. Here the poet has followed history exactly, and, what is more, his author *Plutarch in Antonio*; who says that Cleopatra assumed the habit and attributes of that goddess, and gave judgments or rather oracles to her people under the quality of the NEW ISIS. Κλεοπάτρα μὲν γὰρ καὶ τότε καὶ τὸν ἄλλον χρόνον εἰς πλῆθος ἐξιῦσα, σολὴν ἑτέραν ἰεράν ΙΣΙΔΟΣ ἐλάμβανε, καὶ ΝΕΑ ΙΣΙΣ ἐχρημάτιζε. WARBURTON.

Of this note it may be truly said, that it at least deserves to be right; nor can he, that shall question the justness of the emendation, refuse his esteem to the ingenuity and learning with which it is proposed.

Hanmer had proposed another emendation, not injudiciously. He reads thus:

Iras. Royal Ægypt! empress!

Cleo. Peace, peace, Iras.

No more, but a mere woman, &c.

That is, *no more an empress, but a mere woman.*

It is somewhat unfortunate that the words, *mere woman*, which
so

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
 And does the meanest chares³.—It were for me
 To throw my scepter at the injurious gods;
 To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
 'Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
 Patience is fottish, and impatience does
 Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,
 To rush into the secret house of death,
 Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
 What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Char-
 mian?

My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
 Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good firs, take heart:—
 We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's
 noble,
 Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away:

So much strengthen the opposition to either *empress* or *Isis*, are not in the original edition, which stands thus:

No more but in a woman, &c.

Mere woman was probably the arbitrary reading of Rowe. I suppose, however, that we may justly change the ancient copy thus:

No more, but e'en a woman,

which will enough accommodate either of the editors.

I am inclined to think that she speaks abruptly, not answering her woman, but discoursing with her own thoughts:

No more—but e'en a woman,

I have no more of my wonted greatness, but am even a woman, on the level with other women; were I what I once was,

——It were for me

To throw my scepter, &c.

If this simple explanation be admitted, how much labour has been thrown away. *Peace, peace, Iras*, is said by Charmian, when she sees the queen recovering, and thinks speech troublesome JOHNSON.

³ ———*the meanest chares.*——] i. e. task-work. Hence our term *chare-woman*. So in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

“She, like a good wife, is teaching her servants sundry chares.”
 Again, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

“—————spins,

“Cards, and does *chare-work*.”—— STEEVENS.

This

This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt, bearing off Antony's body.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp.

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mæcenas, Gallus,
Proculeius, and train.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
⁵ Being so frustrated, tell him, he mocks

⁴ *Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, and Menas.*] But Menas and Menecrates, we may remember, were two famous pirates, linked with Sextus Pompeius, and who assisted him to infest the Italian coast. We nowhere learn, expressly in the play, that Menas ever attached himself to Octavius's party. Notwithstanding the old folios concur in marking the entrance thus, yet in the two places in the scene, where this character is made to speak, they have marked in the margin, *Mec.* so that, as Dr. Thirlby sagaciously conjectured, we must cashier Menas, and substitute Mæcenas in his room. Menas, indeed, deserted to Cæsar no less than twice, and was preferred by him. But then we are to consider, Alexandria was taken, and Antony kill'd himself, *anno* U. C. 723. Menas made the second revolt over to Augustus, U. C. 717; and the next year was slain at the siege of Belgrade in Pannonia, five years before the death of Antony. THEOBALD.

⁵ *Being so frustrated,*——] The old copy reads not *frustrated*, but *frustrate*. So in the *Tempest*:

“——— and the sea mocks

“ Our *frustrate* search on land.”

I believe, a word or two were omitted at the press. Perhaps our author wrote

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

The pauses that he makes. MALONE.

The

The pauses that he makes ⁶.

⁷ *Dol.* Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit Dolabella.*]

Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that
dar'ft

Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters: If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'ft?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack; ⁸ The round world

Should

⁶ *He mocks the pauses that he makes.*] i. e. he plays wantonly with the intervals of time which he should improve to his own preservation. Or the meaning may be—being thus defeated in all his efforts, and left without resource, tell him that these affected pauses and delays of his in yielding himself up to me, are mere idle mockery. *He mocks the pauses,* may be a licentious mode of expression for—*he makes a mockery of us by these pauses;* i. e. he trifles with us. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Dol. Cæsar, I shall.*] I make no doubt but it should be marked here, that Dolabella goes out. 'Tis reasonable to imagine he should presently depart upon Cæsar's command; so that the speeches placed to him in the sequel of this scene, must be transferred to Agrippa, or he is introduced as a mute. Besides, that Dolabella should be gone out, appears from this, that when Cæsar asks for him, he recollects that he had sent him on business. THEOBALD.

⁸ ——— *The round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets, &c.*]

I think here is a line lost, after which it is in vain to go in quest. The sense seems to have been this: *The round world should have shook,* and this great alteration of the system of things should
send

Should have shook lions into civil streets,
 And citizens to their dens:—The death of Antony
 Is not a single doom; in the name lay
 A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
 Not by a publick minister of justice,
 Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
 Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
 Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
 Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,
 I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
 With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
 The gods rebuke me, ⁹ but it is a tidings

To

send *lions into streets, and citizens into dens.* There is sense still,
 but it is harsh and violent. JOHNSON.

I believe we should read—*The ruin'd world*, i. e. the general
 disruption of elements should have *shook*, &c. Shakspeare seems
 to mean that the death of so great a man ought to have produced
 effects similar to those which might be expected from the dissolu-
 tion of the universe, when all distinctions shall be lost. To
shake any thing out is a phrase in common use among our an-
 cient writers. So Holinshed, p. 743: —“God’s providence
shaking men out of their shifts of supposed safetie, &c.”

Perhaps, however, Shakspeare might mean nothing more here
 than merely an earthquake, in which the shaking of the *round*
world was to be so violent as to toss the inhabitants of woods into
 cities, and the inhabitants of cities into woods. STEEVENS.

—*The round world*—] The defective metre of this line strongly
 supports Dr. Johnson’s conjecture, *that something is lost*. I be-
 lieve only two words are wanting. Perhaps the passage origi-
 nally stood thus:

*A greater crack. The round world should have shook,
 Thrown raging lions into civil streets,
 And citizens to their dens.—* MALONE.

The sense, I think, is complete and plain, if we consider *shook*
 (more properly *shaken*) as the participle past of a verb *active*.
 The metre would be improved if the lines were distributed thus:

—*The round world should have shook
 Lions into civil streets, and citizens
 Into their dens.* TYRWHITT.

⁹ —————but it is a tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.]

That

To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
¹ Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this;—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies². I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament,
With tears as soveraign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,

That is, *May the gods rebuke me, if this be not tidings to make kings weep.*

But, again, for if not. JOHNSON.

¹ Waged equal *with him.*] For *waged*, the modern editions have *weighed*. JOHNSON.

It is not easy to determine the precise meaning of the word *wags*. In *Othello* it occurs again:

“To wake and *wage* a danger profitless.”

It may signify to *oppose*. The sense will then be, *his taints and honours* were an equal match; i. e., were opposed to each other in just proportions, like the counterparts of a wager. STEEVENS.

² ——— *But we do lance*

Diseases in our bodies.

The old copy reads:

——— *But we do launch,*

Diseases in our bodies.

Perhaps rightly—and the meaning may be: “I have followed thee to the death. But why do I lament thy fall? We are all mortal. Our fate is predestin'd at our birth; and when we *launch* on the sea of life, the principles of decay are interwoven with our constitution. MALONE.

Friend

Friend and companion in the front of war,
 The arm of mine own body, and the heart
 Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
 Unreconcilable, ² should divide
 Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
 But I will tell you at some meeter season;

Enter an Ægyptian.

The business of this man looks out of him,
 We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

Ægypt. ³ A poor Ægyptian yet: The queen my
 mistress,
 Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
 Of thy intents desires instruction;
 That she preparedly may frame herself
 To the way she's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
 She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
 How honourably and how kindly we
 Determine for her: ⁴ for Cæsar cannot live
 To be ungentle.

Ægypt. So the gods preserve thee! [Exit.]

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius; Go, and say,
 We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
 The quality of her passion shall require;
 Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke,

² ————*should divide*

Our equalness to this.———]

That is, *should have made us*, in our equality of fortune, disagree to a pitch like this, that one of us must die. JOHNSON.

³ *A poor Ægyptian yet; the queen my mistress, &c.*] If this punctuation be right, the man means to say, that he is *yet an Ægyptian*, that is, *yet a servant of the queen of Ægypt*, though soon to become a subject of Rome. JOHNSON.

⁴ ————*for Cæsar cannot live*

To be ungentle.]

The old copy has *leave*. Mr. Pope, I believe, made this emendation. MALONE.

She

She do defeat us : for ^s her life in Rome
 Would be eternal in our triumph : Go,
 And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
 And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit Proculeius.]

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
 To second Proculeius? [Exit Gallus.]

All. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
 How he's employ'd ; he shall in time be ready.
 Go with me to my tent ; where you shall see
 How hardly I was drawn into this war ;
 How calm and gentle I proceeded still
 In all my writings : Go with me, and see
 What I can shew in this. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

The Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
 A better life : 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar ;
 Not being fortune, he's but ⁶ fortune's knave,
 A minister of her will ; And it is great ⁷

To

^s ————her life in Rome

Would be eternal in our triumph : ————]

Hammer reads judiciously enough, but without necessity :

Would be eternalling our triumph :

The sense is, *If she dies here, she will be forgotten, but if I send her in triumph to Rome, her memory and my glory will be eternal.* JOHNSON.

The following passage in the *Scourge of Venus*, &c. a poem, 1614, will sufficiently support the old reading :

“ If some foule-swelling ebon cloud would fall,

“ For her to hide herself *eternal in.*” STEEVENS.

⁶ ————fortune's knave,] The servant of fortune. JOHNSON.

⁷ ————and it is great

To do that thing, that ends all other deeds ;

Which

To do that thing that ends all other deeds ;
 Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ;
 Which

*Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ;
 Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung :
 The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.—*]

The action of suicide is here said, *to shackle accidents ; to bolt up change ; to be the beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.* So far the description is intelligible. But when it is said, that it *sleeps, and never palates more the dung,* we find neither sense nor propriety ; which is occasioned by the loss of a whole line between the third and fourth, and the corrupt reading of the last word in the fourth. We should read the passage thus :

———*and it is great
 To do that thing, that ends all other deeds ;
 Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ;
 [Lulls wearied nature to a sound repose]
 (Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung :)
 The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.*

That this line in hooks was the substance of that lost, is evident from its making sense of all the rest : which are to this effect, *It is great to do that which frees us from all the accidents of humanity, lulls our over-wearied nature to repose, (which now sleeps, and has no more appetite for worldly enjoyments,) and is equally the nurse of Cæsar and the beggar.* WARBURTON.

I cannot perceive the loss of a line, nor the need of an emendation. The commentator seems to have entangled his own ideas ; his supposition that *suicide* is called *the beggar's nurse and Cæsar's,* and his concession that the position is *intelligible,* shew, I think, a mind not intent upon the business before it. The difficulty of the passage, if any difficulty there be, arises only from this, that the act of suicide, and the state which is the effect of suicide are confounded. Voluntary death, says she, is an act *which bolts up change ;* it produces a state,

*Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
 The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.*

Which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level.

The speech is abrupt, but perturbation in such a state is surely natural. JOHNSON,

It has been already said in this play, that

“ ———our *dungy* earth, alike
 “ Feeds man as beast.”———

and Mr. Tollet observes, “ that in *Herodotus,* book iii. the Æthiopian king, upon hearing a description of the nature of wheat, replied, that he was not at all surprized, if men, who

Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.—

Enter, below, Proculeius, Gallus, &c.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Ægypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Ægypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;

You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over

eat nothing but *dung*, did not attain a longer life." Shakspeare has the same epithet in the *Winter's Tale*:

"——the face to sweeten

"Of the whole *dungy* earth."——

Again, in *Timon*:

"——the earth's a thief

"That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen

"From general *excrement*." STEEVENS.

Though Dr. Warburton's explanation of this passage is certainly liable to the objection that Dr. Johnson has made to it, yet in support of his emendation, it may be observed, that the word *dug* was not considered, in our author's time, as coarse or inelegant. It is applied to *women* by his contemporaries. So, in *Essaies Moral and Divine*, by N. Breton, 1615: "She is the *nurse* of nature, with that milk of reason, that would make a child of grace never lie from the *dugge*." MALONE.

On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy; and you shall find
A conqueror,³ that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I⁹ send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

[*Aside.*] ' You see how easily she may be surpriz'd;
[*Here Gallus and guard ascend the
monument, and enter behind.*

Guard her, 'till Cæsar come. [Exit.
Iras:

³ ————*that will pray in aid for kindness,*] *Praying in aid* is a law term, used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question. HANMER.

⁹ ————*send him*

The greatness he has got.———]

I allow him to be my conqueror; I own his superiority with complete submission. JOHNSON.

¹ *Char.* *You see how easily she may be surpriz'd.*] Here Charmian, who is so faithful as to die with her mistress, by the stupidity of the editors is made to countenance and give directions for her being surprized by Cæsar's messengers. But this blunder is for want of knowing, or observing, the historical fact. When Cæsar sent Proculeius to the queen, he sent Gallus after him with new instructions: and while one amused Cleopatra with propositions from Cæsar, through the crannies of the monument, the other scaled it by a ladder, entered it at a window backward, and made Cleopatra, and those with her, prisoners. I have reformed the passage therefore, (as, I am persuaded, the author designed it;) from the authority of Plutarch.

THEOBALD.

This line in the first edition is given not to Charmian, 'but to Proculeius; and to him it certainly belongs, though perhaps misplaced. I would put it at the end of his foregoing speech:

Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

[*Aside to Gallus.*] *You see, how easily she may be surpriz'd.*

X 2

Then

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[Drawing a dagger.

Proculeius rushes in, and disarms the queen.

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:

Do not yourself such wrong, ² who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of
³ languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,

Then while Cleopatra makes a formal answer, Gallus, upon the hint given, seizes her, and Proculeius, interrupting the civility of his answer:

—————your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

Cries out:

Guard her 'till Cæsar come. JOHNSON.

² —————who are in this

Reliev'd, but not betray'd.]

As plausible as this reading is, it is corrupt. Had Shakspeare used the word *reliev'd*, he would have added, *and not betray'd*. But that he used another word the reply shews: *What of death too?* which will not agree with *reliev'd*; but will direct us to the genuine word, which is:

Bereav'd, *but not betray'd*.

i. e. *bereaved* of death, or of the means of destroying yourself, *but not betrayed* to your destruction. By the particle *too*, in her reply, she alludes to her being before *bereaved* of Antony. And thus his speech becomes correct, and her reply pertinent.

WARBURTON.

I do not think the emendation necessary, since the sense is not made better by it, and the abruptness in Cleopatra's answer is more forcible in the old reading. JOHNSON.

³ ———languish———] For *languish*, I think we may read,—
anguish. JOHNSON.

Languish is the true reading. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, act I. sc. ii:

“ One desperate grief cure with another's *languish*.”

STEEVENS.

Do not abuse ⁴ our master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?

Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
⁵ Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
⁶ If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither: This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;

⁴ —our—] The Fo. reads *my*. MALONE.

⁵ *Worth many babes and beggars!*] Why, death, wilt thou
not rather seize a queen, than employ thy force upon *babes* and
beggars. JOHNSON.

⁶ *If idle talk will once be necessary,*] This nonsense should be
reformed thus:

If idle time will once be necessary.

i. e. if *repose* be necessary to cherish life, I will not sleep.

WARBURTON.

I do not see that the nonsense is made sense by the change.
Sir T. Hanmer reads:

If idle talk will once be necessary;

Neither is this better. I know not what to offer better than an
easy explanation. That is, *I will not eat, and if it will be ne-*
cessary now for once to waste a moment in idle talk of my purpose,
I will not sleep neither. In common conversation we often use
will be, with as little relation to futurity. As, Now I am going,
it *will be* fit for me to dine first. JOHNSON.

Once may mean *sometimes*. Of this use of the word I have al-
ready given instances, both in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and
K. Hen. VIII. The meaning of Cleopatra seems to be this.
If *idle talking* be sometimes necessary to the prolongation of life,
why I will not *sleep* for fear of *talking idly in my sleep*.

The sense designed, however, may be—If it be necessary to
talk of performing impossibilities, why, I'll not sleep neither.

STEEVENS.

If idle talk will once be necessary,

I'll not sleep neither:—]

I suspect our author wrote:

I'll not speak neither. MALONE.

X 3

NOT

Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
 Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
 And shew me to the shouting varlettry
 Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Ægypt
 Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
 Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
 Blow me into abhorring! rather make
 My country's high pyramides my gibbet⁷,
 And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
 These thoughts of horror further than you shall
 Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
 What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
 And he hath sent for thee: as for the queen,
 I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
 It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
 To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
[To Cleopatra.
 If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. *[Exit Proculeius.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

⁷ *My country's high pyramides my gibbet;*] The poet seems to have designed we should read—*pyramides*, Lat. instead of *pyramids*, and so the folio reads. The verse will otherwise be defective. Thus, in *Dr. Faustus*, 1604:

“ Besides the gates and high *pyramides*

“ That Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.”

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

“ Like to the shadows of *pyramides*.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602. b. xii. c. 73:

“ The theaters, *pyramides*, the hills of half a mile.”

Mr. Tollet observes, “ that Sandys in his *Travels*, as well as Drayton in the 26th song of his *Polyolbion*, uses *pyramides* as a quadrifyllable. STEEVENS,

Dol.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun, and moon; which kept their course, and
lighted

The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world; ⁹ his voice was property'd
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,

* *A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little o' the earth.*

Dol. *Most sovereign creature!—*]

What a blessed limping verse these *hemistichs* give us! Had none of the editors an ear to find the hitch in its pace? There is but a syllable wanting, and that, I believe verily, was but of a single letter. I restore:

The little O o' th' earth.

i. e. the little orb or circle. Our poet in other passages chuses to express himself thus. THEOBALD.

⁹ —————his voice was property'd

*As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder.]*

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*, 1609:

“ His qualities were beauteous as his form,
“ For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free,
“ Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
“ As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
“ When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.”

MALONE.

* ————and *that to friends*;) Thus the old copy. The modern editors read, with no less obscurity:

—————when *that to friends*. STEEVENS.

X 4

He

312 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

He was as rattling thunder. ² For his bounty,
 There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
 That grew the more by reaping: His delights
 Were dolphin-like; they shew'd his back above
 The element they liv'd in: In his livery
 Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands
 were
 As plates ³ dropt from his pocket.

Dol.

² ————For his bounty,
 There was no winter in't; an Antony it was,
 That grew the more by reaping:—————]

There was certainly a contrast both in the thought and terms, design'd here, which is lost in an accidental corruption. How could an Antony grow the more by reaping; I'll venture, by a very easy change, to restore an exquisite fine allusion; which carries its reason with it too, why there was no *winter* in his bounty.

—————For his bounty,
 There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
 That grew the more by reaping.

I ought to take notice, that the ingenious Dr. Thirlby likewise started this very emendation, and had mark'd it in the margin of his book. THEOBALD.

I cannot resist the temptation to quote the following beautiful passage from B. Jonson's *New Inn*, on the subject of liberality.

“ He gave me my first breeding, I acknowledge;
 “ Then show'ed his bounties on me, like the hours
 “ That open-handed sit upon the clouds,
 “ And press the liberality of heaven
 “ Down to the laps of thankful men.” STEEVENS.

³ *As plates*——] *Plates* mean, I believe, *silver money*. So, in Marlow's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

“ What's the price of this slave 200 crowns?——
 “ And if he has, he's worth 300 plates.”

Again:

“ Rat'st thou this Moor but at 200 plates?” STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens justly interprets *plates* to mean silver money. It is a term in heraldry. The balls or roundels in an escutcheon of arms, according to their different colours, have different names. If *Gules*, or red, they are called *Torteauxes*; if *Or*, or yellow, *Bezants*; if *Argent*, or white, *Plates*, which are buttons of silver without any impression, but only prepared for the stamp.

So Spenser, *Faery Queene*, l. 2. c. 7. 5.

¶ Some

Dol. Cleopatra,——

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lye, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; ⁴ yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam:

“ Some others were new driven, and distent
“ Into great ingoes, and to wedges square;
“ Some in round plates withouten monument.”

WHALLEY.

⁴ ——yet to imagine

*An Antony were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.]*

This is a fine sentiment; but by the false reading and pointing
becomes unintelligible. Though when set right, obscure enough
to deserve a comment. Shakspeare wrote:

——yet to imagine

*An Antony, were nature's prize 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.*

The sense of which is this, *Nature, in general, has not materials
enough to furnish out real forms, for every model that the boundless
power of the imagination can sketch out: [Nature wants matter to
vie strange forms with fancy.] But though this be true in general,
that nature is more poor, narrow, and confined than fancy, yet it
must be owned, that when nature presents an Antony to us, she then
gets the better of fancy, and makes even the imagination appear
poor and narrow: or in our author's phrase [condemns shadows
quite.]* The word *prize*, which I have restored, is very pretty,
as figuring a contention between *Nature* and *Imagination* about
the larger extent of their powers; and *Nature* gaining the prize
by producing Antony. WARBURTON.

In this passage I cannot discover any temptation to critical
experiments. The word *piece*, is a term appropriated to works
of art. Here *Nature* and *Fancy* produce each their *piece*, and
the *piece* done by *Nature* had the preference. Antony was in
reality *past the size of dreaming*; he was more by *Nature* than
Fancy could present in sleep. JOHNSON.

To *vie* was a term at cards. See Vol. III. p. 475. IV. p. 126.

STEEVENS.

Your

Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots^s
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.

Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will; I know it.

All. Make way there,—Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Mæcenas, Proculeius, and Attendants.

Cæs. Which is the queen of Ægypt?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [*Cleo. kneels.*

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you, rise; rise, Ægypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,

⁵ I cannot project mine own cause so well

To

^s ———shoots] The old copy reads————suites. STEEVENS.

⁶ I cannot project mine own cause so well] Project signifies to invent a cause, not to plead it; which is the sense here required. It is plain that we should read:

I cannot procter my own cause so well.

The technical term, to plead by an advocate. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

I cannot parget my own cause——

meaning, I cannot white-wash, varnish, or gloss my cause. I believe

To make it clear ; but do confess, I have
 Been laden with like frailties, which before
 Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
 We will extenuate rather than enforce :
 If you apply yourself to our intents,
 (Which towards you are most gentle) you shall find
 A benefit in this change : but if you seek
 To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
 Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
 Of my good purposes, and put your children
 To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
 If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world : 'tis yours ;
 and we
 Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
 Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
 I am possess'd of : 'tis exactly valued ;

Not

lieve the present reading to be right. To *project* a cause is to *re-*
present a cause ; to *project* it *well*, is to *plan* or *contrive* a scheme
 of defence. JOHNSON.

The old reading may be the true one. Sir John Harrington
 in his *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, p. 79, says : " I have
 chosen Ajax for the *project* of this discourse." Yet Hamner's
 conjecture may be likewise countenanced ; for the word he wishes
 to bring in, is used in the 4th eclogue of Drayton :

" Scorn'd paintings, *pargit*, and the borrow'd hair."

And several times by Ben Jonson. So, in the *Silent Woman* :

" ———she's above fifty too, and *pargets*." STEEVENS.

'tis exactly valued,

Not petty things admitted.——]

Sagacious editors ! Cleopatra gives in a list of her wealth, says,
 'tis exactly valued, but that petty things are not *admitted* in this
 list : and then she appeals to her treasurer, that she has reserved
 nothing to herself. And when he betrays her, she is reduced
 to the shift of exclaiming against the ingratitude of servants,
 and of making apologies for having secreted certain trifles.
 Who does not see, that we ought to read :

Not petty things omitted ?

For

Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather feel my lips^s, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made
known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back?
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, foul-less villain, dog!
O rarely base⁹!

Cæs. Good queen, let us intreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this¹;
That

For this declaration lays open her falshood; and makes her angry
when her treasurer detects her in a direct lie. THEOBALD.

Notwithstanding the wrath of Mr. Theobald, I have restored
the old reading. She is angry afterwards, that she is accused of
having reserved more than petty things. Dr. Warburton and
sir T. Haumer follow Theobald. JOHNSON.

^s — *feel my lips,* —] Sew up my mouth. JOHNSON.

It means, close up my lips as effectually as the eyes of a hawk
are closed. To *feel* hawks was the technical term. STEEVENS.

⁹ *O rarely base!*] i. e. base in an uncommon degree.

STEEVENS.

¹ *O Cæsar, &c.*] This speech of Cleopatra is taken from sir
Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, where it stands as follows.

“ O Cæsar, is not this great shame and reproach, that thou hav-
ing

That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
 Doing the honour of thy lordliness
² To one so meek, that mine own servant should
³ Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
 Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
 That I some lady trifles had reserv'd,
 Immoment toys, things of such dignity
 As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
 Some nobler token I have kept apart
 For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
 Their mediation; must I be unfolded
 With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites me
 Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;

[*To Seleucus.*

Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits
⁴ Through the ashes of my chance:—Wert thou a
 man,

Thou

ing vouchsafed to take the pains to come unto me, and hast done me this honour, poor wretch and caitiff creature, brought into this pitiful and miserable estate, and that mine own servants should come now to accuse me. Though it may be that I have reserved some jewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me (poor soul) to set out myself withal; but meaning to give some pretty presents unto Octavia and Livia, that they making means and intercession for me to thee, thou mightest yet extend thy favour and mercy upon me, &c.” STEEVENS.

² *To one so meek,*—] *Meek*, I suppose, means here, *tame*, subdued by adversity. So, in the parallel passage in Plutarch:—“poor wretch, and caitiff creature, brought into this pitiful and miserable estate——.” Cleopatra in any other sense was not eminent for *meekness*. MALONE.

³ *Parcel the sum of my disgraces by*] *To parcel her disgraces*, might be expressed in vulgar language, *to bundle up her calamities*. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Through the ashes of my chance*:—] Or *fortune*. The meaning is, *Begone*, or I shall exert that royal spirit which I had in my prosperity, in spite of the imbecillity of my present weak condition. This taught the Oxford editor to alter it to *mischance*.

WARBURTON.

*Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits
 Through the ashes of my chance:———]*

Thus

Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus. [*Exit Seleucus.*]

Cleo. ⁵ Be it known, that we, the greatest, are mis-
thought

For

Thus Chaucer in his *Canterbury Tales*, late edit. v. 3180:

“ Yet in our *aschen* cold is fire yreken.”

And thus (as the learned editor of the *Cant. Tales* has observed) Mr. Gray in his *Church-yard Elegy*:

“ Even in our *ashes* live their wonted fires.”

Mr. Gray refers to the following passage in the 169 (171) sonnet of *Petrarch*, as his original:

“ *Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio foco,*

“ *Fredda una lingua, e due begli occhi chiusi*

“ *Rimane dopo noi pien di faville.*” Edit. 1564. p. 271.

STEEVENS.

⁵ *Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thought
For things that others do; and when we fall,
We answer others' merits, in our names
Are therefore to be pitied.]*

This false pointing has rendered the sentiment, which was not very easy at best, altogether unintelligible. The lines should be pointed thus:

*Be't known, that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do. And when we fall
We answer. Others' merits, in our names
Are therefore to be pitied.*

i. e. *We monarchs, while in power, are accused and blamed for the miscarriages of our ministers; and when any misfortune hath subjected us to the power of our enemies, we are sure to be punished for those faults. As this is the case, it is but reasonable that we should have the merit of our ministers' good actions, as well as bear the blame of their bad. But she softens the word merit into pity. The reason of her making the reflexion was this: her former conduct was liable to much censure from Octavius, which she would hereby artfully insinuate was owing to her evil ministers. And as her present conduct, in concealing her treasures, appeared to be her own act, she being detected by her minister; she begs, that as she now answers for her former minister's miscarriages, so her present minister's merit in this discovery might likewise be placed to her account: which she thinks but reasonable. The Oxford editor is here again at his old work of altering what he did not understand, and so transforms the passage thus:*

*——— and when we fall,
We pander other's merits with our names;
And therefore to be pitied.*

WARBURTON.

I do

For things that others do ; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our names,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants fold. Therefore be cheer'd ;
' Make not your thoughts your prisons : no, dear
queen ;

For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend ; And so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord !

Cæs. Not so: Adieu. [*Exeunt Cæsar, and his train.*]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I
should not

Be noble to myself: But hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers Charmian.*]

Iras. Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

I do not think that either of the criticks have reached the sense of the author, which may be very commodiously explained thus :

We suffer at our highest state of elevation in the *thoughts of mankind for that which others do ; and when we fall*, those that contented themselves only to think ill before, call us to *answer in our own names for the merits of others.* We are therefore to be pitied. *Merits* is in this place taken in an ill sense, for actions meriting censure.

If any alteration be necessary, I should only propose,

Be't known, that we at greatest, &c. JOHNSON.

' *Make not your thoughts your prisons ;—*] I once wished to read,
Make not your thoughts your poison :—

Do not destroy yourself by musing on your misfortune. Yet I would change nothing, as the old reading presents a very proper sense. *Be not a prisoner in imagination, when in reality you are free.*

JOHNSON.

Cleo.

Cleo. Hie thee again :
I have spoke already, and it is provided ;
Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the queen ?

Char. Behold, sir.

[*Exit Charmian.*]

Cleo. Dolabella ?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this : Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey ; and, within three days,
You with your children will be send before :
Make your best use of this : I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on Cæsar. [*Exit.*]

Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, Iras, what
think'st thou ?

Thou, an Ægyptian puppet, shalt be shewn
In Rome, as well as I : mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view ; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid !

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras : Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets ; and ⁷ scald rhimers
Ballad us out o' tune : the ⁸ quick comedians

⁷ ———scald rhimers] Sir T. Hanmer reads :

———stall'd rhimers.

Scald was a word of contempt, implying poverty, disease, and filth. JOHNSON.

⁸ —quick comedians] The gay inventive players. JOHNSON.

Extemporally will stage us, and present
 Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
 Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
 Some squeaking Cleopatra⁹ boy my greatness
 I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
 Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
 To fool their preparation, and to conquer
 Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter Charmian.

Shew me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch
 My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
 To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, Iras, go.—
 Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed:
 And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee
 leave

⁹ —*boy my greatness,*] The parts of women were acted on the stage by boys. HANMER.

Nash, in Pierce Pennyleffe his Supplication, &c. 1595, says, "Our players are not as the players beyond sea, a sort of squirting bawdy comedians, that have whores and common courtesans to play women's parts, &c." To obviate this impropriety of men representing women, T. Goff, in his tragedy of the *Raging Turk*, 1631, has no female character. STEEVENS.

¹ *Their most absurd intents.*—] Why should Cleopatra call Cæsar's designs *absurd*? She could not think his intent of carrying her in triumph, such, with regard to his own glory: and her finding an expedient to disappoint him, could not bring it under that predicament. I much rather think the poet wrote,

Their most assur'd intents————

i. e. the purposes, which they make themselves most sure of accomplishing. THEOBALD.

I have preserved the old reading. The design certainly appeared *absurd* enough to Cleopatra, both as she thought it unreasonable in itself, and as she knew it would fail. JOHNSON.

To play 'till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise? [*A noise within.*]

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
'That will not be deny'd your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. What a poor instrument
[*Exit Guard.*]

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: ² now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*]
Hast thou ³ the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That

² ————— now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.]

Alluding to the Ægyptian devotion paid to the moon under the name of Isis. WARBURTON.

I really believe that our poet was not at all acquainted with the devotion that the Ægyptians paid to this planet under the name of Isis; but that Cleopatra having said, *I have nothing of woman in me*, added, by way of amplification, that she had not even the changes of disposition peculiar to the sex, and which sometimes happen as frequently as those of the moon; or that she was not, like the sea, governed by the moon. So, in *Richard III*:—"I being govern'd by the watry moon, &c." Why should she say on this occasion that she no longer made use of the forms of worship peculiar to her country?

Fleeting is inconstant. So, in *Green's Metamorphosis*, 1617: ————"to shew the world she was not *fleeting*." See Vol. VII. p. 41. STEEVENS.

³ —the pretty worm of Nilus—] *Worm* is the Teutonick word for *serpent*; we have the *blind worm* and *slow-worm* still in our language,

That kills and pains not ?

Clown. Truly I have him : but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal ; those, that do die of it, do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have dy'd on't ?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday : a very honest woman, but something given to lye ; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty : how she dy'd of the biting of it, what pain she felt, — Truly, she makes a very good report of the worm : ⁴ But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do : But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

language, and the Norwegians call an enormous monster, seen sometimes in the northern ocean, the *sea-worm*. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633 :

“ Those coals the Roman Portia did devour,
“ Are not burnt out, nor have th' Ægyptian *worms*
“ Yet lost their stings.”

Again, in the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631 :

“ ———I'll watch for fear
“ Of venomous *worms*.” STEEVENS.

In the Northern counties, the word *worm* is still given to the serpent species in general. I have seen a Northumberland ballad, entituled, *The laidly Worm of Spindleston Heughes*, i. e. The loathsome or foul serpent of Spindleston Craggs ; certain rocks so called, near Bamburgh Castle.

Shakspeare uses *worm* again in the same sense. See the Second part of *King Henry VI*.

“ The mortal *worm* might make the sleep eternal.”

PERCY.

Again, in the old version of the *New Testament*, Acts xxviii.

“ Now when the barbarians sawe the *worme* hang on his hand, &c.

TOLLET.

⁴ *But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do :*] Shakspeare's clowns are always jokers, and deal in fly satire. It is plain this must be read the contrary way, and *all* and *half* change places. WARBURTON.

Probably Shakspeare designed that confusion which the critick would disentangle. STEEVENS.

Cleo. Get thee hence ; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm ^s will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay ; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people ; for, indeed, there is no goodnes in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care ; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good : give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me ?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know, the devil himself will not eat a woman : I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil drefs her not. But, truly, these same whore-son devils do the gods great harm in their women ; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone ; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth ; I wish you joy o' the worm. [Exit.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have Immortal longings in me : Now no more The juice of Ægypt's grape shall moist this lip :— Yare, yare ⁶, good Iras ; quick.—Methinks, I hear

^s *will do his kind.*] The serpent will act according to his nature. JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *If you know not Me you know Nobody*, 1633 :

“ Good girls, they *do their kind.*”

Again, in the ancient black letter romance of *Syr Tryamour*, no date :

“ He *dye* full gentyly *his kinde.*” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Yare, yare,*—] i. e. make haste, be nimble, be ready. Some instances of the use of the word have been already given. See Vol. I. p. 4. STEEVENS.

Antony call; I see him rouse himself
 To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
 The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
 To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come:
 Now to that name my courage prove my title!
 I am fire, and air; my other elements
 I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
 Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
 Farewel, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewel.

Have I the aspick in my lips? Dost fall⁷? [*applying the asp.*
To Iras.
 If thou and nature can so gently part,
 The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
 Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still?
 If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
 It is not worth leave-taking. [*Iras dies.*

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I
 may say,
 The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base:
 If she first meet the curled Antony,
⁸ He'll make demand of her; and spend that kifs,
 Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal
 wretch,

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
 Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
 Be angry, and dispatch. O, could'st thou speak!
 That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, as
 Unpolicy'd⁹!

Char.

⁷ —Dost fall?] Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, or I know not why she should fall so soon. STEEVENS.

⁸ He'll make demand of her.] He will enquire of her concerning me, and kifs her for giving him intelligence. JOHNSON.

⁹ —————asp
 Unpolicy'd!]

Char. O eastern star.

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep¹?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
² O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*

What should I stay—— [Dies.

Char. In this wild world³?—So, fare thee well.

Now

i. e. an asp *without more policy* than to leave the means of death within my reach, and thereby deprive his triumph of its noblest decoration. STEEVENS.

¹ *That sucks the nurse asleep?*] Before the publication of this piece, *The Tragedy of Cleopatra*, by Daniel, 1599, had made its appearance; but Dryden is more indebted to it than Shakspeare. Daniel has the following lines:

“ Better than death death’s office thou dischargest,
“ That with one gentle touch can free our breath;
“ And in a pleasing sleep our soul enlargest,
“ Making ourselves not privy to our death.—
“ Therefore come thou, of wonders wonder chief,
“ That open canst with such an easy key
“ The door of life; come gentle, cunning thief,
“ That from ourselves so steal’st ourselves away.”

Dryden says on the same occasion:

“ ——Welcome thou kind deceiver!
“ Thou best of thieves; who with an easy key
“ Dost open life, and, unperceiv’d by us,
“ Even steal us from ourselves: Discharging so
“ Death’s dreadful office better than himself,
“ Touching our limbs so gently into slumber,
“ That death stands by, deceiv’d by his own image,
“ And thinks himself but sleep.” STEEVENS.

² *O Antony! nay, I will take thee too.*] As there has been hitherto no break in this verse, nor any marginal direction, *thee* necessarily must seem to refer to Antony. But Cleopatra is here designed to apply one aspick to her arm, as she had before clapp’d one to her breast. And the last speech of Dolabella in the play is a confirmation of this.

The like is on her arm.

THEOBALD.

³ *In this wild world?*] Thus the old copy. I suppose she means by this *wild* world, this world which by the death of Antony

Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A las unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! † Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard*. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard*. Cæsar hath sent——

Char. Too slow a messenger.—

[Charmian applies the asp.

O, come; apace, dispatch:—I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard*. Approach, ho! Ail's not well: Cæsar's
beguil'd.

2 *Guard*. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—call
him.

1 *Guard*. What work is here?—Charmian, is this
well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings⁵.

Ah, foldier!

[Charmian dies.

tony is become a *desert* to her. A *wild* is a desert. Our author, however, might have written *wild* (i. e. *vile* according to ancient spelling) for worthless. STEEVENS.

† ———Your crown's awry;] This is well amended by the editors. The old editions had,

—————Your crown's away. JOHNSON.

So, in Daniel's *Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1599:

“ And senseless, in her sinking down, she awryes

“ The diadem which on her head she wore;

“ Which Charmian (poor weak feeble maid) espyes,

“ And hastes to right it as it was before;

“ For Eras now was dead.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *Descended of so many royal kings.*] Almost these very words are found in sir T. North's translation of Plutarch; and in Daniel's play on the same subject. The former book is not uncommon, and therefore it would be impertinent to crowd the page with every circumstance which Shakspeare has borrowed from the same original. STEEVENS.

Y 4

Enter

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So fought'st to hinder.

Enter Cæsar, and Attendants.

Within. A way there, a way for Cæsar!

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?—
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her
figs;
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1 Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake;
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden drop'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast
There is a vent of blood, and ⁶ something blown:
The

⁶ —something blown;] The flesh is somewhat *puffed* or *swoln*.
JOHNSON.

The like is on her arm.

I *Guard*. This is an aspick's trail; and these fig-leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she dy'd; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite⁷
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them: and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn shew, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

So, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Beuys* of Hampton, bl. 1. no date:

“ That with venim upon him throwen,
“ The knight lay then to-*blowen*.”

Again, in the romance of *Syr Isenbras*, bl. 1. no date:

“ With adders all your bestes ben flaine,
“ With venyme are they *blowe*.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*:

“ —What is *blown*, puft? speak English.—
“ Tainted an' please you, some do call it.
“ She *swells* and so *swells*, &c.” See p. 270.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *conclusions infinite*] i. e. numberless experiments. See Vol. III. p. 167. MALONE.

THIS play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the feminine arts,
some

some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others: the most tumid speech in the play is that which Cæsar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connexion or care of disposition. JOHNSON.

T I M O N

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Persons Represented.

Timon, *a noble Athenian.*
Lucius,
Lucullus, } *Lords.*
Sempronius, }
Apemantus, *a Philosopher.*
Alcibiades.
Flavius, *Steward to Timon.*
Flaminius, } *Timon's Servants,*
Lucilius, }
Servilius, }
Caphis, }
Varro, } *Servants.*
Philo, }
Titus, }
Lucius, }
Hortensius, }
Ventidius, *one of Timon's Friends,*
Cupid and Maskers.
Strangers.

Phrynia, } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*
Timandra, }

Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant; with Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens; *and the Woods not far from it.*

TIMON OF ATHENS¹.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens.

A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant, ² at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir³.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet.

¹ *Timon of Athens.*] The story of the Misanthrope is told in almost every collection of the time, and particularly in two books, with which Shakspeare was intimately acquainted; the *Palace of Pleasure*, and the *English Plutarch*. Indeed from a passage in an old play, called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, I conjecture that he had before made his appearance on the stage. FARMER.

The passage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment* or *Pasquil and Katherine*, 1601, is this:

“Come, I'll be as sociable as *Timon of Athens*.”

But the allusion is so slight, that it might as well have been borrowed from Plutarch or the Novel.

Mr. Strutt the engraver, to whom our antiquaries are under no inconsiderable obligations, has in his possession a MS. play on this subject,

² In the old copy: *Enter, &c. Merchant and Mercer, &c.*
STEEVENS.

³ *Poet. Good day, sir.*] It would be less abrupt, to begin the play thus:

Poet. Good day.

Pain. Good day, sir: I am glad you're well. FARMER.

Poet. I have not seen you long; How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, fir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known:

* But what particular rarity? what strange,

Which

subject. It appears to have been written, or transcribed, about the year 1600. There is a scene in it resembling Shakspeare's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead of *warm water* he sets before them *stones painted like artichokes*, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods, attended by his faithful steward, who (like Kent in *K. Lear*) has disguised himself to continue his services to his master. Timon, in the last act is followed by his fickle mistress, &c. after he was reported to have discovered a hidden treasure by digging. The piece itself (though it appears to be the work of an academick) is a wretched one. The personæ dramatis are as follows.

The actors names.

Timon.

Laches, his faithful servant.

Eutrapelus, a dissolute young man.

Gelasimus, a citty heyre.

Pseudocheus, a lying travailer.

Demeas, an orator.

Philargurus, a covetous churlish ould man.

Hermogenes, a fidler.

Abyffus, a usurer.

Lollio, a cuntrey clowne, Philargurus sonne.

Stilpo, } Two lying philosophers.

Speusippus, }

Grunnio, a lean servant of Philargurus.

Obba, Tymon's butler.

Pædio, Gelasimus Page.

Two serjeants.

A sailer.

Callimela, Philargurus daughter.

Blatte, her prattling nurse.

S C E N E, Athens. STEEVENS.

* *But what particular rarity, &c.*] Our author, it is observable, has made his poet in this play a knave. But that it might not reflect upon the *profession* he has made him only a pretender to it, as appears from his having drawn him, all the way, with a false taste and judgment. One infallible mark of which is, a fondness for every thing strange, surprizing, and portentous; and, a dis-

Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magick of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; the other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; ^s breath'd; as
it were

To an untirable and continue goodnefs:
He passes ^o:

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't: For the lord Timon,
sir?

a disregard for whatever is common, or in nature. Shakspeare therefore has with great delicacy of judgment put his poetaster upon this inquiry. WARBURTON.

The learned commentator's note must shift for itself. I cannot but think that this passage is at present in confusion. The poet asks a question, and stays not for an answer, nor has his question any apparent drift or consequence. I would range the passage thus:

Poet. *Ay, that's well known.*

*But what particular rarity? what so strange,
That manifold record not matches?*

Pain. *See!*

Poet. *Magick of bounty, &c.*

It may not be improperly observed here, that as there is only one copy of this play, no help can be had from collation, and more liberty must be allowed to conjecture. JOHNSON.

^s ———breath'd as it were

To an untirable and continue goodnefs.]

Breath'd is inured by constant practice; so trained as not to be wearied. To *breathe* a horse, is to exercise him for the course.

JOHNSON.

———*continue*———] This word is used by many ancient English writers. Thus, by Chapman, in his version of the 4th book of the *Odyssy*:

“ Her handmaids join'd in a *continue* yell.” STEEVENS.

^o *He passes.*] i. e. he exceeds, goes beyond common bounds. So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“ Why this *passes*, master Ford.” STEEVENS.

Jew.

Jew. If he will ⁷ touch the estimate: But, for that—

Poet. ⁸ *When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.*

Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking on the jewel.*

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some de-
dication

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipt idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, ⁹ which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished: The fire i' the flint
Shews not, 'till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, ¹ and, like the current, flies

Each

⁷ ———touch the estimate:———] Come up to the price.

JOHNSON.

⁸ *When we for recompence &c.*] We must here suppose the poet busy in reading his own work; and that these three lines are the introduction of the poem addressed to Timon, which he afterwards gives the painter an account of. WARBURTON.

⁹ ———which cozes] The folio copy reads, ———which uses. The modern editors have given it, ———which issues. JOHNSON.

The only ancient copy reads: *Our poesie is as a gowne which uses.* STEEVENS.

¹ ———and, like the current flies'

Each bound it chafes.———]

Thus the folio reads, and rightly. In later editions—*chafes.*

WARBURTON.

This speech of the poet is very obscure. He seems to boast the copiousness and facility of his vein, by declaring that verses drop from a poet as gums from odoriferous trees, and that his flame kindles itself without the violence necessary to elicit sparkles from the flint. What follows next? that it, *like a current, flies each bound it chafes.* This may mean, that it expands itself notwithstanding all obstructions: but the images in the comparison are so ill-sorted, and the effect so obscurely expressed, that I cannot but think something omitted that connected the last sentence with the former. It is well known that the players often shorten speeches to quicken the representation: and it
may

Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, fir. When comes your book forth?

Poet. ² Upon the heels of my presentment ³, fir. Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: ⁴ this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

be suspected, that they sometimes performed their amputations with more haste than judgment. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the sense is, that having *touch'd on one subject, it flies off in quest of another.* The old copy seems to read:

Each bound it chafes.——

The letters *f* and *s* are not always to be distinguished from each other, especially when the types have been much worn, as in the first folio. If *chafes* be the true reading, it is best explained by the “——*se sequiturque fugit*——” of the Roman poet.

STEEVENS.

² *Upon the heels &c.*] As soon as my book has been presented to lord Timon. JOHNSON.

³ ——*presentment*——] The patrons of Shakspeare's age do not appear to have been all *Timons*.

“ I did determine not to have dedicated my play to any body, because *forty shillings* I care not for, and above, few or none will bestow on these matters.” Preface to a *Woman is a Weathercock*, by N. Field, 1612. STEEVENS.

⁴ ——*this comes off well and excellent.*] By this we are to understand what the painters call the *goings off* of a picture, which requires the nicest execution. WARBURTON.

The note I understand less than the text. The meaning is: The figure rises well from the canvas. *C'est bien relevé.*

JOHNSON.

What is meant by this term of applause I do not exactly know. It occurs again in the *Widow*, by B. Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton:

“ It comes off very fair yet.”

Again, in *A Trick to catch the old One*, 1616: “ Put a good tale in his ear, so that it comes off cleanly, and there's a horse and man for us. I warrant thee.” Again, in the first part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*:

“ Fla. Faith, the song will seem to come off hardly.

“ Catz. Troth, not a whit, if you seem to come off quickly.” STEEVENS.

Poet. Admirable: ' How this grace
Speaks his own standing? what a mental power
This eye shoots forth? how big imagination
Moves in this lip? to the dumbness of the gesture⁶
One might interpret.

⁵ ————*how this grace*
Speaks its own standing? ————]

This relates to the attitude of the figure; and means that it stands judiciously on its own centre. And not only so, but that it has a graceful standing likewise. Of which the poet in *Hamlet*, speaking of another picture, says:

“ A Station like the Herald, Mercury,
“ New-lighted on a heav'n-kissing hill.”

which lines Milton seems to have had in view, where he says of Raphael:

“ At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise
“ He lights, and to his proper shape returns.
“ ————*Like Maia's son he stood.*” WARBURTON.

This sentence seems to me obscure, and, however explained, not very forcible. *This grace speaks his own standing*, is only, *The gracefulness of this figure shows how it stands*. I am inclined to think something corrupted. It would be more natural and clear thus:

—————*how this standing*
Speaks his own graces? ————

How this posture displays its own gracefulness. But I will indulge conjecture further, and propose to read:

—————*how this grace*
Speaks understanding? what a mental power
This eye shoots forth? ———— JOHNSON.

The passage, to my apprehension at least, *speaks its own meaning*, which is, how the graceful attitude of this figure proclaims that it stands firm on its centre, or gives evidence in favour of its own fixure. *Grace* is introduced as bearing witness to *propriety*. A similar expression occurs in *Cymbeline*, act II. sc. iv:

“ ————never saw I figures
“ So likely to report themselves. STEEVENS.

⁶ ————*to the dumbness of the gesture*
One might interpret.]

The allusion is to the puppet-shows, or motions, as they were termed in our author's time. The person who spoke for the puppets was called an *interpreter*. See a note on *Hamlet*, act III. sc. 5. MALONE.

Pain.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; Is't good?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature: ⁷ artificial strife
Lives in these touches livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens;—Happy men!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see ⁹ this confluence, this great flood
of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,

⁷ ———artificial strife] Strife for action or motion.

WARBURTON.

Strife is either the contest of art with nature.

“ *Hic ille est Raphael, timuit, quo sospite vinci*

“ *Rerum magna parens, & moriente mori.*”

Or it is the contrast of forms or opposition of colours. JOHNSON.

That *artificial strife* means, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, *the contest of art with nature*, and not *the contrast of forms or opposition of colours*—may appear from our author's *Venus and Adonis*, where the same thought is more clearly expressed:

“ Look when a painter would surpass the life,

“ In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,

“ His art with nature's workmanship at strife,

“ As if the dead the living should exceed;

“ So did this horse excell &c.” MALONE.

So, under the print of Noah Bridges, by Faithorne:

“ Faithorne, with nature at a noble strife,

“ Hath paid the author a great share of life, &c.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ ———Happy men!] I think we had better read:—Happy man! It is the happiness of *Timon*, and not of the senators, upon which the poet means to exclaim. STEEVENS.

The text is right. The poet envies or admires the felicity of the senators in being *Timon's* friends, and familiarly admitted to his table, to partake of his good cheer, and experience the effects of his bounty. REMARKS.

⁹ *This confluence, this great flood of visitors.]*

“ *Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.*” JOHNSON.

Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
 With amplest entertainment : My free drift
¹ Halts not particularly, but moves itself
² In a wide sea of wax : ³ no levell'd malice
 Infects one comma in the course I hold ;
 But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
 Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you ?

Poet. ⁴ I'll unbolt to you.

You see, how all conditions, how all minds,
 (As well of ⁵ glib and slippery creatures, as
 Of grave and austere quality) tender down
 Their services to lord Timon : his large fortune,
 Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
 Subdues and properties to his love and tendance

¹ *Halts not particularly,———*] My design does not stop at any single characters. JOHNSON.

² *In a wide sea of wax :—*] Anciently they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron stile. HANMER.

I once thought with Hanmer, that this was only an allusion to the Roman practice of writing with a style on waxen tablets ; but it appears that the same custom prevailed in England about the year 1395. It seems also to be pointed out by implication in many of our old collegiate establishments. See Warton's *Hist. of English Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 151. STEEVENS.

³ *———no levell'd malice*] Why this epithet to malice ? which belongs to all actions whatsoever, which have their aim or *level*. Shakspeare wrote :

———no leven'd malice,

which is not only a proper epithet for the acidity of that passion, but answers well to the next words *infects*, and *leaving no tract behind*, as any thing fermenting or corrosive does. WARBURTON.

To *level* is to *aim*, to point the shot at a mark. Shakspeare's meaning is, my poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or *levelled* at any single person ; I fly like an eagle into the general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage. JOHNSON.

⁴ *I'll unbolt———*] I'll open, I'll explain. JOHNSON.

⁵ *———glib and slipp'ry creatures,———*] Hanmer, and Warburton after him, read, *natures*. *Slippery* is *smooth*, unresisting. JOHNSON.

All

All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the ⁶ glass-fac'd flatterer
 To Apemantus, that few things loves better
 Than to abhor himself ; ⁷ even he drops down
 The knee before him, and returns in peace
 Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
 Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd : The base o' the mount
 Is ⁸ rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
 That labour on the bosom of this sphere
⁹ To propagate their states : amongst them all,
 Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
 One do I personate of Timon's frame,
 Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her ;
 Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
 Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis ¹ conceiv'd to scope.
 This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
 With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
 Bowing his head against the steepy mount
 To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
² In our condition.

⁶ ———*glass-fac'd flatterer*] That shows in his own look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron. JOHNSON.

⁷ ———*even he drops down &c.*] Either Shakspeare meant to put a fallhood into the mouth of his poet, or had not yet thoroughly planned the character of Apemantus ; for in the ensuing scenes, his behaviour is as cynical to Timon as to his followers, STEEVENS.

The poet, seeing that Apemantus paid frequent visits to Timon, naturally concluded that he was equally courteous with his other guests. REMARKS.

⁸ ———*rank'd with all deserts,*———] *Cover'd with ranks* of all kinds of men. JOHNSON.

⁹ *To propagate their states :———*] *To propagate*, for to make. WARBURTON.

To advance or improve their various conditions of life.

JOHNSON.

¹ ———*conceiv'd to scope.*] Properly imagined, appositely to the purpose. JOHNSON.

² *In our condition.*] *Condition* for art. WARBURTON.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on;
 All those which were his fellows but of late,
 (Some better than his value) on the moment
 Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
³ Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
 Make sacred even his stirrop, and ⁴ through him
 Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of
 mood,
 Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
 Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
 Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down ⁵,
 Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
 A thousand moral paintings I can shew ⁶,
 That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
 More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,

³ *Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,*] The sense is obvious, and means, in general, *flattering him*. The particular kind of flattery may be collected from the circumstance of its being offered up in *whispers*: which shews it was the calumniating those whom Timon hated or envied, or whose vices were opposite to his own. This offering up, to the person flattered, the murdered reputation of others, Shakspeare, with the utmost beauty of thought and expression, calls *sacrificial whisperings*, alluding to the victims offered up to idols. WARBURTON.

⁴ *—through him.*

Drink the free air.]

That is, catch his breath in affected fondness. JOHNSON,

So in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“His nostrils *drink the air*.” MALONE.

⁵ *—let him slip down,*] The old copy reads:

—let him sit down.

The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

⁶ *A thousand moral paintings I can shew,*] Shakspeare seems to intend in this dialogue to express some competition between the two great arts of imitation. Whatever the poet declares himself to have shewn, the painter thinks he could have shewn better. JOHNSON.

To shew lord Timon, that mean eyes⁷ have seen
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Timon, addressing himself
courteously to every suitor.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you? [*To a messenger.*

Mes. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing him,
^s Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me⁹. I do know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Mes. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—
¹'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

⁷ ———mean eyes———] i. e. inferior spectators. So, in *Wotton's Letter to Bacon*, dated March the last, 1613: "Before their majesties, and almost as many other *meaner eyes*, &c."

TOLLET.

^s Periods *his comfort*.] To *period* is, perhaps, a verb of Shakespeare's introduction into the English language. I find it, however, used by Heywood, after him, in *A Maidenhead well Lost*, 1634:

"How easy could I *period* all my care."

Again, in the *Country Girl*, by T. B. 1647:

"To *period* our vain grievings." STEEVENS.

⁹ ———must need me.] i. e. when he is *compelled* to have need of my assistance. STEEVENS.

¹ 'Tis not enough, &c.] This thought is better expressed by Dr. Madden in his *Elegy on archbishop Boulter*:

"He thought it mean

"Only to help the poor to beg again." JOHNSON.

Mef. All happiness to your honour²! [Exit,

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: What of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon;

His

² ———your honour!] The common address to a lord in our author's time, was *your honour*, which was indifferently used with *your lordship*. See any old letter, or dedication of that age. STEEVENS.

² *Therefore he will be, Timon:—*] The thought is closely expressed, and obscure: but this seems the meaning: *If the man be honest,*

His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity is in youth.

Tim. [To *Lucil.*] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in future,
all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my pro-
mise.

honest, my lord, for that reason he will be so in this; and not endeavour at the injustice of gaining my daughter without my consent.

WARBURTON.

I rather think an emendation necessary, and read:

Therefore well be him, Timon:

His honesty rewards him in itself.

That is, *If he is honest, bene fit illi, I wish him the proper happiness of an honest man, but his honesty gives him no claim to my daughter.* The first transcriber probably wrote *will be him*, which the next, not understanding, changed to, *he will be.* JOHNSON.

I think Dr. Warburton's explanation is best, because it exacts no change. So, in *K. Hen. VIII*;

“ ————May he continue

“ Long in his highness' favour; and do justice

“ For truth's sake and his conscience.” STEEVENS.

Luc.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: ³ Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!

[*Exeunt Luc. and old Ath.*

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your
lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon;
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting; which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outside: These ⁴ pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
'Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: Give me your
hand;

We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?

Tim. A meer satiety of commendations.

³ ———never may

*That state, or fortune, fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!*]

i. e. may I never have any accession of fortune which you are not
the author of. An odd strain of complaisance. We should read:

Which is not own'd to you.

i. e. which I will not acknowledge you laid the foundation of in
this generous act. WARBURTON.

The meaning is, let me never henceforth consider any thing
that I possess, but as *owed* or due to you; held for your service,
and at your disposal. JOHNSON.

⁴ ———pencil'd figures are

Even such as they give out.———]

Pictures have no hypocrisy; they are what they profess to be.

JOHNSON.

If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would ⁵ unclaw me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those, which sell, would give: But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
⁶ Are prized by their masters: believe it, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common
tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

⁷ *Enter Apemantus.*

Jew. We will bear, with your lordship,

Mer. He'll spare none.

⁸ *Tim.* Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. 'Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow;

⁵ —*unclaw me quite.*] To *unclaw*, is to *unwind* a ball of thread. To *unclaw* a man, is to draw out the whole mass of his fortunes.

JOHNSON.

⁶ *Are prized by their masters:—*] Are rated according to the esteem in which their possessor is held. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Enter Apemantus.*] See this character of a cynic finely drawn by Lucian, in his *Auction of the Philosophers*; and how well Shakspeare has copied it. WARBURTON.

⁸ *Tim.* *Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!*

Apem. *'Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow;*

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest,—]

The first line of Apemantus's answer is to the purpose; the second absurd and nonsensical; which proceeds from the loss of a speech dropt from between them, that should be thus restored:

Tim. *Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus;*

Apem. *'Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow.*

[*Poet.* *When will that be?*]

Apem. *When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.*

WARBURTON.

I think my punctuation may clear the passage without any greater effort. JOHNSON.

When thou art Timon's dog⁹, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Few. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Poet. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; What's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

⁹ *When thou art Timon's dog,——*] When thou hast gotten a better character, and instead of being Timon, as thou art, shalt be changed to Timon's dog, and become more worthy of kindness and salutation. JOHNSON.

When thou art Timon's dog,——] This is spoken δεικτικῶς, as Mr. Upton says somewhere:—striking his hand on his breast.

“Wot you who named me first the kinge's dogge?” says Aristippus in *Damon and Pythias*. FARMER.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing¹, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes?

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flatter'd, is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

*Apem.*² That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—

Art

¹ *Not so well as plain-dealing,——*] Alluding to the proverb: "Plain dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die beggars."

STEEVENS.

² *That I had no angry wit, to be a lord.——*] This reading is absurd, and unintelligible. But, as I have restored the text, *that I had so hungry a wit, to be a lord*, it is satirical enough of conscience, viz. I would hate myself, for having no more wit than to covet so insignificant a title. In the same sense, Shakspeare uses *lean-witted* in his *Richard II.*

“ And

Art thou not a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Mes. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, All of companionship³.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us. You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence, 'Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done, Shew me this piece.—I am joyful of your fights.—

“ And thou a lunatick, *lean-witted* fool.”

WARBURTON.

The meaning may be, I should hate myself for *patiently enduring to be a lord*. This is ill enough expressed. Perhaps some happy change may set it right. I have tried, and can do nothing, yet I cannot heartily concur with Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

If I hazard one conjecture, it is with the smallest degree of confidence. By an *angry wit* Apemantus may mean *the poet*, who has been provoking him. The sense will then be this: *I should hate myself, because I could prevail on no captious wit (like him) to take the title in my stead*. The *Revisal* reads:

That I had so wrong'd my wit to be a lord. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the compositor has transposed the words, and they should be read thus:

Angry that I had no wit,—to be a lord.

Or,

Angry to be a lord,—that I had no wit.

BLACKSTONE.

³ *All of companionship.*] This expression does not mean barely that they all belong to one company, but that *they are all such as Alcibiades honours with his acquaintance, and sets on a level with himself*. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Alcibiades, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir?

Apem. So, so; there——

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet
knaves,

And all this courtesy! ⁴ The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alc. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir:

⁵ Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but Apemantus.*]

Enter two Lords.

1 Lord. What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omit't it.

2 Lord. Thou art going to lord Timon's feast?

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat
fools.

⁴ ——*The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.*]

Man is exhausted and degenerated; his *strain* or lineage is worn
down into a monkey. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Ere we depart,——*] *Who depart?* Though Alcibiades was
to leave Timon, Timon was not to depart. Common sense fa-
vours my emendation. THEOBALD.

Theobald proposes *do-part*. Common sense may favour it, but
an acquaintance with the language of Shakspeare would not have
been quite so propitious to his emendation. *Depart* and *part*
have the same meaning.

“Hath willingly *departed* with a part.” *K. John.*

i. e. Hath willingly *parted* with a part of the thing in question.
See Vol. V. p. 50. STEEVENS.

2 Lord.

2 *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 *Lord.* Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.

1 *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,

And taste lord Timon's bounty? he out-goes
The very heart of kindness.

2 *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed⁶, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
⁷ All use of quittance.

1 *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2 *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.]

⁶ —no meed,—] *Meed*, which in general signifies reward or recompence, in this place seems to mean *desert*. So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

“And yet thy body *meeds* a better grave.”

i. e. deserves. Again, in a comedy called *Look about you*, 1600:

“Thou shalt be rich in honour, full of speed;

“Thou shalt win foes by fear, and friends by *meed*.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ *All use of quittance.*] i. e. All the customary returns made in discharge of obligations. WARBURTON.

S C E N E

SCENE II.

Another apartment in Timon's house.

Hautboys playing loud musick. A great banquet serv'd in; and then enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, and other Athenian Senators, with Ventidius. Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods to remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich :

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents,

Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,

Honest Ventidius : you mistake my love ;

I gave it freely ever ; and there's none

Can truly say, he gives, if he receives :

^s If our betters play at that game, we must not dare

To imitate them ; Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven.

^s *If our betters play at that game, we must not dare,
To imitate them ; Faults that are rich are fair.]*

These two lines are absurdly given to Timon. They should be read thus :

Tim. *If our betters play at that game, we must not.*

Apem. *Dare to imitate them. Faults that are rich are fair.*

This is said satirically and in character. It was a sober reflection in Timon ; who by *our betters* meant the gods, which require to be repaid for benefits received ; but it would be impiety in men to expect the same observance for the trifling good they do. Apemantus, agreeably to his character, perverts this sentiment ; as if Timon had spoke of earthly grandeur and potentates, who expect largest returns for their favours ; and therefore, ironically replies as above. WARBURTON.

Men. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.*]

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than they to me. [They sit.]

1 Lord. My lord, we always have confest it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confest it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

Apem. No; you shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fye, thou art a churl; you have got a humour
there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:—

They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est*,

° But yonder man is ever angry.—

Go, let him have a table by himself;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril, Timon;

I cannot see that these lines are more proper in any other mouth than Timon's, to whose character of generosity and condescension they are very suitable. To suppose that by *our betters* are meant the gods, is very harsh, because to imitate the gods has been hitherto reckoned the highest pitch of human virtue. The whole is a trite and obvious thought, uttered by Timon with a kind of affected modesty. If I would make any alteration, it should be only to reform the numbers thus:

*Our betters play that game; we must not dare
T' imitate them: faults that are rich are fair.*

JOHNSON.

° *But yonder man is ever angry.*] The old copy reads:

But yond man is *very* angry.

Ever was introduced by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read: But yon man's *very* anger; i. e. is anger itself, which always maintains its violence.

STEEVENS.

I come

I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian, Therefore welcome: ¹ I myself would have no power: I pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apein. ² I scorn thy meat; 'twould choak me, for I should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not! It grieves me, to see ³ so many dip their meat In one man's blood; and all the madness is,

¹ —[*I myself would have no power.*] If this be the true reading, the sense is, *all Athenians are welcome to share my fortune: I would myself have no exclusive right or power in this house.* Perhaps we might read, *I myself would have no poor.* I would have every Athenian consider himself as joint possessor of my fortune.

JOHNSON.

I should think, *I myself would have no power*, referred to the subsequent rather than to the preceding words—*I claim no extraordinary power in right of my being master of the house: I wish not by my commands to impose silence on any one: but though I myself do not enjoin you to silence, let my meat stop your mouth.* MALONE.

I understand Timon's meaning to be: *I myself would have no power to make thee silent, but I wish thou would'st let my meat make thee silent.* Timon, like a polite landlord, disclaims *all power* over the meanest or most troublesome of his guests. TYRWHITT.

² *I scorn thy meat; 'twould choak me, for I should Ne'er flatter thee*—]

A very pretty reason why his meat would choak him, *because he should never flatter him.* We should read and point this nonsense thus:

I scorn thy meat; 'twould choak me 'fore I should e'er flatter thee.

i. e. before I should ever flatter thee. WARBURTON.

Of this emendation there is little need. The meaning is, I could not swallow thy meat, for I could not pay for it with flattery; and what was given me with an ill will would stick in my throat. JOHNSON.

³ —[*so many dip their meat In one man's blood;*—]

The allusion is to a pack of hounds trained to pursuit by being gratified with the blood of an animal which they kill, and the wonder is that the animal on which they are feeding *cheers them* to the chase. JOHNSON.

He cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men :
Methinks, they should invite them without knives ;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't ; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him : it has been prov'd.
If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at
meals ;

Left they should spy my ⁴ wind-pipe's dangerous notes :
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. ⁵ My lord, in heart ; and let the health go
round.

2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Ape. Flow this way !

A brave fellow !—he keeps his tides well. Timon,
Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.
Here's that, which is too weak to be a finner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire :
This, and my food, are equals ; there's no odds.
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

⁴ ———*wind-pipe's dangerous notes :*] The notes of the wind-pipe seem to be only the indications which shew where the wind-pipe is. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare is very fond of making use of musical terms, when he is speaking of the human body, and *wind-pipe*, and *notes* favour strongly of a quibble. STEEVENS.

⁵ *My lord, in heart ;*] That is, *my lord's health with sincerity*. An emendation has been proposed thus :

My love in heart ; ———

but it is not necessary. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Queen of Corinth*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ I will be never more *in heart* to you.”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act V. sc. ii :

“ ———Dost thou not wish *in heart*,

“ The chain were longer, and the letter short ?”

STEEVENS.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

*Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath, or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:*

⁶ *Rich men sin, and I eat root.*

[*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves ⁷ for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: ⁸ How had you been my friends else? why

⁶ *Rich men sin,*] Dr. Farmer proposes to read *sing*. EDITOR.

⁷ *for ever perfect*] That is, arrived at the perfection of happiness. JOHNSON.

⁸ *How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands,*] The Oxford editor alters *charitable titles* to

why have you that charitable title from thousands, ¹ did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your behalf; and thus far ² I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and ³ would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often

character and title. He did not know that *charitable* signifies, dear, endearing; nor consequently understood what Milton meant by,

“ Relations dear, and all the *charities*
“ Of father, son, and brother——”

Alms, in English, are called *charities*, and from thence we may collect that our ancestors knew well in what the virtue of almsgiving consisted; not in the *act*, but the *disposition*.

WARBURTON.

¹ —*did not you chiefly belong to my heart?*] I think it should be inverted thus: *did I not chiefly belong to your hearts.* Lucius wishes that Timon would give him and the rest an opportunity of *expressing some part of their zeals.* Timon answers that, *doubtless the gods have provided that I should have help from you; how else are you my friends?* why are you stiled my friends, if—what? *if I do not love you.* Such is the present reading; but the consequence is not very clear: the proper close must be, *if you do not love me,* and to this my alteration restores it. But, perhaps, the old reading may stand. JOHNSON.

Why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart?] I believe Shakspeare wrote, “ Why have you not that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart?” i. e. *Why do not thousands more give you that charitable title of friends, if it were not that my heart hath a peculiar and principal claim to your friendship?* REVISAL.

Why have you, &c.] The meaning is probably this. Why are you distinguished from thousands by that title of endearment, was there not a particular connection and intercourse of tenderness between you and me. JOHNSON.

² *I confirm you.*] I fix your characters firmly in my own mind.

JOHNSON.

³ —*they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and——*] This passage I have restored from the old copy. STEEVENS.

wish'd

wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! ³ O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! ⁴ Mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st ⁵ to make them drink, Timon.

² *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, ⁶ like a babe sprung up.

Apem.

³ *O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born!*] For this Hanmer writes, *O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born*; and is followed by Dr. Warburton. I am always inclinable to think well of that which is approved by so much learning and sagacity, yet cannot receive this alteration. Tears being the effect both of joy and grief, supplied our author with an opportunity of conceit, which he seldom fails to indulge. Timon, weeping with a kind of tender pleasure, cries out, *O joy, e'en made away, destroyed, turned to tears, before it can be born, before it can be fully possessed.*

JOHNSON.

⁴ *Mine eyes, &c.*] In the original edition the words stand thus: *Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks. To forget their faults, I drink to you.* Perhaps the true reading is this, *Mine eyes cannot hold out; they water. Methinks, to forget their faults, I will drink to you.* Or it may be explained without any change. *Mine eyes cannot hold out water*, that is, cannot keep water from breaking in upon them. JOHNSON.

⁵ *——— to make them drink, ——*] Hanmer reads,

——— to make them drink thee:

and is again followed by Dr. Warburton, I think without sufficient reason. The covert sense of Apemantus is, *what thou lovest, they get.* JOHNSON.

⁶ *——— like a babe ——*] That is a *weeping babe.* JOHNSON.

I question if Shakspeare meant the propriety of allusion to be carried quite so far. To look for *babies* in the eyes of another, is no uncommon expression.

So, in *Love's Mistress*, by Heywood, 1636:

“ Joy'd in his looks, look'd *babies* in his eyes.”

Again, in *The Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612:

“ She makes him sing songs to her, looks fortunes in his fists, and *babies* in his eyes.”

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much.

Sound Tucket.

Tim. What means that trump? How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom:

The ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;

They

Does not Lucullus dwell on Timon's metaphor by referring to circumstances preceding the birth, and means joy was conceived in their eyes, and sprung up there, like the motion of a babe in the womb? TOLLET.

? In former copies:

There *taste, touch, all pleas'd from thy table rise,*
They *only now*———]

The *five* senses are talked of by Cupid, but three of them only are made out; and those only in a very heavy unintelligible manner. It is plain therefore we should read,

Th' ear, *taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise,*
These *only now, &c.*

i. e. the five senses, Timon, acknowledge thee their patron; four of them, viz. the *hearing, taste, touch, and smell,* are all feasted

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all ; let 'em have kind admittance :—

Musick, make their welcome. [*Exit Cupid.*

1 Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you are lov'd.

Musick. *Re-enter Cupid, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing, and playing.*

Apem. Heyday! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

³ They dance! ⁹ they are mad women,

Like

feasted at thy board ; and these ladies come with me to entertain your *sight* in a masque. Massinger, in his *Duke of Millaine*, copied the passage from Shakspeare ; and apparently before it was thus corrupted ; where, speaking of a banquet, he says :

————— *All that may be had*

*To please the eye, the ear, taste, touch, or smell,
Are carefully provided.*————— WARBURTON.

³ *They dance! They are mad women.*

Like madness, is the glory of this life ;

As this pomp shews to a little oil and root.]

This is Apemantus's reflection on the masque of ladies : and for its obscurity, would become any Pagan philosopher. The *first* line is a complete sentence : the *second* is the beginning of a new reflection ; and the third, the conclusion of it by a similitude. Hence it appears, that some lines are dropt out and lost from between the second and third verses. I conjecture the sense of the whole might be this, *The glory of human life is like the madness of this mask ; it is a false aim at happiness, which is to be obtained only by sobriety and temperance in a private and retired life. But superficial judges will always prefer pomp and glory ; because in outward appearance it has so much the advantage : as great as this pompous supper appears to have above my oil and root. This, in my opinion, was the sentiment that connected the second and third lines together : which for the future should be read with asterisks between them.* WARBURTON.

When I read this passage, I was at first of the same opinion with this learned man ; but, upon longer consideration, I grew less confident, because I think the present reading susceptible of explanation,

Like madness is the glory of this life,
 As this pomp shews to a little oil, and root.
 We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
 And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
 Upon whose age we void it up again,
 With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's
 not

Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
 Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift?¹
 I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
 Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done;
 Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon;
 and, to shew their loves, each singles out an Amazon,
 and all dance, men with women; a lofty strain or two
 to the hautboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace,
 fair ladies,
 Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
 Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
 You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre,
 And entertain'd me with ² mine own device;
 I am to thank you for it.

planation, with no more violence to language than is frequently found in our author. *The glory of this life is verry near to madness,* as may be made appear from *this pomp*, exhibited in a place where a philosopher is feeding on *oil and roots*. When we see by example how few are the necessaries of life, we learn what madness there is in so much superfluity. JOHNSON.

¹ *They dance!*—] I believe *They dance* to be a marginal note only; and perhaps we should read,

These are mad women.

TYRWHITT.

² *Of their friends' gift?*] That is, given them by their friends.

JOHNSON.

² ————*mine own device*;] The mask appears to have been design'd by Timon to surprise his guests. JOHNSON.

1 *Lady*. 3 My lord, you take us even at the best 4.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold

Taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you. Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord. [*Exeunt*.

Tim. Flavius,——

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.——More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour; [*Aside*.

Else I should tell him,——Well,——i'faith, I should,

When all's spent, ' he'd be cross'd then, an he could,

'Tis pity, bounty had not 6 eyes behind;

³ *My lord*,——] This answer seems rather to belong to one of the ladies. It was probably only mark'd *L* in the copy.

JOHNSON.

In the old copy this speech is given to the 1 *Lord*. I have ventured to change it to the 1 *Lady*, as the author of the Revival, and Mr. Edwards, as well as Dr. Johnson, concur in the emendation. There may not, however, be sufficient reason for the change; especially if the preceding line, "I am to thank you for it," be addressed to the *lords* by whom this masque appears to have been contrived. STEEVENS.

⁴ ——even at the best.] Perhaps we should read,
——ever at the best.

So, act III. sc. vi:

Ever at the best.

TYRWHITT.

Take us even at the best, I believe, means, you have seen the best we can do. They are supposed to be hired dancers, and therefore there is no impropriety in such a confession. STEEVENS.

⁵ ——he'd be cross'd then, if he could:] The poet does not mean here, that he would be *cross'd* in humour, but that he would have his hand *cross'd* with money, if he could. He is playing on the word, and alluding to our old silver penny, used before K. Edward the first's time, which had a *cross* on the reverse with a crease, that it might be more easily broke into halves and quarters, half-pence and farthings. From this penny, and other pieces, was our common expression derived, *I have not a cross about me*; i. e. not a piece of money. THEOBALD.

⁶ ——eyes behind;] To see the miseries that are following her. JOHNSON.

That

That man might ne'er be wretched⁷ for his mind.
[Exit, and returns with the casket.]

1 *Lord.* Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 *Lord.* Our horses.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word
 To say to you:—Look you, my good lord, I must
 Intreat you, honour me so much, as⁸ to
 Advance this jewel; accept, and wear it, kind my
 lord.

1 *Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the
 senate
 Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
 Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee;
 I pr'ythee, let us be provided
 To shew them entertainment.

Flav. [*Aside.*] I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it please you honour, lord Lucius,
 Out of his free love, hath presented to you
 Four milk-white horses, trapt in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
 Be worthily entertain'd.—How now? what news?

⁷ ———for his mind] For nobleness of soul. JOHNSON.

⁸ —————to

Advance this jewel; ———]
 To prefer it; to raise it to honour by wearing it. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter a third Servant.

3 Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company tomorrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; And let them be receiv'd, Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to? He commands us to provide, and give great gifts, And all out of an empty coffer.— Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this, To shew him what a beggar his heart is, Being of no power to make his wishes good: His promises fly so beyond his state, That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes For every word; he is so kind, that he now Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books. Well, 'would I were gently put out of office, Before I were forc'd out! Happier is he that has no friend to feed, Than such that do even enemies exceed. I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*]

Tim. You do yourselves much wrong, you bate too much Of your own merits:—Here, my lord; a trifle of our love.

2 Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 Lord. O, he is the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave Good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

2 Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, In that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man Can justly praise, but what he does affect: I weigh

I weigh my friend's affection with mine own ;
 9 I tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
 So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give ;
 Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
 And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,
 Thou art a foldier, therefore seldom rich,
 It comes in charity to thee : for all thy living
 Is 'mongst the dead ; and all the lands thou hast
 Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alc. 2 Ay defiled land, my lord.

1 *Lord.* We are virtuously bound,——

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinite endear'd,——

Tim. All to you 3.—Lights ! more lights.

1 *Lord.* The best of happiness,

9 *I tell you true.*——] The other modern editions :
 I'll tell you.—— JOHNSON.

1 ——'tis not enough to give ;

Methinks, *I could deal kingdoms*——]

Thus the passage stood in all editions before Hanmer's, who restored *my thanks*. JOHNSON.

I have displaced the words inserted by sir T. Hanmer. What I have already given, says Timon, is not sufficient on the occasion : Methinks I could *deal* kingdoms, i. e. I could dispense them on every side with an ungrudging distribution, like that with which I could deal out cards. STEEVENS.

2 *I' defiled land,*——] This is the old reading, which apparently depends on a very low quibble. Alcibiades is told, that *his estate lies in a pitch'd field*. Now *pitch*, as Falstaff says, *doth defile*. Alcibiades therefore replies, that his estate lies *in defiled land*. This, as it happened, was not understood, and all the editors published :

I defy land,—— JOHNSON.

We should read——“ *Ay, [I] defiled land, my lord ;*” for so the passage stands in the first folio. “ *I defy land,*” is the corrupt reading of the second folio. MALONE.

3 *All to you.*——] i. e. all good wishes, or all happiness to you. So, *Macbeth* :

“ *All to all.*” STEEVENS.

Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!—

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c.*

Apem. What a coil's here!

* Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums!

* Serving of becks,——] This nonsense should be read:

Serring of becks,——

from the French *ferrer*, to join close together. A metaphor taken from the billing of pigeons. WARBURTON.

The commentator conceives *beck* to mean the *mouth* or the *head*, after the French, *bec*, whereas it means a salutation made with the head. So Milton:

“Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles.”

To *serve a beck*, is to offer a salutation. JOHNSON.

To *serve a beck*, means, I believe, to pay a courtly obedience to a nod. Thus, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

“And with a low beck

“Prevent a sharp check.”

Again, in *The Play of the Four P's*, 1569:

“Then I to every soul again,

“Did give a *beck* them to retain.”

In *Ram-alley* or *Merry Tricks*, 1611, I find the same word:

“I had my winks, my becks, treads on the toe.”

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

“——wanton looks,

“And privy becks, favouring incontinence.”

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

“And he that with a *beck* controuls the heavens.”

It happens then that the word *beck* has no less than four distinct significations. In Drayton's *Polyolbion*, it is enumerated among the appellations of *small streams of water*. In Shakspeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, it has its common meaning—a sign of invitation made by the hand. In *Timon*, it appears to denote a bow, and in Lyly's play, a nod of dignity or command, as well as in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

“Yea Sylla with a *beck* could break thy neck.”

Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568:

“For what, O Lord, is so possible to man's judgment

“Which thou canst not with a *beck* perform incontinent?”

STEEVENS.

See Surrey's Poems, p. 29:

“And with a *becke* full lowe he bowed at her feete.”

TYRWHITT.

I doubt

⁵ I doubt, whether their legs be worth the fums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have found legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'fies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not fullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for,
If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left
To rail upon thee; and then thou would'st sin the
faster.

Thou giv'st so long, Timon, ⁶ I fear me, thou
Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:
What need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay,
If you begin to rail once on society,
I am sworn, not to give regard to you.
Farewel; and come with better musick. [Exit.]

Apem. So;—
Thou wilt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then,
I'll lock
⁷ Thy heaven from thee. O, that men's ears should
be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [Exit.]

⁵ *I doubt, whether their legs, &c.]* He plays upon the word *leg*,
as it signifies a *limb* and a *bow* or *act of obeisance*. JOHNSON.

⁶ ————*I fear me, thou*

Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:]

i. e. be ruin'd by his securities entered into. But this sense is
flat, and relishes very little of the salt in Apemantus's other re-
flections. We should read:

———*give away thyself in proper shortly.*

i. e. in person; thy proper self. This latter is an expression of
our author's in the *Tempest*:

“ And ev'n with such like valour men hang and drown
“ Their *proper selves*.” WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads very plausibly:

———*thou*

Wilt give away thyself in perpetuum. JOHNSON.

I am satisfied with Dr. Warburton's explanation of the text,
but cannot concur in his emendation. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Thy heaven—]* The pleasure of being flattered. JOHNSON.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

A public place in the city.

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to
Isidore,

He owes nine thousand;—besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.

If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty⁸ more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
⁹ Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses: ¹ No porter at his gate;

But

⁸ *twenty*—] Dr. Farmer proposes to read *twain*. EDITOR.

⁹ In old editions:

*Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
An able horse.*—————]

¹⁰ If I want *gold* (says the senator) let me steal a beggar's dog, and give it Timon, the dog coins me *gold*. If I would sell my *horse*, and had a mind to buy *ten* better instead of him; why, I need but give my horse to Timon, to gain this point; and it presently fetches me *an horse*." But is that gaining the point propos'd? The first folio reads, less corruptly than the modern impressions:

—————And *able* horses.—————

Which reading, joined to the reasoning of the passage, gave me the hint for this emendation. THEOBALD.

Instead of *ten* horses the old copy reads *twenty*. The passage which Theobald would alter, means only this. *If I give my horse to Timon, it immediately foals, and not only produces more, but able horses.* The same construction occurs in *Much ado about Nothing*:
"—————and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too."

STEEVENS.

¹¹ —————No porter at his gate;

But rather one that smiles, and still invites]

But rather one that smiles, and still invites
 All that pass by. It cannot hold; ² no reason
 Can found his state in safety.—Caphis, ho!
 Caphis, I say!

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, sir; What is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord
 Timon;

Importune him for my monies; be not ceas'd ³
 With slight denial; nor then silenc'd ⁴, when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap
 Plays in the right-hand, thus:—but tell him, firrah,
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn

I imagine that a line is lost here, in which the behaviour of a
 surly porter was described. JOHNSON.

There is no occasion to suppose the loss of a line. *Sternness*
 was the characteristic of a porter. There appeared at Killing-
 worth castle, “a porter, tall of parson, big of lim, and *stearn*
of countinauns.” FARMER.

² ———no reason

Can found his state in safety.———]

The supposed meaning of this must be, *No reason*, by sounding,
 fathoming, or trying, *his state*, can find it *safe*. But as the words
 stand, they imply, that *no reason can safely found his state*. I read
 thus:

———no reason

Can found his state in safety.———

Reason cannot find his fortune to have any *safe* or solid *foundation*.

The types of the first printer of this play were so worn and de-
 faced, that *f* and *s* are not always to be distinguished.

JOHNSON.

³ ———be not ceas'd] i. e. stopp'd. So, in *Claudius Tiberius*
Nero, 1607:

“Why should Tiberius' liberty be *ceased*.”

Again, in the *Valiant Welchman*, 1615:

“———pity thy people's wrongs,

“And *cease* the clamours both of old and young.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ ———nor then silenc'd,———] The old copy reads——*when*.

STEEVENS.

Out of mine own ; his days and times are past,
 And my reliances on his fracted dates
 Has smit my credit: I love, and honour him ;
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger :
 Immediate are my needs ; and my relief
 Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone :
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand ; for, I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull⁵,
⁶ Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. I go, sir ?—⁷ take the bonds along with you,
 And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁵ ———a naked gull,] A gull is a bird as remarkable for the poverty of its feathers, as a phoenix is supposed to be for the richness of its plumage. STEEVENS.

⁶ Which flashes, &c.] *Which*, the pronoun relative, relating to things, is frequently used, as in this instance, by Shakspeare, instead of *who*, the pronoun relative, applied to persons. The use of the former instead of the latter is still preserved in the Lord's prayer. STEEVENS.

⁷ ———take the bonds along with you,
 And have the dates in. Come.]

Certainly, ever since bonds were given, the date was put in when the bond was entered into : and these bonds Timon had already given, and the time limited for their payment was lapsed. The Senator's charge to his servant must be to the tenour as I have amended the text ; Take good notice of the dates, for the better computation of the interest due upon them. THEOBALD.

Theobald's emendation may be supported by the following instance in *Macbeth* :

" Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, *in compt.*"
 STEEVENS.

S C E N E II.

*Timon's hall.**Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.*

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot; Takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue; ⁸ Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? He will not hear, 'till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunt-
ing.

Enter Caphis, with the servants of Isidore and Varro.

Eye, fye, fye, fye!

Caph. ⁹ Good even, Varro: What,

YOU

⁸ ~~Never mind~~*Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.]*

Nothing can be worse, or more obscurely expressed: and all for the sake of a wretched rhyme. To make it sense and grammar, it should be supplied thus:

~~Never mind~~*Was [made] to be so unwise, [in order] to be so kind.*

i. e. Nature, in order to make a profuse mind, never before endowed any man with so large a share of folly. WARBURTON.

Of this mode of expression, conversation affords many examples: "I was always to be blamed, whatever happened." "I am in the lottery, but I was always to draw blanks." JOHNSON.

⁹ *Good even, Varro:—*] It is observable, that this *good evening* is before dinner; for Timon tells Alcibiades, that they will go forth again as soon as dinner's done, which may prove that by dinner our author meant not the *cæna* of ancient times, but the mid-day repast. I do not suppose the passage corrupt: such inadvertencies neither author nor editor can escape.

There is another remark to be made. Varro and Isidore sink a few lines afterwards into the servants of Varro and Isidore. What

You come for money?

Var. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is;—And your's too, Isidore?

Isid. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again¹,
My Alcibiades.—With me? What is your will?

[*They present their bills.*

Caph.

their servants, in our author's time, took the names of their masters, I know not. Perhaps it is a slip of negligence. JOHNSON.

In the old copy it stands: *Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.*

STEEVENS.

Good even, or, as it is sometimes less accurately written, *Good den*, was the usual salutation from *noon*, the moment that *Good morrow* became improper. This appears plainly from the following passage. *Romeo and Juliet*, act II. sc. iv:

“*Nurse.* God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

“*Mercutio.* God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

“*Nur.* Is it good den?

“*Merc.* 'Tis no less I tell you; for the hand of the dial is now upon *noon*.”

So, in Hamlet's greeting to Marcellus. Act I. scene i. Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, not being aware, I presume, of this wide sense of *Good even*, have altered it to *Good morning*; without any necessity, as from the course of the incidents, precedent and subsequent, the day may well be supposed to be turn'd of *noon*.

TYRWHITT.

¹ *We'll forth again,*] i. e. to hunting, from which diversion, we find by Flavius's speech, he was just returned. It may be here observed, that in our author's time it was the custom to hunt as well after dinner as before. Thus in *Laneham's Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle* we find, that Queen Elizabeth always, while there, hunted in the afternoon. “*Monday* was hot, and therefore her highness kept in 'till *five a clock* in the evening; what time it pleas'd her to ryde forth into the chase, too hunt the hart of fors: which found anon and after sore chafed, &c.” Again, “*Munday the 18 of this* July

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit²,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,——

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. One Varro's servant, my good lord,——

Isid. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,——

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's
wants,——

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,
And past.——

Isid. Your steward puts me off, my lord; and I
Am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:——

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[*Exeunt Alcibiades, &c.*]

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you.

[*To Flavius.*]

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd,

“ July the weather being hot, her highness kept the castle for
“ coolness 'till about *five a clock*, her majesty in the chase hunted
“ the hart (as before) of forz, &c.” So in *Tancred and Gif-
munda*, 1592, Act II. sc. i:

“ He means *this evening* in the park to hunt.

EDITOR.

² *That with your other noble parts you'll suit,*] i. e. that you will
behave on this occasion in a manner consistent with your other
noble qualities. STEEVENS.

With clamorous demands of broken bonds³,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease, 'till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends: See them well enter-
tain'd. [Exit Timon.]

Flav. Pray draw near. [Exit Flavius.]

⁴ *Enter Apemantus, and a Fool.*

Ceph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Ape-
mantus;

Let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself.—Come away.

[To the Fool.]

Isid. [To *Var.*] There's the fool hangs on your
back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on
him yet.

Ceph. Where's the fool now?

³ ———of broken bonds;] The first folio reads:
———of debt; broken bonds. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Enter Apemantus, and a Fool.*] I suspect some scene to be lost, in which the entrance of the fool, and the page that follows him, was prepared by some introductory dialogue, in which the audience was informed that they were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtesan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularities. JOHNSON.

Apem. He last ask'd the question. ⁵ Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All. Why?

Apem. That you ask me, what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All. Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?

Fool. ⁶ She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. ⁷ 'Would, we could see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter

⁵ *Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds, &c.*] This is said so abruptly, that I am inclined to think it misplaced, and would regulate the passage thus:

Caph. *Where's the fool now?*

Apem. *He last ask'd the question.*

All. *What are we, Apemantus?*

Apem. *Asses.*

All. *Why?*

Apem. *That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want! Speak, &c.*

Thus every word will have its proper place. It is likely that the passage transposed was forgot in the copy, and inserted in the margin, perhaps a little beside the proper place, which the transcriber wanting either skill or care to observe, wrote it where it now stands. JOHNSON.

⁶ *She's e'en setting on water to scald &c.*] The old name for the disease got at Corinth was the *brenning*, and a sense of *scalding* is one of its first symptoms. JOHNSON.

The same thought appears in the *Old Law*, by Massinger:

“ ————look parboil'd

“ As if they came from Cupid's *scalding* house.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ *'Would we could see you at Corinth.*] A cant name for a bawdy-house, I suppose, from the dissoluteness of that ancient Greek city; of which Alexander ab Alexandro has these words: “CORINTHI super mille prostitutæ in templo Veneris assiduæ degere, & inflammata libidine quæstui meretricio operam dare, & velut sacrorum ministra

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my master's page^s.

Page. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Can't not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp'd a dog; and thou shalt furnish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[*Exit.*

Apem. Even so, thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All. Ay; 'would they serv'd us!

ministra Dœ famulari solebant." Milton, in his *Apology for Smectymnuus*, says: "Or searching for me at the Bordellos, where, it may be, he has lost himself, and raps up, without pity, the sage and rheumatic old prelates, with all her young *Corinthian* laity, to enquire for such a one. WARBURTON.

^s —my master's page.] In the first passage the Fool speaks of his *master*, in the second of his *mistress*. In the old copy it is *master* in both places. It should rather, perhaps, be *mistress* in both, as it is in a following and a preceding passage:

"*All.* How does your *mistress*?"

"*Fool.* My *mistress* is one, and I am her fool."

STEEVENS.

Apem.

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hang-man serv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my master's house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-master, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. What is a whore-master, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than's⁹ artificial one: He is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteén, this spirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon, and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

⁹ —*his artificial one*:—] Meaning the celebrated philosopher's stone, which was in those times much talked of. Sir Thomas Smith was one of those who lost considerable sums in seeking of it.

JOHNSON.

Sir Richard Steele was one of the last eminent men who entertained hopes of being successful in this pursuit. His laboratory was at Poplar, a village near London, and is now converted into a garden house. STEVENS.

Fool.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

Flav. Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon. *[Exeunt Apemantus, and Fool.]*

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leifures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness¹ made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off;
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,
² Though you hear now, yet now's too late a time;
The

¹ ———made your minister] So the original. The second folio and the later editions have all:

———made you minister. JOHNSON.

The construction is:—*And made that unaptness your minister.*
MALONE.

² *Though you hear now too late, yet now's a time;*] i. e. Though it be now too late to retrieve your former fortunes, yet it is not too late to prevent by the assistance of your friends, your future miseries. Had the Oxford editor understood the sense he would not have altered the text to,

Though

The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? ³ and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. ⁴ O my good lord, the world is but a word;
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falshood,

Though you hear me now, yet now's too late a time.

WARBURTON.

I think Hamner right, and have received his emendation.

JOHNSON.

The old reading is not properly explained by Dr. Warburton. *Though I tell you this*, says Flavius, *at too late a period, perhaps, for the information to be of any service to you, yet late as it is, it is necessary that you should be acquainted with it.* It is evident, that the steward had very little hope of assistance from his master's friends. REMARKS.

³ ———— *and at length*

How goes our reckoning?]

This steward talks very wildly. The lord indeed might have asked, what a lord seldom knows:

How goes our reckoning?

But the steward was too well satisfied in that matter. I would read therefore:

Hold good our reckoning?

The Oxford editor would appropriate this emendation to himself, by altering it to *make good*. WARBURTON.

It is common enough, and the commentator knows it is common to propose interrogatively, that of which neither the speaker nor the hearer has any doubt. The present reading may therefore stand. JOHNSON.

⁴ *O my good lord, the world is but a world;]* The folio reads:

————— *but a word;*

And this is the right. The meaning is, as the *world* itself may be comprised in a word, you might give it away in a breath.

WARBURTON.

Call

Call me before the exactest auditors,
 And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
 When all our offices have been oppress'd
 With riotous feeders⁵; when our vaults have wept
 With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
 Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
 I have retir'd me to a⁶ wasteful cock,
 And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'vthee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this
 lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
 This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
 What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord
 Timon's?

⁵ *With riotous feeders;—*] *Feeders* are servants, whose low debaucheries are practis'd in the *offices* of a house. See a note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, act III. sc. xi: “—one who looks on *feeders*.” It appears that what we now call *offices*, were anciently called *houses of office*. So, in Chaucer's *Clerkes Tale*, late edit. v. 8140:

“*Houses of office* stuffed with plente.

“*Ther mayu thou see of deinteous vittaille,*”

STEEVENS.

⁶ ———a *wasteful cock*,] i. e. a *cockloft*, a garret. And a *wasteful cock*, signifies a garret lying in waste, neglected, put to no use.

HANMER.

Hanmer's explanation is received by Dr. Warburton, yet I think them both apparently mistaken. A *wasteful cock* is a *cock* or pipe with a turning stopple *running to waste*. In this sense, both the terms have their usual meaning; but I know not that *cock* is ever used for *cockloft*, or *wasteful* for *lying in waste*, or that *lying in waste* is at all a phrase. JOHNSON.

Whatever be the meaning of the present passage, it is certain, that *lying in waste* is still a very common phrase. FARMER.

A *wasteful cock* is what we now call a *waste pipe*; a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of cisterns and other reservoirs, by carrying off their superfluous water. This circumstance served to keep the idea of Timon's unceasing prodigality in the mind of the steward, while its remoteness from the scenes of luxury within the house, was favourable to meditation. COLLINS.

Great

Great Timon's, noble, worthy, royal Timon's?
 Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
 The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
 Feast-won, fast-lost: one cloud of winter showers,
 These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
 No villainous bounty yet hath past my heart⁷;
 Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
 Why dost thou weep? Can'st thou the conscience
 lack,
 To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
 If I would broach the vessels of my love,
⁸ And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
 Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
 As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are
 crown'd,
 That I account them blessings; for by these
 Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you
 Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
 Within there,—Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

⁷ *No villainous bounty yet hath past my heart;
 Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.]*

Every reader must rejoice in this circumstance of comfort which presents itself to Timon, who, although beggar'd through want of prudence, consoles himself with reflection that his ruin was not brought on by the pursuit of guilty pleasures. STEEVENS.

⁸ *And try the arguments—] Arguments for natures.*

WARBURTON.

How *arguments* should stand for natures I do not see. But the licentiousness of our author forces us often upon far fetched expositions. *Arguments* may mean *contents*, as the *arguments* of a book; or for *evidences* and *proofs*. JOHNSON.

Tim.

Tim. I will dispatch you severally,—You, to lord Lucius,——

To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his Honour to-day,—You, to Sempronius,— Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, That my occasions have found time to use them. Toward a supply of money: let the request Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus? hum!—

Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators, [To *Flavius*.
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have Deserv'd this hearing) bid 'em send o' the instant A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that⁹ I knew it the most general way)
To them to use your signet, and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honour-
able,—

But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis
pity—

And so, ¹intending other serious matters,

⁹ —*I knew it, the most general way*] *General* is not speedy, but *comptndious*, the way to try many at a time. JOHNSON.

¹ *Intending*] is *regarding*, *turning their notice* to other things. JOHNSON.

To *intend* and to *attend* had anciently the same meaning. So in the *Spanish Curate* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ Good sir, *intend* this business.” See Vol. III. p. 115. STEEVENS.

After distasteful looks, ² and these hard fractions,
With certain ³ half-caps, and ⁴ cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods reward them!—
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: These old fellows
⁵ have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy ⁶.—
Go to Ventidius,—Pr'ythee, be not sad,
Thou art true, and honest; ingenuously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee:—Ventidius lately
Bury'd his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd

² —and these hard fractions,] An equivocal allusion to fractions in decimal arithmetic. So Flavius had, like Littlewit, in *Bartholomew-Fair*, a conceit left in his misery. WARBURTON.

This is, I think, no conceit in the head of Flavius, who, by *fractions*, means broken hints, interrupted sentences, abrupt remarks. JOHNSON.

³ —half-caps,—] A *half-cap* is a cap slightly moved, not put off. JOHNSON.

⁴ —cold-moving nods,] By *cold-moving nods*, I do not understand with Mr. Theobald, *chilling*, or *cold-producing* nods—but a slight motion of the head, without any warmth or cordiality.

Cold-moving is the same as coldly-moving. So—*perpetual-sober* god, for —*perpetually sober*; *lazy-pacing-clouds*—*loving-jealous*—*fattering-sweet*, &c.—Such distant and uncourteous salutations are properly termed *cold-moving*, as proceeding from a cold and unfriendly disposition. MALONE.

⁵ *Have their ingratitude in them hereditary*:] *Hereditary*, for by natural constitution. But some distempers of natural constitution being called *hereditary*, he calls their ingratitude so. WARBURTON.

⁶ *And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.—*] The same thought occurs in *The Wife for a Month* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ Beside, the fair soul's old too, it grows covetous,
“ Which shows all honour is departed from us,
“ And we are earth again.” STEEVENS.

Into a great estate: when he was poor,
 Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
 I clear'd him with five talents: Greet him from me;
 Bid him suppose, some good necessity
 Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
 With those five talents:—that had, give it these
 fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
 That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. ³ I would, I could not think it; That
 thought is bounty's foe;
 Being ⁹ free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*]

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

Lucullus's house in Athens.

Flaminius waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is coming
 down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

⁷ *Bid him suppose some good necessity
 Touches his friend,]*

Good, as it may afford Ventidius an opportunity of exercising
 his bounty, and relieving his friend, in return for his former
 kindness:—or, some *honest* necessity, not the consequence of a
villainous and ignoble bounty. I rather think this latter is the
 meaning. MALONE.

⁸ *'Would I could not:—]* The original edition has,
I would, I could not think it, that thought, &c.
 It has been changed, to mend the numbers, without authority.
 JOHNSON.

⁹ *Free,]* is *liberal*, not *parsimonious.* JOHNSON.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectfully¹ welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his; I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from't.

Re-enter servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

¹ —very respectfully welcome, &c.] i. e. respectfully. See Vol. III. p. 254. V. p. 16. STEEVENS.

Flam.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observ'd thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone sirrah. [*To the Servant, who goes out.*]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou know'st well enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares² for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ;
³ And we alive, that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness,
 To him that worships thee. [*Throwing the money away.*]

Lucul. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit
 for thy master. [*Exit Lucullus.*]

Flam. May these add to the number that may
 scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation⁴,
 Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
 Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,

² —*three solidares*—] I believe this coin is from the mint of the poet. STEEVENS.

³ *And we alive, that liv'd?*—] i. e. And we who were alive then, alive now. As much as to say, *in so short a time.*

WARBURTON.

⁴ *Let molten coin be thy damnation,*] Perhaps the poet alludes to the punishment inflicted on M. Aquilius by Mithridates. In the *Shepherd's Calendar*, however, Lazarus declares himself to have seen in hell “a great number of wide cauldrons and kettles, full of boyling lead and oyle, with other hot metals molten, in the which were plunged and dipped the covetous men and women, for to fullfill and replenish them of their insatiate covetise.”

Again, in an ancient bl. l. ballad, entitled *The Dead Mans Song*:

“ And ladles full of melted gold

“ Were poured downe their throates.” STEEVENS.

⁵ It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
 I feel my master's passion! This slave,
 Unto his honour ⁶, has my lord's meat in him:
 Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
 When he is turn'd to poison?
 O, may diseases only work upon't!
 And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of
⁷ nature
 Which my lord paid for, be of any power
 To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit.

S C E N E II.

A public street.

Enter Lucius, with three strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 Stran. ⁸ We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

⁵ *It turns in less than two nights?—*] Alluding to the turning or acescence of milk. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Unto his honour—*] Thus the old copy. What Flaminius seems to mean is,—This slave (to the honour of his character) has, &c. The modern editors read, *unto this hour*, which may be right.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *—of nurture*] The common copies read *nature*. The emendation is fir T. Hanmer's. JOHNSON.

Of nature is surely the most expressive reading. Flaminius considers that nutriment which Lucullus had for a length of time received at Timon's table, as constituting a great part of his animal system. STEEVENS.

⁸ *We know him for no less,—*] That is, *we know him* by report to be *no less* than you represent him, though we are strangers to his person. JOHNSON.

LUC.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents⁹; nay, urg'd extremely for't, and shew'd what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How?

2 Stran. I tell you, deny'd, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am asham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour shew'd in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have receiv'd some small kindneses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; ' yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honour'd lord,—

[*To Lucius.*

⁹ —to borrow so many talents;—] Such is the reading of the old copy. The modern editors read arbitrarily, *fifty talents*. *So many* is not an uncommon colloquial expression for an indefinite number. The stranger might not know the exact sum.

STEEVENS.

¹ —yet had he mistook him, and sent to me,——] We should read,

——mislook'd him,

i. e. overlooked, neglected to send to him. WARBURTON.

I rather read, *yet had he not mistook him, and sent to me.*

JOHNSON:

Mr. Edwards proposes to read, *yet had he missed him*. Lucius has just declared that he had had fewer presents from Timon, than Lucullus had received, who therefore ought to have been the first to assist him. Yet, says he, had Timon *mistook him*, or overlooked that circumstance, and sent to me, I should not have denied, &c. STEEVENS.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent——

Luc. Ha! what hath he sent? I am so much en-dear'd to that lord; he's ever sending; How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents².

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.
³ If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it⁴ half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

² ————*with so many talents.*] Such again is the reading with which the old copy supplies us. Probably the exact number of the *talents wanted* was not expressly set down by Shakspeare. If this was the case, the player who represented the character spoke of the first number that was uppermost in his mind; and the printer, who copied from the playhouse books, put down an indefinite for the definite sum, which remained unspecified. The modern editors read again in this instance, *fifty talents*. Perhaps the servant brought a note with him which he tender'd to Lucullus. STEEVENS.

³ *If his occasion were not virtuous,*] *Virtuous*, for strong, forcible, pressing. WARBURTON.

The meaning may more naturally be;—If he did not want it for a good use. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explication is certainly right.—We had before:

“Some good necessity touches his friend.” MALONE.

⁴ —*half so faithfully.*] *Faithfully*, for fervently. Therefore, without more ado, the Oxford editor alters the text to *fervently*. But he might have seen, that Shakspeare used *faithfully* for fervently, as in the former part of the sentence he had used *virtuous* for forcible. WARBURTON.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shewn myself honourable? how unluckily it happen'd, ⁵ that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour?—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and, I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use my own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—
[*Exit Servilius.*]

⁵ —*that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour?—*] Though there is a seeming plausible antithesis in the terms, I am very well assured they are corrupt at the bottom. For a little *part* of what? *Honour* is the only substantive that follows in the sentence. How much is the antithesis improved by the sense which my emendation gives? “That I should purchase for a little *dirt*, and undo a great deal of honour!” THEOBALD.

This emendation is received, like all others, by sir T. Hamer, but neglected by Dr. Warburton. I think Theobald right in suspecting a corruption; nor is his emendation injudicious, though perhaps we may better read, *purchase the day before for a little park.* JOHNSON.

I am satisfied with the old reading, which is sufficiently in our author's manner. By purchasing what brought me but little honour, I have lost the more honourable opportunity of supplying the wants of my friend. Dr. Farmer, however, suspects a quibble between *honour* in its common acceptation, and *honour* (i. e. the *lordship* of a place) in a legal sense. See Jacobs's Dictionary. STEEVENS.

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;
And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly speed.

[*Exit.*

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the world's sport;
And just of the same piece is every ⁶ flatterer's soul.
Who can call him his friend,
That dips in the same dish? for, in my knowing,
Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet, (O, see the monstrosity of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, ⁷ in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,

⁶ —*flatterer's spirit.*] This is Dr. Warburton's emendation. The other editions read,

Why this is the world's soul;

Of the same piece is every flatterer's sport.

Mr. Upton has not unluckily transposed the two final words, thus:

Why, this is the world's sport:

Of the same piece is every flatterer's soul.

The passage is not so obscure as to provoke so much enquiry. *This, says he, is the soul or spirit of the world: every flatterer plays the same game, makes sport with the confidence of his friend.* JOHNSON.

I have adopted Upton's transposition rather than Dr. Warburton's alteration. STEEVENS.

⁷ —*in respect of his,*] i. e. considering Timon's claim for what he asks. WARBURTON.

—*in respect of his,*] That is, *in respect of his fortune,* what Lucius denies to Timon is in proportion to what Lucius possesses, less than the usual alms given by good men to beggars.

JOHNSON.

Nor

Nor came any of his bounties over me,
 To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
 For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
 And honourable carriage,
 Had his necessity made use of me,

^s I would have put my wealth into donation,⁹
 And the best half should have return'd to him,
 So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,
 Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
 For policy fits above conscience.

[*Exeunt.*]

^s *I would have put my wealth into donation,
 And the best half should have return'd to him,]*

Hanmer reads,

*I would have put my wealth into partition,
 And the best half should have attorn'd to him.*

Dr. Warburton receives *attorn'd*. The only difficulty is in the word *return'd*, which, since he had receiv'd nothing from him, cannot be used but in a very low and licentious meaning.

JOHNSON.

⁹ *Had his necessity made use of me, I would have put my fortune into a condition to be alienated, and the best half of what I had gained myself, or received from others, should have found its way to him.* Either such licentious exposition must be allowed, or the passage remain in obscurity, as some readers may not chuse to receive Hanmer's emendation.

There is, however, such a word as *attorn'd*. See Holinshed's *Reign of K. Richard II.* p. 481: "——they plainly told him they would not *attorne* to him, nor be under his jurisdiction, &c." The following lines in *Hamlet*, act II. sc. ii. persuade me that my explanation of —*put my wealth into donation*—is very doubtful:

"Put your dread pleasures more into command
 Than to entreaty."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, act III. sc. iv:

"And mad'st me *put into contempt* the suits
 Of princely fellows, &c."

Perhaps the stranger means to say, I would have treated my wealth as a present originally received from him, and on this occasion have return'd him the half of that whole for which I supposed myself to be indebted to his bounty. STEEVENS.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

*Sempronius's House.**Enter Sempronius, with a Servant of Timon's.*

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum! 'Bove all others?

He might have try'd lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
' And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,

² They have all been touch'd, and found base mental; for

They have all deny'd him.

Sem. How! have they deny'd him?

Has Ventidius and Lucullus deny'd him?

And does he send to me? Three? hum!—

It shews but little love or judgment in him.

Must I be his last refuge? ³ His friends, like physicians,

Thrive,

² *And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison:]*

This circumstance likewise occurs in the anonymous unpublished comedy of *Timon*:

“ O yee ingrateful! have I freed yee

“ From bonds in prison, to requite me thus,

“ To trample ore mee in my misery?” MALONE.

² *They have all been touch'd,—]* That is, *tried*, alluding to the *touchstone*. JOHNSON.

³ *—his friends like physicians
Thriv'd, give him over?]*

I have restored this old reading, only amending the pointing, which was faulty. Mr. Pope, suspecting the phrase, has substituted *three* in the room of *thriv'd*, and so disarmed the poet's satire. Physicians *thriv'd* is no more than physicians *grown rich*: Only the adjective passive of this verb, indeed, is not so common in use; and yet it is a familiar expression, to this day, to say, *Such a one is well thriven on his trade*. THEOBALD.

Thrive, give him over; Must I take the cure upon
me?

He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sence for't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him;

And

The original reading is,
——his friends, (like physicians)
Thrive, give him over:]

which Theobald has misrepresented. Hanmer reads, *try'd*, plausibly enough. Instead of *three* proposed by Mr. Pope, I should read *thrice*. But perhaps the old reading is the true. JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read—*shriv'd*. They give him over *shriv'd*; that is, prepared for immediate death by *shrift*. TYRWHITT.

Perhaps the following passage in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy* is the best comment after all:

“ ——Physicians thus
“ With their hands full of money, use to give o'er
“ Their patients.”

The passage will then mean:——“ His friends, like physicians, thrive by his bounty and fees, and either *relinquish, and forsake him, or give his case up as desperate.*” *To give over* in the *Taming of the Shrew* has no reference to the irremediable condition of a patient, but simply means to leave, to forsake, to quit:

“ And therefore let me be thus bold with you
“ To give you over at this first encounter,
“ Unless you will accompany me thither.” STEEVENS.

The passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *The Dutchess of Malfy*, is a strong confirmation of the old reading; for Webster appears both in that and in another piece of his (*The White Devil*) to have frequently imitated Shakspeare. Thus, in *The Dutchess of Malfy*, we meet:

“ ——Use me well, you were best;
“ What I have done, I have done; I'll confess nothing.”

Apparently from *Othello*:

“ Demand me nothing; what you know, you know;
“ From this time forth I never will speak word.”

Again, the Cardinal, speaking to his mistress Julia, who had importuned him to disclose the cause of his melancholy, says:

“ ——Satisfy thy longing;
“ The only way to make thee keep thy counsel
“ Is, not to tell thee.”

So,

And does he think so backwardly of me now,
 That I'll requite it last? No:
 So it may prove an argument of laughter
 To the rest, and I 'mongst the lords be thought a fool.
 I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
 He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
 * I had such a courage to do him good. But now
 return,

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

“ _____ for secrecy
 “ No lady closer; for I well believe
 “ 'Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know.”

Again, in *The White Devil*:

“ Terrify babes, my lord, with *painted devils*.”

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ 'Tis the eye of *childhood*
 “ That fears a *painted devil*.”

Again, in *The White Devil*:

“ _____ the secret of my prince,
 “ Which I will *wear* i' th' *inside of my heart*.”

Copied, I think, from these lines of *Hamlet*:

“ _____ Give me the man
 “ That is not passion's slave, and I will *wear* him
 “ *In my heart's core*, ay, in my heart of heart.”

The White Devil was not printed till 1612.—*Hamlet* had appeared in 1604. See also another imitation quoted in a note on *Cymbeline*, Act IV. sc. ii; and the last scene of the fourth act of *The Dutchess of Malfy*, which seems to have been copied from our author's *King John*, Act IV. sc. ii.

The Dutchess of Malfy was printed in 1623, so that probably the lines above cited from thence by Mr. Steevens, were copied from *Timon* before it was in print; for it first appeared in the folio, which was not published till December 1623. See the entry on the Stationers' books, Nov. 18, 1623.—Hence we may conclude, that *thrive* was not an error of the press, but the author's original word, which Webster imitated, not from the printed book, but from the representation of the play, or the MS. copy.

It is observable, that in this piece of Webster's, the dutchess, who, like Desdemona, is strangled, revives *after long seeming dead*, speaks a few words, and then dies. MALONE.

* *I had such a courage*—] Such an ardour, such an eager desire.
 JOHNSON.

And

And with their faint reply this answer join ;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[Exit.

Serv. Excellent ! ⁵ Your lordship's a goodly villain. The ⁶ devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick ; he cross'd himself by't : and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man ⁷ will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear

⁵ *Excellent, &c.*] I suppose the former part of this speech to have been originally written in verse, as well as the latter ; though the players having printed it as prose (omitting several syllables necessary to the metre) it cannot now be restored without such additions as no editor is at liberty to insert in the text.

STEEVENS.

⁶ —*The devil knew not what he did,*—] I cannot but think that the negative *not* has intruded into this passage, and the reader will think so too, when he reads Dr. Warburton's explanation of the next words. JOHNSON.

⁷ —*will set him clear.*—] *Set him clear* does not mean acquit him before heaven ; for then *the devil* must be supposed to know what he did : but it signifies puzzle him, outdo him at his own weapons. WARBURTON.

How the devil, or any other being, should be *set clear* by being *puzzled* and *outdone*, the commentator has not explained. When in a crowd we would have an opening made, we say, *Stand clear*, that is, *out of the way of danger*. With some affinity to this use, though not without great harshness, to *set clear*, may be to *set aside*. But I believe the original corruption is the insertion of the negative, which was obtruded by some transcriber, who supposed *crossed* to mean *thwarted*, when it meant, *exempted from evil*. The use of *crossing*, by way of protection or purification, was probably not worn out in Shakspeare's time. The sense of *set clear* is now easy ; he has no longer the guilt of tempting man. To cross himself may mean, in a very familiar sense, *to clear his score, to get out of debt, to quit his reckoning*. He knew not what he did, may mean, he knew not how much good he was doing himself. There is no need of emendation. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Dr. Warburton's explanation is the true one. *Clear* is an adverb, or so used ; and Dr. Johnson's Dictionary observes that *to set* means, in Addison, to embarrass, to distress, to perplex.—If then the devil made men politic, he has thwarted his own interest, because the superior cunning of man will at last puzzle him, or be above the reach of his temptations. TOLLET.

I suspect

pear foul? ⁸ takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire.

Of such a nature is his politick love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods: Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.

And this is all a liberal course allows;

Who cannot keep his wealth, must ⁹ keep his house.

[Exit.

I suspect no corruption of the text. The meaning, I think, is this:—The devil did not know what he was about, [or how much his reputation for wickedness would be diminished] when he made man crafty: he thwarted himself [by thus raising up rivals to contend with him in iniquity, and at length to surpass him;] and I cannot but think that at last the enormities of mankind will rise to such a height, as to make even Satan himself, in comparison, appear (what he would least of all wish to be) spotless and innocent.

Clear is in many other places used by our author and the contemporary writers, for *innocent*. MALONE.

⁸ —takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those, &c.] This is a reflection on the puritans of that time. These people were then set upon the project of new-modelling the ecclesiastical and civil government according to scripture rules and examples; which makes him say, that *under zeal* for the word of God, they *would set whole realms on fire*. So Sempronius pretended to that warm affection and generous jealousy of friendship, that is affronted, if any other be applied to before it. At best the similitude is an awkward one: but it fitted the *audience*, though not the *speaker*.

WARBURTON.

⁹ —keep his house.] i. e. keep within doors for fear of duns.

JOHNSON.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Timon's hall.

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortensius, ¹ Lucius, and other servants of Timon's creditors, who wait for his coming out.

Var. Well met; good morrow, Titus, and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius?

What? do we meet together?

Luc. Ay, and, I think,
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luc. And sir Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Welcome, good brother. What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him:
You must consider, that ² a prodigal's course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.

¹ ——— *Lucius*, ———] *Lucius* is here again for the servant of *Lucius*. JOHNSON.

² ——— *a prodigal's course*
Is like the sun's; ———]
That is, like him in blaze and splendour.

“*Soles occidere & redire possunt.*” Catul. JOHNSON,
I fear,

I fear,

'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse ;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll shew you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes :
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. ³ I am weary of this charge, the gods can
witness :

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

Var. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns : What's
yours ?

Luc. Five thousand mine.

Var. 'Tis much deep : and it should seem by the
sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine ;

⁴ Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter

³ *I am weary of this charge,——*] That is, of this commission, of this employment. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Else, surely, his had equall'd.*] Should it not be, *Else, surely, mine had equall'd.* JOHNSON.

The meaning, I think is :—The confidence reposed in your master was greater than that reposed in mine, else, surely, the sum demanded from him, i. e. from your master, would have been equal to that demanded from mine : which equality would have been produced by the demand on my master being raised from three thousand crowns to five thousand.

A large sum may be equalized to a small one as well by addition to the smaller, as by subtraction from the greater.——The
words

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Flaminius! sir, a word: Pray, is my lord Ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent. [*Exit Flaminius.*]

Enter Flavius in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do your hear, sir?

Var. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay, if money were as certain as your waiting,

'Twere sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your fums and bills,
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they would smile and fawn upon his debts,

words mean the same as if Varro's servant had said:—*else surely the two demands had been equal.*

The passage however may be explained thus—*His* may refer to *mine*; as if he had said: Your master's confidence was above *my master's*; else surely *his*, i. e. the sum demanded from my master (for that is the last antecedent) had been equal to the sum demanded from yours. MALONE.

The meaning of the passage is evidently and simply this: *Your master, it seems, had more confidence in lord Timon than mine, otherwise his* (i. e. my master's) *debt* (i. e. the money due to him from Timon) *would certainly have been as great as your master's* (i. e. as the money which Timon owes to your master); that is, my master being as rich as yours, could and would have advanced Timon as large a sum as your master has advanced him, if he (my master) had thought it prudent to do so. REMARKS.

And take down the interest in their gluttonous maws;
 You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up;
 Let me pass quietly:
 Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
 I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
 For you serve knaves. [Exit.

Var. How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

Tit. No matter what; he's poor,
 And that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader
 Than he that has no house to put his head in?
 Such may rail 'gainst great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know
 Some answer.

Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen,
 To repair some other hour, I should
 Derive much from it: for, take it on my soul,
 My lord leans wond'rously to discontent:
 His comfortable temper has forsok him;
 He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick;
 And, if he be so far beyond his health,
 Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
 And make a clear way to the gods.

Serv. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [Within.] Servilius, help!—my lord! my
 lord!

Enter Timon, in a rage.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my pas-
 sage?

Enter Servilius.] It may be observed that Shakspeare has
 unskilfully filled his Greek story with Roman names. JOHNSON.
 Have

Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my jail?
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, shew me an iron heart?

Luc. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Here's mine,

Var. And mine, my lord.

Caph. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em⁶, cleave me to the
girdle.

Luc. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in fums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours?—and yours?

1 Var. My lord,——

2 Var. My lord,

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon
you! [*Exit.*

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive, our masters may throw
their caps at their money; these debts may be well
call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon, and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the
slaves:
Creditors!—devils.

⁶ *Knock me down with 'em*:——] Timon quibbles. They present their written *bills*; he catches at the word, and alludes to the *bills*, or battle-axes, which the ancient soldiery carried, and were still used by the watch in Shakspeare's time. See the scene between Dogberry, &c. in *Much ado about Nothing*; Vol. II. p. 329. STEEVENS.

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so:—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly?—Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius⁷, all;
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care; go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The Senate-house.

Senators, and Alcibiades.

1 Sen. My lord, you have my voice to't; the
fault's bloody;

'Tis necessary, he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise 'em.

Alc. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 Sen. Now, captain?

Alc. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,

⁷ *Lucius, Lucullus, &c.*] The old copy reads: *Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius Vllorxa: all.* STEEVENS.

Hath stept into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.

³ He is a man, ⁹ setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues :

Nor did he foil the fact with cowardise ;
(An honour in him, which buys out his fault)

But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe :

And with such sober and ¹ unnoted passion

² He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

I Sen.

³ *He is a man, &c.*] I have printed these lines after the original copy, except that, for *an honour*, it is there, *and honour*. All the latter editions deviate unwarrantably from the original, and give the lines thus :

*He is a man, setting his fault aside,
Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault ;
Nor did he foil, &c.* JOHNSON.

⁹ *———setting his fault aside,]*

We must read :

———this fault——— WARBURTON.

The reading of the old copy is, *—setting his fate aside*, i. e. putting this action of his, which was pre-determined by fate, out of the question. STEEVENS,

¹ *——and unnoted passion]* *Unnoted*, for common, bounded. WARBURTON.

² *He did behave his anger,——]* *Behave*, for curb, manage. But the Oxford editor equips the old poet with a more modern phrase :

He did behave in's anger,——

A paltry clipt jargon of modern fops, for *behave himself*.

WARBURTON.

The original copy reads not *behave* but *behoove*. I do not well understand the passage in either reading. Shall we try a daring conjecture ?

———with such sober and unnoted passion

He did behold his adversary shent,

As if he had but prov'd an argument.

He looked with such calmness on his slain adversary. I do not suppose that this is right, but put it down for want of better.

JOHNSON.

CurSt

1 *Sen.* ³ You undergo too strict a paradox,
 Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :
 Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
 To bring man-slaughter into form, and set quarrelling
 Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed,
 Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
 When sects and factions were newly born :
 He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
 The worst that man can breathe ; ⁴ and make his
 wrongs

Cuncta prius tentanda.

I would rather read :

———*and unnoted passion*

He did behave, ere was his anger spent.

Unnoted passion means, I believe, an uncommon command of his passion, such a one as has not hitherto been observed. *Behave his anger* may, however, be right. In sir W. Davenant's play of the *Just Italian*, 1630, *behave* is used in as singular a manner :

“ How well my stars *behave* their influence.”

Again :

“ ————You an Italian, sir, and thus

“ *Behave* the knowledge of disgrace !”

In both these instances, to *behave* is to *manage*. STEEVENS.

And with such sober and unnoted passion

He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,]

Our author so very frequently converts nouns into verbs, that I think it not improbable he wrote—“ He did *behave* his anger.” i. e. suppress it. So, *Milton* :

“ ————yet put he not forth all his strength,

“ But check'd it *midway*.”

I believe, “ unnoted passion” means, a passion operating *inwardly*, but not accompanied with any external or boisterous appearances ; so regulated and subdued, that no spectator could *note*, or observe, its operation. MALONE.

³ *You undergo too strict a paradox.*] You undertake a paradox too hard. JOHNSON.

⁴ ————*and made his wrongs*

His outsides ; wear them like his raiment carelessly ;]

It should be read and pointed thus :

———*and make his wrongs*

His outside wear ; hang like his raiment carelessly.

WARBURTON.

The present reading is better. JOHNSON.

His

His outsides! to wear them like his raiment, care-
lessly;

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?

Alc. My lord,——

Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alc. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be

Such valour in the bearing, ⁵ what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;

⁶ The ass, more captain than the lion; and the fel-
low,

Loaden

⁵ ————what make we
Abroad?———]

What do we, or what have we to do in the field. JOHNSON.

⁶ The ass, more than the lion; &c.] Here is another arbitrary
regulation, the original reads thus:

———what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it:
And the ass more captain than the lion,
The fellow, loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom, &c.

I think it may be better adjusted thus:

———what make we
Abroad? why then the women are more valiant
That stay at home;
If bearing carry it, then is the ass
More captain than the lion, and the felon
Loaden with irons wiser, &c. JOHNSON.

I would rather regulate and point these lines thus:

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep on't, and let

Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
 If wisdom be in suffering, O my lords,
 As you are great, be pitifully good :
 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood ?
 To kill, I grant, is ' sin's extreamest gust ;
 But, in defence, ^s by mercy, 'tis most just.
 To be in anger, is impiety ;
 But who is man, that is not angry ?
 Weigh but the crime with this.
 2 Sen. You breathe in vain.

The foes quietly cut their throats, without
 Repugnancy ? If there be such valour
 In the bearing, what make we abroad ? why
 Then, women are more valiant that stay
 At home ; if bearing carry it, the ass
 More captain than the lion, and the felon, &c.

As the words—*more captain* than the lion—are found in the old copy, on what principle can they be changed, however harsh the phrase may sound to our ears ?—That it was the author's, appears, I think, not only from the introduction to this speech of Alcibiades :—

“ My lord, then under favour pardon me
 “ If I speak like a *captain* :”

but from Shakspeare's 66th Sonnet, where the word *captain* is used with at least as much harshness as in the text :

“ And captive good attending *captain* ill.”

Again, in another of his Sonnets :

“ Like stones of worth they thinly placed are

“ Or *captain* jewels in the carkanet.” MALONE.

⁷ — *sin's extreamest gust* ;] *Gust*, for aggravation.

WARBURTON.

Gust is here in its common sense ; the utmost degree of *appetite* for sin. JOHNSON.

I believe *gust* means *rashness*. The allusion may be to a sudden *gust of wind*. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *By mercy, 'tis most just.*] *By mercy* is meant *equity*. But we must read :

“ — 'tis *made just*. ” WARBURTON.

Mercy is not put for *equity*. If such explanation be allowed, what can be difficult ? The meaning is, *I call mercy herself* to witness, that defensive violence is just. JOHNSON.

The meaning, I think is, Homicide in our own defence, by a *merciful and lenient interpretation* of the laws, is considered as justifiable. MALONE.

Alc.

Alc. In vain? his service done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 Sen. What's that?

Alc. Why, I say, my lords, he has done fair service,

And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 Sen. He has made too much plenty⁹ with 'em; he

¹ Is a sworn rioter: he has a sin
That often drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 Sen. He dies.

Alc. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right-arm might purchase his own time,

⁹ —with 'em;—] The folio, *with* him, JOHNSON.

¹ *He's a sworn rioter; he has a sin*

That often drowns him, and takes valour prisoner.]

What is a *sworn rioter*? We should read:

He's a swol'n rioter,——

that is, given to all excesses, as he says of another, in another place, *so surfeit-swoln* or *swell'd*. WARBURTON.

A *sworn rioter* is a man who practises riot, as if he had by an oath made it his duty, JOHNSON.

He has made too much plenty with 'em; he

Is a sworn rioter: he has a sin

That often drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:]

I would rather regulate these lines thus:

He has made too much plenty with them; he's

A sworn rioter: he has a sin that often

Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner.

The expression, *a sworn rioter*, seems to be similar to that of *sworn brothers*. See Mr. Whalley's note on *King Henry V. Act I.*

MALONE.

And

And be in debt to none) yet, more to move you,
 Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both ;
 And, for I know, ² your reverend ages love
 Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
 My honours to you, upon his good returns.
 If by this crime he owes the law his life,
 Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore ;
 For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 Sen. We are for law, he dies ; urge it no more,
 On height of our displeasure : Friend, or brother,
 He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alc. Must it be so ? it must not be. My lords,
 I do beseech you, know me.

2 Sen. How ?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3 Sen. What ?

Alc. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me ;
 It could not else be, ³ I should prove so base,
 To sue, and be deny'd such common grace :
 My wounds ake at you.

1 Sen. ⁴ Do you dare our anger ?
 'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect ;
 We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me ?
 Banish your dotage ; banish usury,
 That makes the senate ugly.

1 Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain
 thee,
 Attend our weightier judgment.

² ——— your reverend ages love
 Security, ———]

He charges them obliquely with being usurers. JOHNSON.

³ ——— I should prove so base,] Base, for dishonour'd.

WARBURTON.

⁴ Do you dare our anger ?

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect ;]

This reading may pass, but perhaps the author wrote :

——— our anger ?

'Tis few in words, but spacious in effect. JOHNSON.

And,

And, not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senate.*]

Alc. Now the gods keep you old enough; that
you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts.—All those, for this?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pour into captains' wounds? Ha! banishment?
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, ⁷ and lay for hearts.

'Tis

⁵ *And (not to swell our spirit)*] What this nonsense was intended to mean I don't know, but it is plain Shakspeare wrote:

And now to swell your spirit:

i. e. to provoke you still more. WARBURTON.

Not to swell our spirit, I believe, means, *not to put ourselves into any tumour of rage*, take our definitive resolution. So, in *K. Henry VIII.* act III. sc. i:

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
They *swell* and grow as terrible as storms.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, &c.]*

I would point differently:

It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury.
That I may strike at Athens, I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, &c. MALONE.

⁷ In former copies:

— *And lay for hearts.*

'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;

But surely, even in a soldier's sense of honour, there is very little in being at odds with all about him; which shews rather a quarrelsome disposition than a valiant one. Besides, this was not Alcibiades's case. He was only fallen out with the Athenians. A phrase in the foregoing line will direct us to the right reading. I will *lay*, says he, *for hearts*; which is a metaphor taken from card-

'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds ;
Soldiers as little should brook wrongs, as gods.

[Exit,

S C E N E VI.

Timon's house.

Enter divers Senators at several doors.

1 *Sen.* The good time of day to you, fir.

2 *Sen.* I also wish it to you, I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

card-play, and signifies to game deep and boldly. It is plain when the figure was continued in the following line, which should be read thus :

'Tis honour with most hands to be at odds ;

i. e. to fight upon odds, or at disadvantage ; as he must do against the united strength of Athens : and this, by soldiers, is accounted *honourable*. Shakspeare uses the same metaphor on the same occasion, in *Coriolanus* :

“ He lurch'd all swords. WARBURTON.

I think *hands* is very properly substituted for *lands*. In the foregoing line, for, *lay for hearts*, I would read, *play for hearts*.

JOHNSON.

I do not conceive that to *lay for hearts* is a metaphor taken from card-play, or that *lay* should be changed into *play*. We should now say to *lay out for hearts*, i. e. the affections of the people ; but *lay* is used singly, as it is here, by Jonson, in *The Devil is an Ass*, Vol. IV. p. 33 :

“ Lay for some pretty principality.” TYRWHITT.

A kindred expression occurs in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, 1657 :

“ He takes up Spanish hearts on trust, to pay them

“ When he shall finger Castile's crown.”

'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds——

Perhaps the poet wrote :

——with most lords——

The senators throughout this play are called *lords*. MALONE.

I adhere to the old reading. It is surely more honourable to wrangle for a score of kingdoms, (as Miranda expresses it) than to enter into quarrels with *lords*, or any other private adversaries.

STEEVENS.

1 *Sen.*

1 *Sen.* ^s Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encounter'd : I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Sen.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 *Sen.* I should think so : He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off ; but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Sen.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Sen.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Sen.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrow'd of you ?

1 *Sen.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Sen.* A thousand pieces !

1 *Sen.* What of you ?

3 *Sen.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter Timon, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both :—And how fare you ?

1 *Sen.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 *Sen.* The swallow follows not summer more willingly, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter ; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay : feast your ears

^s Upon that were my thoughts tiring,—] A hawk, I think, is said to *tire*, when she amuses herself with pecking a pheasant's wing, or any thing that puts her in mind of prey. To *tire* upon a thing, is therefore, to be *idly employed upon it.* JOHNSON.

with

with the musick awhile ; if they will fare so harshly as on the trumpet's sound : we shall to't presently.

1 *Sen.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Sen.* My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend ! what cheer ?

[*The banquet brought in.*

2 *Sen.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 *Sen.* If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance, —Come, bring in all together.

2 *Sen.* All cover'd dishes !

1 *Sen.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Sen.* Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1 *Sen.* How do you ? What's the news ?

3 *Sen.* Alcibiades is banish'd : Hear you of it ?

Both. Alcibiades banish'd !

3 *Sen.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 *Sen.* How ? how ?

2 *Sen.* I pray you, upon what ?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near ?

3 *Sen.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 *Sen.* This is the old man still.

3 *Sen.* Will't hold ? will't hold ?

2 *Sen.* It does : but time will—and so—

3 *Sen.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress : your diet shall be in all places alike⁹. Make not a city feast of it, to let

⁹ ———your diet shall be in all places alike.———] See a note on the *Winter's Tale*, Act I. sc. i. STEEVENS.

the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place:
Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

*You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves prais'd: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are.—¹ The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome,
Uncover, dogs, and lap.*

[The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm
water

² Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing water in their faces.
Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long³,
Most

¹ —The rest of your fees,—] We should read—*foes*.

WARBURTON.

² Is your perfection.—] *Perfection* for exact or perfect likeness.

WARBURTON.

Your *perfection*, is the highest of your excellence. JOHNSON.

³ —Live loath'd, and long,] This thought has occurred twice before:

“ —let

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
 Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
 You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, ⁴ time's flies,
 Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and ⁵ minute-jacks!
 Of man, and beast, the ⁶ infinite malady
 Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
 Soft, take thy physick first,—thou too,—and thou;—
 [Throws the dishes at them.]

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
 What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
 Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
 Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
 Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [Exit.]

Re-enter the Senators.

1 *Sen.* How now, my lords?

2 *Sen.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 *Sen.* Pish! did you see my cap?

4 *Sen.* I have lost my gown.

1 *Sen.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?

“ ———let not that part

“ Of nature my lord paid for, be of power

“ To expel sickness, but *prolong his hour* :”

Again :

“ Gods keep you *old* enough, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁴ ———*time's flies*,] Flies of a season. JOHNSON.

⁵ ———*minute-jacks*!] Haumer thinks it means *Jack-a-lantern*, which shines and disappears in an instant. What it was I know not; but it was something of quick motion, mentioned in *Richard III.* JOHNSON.

A *minute-jack* is what was called formerly a *Jack of the clock-house*; an image whose office was the same as one of those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street. See Sir John Hawkins's note on a passage in *Richard III.* Vol. VII. p. 117. STEEVENS.

⁶ ———*the infinite malady*] Every kind of disease incident to man and beast. JOHNSON.

2 *Sen.* Did you see my cap?

3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.

4 *Sen.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Sen.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Sen.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Sen.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day
stones. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent
Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal;
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is ^o o' the brothel! son of sixteen,

^o —i' the brothel!] So Hanmer. The old copies read, o' th' brothel. JOHNSON.

The old reading is the true one. The sense is, Go, maid, with security to thy master's bed, for thy mistress is a bawd to thy amours. STEEVENS.

One would rather suppose it to mean, that the mistress frequented the brothel; and so Sir Thomas Hanmer understood it.

REMARKS.

Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping fire,
 With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
 Domestick awe, night rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
 Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries,
 And ⁷ yet confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
 Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
 That their society, as their friendship, may
 Be meerly poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But nakedness, thou detestable town!
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banns!
 Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
 The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
 The gods confound (hear me, ye good gods all)
 The Athenians both within and out that wall!
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
 To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!
 Amen. [Exit.

⁷ —yet confusion—] Hanmer reads, *let* confusion; but the meaning may be, *though by such confusion all things seem to hasten to dissolution, yet let not dissolution come; but the miseries of confusion continue.* JOHNSON.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

Timon's house.

² *Enter Flavius, with two or three servants.*

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where is our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a house broke!

So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars ⁹ from his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house,

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,

⁸ *Enter Flavius,*] Nothing contributes more to the exaltation of Timon's character than the zeal and fidelity of his servants. Nothing but real virtue can be honoured by domesticks; nothing but impartial kindness can gain affection from dependants.

JOHNSON.

⁹ —from *his buried fortunes*] The old copies have *so* instead of *from*. The correction is Hammer's; but the old reading might stand. JOHNSON.

That see I by our faces ; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow : Leak'd is our bark ;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the furies threat : we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows ; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some ;

[*Giving them money.*]

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more :
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

¹ O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us !
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt ?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory ? or to live
But in a dream of friendship ?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends ?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart ;
Undone by goodness ! ² Strange, unusual blood,
When

¹ O, the fierce wretchedness—] I believe *fierce* is here used for *hasty, precipitate*. Perhaps it is employed in the same sense by Ben Jonson in his *Poetaster* :

“ And Lupus, for your *fierce* credulity,
“ One fit him with a larger pair of ears.”

In another play our author has *fierce vanities*. In all instances it may mean *glaring, conspicuous, violent*. So in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, the Puritan says :

“ Thy hobby-horse is an idol, a *fierce* and rank idol.”

See Vol. II. p. 546. STEEVENS.

² ———*Strange, unusual blood,*] Of this passage, I suppose, every reader would wish for a correction : but the word, harsh as it is, stands fortified by the rhyme, to which, perhaps, it owes its introduction. I know not what to propose. Perhaps,

—————*strange unusual mood,*

When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
 Who then dares to be half so kind again?
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
 My dearest lord,—blest, to be most accurs'd,
 Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
 He's flung in rage from this ungrateful fear
 Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
 Supply his life, or that which can command it.
 I'll follow, and enquire him out:
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

The woods.

Enter Timon.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the
 earth

may, by some, be thought better, and by others worse.

JOHNSON.

I should suppose, that the steward meant to apostrophize Timon's ungrateful and unnatural friends, by calling them
 ——*strange unusual brood!*
 who could treat excess of liberality as they would have treated excess of guilt.

The following passage, however, is in the 5th book of Gower
De Confessione Amantis, fol. iii. b.

“ And thus of thilke unkinde *blood*
 “ Stant the memorie unto this daie.”

Gower is speaking of the ingratitude of one Adrian, a lord of Rome.

In the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1609, attributed to Shakspeare, *blood* seems to be used for *inclination, propensity*:

“ For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden.”

Strange, unusual blood, may therefore mean, strange unusual disposition. STEEVENS.

Rotten humidity ; below ³ thy sister's orb
 Infect the air ! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several for-
 tunes ;
 The greater scorns the lesser : ⁴ Not nature,
 To whom all fores lay siege, can bear great for-
 tune,
 But by contempt of nature,

³ ————*thy sister's orb*] That is, the moon's, this *sublunary* world. JOHNSON.

⁴ ————*Not nature,*
To whom all fores lay siege,——]

He had said the brother could not bear great fortune without despising his brother. He now goes further, and asserts that even human nature cannot bear it, but with contempt of its common nature. The sentence is ambiguous, and, besides that, otherwise obscure. I am persuaded, that our author had Alexander here principally in mind ; whose uninterrupted course of successes, as we learn from history, turned his head, and made him fancy himself a *God*, and contemn his human origin. The poet says, *even nature*, meaning nature in its greatest perfection : And Alexander is represented by the ancients as the most accomplished person that ever was, both for his qualities of mind and body, a kind of master-piece of nature. He adds,

To whom all fores lay siege,——

i. e. Although the imbecillity of the human condition might easily have informed him of his error. Here Shakspeare seems to have had an eye to Plutarch, who, in his life of Alexander, tells us that it was that which stagger'd him in his sober moments concerning the belief of his divinity. "Ἐλεγεν δὲ μάλιστα συνείαι θεοῦ τὸς ἐν τῷ καθύδινῳ καὶ συνουσίαζειν ὡς ἀπὸ μιᾶς ἐγγυόμειον ἀσθενείας τῆ φύσει καὶ τὸ ποτῆν καὶ τὸ ἠδύμειον. WARBURTON.

I have preserved this note rather for the sake of the commentator than of the author. How *nature, to whom all fores lay siege*, can so emphatically express *nature in its greatest perfection*, I shall not endeavour to explain. The meaning I take to be this : *Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother ; for this is the general depravity of human nature, which, beseged as it is by misery, admonished as it is of want and imperfection, when elevated by fortune, will despise beings of nature like its own.*

JOHNSON.

5 Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.

6 It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,

The

5 *Raise me this beggar, and deny't that lord,*] Where is the sense and English of *deny't that lord*? Deny him what? What preceding noun is there to which the pronoun *it* is to be refer'd? And it would be absurd to think the poet meant, deny to *raise* that lord. The antithesis must be, let fortune *raise* this beggar, and let her *strip* and *despoil* that lord of all his pomp and ornaments, &c. which sense is completed by this slight alteration,
—————*and denude that lord.*

So lord Rea in his relation of M. Hamilton's plot, written in 1630:

“ All these Hamiltons had *denuded* themselves of their fortunes
“ and estates.”

And Charles the First, in his message to the parliament, says:

“ *Denude* ourselves of all.”—Clar. Vol. III. p. 15. octavo edit.
WARBURTON.

I believe the former reading to be the true one. Raise me that beggar, and deny a proportionable degree of elevation to that lord. A lord is not so high a title in the state, but that a man originally poor might be raised to one above it. We might read *devest* that lord. *Devest* is an English law phrase. Shakspeare uses the word in *K. Lear*:

“ Since now we will *devest* us, both of rule, &c.”

The word which Dr. Warburton would introduce, is not, however, uncommon. I find it in the *Tragedie of Cræsus*, 1604:

“ As one of all happiness *denuded*.”

Mr. Sympson would read *denich*, *denicher*, Fr. STEEVENS.

6 *It is the pasture lards the beggar's sides,*] This, as the editors have ordered it, is an idle repetition at the best; supposing it did, indeed, contain the same sentiment as the foregoing lines. But Shakspeare meant quite a different thing: and having, like a sensible writer, made a smart observation, he illustrates it by a similitude thus:

*It is the pasture lards the weather's sides,
The want that makes him lean.*—————

And the similitude is extremely beautiful, as conveying this fatirical reflection; there is no more difference between man and man in the esteem of superficial and corrupt judgments, than between a fat sheep and a lean one. WARBURTON.

This passage is very obscure, nor do I discover any clear sense, even though we should admit the emendation. Let us inspect the text as I have given it from the original edition,

The want that makes him leave. Who dares, who dares,
 In purity of manhood stand upright,
 And say, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,

So

*It is the pastour lards the brother's sides,
 The want that makes him leave.*

Dr. Warburton found the passage already changed thus :

*It is the pasture lards the beggar's sides,
 The want that makes him lean.*

And upon this reading of no authority, raised another equally uncertain.

Alterations are never to be made without necessity. Let us see what sense the genuine reading will afford. Poverty, says the poet, *bears contempt hereditary, and wealth native honour.* To illustrate this position, having already mentioned the case of a poor and rich brother, he remarks, that this preference is given to wealth by those whom it least becomes; *it is the pastour that greases or flatters the rich brother, and will grease him on till want make him leave.* The poet then goes on to ask, *Who dares to say this man, this pastour, is a flatterer;* the crime is universal; through all the world *the learned pate,* with allusion to the pastour, *ducks to the golden fool.* If it be objected, as it may justly be, that the mention of a pastour is unsuitable, we must remember the mention of *grace* and *cherubims* in this play, and many such anachronisms in many others. I would therefore read thus :

*It is the pastour lard's the brother's sides,
 'Tis want that makes him leave.*

The obscurity is still great. Perhaps a line is lost. I have at least given the original reading. JOHNSON.

I am strongly inclined to Dr. Warburton's emendation. In *As you like It* we have—"good pasture makes fat sheep;" and in *King Richard II.* quarto, 1615, as also in the folio, we again find *pastors* printed by mistake for *pastures* :

"-----and bedew

"Her *pastors'* grasse with faithful English blood."

Leave in the old copy is only *lean* with the *n* inverted. It was rightly corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote *pasterer*, for I meet with such a word in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617, "Alexander before he fell into the Persian delicacies, refused those cooks and *pasterers* that Ada queen of Caria sent to him." There is likewise a proverb among Ray's collection, which seems to afford much the same meaning as this passage in Shakspeare. "Every one basteth the fat hog, while the lean one burneth." STEEVENS,

In

So are they all ; ⁷ for every grize of fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below : the learned pate
 Ducks to the golden fool : All is oblique ;
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
 But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men !
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains :
 Destruction fang mankind ⁸ !——Earth, yield me
 roots ! [Digging the earth.
 Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operant poison ! What is here ?
 Gold ? yellow, glittering, precious gold ? No, gods,
 I am no ⁹ idle votarist ; Roots, you clear heavens ¹ !
 Thus much of this, will make black, white ; foul,
 fair ;
 Wrong, right ; base, noble ; old, young ; coward,
 valiant.

In this very difficult passage, which still remains obscure, some liberty may be indulged. Dr. Farmer proposes to read it thus :

It is the pasterer lards the *broader* sides,
 The gaunt that makes him leane.

And in support of this conjecture, he observes, that the Saxon *d* is frequently converted into *th*, as in murther, *murder*, burthen, *burden*, &c. EDITOR.

⁷ ——[for every grize of fortune] *Grize* for step or degree. See Vol. IV. p. 237. POPE.

⁸ ——[fang mankind !—] i. e. feize, gripe. This verb is used by Decker in his *Match me at London*, 1631 :

“ ——bite any catchpole that *fangs* for you.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ ——[no idle votarist.—] No insincere or inconstant suppliant. *Gold* will not serve me instead of *roots*. JOHNSON.

¹ ——[you clear heavens !] This may mean either *ye cloudless skies*, or *ye deities exempt from guilt*. Shakspeare mentions the *clearest gods* in *K. Lear* ; and in *Acolastus*, a Comedy, 1540, a stranger is thus addressed. “ Good stranger or alyen, *clere gest*, &c.” Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ Then Collatine again by Lucrece side,

“ In his *clear* bed might have reposed still,”

i. e. his *uncontaminated* bed. STEEVENS.

Ha,

Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods?

² Why this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;

³ Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;

Make the hoar leprosy + ador'd; place thieves,

And give them title, knee, and approbation,

With senators on the bench; this is it,

⁵ That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;

She,

² ————— *Why this*

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides:]

Aristophanes, in his *Plutus*, act V. sc. ii. makes the priest of Jupiter desert his service to live with Plutus. WARBURTON.

³ *Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:]* i. e. men who have strength yet remaining to struggle with their distemper. This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their last agonies, to make their departure the easier. But the Oxford editor, supposing *stout* to signify *healthy*, alters it to *sick*, and this he calls emending.

WARBURTON.

⁴ ———— *the hoar leprosy* ————] So in P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* b. xxviii. c. 12. ———— "the foul white leproe called *elephantiasis*." STEEVENS.

⁵ *That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;]* *Waped* or *wappen'd* signifies both sorrowful and terrified, either for the loss of a good husband, or by the treatment of a bad. But gold, he says, can overcome both her affection and her fears. WARBURTON.

Of *wappened* I have found no example, nor know any meaning. To *awhape* is used by Spenser in his *Hubberd's Tale*, but I think not in either of the senses mentioned. I would read *wained*, for *decayed by time*. So our author in *Richard the Third*:

"A beauty-waining and distressed widow." JOHNSON.

In the comedy of the *Roaring Girl*, by Middleton and Decker, 1611, I meet with a word very like this, which the reader will easily explain for himself, when he has seen the following passage;

"Moll. And there you shall *wap* with me.

"Sir B. Nay, Moll, what's that *wap*?"

"Moll. *Wappinging* and niggling is all one, the rogue

"my man can tell you."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Gypsies Metamorphosed*:

"Boarded at Tappington,

"Bedded at *Wappington*."

Again,

She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous fores-
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
 ' To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
 Thou

Again, in *Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London*, 1610. "Niggling is company-keeping with a woman: this word is not used now, but *wapping*, and thereof comes the name *wapping-morts* for whores."

It must not, however, be concealed, that Chaucer, in the *Complaint of Annelida*, line 217, uses the word with the sense in which Dr. Warburton explains it:

"My sewertye in *waped* countenance."

Wapped, according to the quotations I have already given, would mean—*The widow whose curiosity and passions had been already gratified*. So in *Hamlet*:

"The instances that second marriage move,

"Are base respects of *thrift*, but none of *love*."

And if the word *defunct*, in *Othello*, be explained according to its primitive meaning, the same sentiment may be discovered there. There may, however, be some corruption in the text. After all, I had rather read—*weeping widow*. So in the ancient bl. l. ballad entitled *The little Barley Corne*:

"'Twill make a *weeping widow* laugh,

"And soon incline to pleasure." STEEVENS.

The following passage in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* induces me to think that *wappen'd* means *stale*:

"———We come towards the gods

"Young and *unwapper'd*, not halting under crimes

"Many and *stale*."

I suppose we should here read *unwappen'd*, or perhaps in the text we ought to read—"the *wapper'd widow*." MALONE.

I believe, *unwapper'd* means undebilitated by venery, i. e. not *halting under crimes many and stale*. STEEVENS.

' To the April day again———] That is, to the wedding day, called by the poet, satirically, *April day*, or *fool's day*.

JOHNSON.

The *April day* does not relate to the *widow*, but to the other diseased female, who is represented as the *outcast of an hospital*. She it is whom gold *embalms and spices to the April day again*: i. e. gold restores her to all the *freshness and sweetness* of youth. Such is the power of gold, that it will

"———make black, white; foul, fair;

"Wrong, right; &c."

A quotation or two may perhaps support this interpretation. Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 262. edit. 1633: "Do you see how the
 spring

Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
⁷ Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*]—Ha! a
 drum?—⁸ Thou'rt quick,
 But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*]

*Enter Alcibiades, with drum and fife, in warlike manner,
 and Phrynia and Tymiandra.*

Alc. What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy
 heart,

For shewing me again the eyes of man!

Alc. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
 That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
 That I might love thee something.

Alc. I know thee well;
 But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I
 know thee,
 I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;

spring time is full of flowers, decking itself with them, and not
 aspiring to the fruits of autumn? What lesson is that unto you,
 but that in the *April of your age* you should be like *April*."

Again, in Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, 1607, "He is a young
 man, and in the *April of his age*." Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman*,
 chap. iii. calls *youth* "the *April of man's life*." Shakspeare's
 Sonnet entitled *Love's Cruelty*, has the same thought:

"Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
 Calls back the lovely *April* of her prime."

Daniel's 31st sonnet has, "—the *April of my years*." Master
 Fenton "smells *April and May*." TOLLET.

⁷ *Do thy right nature.*—] Lie in the earth where nature laid
 thee. JOHNSON.

⁸ —Thou'rt quick,] Thou hast life and motion in thee.

JOHNSON.

With

With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules :
 Religious canons, civil laws are cruel ;
 Then what should war be ? This fell whore of thine
 Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
 For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off !

Tim. ⁹ I will not kiss thee ; then the rot returns
 To thine own lips again.

Alc. How came the noble Timon to this change ?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give :
 But then renew I could not, like the moon ;
 There were no suns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble Timon,
 What friendship may I do thee ?

Tim. None, but to
 Maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it, Timon ?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none : If
 Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
 Thou art a man ! if thou dost perform, confound
 thee,

For thou art a man !

Alc. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alc. I see them now ; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

⁹ *I will not kiss thee,—*] This alludes to an opinion in former times, generally prevalent, that the venereal infection transmitted to another, left the infecter free. I will not, says Timon, take the rot from thy lips by kissing thee. JOHNSON.

Thus the *Humorous Lieutenant* says :

“ He has some wench, or such a toy to kiss over,

“ Before he go : 'would I had such another,

“ *To draw this foolish pain down.*” STEEVENS.

² ————If

Thou wilt not promise, &c.]

That is, however thou may'st act, since thou art man, hated man,
 I wish thee evil. JOHNSON.

Timon.

Tymon. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Tymandra?

Tymon. Yes.

Tim. ² Be a whore still! they love thee not, that
use thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths; ³ bring down rose-cheeked
youth

⁴ To the tub-fast, and the diet.

Tymon.

² *Be a whore still! They love thee not that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust:
Make use of thy salt hours, &c.]*

There is here a slight transposition. I would read:

— *They love thee not that use thee,
Leaving with thee their lust; give them diseases,
Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves
For tubs and baths;—* JOHNSON.

³ — *bring down rose-cheek'd youth—*] This expressive epithet our author might have found in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:

“*Rose-cheek'd Adonis kept a solemn feast.*” MALONE.

⁴ *To the tub-fast, and the diet.]* One might make a very long and vain search, yet not be able to meet with this preposterous word *tub-fast*, which has notwithstanding passed current with all the editors. We should read *tub-fast*. The author is alluding to the lues venerea, and its effects. At that time the cure of it was performed either by guaiacum, or mercurial unctions: and in both cases the patient was kept up very warm and close; that in the first application the sweat might be promoted; and lest, in the other, he should take cold, which was fatal. “The regimen for the course of guaiacum (says Dr. Freind in his *History of Physick*, vol. II. p. 380.) was at first strangely circumstantial; and so rigorous, that the patient was put into a dungeon in order to make him sweat; and in that manner, as Fallopius expresses it, the bones, and the very man himself, was macerated.” Wiseman says, in England they used a *tub* for this purpose, as abroad, a cave, or oven, or dungeon. And as for the unction, it was sometimes continued for thirty-seven days (as he observes, p. 375.) and during this time there was necessarily an
extraordi-

Tyman. Hang thee, monster!

Alc. Pardon him, sweet Tymandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,
How curst Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

extraordinary *abstinence* required. Hence the term of the *tub-*
fast WARBURTON.

So, in Jasper Maine's *City Match*, 1639:

“ ————You had better match a ruin'd bawd,

“ One ten times cur'd by sweating, and the *tub*.”

Again, in *The Family of Love*, 1608, a doctor says; “ —O for
one of the hoops of my Cornelius' *tub*, I shall burst myself with
laughing else.” Again, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606: “ Our
embassage is into *France*, there may be employment for thee:
Hast thou a *tub*?”

The diet was likewise a customary term for the regimen pre-
scribed in these cases. So, in *Springs to catch Woodcocks*, a col-
lection of Epigrams, 1606:

“ Priscus gave out, &c. ————

“ Priscus had tane *the diet* all the while.”

Again, in another Collection of ancient Epigrams called the
Mastive, &c:

“ She took not *diet* nor the sweat in season.”

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*:

“ ————whom I *in diet* keep,

“ Send lower down into the cave,

“ And in a *tub* that's heated smoaking hot, &c.”

Again, in the same play:

“ ————caught us, and put us in a *tub*,

“ Where we this two months sweat, &c.

“ This bread and water hath our *diet* been, &c.”

STEEVENS.

Of the tub mentioned in this note there is a print in *Holme's*
Storehouse of Armory and Blazon, with an account of it in book
III. chap. xi. p. 421. which the reader, whose curiosity is alive
to such subjects, may be referred to. M. C. T.

Tim.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?

I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why, fare thee well :
Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'ft thou 'gainst Athens?

Alc. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest; and

Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alc. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains, thou wast born
To conquer my country.

Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go on;

⁵ Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one:

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He is an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron,
It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,

⁶ That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are

⁵ *Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air:—*]

This is wonderfully sublime and picturesque. WARBURTON.

We meet with the same image again in *King Richard II.*

“—————or suppose,

“ Devouring Pestilence hangs in our air.” MALONE.

⁶ *That through the window barne*————] How the words come
to be blundered into this strange nonsense, is hard to conceive.
But it is plain Shakspeare wrote:

—————*window-lawn*—————

i. e. lawn almost as transparent as glass windows. WARBURTON.

The reading is most probably:

—————*window-bars*—————

The

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
Set them down horrible traitors : Spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools ⁷ exhaust their
mercy ;

Think

The virgin that shews her bosom through the lattice of her chamber. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is almost confirmed by the following passage in *Cymbeline* :

“ ———— or let her beauty
“ *Lock through a casement to allure false hearts,*
“ And be false with them.”

Shakspeare at the same time might aim a stroke at this indecency in the women of his own time, which is animadverted on by several contemporary dramatists. So, in the ancient interlude of the *Repentance of Marie Magdalene*, 1567 :

“ Your garments must be worne alway,
“ That your *white pappes* may be seene if you may. ———
“ If young gentlemen may see your white skin,
“ It will allure them to love, and soon bring them in.
“ Both damfels and wives use many such feates.
“ I know them that will lay out their *faire teates*.”

And all this is addressed to Mary Magdalen. STEEVENS.

I believe we should read nearly thus :

————— nor *those milk-paps,*
That through the widow's barb bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ.”

The use of the doubled negative is so common in Shakspeare, that it is unnecessary to support it by instances. The *barbe*, I believe, was a kind of *veil*. Cressida, in *Chaucer*, who appears as a *widow*, is described as wearing a *barbe*, *Troilus and Cressida*, b. II. v. 110. in which place Caxton's edition (as I learn from the Glossary) reads *wimple*, which certainly signifies a *veil*, and was probably substituted as a synonymous word for *barbe*, the more antiquated reading of the manuscripts. *Unbarbed* is used by Shakspeare for *uncovered*, in *Coriolanus*, act III. sc. v :

“ Must I go shew them my *unbarbed* sconce ?”

See also Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. V. p. 317, new edit. where the ladies, mourning at the funeral of Q. Mary, are mentioned as having *their barbes above their chinnes*. TYRWHITT.

The folios read *barne*, and not improperly ; *en* is a common termination of a Saxon plural, which we in numberless instances retain to this day. The word is to be explained by *bars*, but should not (though Dr. Warburton calls it strange nonsense) have been removed from the text. REMARKS.

⁷ ———— *exhaust their mercy ;*] For *exhaust*, sir T. Hanmer, and
VOL. VIII. F f after

Think it a ^s bastard, whom the oracle
 Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
 And mince it fans remorse: Swear against objects⁹;
 Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
 Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
 Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
 Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy foldiers:
 Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
 Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou
 giv'st me,
 Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse
 upon thee!

Pbr. and Tym. Give us some gold, good Timon:
 Hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
 And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
 Your

after him Dr. Warburton, read *extort*; but *exhaust* here signifies
 literally to *draw forth*. JOHNSON.

^s ——— *bastard*, ———] An allusion to the tale of Oedipus.
 JOHNSON.

⁹ *Swear against objects*;] Sir Tho. Hanmer reads:
 ———'gainst all objects:

Perhaps *objects* is here used *provincially* for *abjects*. FARMER.
 So in our author's 152d sonnet:

Or made them *swear against the thing they see*.

STEEVENS.

² *And to make whore a bawd.*—] The power of gold, indeed,
 may be supposed great, that can make a whore forsake her trade;
 but what mighty difficulty was there in making a whore turn
 bawd? And yet, 'tis plain, here he is describing the mighty
 power of gold. He had before shewn, how gold can persuade
 to any villainy; he now shews that it has still a greater force,
 and can even turn from vice to the practice, or at least, the
 semblance of virtue. We must therefore read, to restore sense
 to our author:

And to make whole a bawd.

i. e. not only make her quit her calling, but thereby restore her
 to reputation. WARBURTON.

Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,—
 Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
 Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
 The immortal gods that hear you²,——spare your
 oaths,

³ I'll trust to your conditions: Be whores still;
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
 And be no turn-coats: ⁴ Yet may your pains, six
 months,

Be

The old edition reads:

And to make whores a bawd.

That is, *enough to make a whore leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores.* JOHNSON.

² *The immortal gods that hear you,——*] The same thought is found in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act I. sc. iii:

“ Though you with swearing shake the throned gods.”

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

“ Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths.” STEEVENS.

³ *I'll trust to your conditions:——*] You need not swear to continue whores, I will trust to your inclinations. JOHNSON.

⁴ *——Yet may your pains, six months,
 Be quite contrary:——*]

This is obscure, partly from the ambiguity of the word *pains*, and partly from the generality of the expression. The meaning is this: he had said before, follow constantly your trade of debauchery: that is (says he) for six months in the year. Let the other six be employed in quite contrary pains and labour, namely, in the severe discipline necessary for the repair of those disorders that your debaucheries occasion, in order to fit you anew to the trade; and thus let the whole year be spent in these different occupations. On this account he goes on, and says, *Make false hair, &c.* But for, *pains six months*, the Oxford editor reads *pains exterior*. What he means I know not. WARBURTON.

The explanation is ingenious, but I think it very remote, and would willingly bring the author and his readers to meet on easier terms. We may read:

*——Yet may your pains six months,
 Be quite contraried.——*

Timon is wishing ill to mankind, but is afraid lest the whores should imagine that he wishes well to them; to obviate which he

Be quite contrary: And thatch your poor thin roofs^s
 With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
 No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore
 still;

Paint 'till a horse may mire upon your face;
 A pox of wrinkles!

lets them know, that he imprecates upon them influence enough to plague others, and disappointments enough to plague themselves. He wishes that they may do all possible mischief, and yet take *pains six months* of the year in vain.

In this sense there is a connection of this line with the next. Finding *your pains contraried*, try new expedients, *thatch your thin roofs*, and *paint*.

To *contrary* is an old verb. Latymer relates, that when he went to court, he was advised not to *contrary* the king. JOHNSON.

————— *Yet may your pains six months*

Be quite contrary: —————]

I believe this means,—*Yet for half the year at least, may you suffer such punishment as is inflicted on barlots in houses of correction.*

STEEVENS.

^s —*thatch your poor thin roofs*, &c.] About the year 1595, when the fashion became general in England of wearing a greater quantity of hair than was ever the produce of a single head, it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off. I have this information from Stubbs's *Anatomy of Abuses*, which I have often quoted on the article of dress. To this fashion the writers of Shakspeare's age do not appear to have been reconciled. So, in *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608: “—to wear perriwigs made of another's hair, is not this against kind?”

Again, in Drayton's *Moenialf*:

“ And with large sums they stick not to procure
 “ *Hair from the dead*, yea, and the most unclean;
 “ To help their pride they nothing will disdain.”

Again, in Shakspeare's 68th Sonnet:

“ Before the golden tresses of the dead,
 “ The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
 “ To live a second life on second head,
 “ Ere *beauty's dead fleece* made another gay.”

Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, b. ix. c. 47, is likewise very severe on this fashion. Stowe informs us, that “women's *periwigs* were first brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris.” STEEVENS.

Phr. and Tym. Well, more gold;—What then?—
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And marr⁶ men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor found his quillet shrilly⁷: hoar the flamen⁸,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him,⁹ that his particular to foresee,

Smells

⁶ ———men's spurring.——] Haumer reads—*sparring*, properly enough, if there be any ancient example of the word.

JOHNSON.

Spurring is certainly right. The disease that enfeebled their *shins*, would have this effect." STEEVENS.

⁷ Nor found his quillet shrilly:—] *Quillets* are subtilties. So, in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608: "——a quillet well applied!"

STEEVENS.

⁸ ———hoar the flamen,] Mr. Upton would read *hoarse*, i. e. make hoarse; for to be *hoary* claims reverence. Add to this (says he) that *hoarse* is here most proper, as oppos'd to *scolds*. It may, however, mean,—Give the flamen the *hoary leprosy*. So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

"——shew like leprosy,
"The whiter the fouler."

And before, in this play:

"Make the hoar leprosy ador'd." STEEVENS.

⁹ ———that his particular to foresee] In this beautiful passage there is a strange jumble of metaphors. *To smell in order to foresee*, is using the benefit of the senses in a very absurd way. The sense too, is as bad as the expression: Men do not forsake and betray the public in order to *foresee* their own particular advantage, but to provide for it. *Foreseeing* is not the consequence of betraying, but one of the causes of it. Without doubt we should read:

'Of him, that his particular to forefend,
Smells from the general weal.——

i. e. provide for, secure. *Forefend* has a great force and beauty in this place, as signifying not barely to *secure*, but to make a *previous provision for securing*. WARBURTON.

The metaphor is apparently incongruous, but the sense is good.

Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate
ruffians bald;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all¹!

Phr. and Tym. More counsel, with more money,
bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have
given you earnest.

Alc. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Fare-
wel, Timon;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

To *foresee his particular*, is to provide for his private advantage, for which he leaves the right scent of publick good. In hunting, when hares have cross'd one another, it is common for some of the hounds to *smell from the general weal*, and *foresee their own particular*. Shakspeare, who seems to have been a skilful sportf-
man, and has alluded often to falconry, perhaps, alludes here to hunting.

To the commentator's emendation it may be objected, that he used *forefend* in the wrong meaning. To *forefend*, is, I think never to *provide for*, but to *provide against*. The verbs compounded with *for* or *fore* have commonly either an evil or negative sense. JOHNSON.

¹ *And ditches grave you all!*] To *grave* is to entomb. The word is now obsolete, though sometimes used by Shakspeare and his contemporary authors. So, in lord Surrey's Translation of the fourth book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

“Cinders (think'st thou) mind this? or *graved* ghostes?”
To *ungrave* was likewise to turn out of a grave. Thus, in Marston's *Sophonisba*:

“——and me, now dead,

“Deny a grave; hurl us among the rocks

“To stanch beasts hunger: therefore, thus *ungrav'd*,

“I seek slow rest.” See Vol. V. p. 206. STEEVENS.

Tim. ² Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it.

Get thee away, and take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him.—Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades,
Phrynia, and Tymandra.*]

Tim. [*Digging.*] That nature, being sick of man's
unkindness,

Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is pufft,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and ⁴ eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births ⁵ below crisp heaven
Whereon

² *Yes, thou spok'st well of me.*] Shakspeare, in this as in many other places, appears to allude to the sacred writings: "Woe unto him of whom all men speak well!" MALONE.

³ *Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast*] This image is taken from the ancient statues of Diana Ephesia Multimammia, called παναίολος φύσις πάντων Μητήρ; and is a very good comment on those extraordinary figures. See Montfauçon, *l'Antiquité expliquée*, l. iii. c. 15. Hesiod, alluding to the same representations calls the earth, ΓΑΙ' ΕΡΡΥΣΤΕΡΝΟΣ. WARBURTON.

Whose infinite breast means no more than *whose boundless surface*. Shakspeare probably knew nothing of the statue to which the commentator alludes. STEEVENS.

⁴ *—eyeless venom'd worm;*] The serpent, which we, from the smallness of his eyes, call the *blind worm*, and the Latins, *cæcilia*. JOHNSON.

⁵ *—below crisp heaven,*] We should read *cript*, i. e. vaulted, from the Latin *crypta*, a vault. WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton declares for *crisp*, curled, bent, hollow.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare means *curl'd*, from the appearance of the clouds. In the *Tempest*, Ariel talks of riding

On the *curl'd* clouds.

Chaucer in his *House of Fame*, says,

"Her here that was *oundie* and *crips*."

i. e. *wavy* and *curled*.

Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
 Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
 From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
 Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb⁶,
⁷ Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
 Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves and bears;
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above⁸
 Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
⁹ Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof

Again, in the *Philosopher's Satires*, by Robert Anton.

“ Her face as beautiful as the *crisp'd* morn.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Ensear* thy fertile and conceptious womb.] So in *K. Lear*:

“ *Dry up* in her the organs of encrease.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *Let it no more* bring out ungrateful man!] This is an absurd reading. Shakspeare wrote,

————— *bring out to ungrateful man!*

i. e. fruits for his sustenance and support; but let it rather teem with monsters to his destruction. Nor is it to be pretended, that this alludes to the fable; for he is speaking of what the earth now brings forth; which thought he repeats afterwards:

Dry up thy harrow'd veins, and plow-torn leas, &c.

WARBURTON.

It is plain that *bring out* is *bring forth*, with which the following lines correspond so plainly, that the commentator might be suspected of writing his note without reading the whole passage.

JOHNSON.

⁸ ——— the *marbled* mansion ———] So Milton, B. iii. l. 564:

“ Through the pure *marble* air ——— ” STEEVENS.

⁹ *Dry up thy marrows, veins, and plow-torn leas;*] The integrity of the metaphor absolutely requires that we should read,

Dry up thy harrow'd veins, and plow-torn leas.

Mr. Theobald owns that this gives a new beauty to the verse, yet, as *unctuous morsels* follows, *marrows* might have gone before, and mean *the fat of the land*. That is, because there is a metaphor afterwards that suits it, it may be admitted, though it violates the metaphor in the place it is used in. But this unhappy critic never considered that men ought to earn this *fat* before they eat it. From this emendation the Oxford editor has sprung another, and reads,

Dry up thy meadows, vineyards————— WARBURTON.

I cannot

Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

Apem. ' This is in thee a nature but affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
'Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on ² the cunning of a carper.

Be

I cannot concur to censure Theobald as a *critic* very *unhappy*. He was weak, but he was cautious: finding but little power in his mind, he rarely ventured far under its conduct. This timidity hindered him from daring conjectures, and sometimes hindered him happily.

This passage, among many others, may pass without change. The genuine reading is not *marrows*, *veins*, but *marrows*, *vines*: the sense is this; *O nature! cease to produce men, enfear thy womb;* but if thou wilt continue to produce them, at least cease to pamper them; *dry up thy marrows*, on which they fatten with *unctuous morsels*, thy *vines*, which give them *liquorish draughts*, and thy *plow-torn leas*. Here are effects corresponding with causes, *liquorish draughts* with *vines*, and *unctuous morsels* with *marrows*, and the old reading literally preserved. JOHNSON.

¹ *This is in thee a nature but affected;*

*A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune.]*

The first and second folio read *infected*, and *change of future*. Rowe made the alteration. MALONE.

² *—the cunning of a carper.]* For the philosophy of a Cynic, of which sect Apemantus was; and therefore he concludes:

————Do not assume my likeness. WARBURTON.

Cunning

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
 By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
 And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
 Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
 And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;
 Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome,
 To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
 That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
 Rascals should hav't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like
 thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool; What, think'st
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
 Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these³ moist trees,
 That have out-liv'd the eagle⁴, page thy heels,
 And slip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
 Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste
 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,—
 Whose naked natures live in all the spight
 Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
 To the conflicting elements expos'd,

Cunning here seems to signify *counterfeit appearance*. JOHNSON.

The *cunning of a carper*, is the insidious art of a critic. Shame
 not these woods, says Apemantus, by coming here to find fault.
Maurice Kyffin in the preface to his translation of Terence's *Andria*,
 1588, says; "Of the *curious carper* I look not to be favoured."

Again, *Ursula* speaking of the sarcasms of *Beatrice*, observes,
 "Why sure, such *carping* is not commendable."

There is no apparent reason why Apemantus (according to Dr.
 Warburton's explanation) should ridicule his own sect. STEEVENS.

³ —*moist trees*,] Hammer reads very elegantly,

—————*moist'd trees*. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare uses the same epithet in *As you like it*, Act IV.

"Under an oak, whose boughs were *moist'd* with age."

STEEVENS.

⁴ ———*outliv'd the eagle*,———] *Aquilæ Senectus* is a proverb. I
 learn from *Turberville's* book of falconry 1575, that the great age
 of this bird has been ascertained from the circumstance of its al-
 ways building its *eyrie*, or nest, in the same place. STEEVENS.

Answer

Answer meer nature ⁵—bid them flatter thee ;
O ! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee : Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why ?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not ; but say, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out ?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't ?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What ! a knave too ?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well : but thou
Dost it enforcedly ; thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Out-lives incertain pomp, ⁶ is crown'd before ;
The one is filling still, never compleat ;
The other, at high wish : Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content ⁷.
Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

⁵ *Answer mere nature, —*] So in *K. Lear*, Act II.

“ And with presented nakedness outface

“ The winds, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *— is crown'd before :*] Arrives sooner at *high wish* ; that is,
at the completion of its wishes. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Worse than the worst, content.*] This line, defective both in
sense and metre, might be thus supplied :

“ *Worse than the worst contented is most happy.*”

“ I have repeated this conjecture, in the words in which it was
sent to be inserted in the last edition, merely as it serves to intro-
duce the following explanation of the passage, being now con-
vinced myself that no alteration should be attempted.”

TYRWHITT.

Best states contentless have a wretched being, a being worse
than that of the worst states that are content. This one would
think too plain to have been mistaken. JOHNSON.

Tim.

Tim. Not ³ by his breath, that is more miserable.
⁹ Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
 With favour never clasp'd; ¹ but bred a dog.
² Hadst thou, like us, from our ³ first swath, pro-
 ceeded

The

³ ———by his breath,——] It means, I believe, by his *counsel*, by his *direction*. JOHNSON.

——by his breath,——I believe, is meant *his sentence*. To *breathe* is as licentiously used by Shakspeare in the following instance from *Hamlet*:

“ Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes,
 “ The youth you *breathe* of, guilty, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
 With favour never clasp'd;*] In a collection of sonnets entitled *Chloris, or the Complaint of the passionate despised Shepherd*, by William Smith, 1596, nearly the same image is found:

“ Doth any live that ever had such hap
 “ That all their actions are of none effect?
 “ Whom *Fortune* never dandled in her lap,
 “ But as an abject still doth me reject.” MALONE.

¹ ———but bred a dog.] Alluding to the word *Cynic*, of which sect Apemantus was. WARBURTON.

² *Hadst thou, like us,*——] There is in this speech a fullen haughtiness, and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful.

There is in a letter, written by the earl of Essex, just before his execution, to another nobleman, a passage somewhat resembling this, with which, I believe every reader will be pleased, though it is so serious and solemn that it can scarcely be inserted without irreverence.

“ God grant your lordship may quickly feel the comfort I now enjoy in my unfeigned conversion, but that you may never feel the torments I have suffered for my long delaying it. *I had none but deceivers to call upon me, to whom I said, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow breasts, they would not have been so humble; or if my delights had been once tasted by them, they would not have been so precise. But your lordship hath one to call upon you, that knoweth what it is you now enjoy; and what the greatest fruit and end is of all contentment that this world can afford.* Think, therefore, dear earl, that I have staked and buoyed all the ways of pleasure unto you, and left them as sea-marks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue. For shut your eyes never so long,

The sweet degrees ⁴ that this brief world affords
 To such as may the passive drugs of it
 Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
 In general riot; melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
 The icy ⁵ precepts of respect, but follow'd
 The sugar'd game before thee. ⁶ But myself,
 Who had the world as my confectionary;
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
 At duty, more than I could frame employment,
 (That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves

Do

long, they must be open at the last, and then you must say with me *there is no peace to the ungodly.*" JOHNSON.

³ —*first-swath*—] From infancy. *Swath* is the dress of a new-born child. JOHNSON.

So in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1625:

“ No more their cradles shall be made their tombs,

“ Nor their soft *swaths* become their winding sheets.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ *The sweet degrees*—] Thus the folio. The modern editors have, without authority, read *Through*, &c. but this neglect of the preposition was common to many other writers of the age of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

⁵ —*precepts of respect*,—] Of obedience to laws. JOHNSON.

Respect, I believe, means the *qu'en dira't on?* the regard of Athens, that strongest restraint on licentiousness: the *icy precepts*, i. e. that cool hot blood. STEEVENS.

⁶ ————— *But myself*,] The connection here requires some attention. *But* is here used to denote opposition; but what immediately precedes is not opposed to that which follows. The adverbative particle refers to the two first lines.

Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm

With favour never claspt; but bred a dog.

————— *But myself*,

Who had the world as my confectionary, &c.

The intermediate lines are to be considered as a parenthesis of passion. JOHNSON.

A similar thought occurs in the metrical romance of *William and the Wer-wolf*, preserved in the library of King's College, Cambridge:

“ For heretofore of hardnesse hadest thou never

“ But were brought forth in blisse as swich a burde ought

“ Wyth alle maner gode metes, and to misse them now

“ It were a botles bale,” &c. p. 26. b. STEEVENS.

Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush⁷
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows) I to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burden:
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate
 men?

They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?
 If thou wilt curse,—thy father,⁸ that poor rag,
 Must be thy subject; who in spight, put stuff
 To some she beggar, and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
 If thou hast not been born the worst of men,
⁹ Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

⁷ ——— [*with one winter's brush, &c.*] So in Massinger's *Maid of Honour*:

“ O summer friendship,
 “ Whose flatt'ring leaves that shadow'd us in our
 “ Prosperity, with the least gust drop off
 “ In the autumn of adversity.” STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— [*that poor rag,*] If we read *poor rogue*, it will correspond rather better to what follows. JOHNSON.

In *Richard III.* Margaret calls Gloster *rag* of honour; and in the same play, the overweening *rags* of France are mentioned. The old reading, I believe, should stand. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Thou hadst been knave and flatterer.*] Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to shew how well he could have written satires. Shakspeare has here given a specimen of the same power by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus, that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns.

Dr. Warburton explains *worst* by *lowest*, which somewhat weakens the sense, and yet leaves it sufficiently vigorous.

I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtilty of discrimination with which Shakspeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now resemble. JOHNSON.

Knave is here to be understood of a man who endeavours to recommend himself by a hypocritical appearance of attention, and superfluity of fawning officiousness; such a one as is called in *King Lear*, a *finical superserviceable rogue*.—If he had had virtue enough to attain the profitable vices, he would have been profitably vicious. STEEVENS.

Apem.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:

Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [Eating a root.

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.

[Offering him something.

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself¹.

Apem. So I shall mend my own, by the lack of
thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest:

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather,
where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my
mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never
knewest, but the extremity of both ends: When

¹ ———take away thyself.] This thought seems to have been adopted from Plutarch's life of Antony. It stands thus in Sir Tho. North's translation. "Apemantus said unto the other; O, here is a trimme banquet *Timon*. *Timon* answered againe, yea, said he, *so thou wert not here.*" STEEVENS,

thou wast in thy guilt, and thy perfume, they mock'd thee ² for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. ³ Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated medlars sooner, thou shouldst have lov'd thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was belov'd after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou had'st some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

² — *for too much* curiosity;] i. e. for too much finical delicacy. The Oxford editor alters it to *courtesy*. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has explained the word justly. So in Jervas Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1606. " — for all those eye-charming graces, of which with such *curiosity* she had boasted." So in *Hobby's* translation of *Castiglione's Cortegiano*, 1556, "A waiting gentlewoman should flee a *fection* or *curiosity*." *Curiosity* is here inserted as a synonyme to *affection*, which means *affectation*. *Curiosity* likewise seems to have meant *capriciousness*. So in Green's *Mamillia*, 1593. "Pharicles hath shewn me some curtesy, and I have not altogether requited him with *curiosity*: he hath made some shew of love, and I have not wholly seemed to dislike." STEEVENS.

³ *Ay, though it look like thee.*] Timon here supposes that an objection against hatred, which through the whole tenor of the conversation appears an argument for it. One would have expected him to have answered,

Yes, *for it looks like thee.*

The old edition, which always gives the pronoun instead of the affirmative particle, has it,

I, though it look like thee.

Perhaps we should read,

I thought it look'd like thee. JOHNSON.

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the asps: if thou wert the asps, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou liv'dst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the ⁴ unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert ⁵ german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion ⁶; and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou

⁴ *the unicorn, &c.*] The account given of the unicorn is this: that he and the lion being enemies by nature, as soon as the lion sees the unicorn he betakes himself to a tree: the unicorn in his fury, and with all the swiftness of his course, running at him, sticks his horn fast in the tree, and then the lion falls upon him and kills him. *Gesner Hist. Animal.* HANMER.

See a note on *Julius Cæsar*, Act II. Sc. i. STEEVENS.

⁵ *thou wert german to the lion,*] This seems to be an allusion to Turkish policy:

“Bears, like the *Turk*, no brother near the throne.”—*Pope*.
STEEVENS.

⁶ —were *remotion*;] i. e. removal from place to place. So in *King Lear*:

“’Tis the *remotion* of the duke and her.” STEEVENS.

be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, and feest not thy loss in transformation?

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. ⁷ Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.
⁸ A plague on thee!

Apem. Thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy, but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away.

⁷ *Thou art the cap, &c.*] i. e. the property, the bubble.
WARBURTON.

I rather think, the *top*, the *principal*.
The remaining dialogue has more malignity than wit.
JOHNSON.

⁸ *A plague on thee!*

Apem. *Thou art too bad to curse.*]

In the former editions, this whole verse was placed to Apemantus: by which, absurdly, he was made to curse Timon, and immediately to subjoin that he was too bad to curse. THEOBALD.

Thou

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose
A stone by thee.

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*Apemantus retreats, as going.*

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought
But even the meer necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*

'Twixt natural son and fire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That folder'ft close impossibilities,
And mak'ft them kifs! that speak'ft with every
tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch² of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue

² 'Twixt natural son and fire! ———]

Διὰ τέτον ἐκ ἀδελφοί

Διὰ τέτον ἐ τοχῆες. *Anac.*

JOHNSON.

¹ Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap! ———]

The imagery is here exquisitely beautiful and sublime.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton might have said—Here is a very elegant turn
given to a thought more coarsely expressed in *King Lear*.

“ ———yon simpering dame,

“ Whose face *between her forks* presages snow.”

STEEVENS.

² —O, thou touch of hearts!] *Touch*, for *touchstone*.

STEEVENS.

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 'twere so;—

But not 'till I am dead!—I'll say, thou hast gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.

[*Exit Apemantus.*]

³ More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor
them.

Enter Thieves ⁴.

¹ *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is
some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remain-
der: The meer want of gold, and the falling-from
of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

² *Thief.* It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

³ *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he
care not for't, he will supply us easily; If he covet-
ously reserve it, how shall's get it?

² *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him,
'tis hid.

¹ *Thief.* Is not this he?

All. Where?

² *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

³ *Thief.* He; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

³ *More things like men?—*] This line, in the old edition,
is given to Apemantus, but it apparently belongs to Timon.
Hanmer has transposed the foregoing dialogue according to his
own mind, not unskilfully, but with unwarrantable licence.

⁴ *Enter Thieves.*] The old copy reads, — *Enter the Banditti.*

JOHNSON.

STEEVENS.

All.

All. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, ⁵ you want much of meat.

Why should you want? Behold⁶, the earth hath roots;
 Within this mile break forth an hundred springs:
 The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;
 The bounteous hufwife, nature, on each bush

⁵ ———you want much of meat.] Thus both the player and poetical editor have given us this passage; quite *sand-blind*, as honest Launcelot says, to our author's meaning. If these poor thieves wanted *meat*, what greater want could they be cursed with, as they could not live on grass, and berries, and water? but I dare warrant the poet wrote,

———you much want of meet.

i. e. Much of what you *ought to be*; much of the qualities *be-fitting* you as human creatures. THEOBALD.

Such is Mr. Theobald's emendation, in which he is followed by Dr. Warburton. Sir T. Hanmer reads,

———you want much of men.

They have been all-busy without necessity. Observe the series of the conversation. The thieves tell him, that they are *men that much do want*. Here is an ambiguity between *much want* and *want of much*. Timon takes it on the wrong side, and tells them that their *greatest want is*, that, like other men, *they want much of meat*; then telling them where meat may be had, he asks, *Want? why want?* JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read,—your greatest want is that you want much of *me*—rejecting the two last letters of the word. The sense will then be—your greatest want is that you expect supplies of *me* from whom you can reasonably expect nothing. Your necessities are indeed desperate, when you apply for relief to one in my situation. Dr. Farmer, however, with no small probability, would point the passage as follows:

Your greatest want is, you want much. Of meat
 Why should you want? Behold, &c. STEEVENS.

⁶ ———the earth hath roots, &c.]
Vile olus, & duris hærentia mōra rubetis
Pugnantis stomachi composuere famem;
Flumine vicino stultus fitit.

I do not suppose these to be imitations, but only to be similar thoughts on similar occasions. JOHNSON.

Lays her full mefs before you. Want? why want?
 1 *Thief*. We cannot live on grafs, on berries, water,
 As beafts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beafts themfelves, the birds, and
 fishes;

You muft eat men. Yet thanks I muft you con⁷,
 That you are thieves profest; that you work not
 In holier fhape: for there is boundlefs theft

⁸ In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
 Here's gold: Go, fuck the fubtle blood o' the grape,
 'Till the high fever feeth your blood to froth,
 And fo 'fcape hanging: trust not the phyfician;
 His antidotes are poifon, and he flays
 More than you rob: ⁹ take wealth and lives to-
 gether;

Do villainy, do, fince you profefs to do't¹,
 Like workmen: I'll example you with thievery,
 The fun's a thief, and with his great attraction
 Robs the vaft fea: the moon's an arrant thief,
 And her pale fire fhe fnatches from the fun;
² The fea's a thief, whole liquid furge refolves

The

⁷ ————*Yet thanks I muft you con,*] To *con thanks* is a very common expreffion among our old dramatic writers. See Vol. IV. p. 1:6. STEEVENS.

⁸ *In limited professions.* ————] *Limited*, for legal.

WARBURTON.

⁹ ————*take wealth and life together.*] Hammer. The full copy has,

—————*take wealth and lives together.*

The later editors gave it,

—————*take wealth and live together.*

JOHNSON.

Perhaps we fhould read:

—————he flays

More than you rob, takes wealth and lives together.

STEEVENS.

¹ ————*fince you profefs to do't* ————] The old copy has:

—————*fince you proteft to do't* ———— MALONE.

² *The fea's a thief, whole liquid furge refolves*

The moon into falt tears. ————]

The *fea melting the moon into tears*, is, I believe, a fecret in phi-
 lofophy,

The moon into salt tears ; the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture ³ stolen

From

osophy, which nobody but Shakspeare's deep editors ever dreamed of. There is another opinion, which, 'tis more reasonable to believe that our author may allude to, viz. that the saltness of the sea is caused by several ranges, or *mounds* of rock-salt under water, with which *resolving* liquid the sea was impregnated. This I think a sufficient authority for changing *moon* into *mounds*.

WARBURTON.

I am not willing to receive *mounds*, which would not be understood but by him that suggested it. The *moon* is supposed to be humid, and perhaps a source of humidity, but cannot be *resolved* by the *surges* of the sea. Yet I think *moon* is the true reading. Here is a circulation of thievery described : The sun, moon, and sea all rob, and are robbed. JOHNSON.

Mounds is too far-fetch'd. He says simply, that the *sun*, the *moon*, and the *sea*, rob one another by turns, but the *earth* robs them all : the seas, i. e. *liquid surge*, by supplying the *moon* with moisture, robs her in turn of the *soft* tears of *dew* which the poets always fetch from this planet. *Soft* for *salt* is an easy change. In this sense Milton speaks of *her moist continent*, *Par. Lost*, b. v. l. 42. And, in *Hamlet*, Horatio says :

“ ———— the moist star

“ Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands.”

STEEVENS.

The *moon* is the governess of the floods, “ but cannot be resolved by the surges of the sea.” This seems incontestable, and therefore an alteration of the text appears to be necessary. I propose to read :

————— whose liquid surge resolves

“ The main into salt tears ; ————

i. e. resolves the *main land* or the continent into sea. In Bacon, and also in Shakspeare's *King Lear*, act III. sc. i. *main* occurs in this signification, and the earth is mentioned in the preceding line, as here it is in the same verse :

“ Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,

“ Or swell the curled waters 'bove the *main*.”

The thought is like that in *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, lib. xv :

“ ———— resolutaque tellus

“ In liquidas rorescit aquas ;”

which Sandys thus translates :

“ Resolved earth to water rarifies.”

Earth melting to sea is not an uncommon idea in our poets. So in *Ben Jonson*, edit. 1756, Vol. V. p. 381 :

“ Melt earth to sea, sea flow to air.”

From general excrement: each thing's a thief;
 The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
 Have

So, in Shakspeare's *King Henry IV.* part II. act II. sc. i.
 "The continent melt itself into the sea." I might add that in
 Chaucer, *mone*, which is very near to the traces of the old read-
 ing, seems to mean the globe of the earth, or a map of it, from
 the French, *monde*, the world; but I think *main* is the true read-
 ing here, and might easily be mistaken for *moon* by a hasty tran-
 scriber, or a careless printer, who might have in their thoughts
 the *moon*, which is mentioned in a preceding line. TOLLET.

I cannot say for a certainty whether *Albumazar* or this play was
 first written, as *Timon* made its earliest appearance in the folio,
 1623. Between *Albumazar* and the *Alchemist* there has been
 likewise a contest for the right of eldership. The original of
Albumazar was an Italian comedy called *Lo Astrologo*, written by
 Battista Porta, the famous physiognomist of Naples, and printed
 at Venice in 1606. The translator is said to have been a Mr.
 Tomkins, a Fellow of Trinity College. The *Alchymist* was
 brought on in 1610, which is four years before *Albumazar* was
 performed for the entertainment of King James; and Ben Jon-
 son in his title-page boldly claims the merit of having introduced
 a new subject and new characters on the stage:

—————*petere inde coronam*

Unde prius nulli velarint tempora musæ.

The play of *Albumazar* was not entered on the books of the Sta-
 tioners' Company till April 28, 1615. In *Albumazar*, however,
 such examples of thievery likewise occur:

The world's a theatre of theft: Great rivers

Rob smaller brooks; and them the ocean.

And in this world of ours, this microcosm,

Guts from the stomach steal; and what they spare

The meseraicks sitch, and lay't i' the liver;

Where (lest it should be found) turn'd to red nectar,

'Tis by a thousand thievish veins convey'd,

And hid in flesh, nerves, bones, muscles, and sinews,

In tendons, skin, and hair; so that the property

Thus alter'd, the theft can never be discover'd.

Now all these pilf'ries, couch'd, and compos'd in order,

Frame thee and me: Man's a quick mass of thievery.

STEEVENS.

Pattenham, in his *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, quotes some
 one of a "reasonable good facilitie in translation, who finding
certaine of Anacreon's odes very well translated by Ronfard the
 French poet—comes our minion, and translates the same out of
 French

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away;
 Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;
 All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
 Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
 But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this
 I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!
 Amen. [Exit.

3 *Thief*. He has almost charm'd me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 *Thief*. 4 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Thief*. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

French into English:" and his strictures upon him evince the publication. Now this identical ode is to be met with in Ronfard! and as his works are in few hands, I will take the liberty of transcribing it.

“ La terre les eaux va boivant,
 L'arbre la boit par sa racine,
 La mer salee boit le vent,
 Et le soleil boit la marine.
 Le soleil est beu de la lune,
 Tout boit soit en haut ou en bas:
 Suivant ceste reigle commune,
 Pourquoi donc ne boirons-nous pas ?”

Edit. fol. p. 507.

FARMER.

3 ———by a composition———] i. e. composition, compost.

STEEVENS.

4 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.] i. e. 'Tis the common malice of mankind that makes one give such advice to another, as may prove to his detriment. One would think this easy enough. But the Oxford editor reads, 'Tis in his malice to mankind, that he thus advises us, not to have us thrive in our mystery. Which is making compleat nonsense of the whole reflection: For if Timon gave this advice out of his malice to his species, he was in earnest, and so far from having any design that they should not thrive in their mystery, that his utmost wish was that they might. WARBURTON.

Hanmer's emendation, though not necessary, is very probable, and very unjustly charged with nonsense. The reason of his advice, says the thief, is malice to mankind, not any kindness to us, or desire to have us thrive in our mystery. JOHNSON.

1 *Thief*.

1 *Thief.* 5 Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

The Woods, and Timon's Cave.

Enter Flavius.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
6 What an alteration of honour has
Desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
7 How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
8 When man was wish'd to love his enemies:

5 *Let us first see peace in Athens, &c.]* This and the concluding little speech have in all the editions been placed to one speaker: But, it is evident, the latter words ought to be put in the mouth of the *second* thief, who is repenting, and leaving off his trade.

WARBURTON.

6 *What change of honour desperate want has made!*] We should read,

What an alteration of humour—— WARBURTON.

The original copy has,

What an alteration of honour has desperate want made!

The present reading is certainly better, but it has no authority. To change *honour* to *humour* is not necessary. *An alteration of honour, is an alteration of an honourable state to a state of disgrace.*

JOHNSON.

I have replaced the old reading. STEEVENS.

7 *How rarely does it meet——]* Rarely for fitly; not for seldom.

WARBURTON.

8 *When man was wish'd——]* We should read *will'd*. He forgets his Pagan system here again. WARBURTON.

Wish'd is right. It means *recommended*. See Vol. II. p. 317. Vol. III. p. 443. EDITOR.

9 Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
 Those that would mischief me, than those that do!
 He has caught me in his eye: I will present
 My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
 Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

Timon comes forward from his cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
 Then, if thou grant'st thou art a man, I have
 Forgot thee.

9 *Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo*

Those that would mischief me, than those that do!]

But why so? Was there ever such an ass, I mean, as the transcriber? Shakspeare wrote it:

Grant, I may ever love, and rather too,

Those that would mischief me, than those that woo!

The steward, affected with his master's misfortune and meditating on the cause of it, says, What an excellent precept is that of loving our enemies; grant that I might love them to chuse, rather than flatterers. All here is sensible, and to the purpose, and makes the whole coherent. But when once the transcribers had blundered *too* to *woo* in the first line, they were obliged, in their own defence, in the second line, to alter *woo* to *do*.

WARBURTON.

In defiance of this criticism, I have ventured to replace the former reading, as more suitable to the general spirit of these scenes, and as free from the absurdities charged upon it. It is plain, that in this whole speech *friends* and *enemies* are taken only for those who *profess friendship* and *profess enmity*; for the *friend* is supposed not to be more kind, but more dangerous than the *enemy*. In the emendation, *those that would mischief* are placed in opposition to *those that woo*, but in the speaker's intention *those that woo* are *those that mischief* most. The sense is, *Let me rather woo or care for those that would mischief, that profess to mean me mischief, than those that really do me mischief, under false professions of kindness.* The Spaniards, I think, have this proverb; *Defend me from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myself.* This proverb is a sufficient comment on the passage, JOHNSON.

Flav.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not :

I ne'er had honest man about me, I ; all
I kept were ¹ knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep ?—Come nearer ;—
then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind ; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust, and laughter. ² Pity's sleeping :
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
weeping !

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth
lasts,

To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward

So true, so just, and now so comfortable ?

³ It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.

—Let

¹ *Knave* is here in the compound sense of a *servant* and a *rascal*. JOHNSON.

² ————*Pity's sleeping* :] I do not know that any correction is necessary, but I think we might read :

—————*eyes do never give,*

But thorough lust and laughter, pity sleeping :

Eyes never flow (to *give* is to dissolve as saline bodies in moist weather) *but by lust or laughter, undisturbed by emotions of pity.*

JOHNSON.

³ *It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.*] i. e. It almost turns my dangerous nature to a dangerous nature ; for, by *dangerous nature* is meant *wildness*. Shakspeare wrote,

It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.

i. e. It almost reconciles me again to mankind. For fear of that, he puts in a caution immediately after, that he makes an exception but for one man. To which the Oxford editor says, *rectè*. WARBURTON.

This emendation is specious, but even this may be controverted. To *turn wild* is to *distract*. An appearance so unexpected, says Timon, *almost turns my savageness* to distraction. Accord-
ingly

—Let me behold thy face.—Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—But one;
No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,
I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure)

Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
*If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You should have fear'd false times, when you did
feast:

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.

ingly he examines with nicety lest his phrenzy should deceive
him:

*Let me behold thy face. Surely this man
Was born of woman.*

And to this suspected disorder of mind he alludes:

Perpetual-sober, gods!—

Ye powers whose intellects are out of the reach of perturbation.

JOHNSON.

* *If not a usuring—*] *If not* seems to have slipped in here, by
an error of the press, from the preceding line. Both the sense
and metre would be better without it. TYRWHITT.

I do not see any need of change. Timon asks—*Has not thy
kindness some covert design? Is it not proposed with a view to gain
some equivalent in return, or rather to gain a great deal more than
thou offerest? Is it not at least the offspring of avarice, if not of
something worse, of usury?* In this there appears to me no diffi-
culty. MALONE.

That

That which I shew, heaven knows, is merely love,
 Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
 Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
 My most honour'd lord,
 For any benefit that points to me,
 Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange it
 For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
 To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest man,
 Here, take:—the gods out of my misery
 Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:
 But thus condition'd; Thou shalt build ⁵ from men;
 Hate all, curse all: shew charity to none;
 But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
 Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
 What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
⁶ Debts wither 'em to nothing: Be men like blasted
 woods,
 And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
 And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay, and comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st curses,
 Stay not; but fly, whilst thou art blest and free:
 Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

⁵ —*from men*;] Away from human habitations. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Debts wither them.*] *Debts wither them to nothing.*—Folio.

JOHNSON.

I have replaced the reading of the folio. STEEVENS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The same.**Enter Poet, and Painter.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet.

Enter Poet and Painter.] The Poet and the Painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon, and might then have seen Timon, since Apemantus, standing by him could see them: But the scenes of the thieves and steward have passed before their arrival, and yet passed, as the drama is now conducted, within their view. It might be suspected that some scenes are transposed, for all these difficulties would be removed by introducing the Poet and Painter first, and the thieves in this place. Yet I am afraid the scenes must keep their present order; for the Painter alludes to the thieves when he says, *he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity.* This impropriety is now heightened by placing the thieves in one act, and the Poet and Painter in another: but it must be remembered, that in the original edition this play is not divided into separate acts, so that the present distribution is arbitrary, and may be changed if any convenience can be gained, or impropriety obviated by alteration. JOHNSON.

In the immediately preceding scene, Flavius, Timon's steward, has a conference with his master, and receives gold from him. Between this and the present scene, a single minute cannot be supposed to pass; and yet the Painter tells his companion:—*'Tis said he gave his steward a mighty sum.*—Where was it said? Why in Athens, whence, it must therefore seem, they are but newly come. Here then should be fixed the commencement of the fifth Act, in order to allow time for Flavius to return to the city, and for rumour to publish his adventure with Timon. But how are we in this case to account for Apemantus's announcing the approach of the Poet and Painter in the last scene of the preceding act, and before the thieves appear? It is possible, that when this play was abridged for representation, all between this passage, and the entrance of the Poet and Painter, may have been omitted by the players, and these words put into the mouth of
of

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Tymandra had gold of him: he likewise enrich'd poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis said he gave his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends?

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will shew honesty in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but

of Apemantus to introduce them; and that when it was published at large, the interpolation was unnoticed. Or, if we allow the Poet and the Painter to see Apemantus, it may be conjectured that they did not think his presence necessary at their interview with Timon, and had therefore returned back into the city. REMARKS.

I am afraid, many of the difficulties which the commentators on our author have employed their abilities to remove, arise from the negligence of Shakspeare, who appears to have been less attentive to the connection of his scenes, than a less hasty writer may be supposed to have been. On the present occasion I have changed the beginning of the act, as I conceive some impropriety is obviated by the alteration. It is but justice to observe, that the same regulation has already been adopted by a late Editor,
EDITOR.

in the plainer and simpler kind of people, ⁸ the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Re-enter Timon from his cave, unseen.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: ⁹ It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;

⁸ —the deed is—] In the old edition: —the deed of saying is quite out of use. JOHNSON.

The old copy has been, I apprehend unnecessarily, departed from. *The deed* of saying, though a harsh expression, is perfectly intelligible, and much in Shakspeare's manner.—*The doing of that which we have said we would do, the accomplishment and performance of our promise, is, except among the lower classes of mankind, quite out of use.* So, in *Hamlet*:

“As he, in his peculiar act and force,

“May give his saying deed.”

Again, in *King Lear*:

“———In my true heart

“I find the names my very deed of love.” MALONE.

I have restored the old reading. STEEVENS.

⁹ —It must be a personating of himself:—] *Personating*, for representing simply. For the subject of this projected satire was *Timon's case*, not his *person*. WARBURTON.

' When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's
gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plow'st the foam;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave;
To thee be worship! and thy faints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail! worthy Timon.

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!

' *When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,*] We should read:

—————black cornette night.

A *cornette* is a woman's head-dress for the night. So, in another place he calls her *black-brow'd night*. WARBURTON.

Black-corner'd night is probably corrupt, but *black cornette* can hardly be right, for it should be *black cornetted night*. I cannot propose any thing, but must leave the place in its present state.

JOHNSON.

An anonymous correspondent sent me this observation: "As the shadow of the earth's body, which is round, must be necessarily conical over the hemisphere which is opposite to the sun, should we not read *black-coned*? See *Paradise Lost*, book IV."

To this observation I might add a sentence from Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, b. ii: "Neither is the night any thing else but the shade of the earth. Now the figure of this shadow resembleth a pyramis pointed forward, or a top turned upside down."

I believe, nevertheless, that Shakspeare, by this expression, meant only, Night, which is as obscure as a *dark corner*. In *Measure for Measure*, Lucio calls the Duke, "a duke of dark corners."

STEVENS.

Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you!

Whose star-like noblenefs gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. ² Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite
you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you ser-
vice.

Tim. You are honest men: You have heard that
I have gold;
I am sure, you have: speak truth: you are honest
men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a coun-
terfeit ³

Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

² *Let it go naked, men may see't the better:]* The humour of this reply is incomparable. It insinuates not only the highest contempt of the flatterer in particular, but this useful lesson in general, that the images of things are clearest seen through a simplicity of phrase; of which in the words of the precept, and in those which occasion'd it, he has given us examples.

WARBURTON.

³ *——— a counterfeit]* It has been already observed, that a *por-
trait* was so called in our author's time. See vol. III. p. 206.

STEEVENS.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction,
[*To the Poet.*

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say, you have a little fault:

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither with I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,
That he's a ⁴ made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them ⁵ in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this.—⁶ But two in
company,—

Each

⁴ ——— *a made-up villain.*] That is, a villain that adopts qualities and characters not properly belonging to him; a hypocrite. JOHNSON.

⁵ ——— *in a draught,*] That is, *in the jakes.* JOHNSON.

⁶ ——— *But two in company—*] This is an imperfect sentence
an

Each man apart,—all single, and alone,—
 Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.—
 If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
[To the Painter.]
 Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside
[To the Poet.]
 But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
 Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye
 slaves:
 You have work for me, there is payment: Hence!
 You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—
 Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit, beating and driving them out.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Flavius, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with
 Timon.

and is to be supplied thus, *But two in company spoils all.*

WARBURTON.

This passage is obscure. I think the meaning is this: *but two in company*, that is, stand apart, *let only two be together*; for even when each stands single there are two, he himself and a villain.

JOHNSON.

But, in the North, signifies, *without*. See a note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, p. 276.

This passage may likewise receive some illustration from another in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. "My master is a kind of knave; but that's all one, if he be but *one knave*." The sense is, each man is a *double villain*, i. e. a villain with more than a single share of guilt. See Dr. Farmer's note on the third act of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, &c. Again, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578: "Go, and a *knave with thee*." Again, in *The Storye of King Darius*, 1565, an interlude:

"——— if you needs will go away,

"Take *two knaves* with you by my faye."

There is a thought not unlike this in *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher.—"Take to your chamber when you please, there goes a black one with you, lady." STEEVENS.

For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing, but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his cave :
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not still the same : 'Twas time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus : time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him : Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave. —
Peace and content be here ! Lord Timon ! Timon !
Look out, and speak to friends : The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee :
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn !—Speak,
and be hang'd !
For each true word, a blister, and each false
Be as a cauterizing⁷ to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking !

1 *Sen.* Worthy Timon,——

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 *Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them ; and would send them back
the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 *Sen.* O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee,
The senators, with one consent of love,
Intreat thee back to Athens ; who have thought

⁷ ——a cauterizing] The old copy reads, *cantherizing* ; the poet might have written, *caucerizing*. STEEVENS.

On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confess,
Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:
8 And now the publick body,—which doth seldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
9 Of its own fall, 'restraining aid to Timon;
And sends forth us, to make their borrowed render²,
Together with a recompence more fruitful
3 Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and fums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,

8 *And now*——] So Hanmer. The old editions have,
Which *now*—— JOHNSON.

9 *Of its own fall*——] The Oxford editor alters *fall* to *fault*, not knowing that Shakspeare uses *fall* to signify dishonour, not destruction. So in *Hamlet*:

What a falling off was there! WARBURTON.

The truth is, that neither *fall* means *disgrace*, nor is *fault* a necessary emendation. *Falling off* in the quotation is not *disgrace* but *defection*. The Athenians *had sense*, that is felt the danger of their own *fall*, by the arms of Alcibiades. JOHNSON.

1 ——*restraining aid to Timon* ;] I think it should be *re-fraining aid*, that is, with-holding aid that should have been given to Timon. JOHNSON.

2 ——*borrowed render*,] Thus the old copy. *Render* is *con-fession*. So in *Cymbeline*, act IV. sc. iv:

“ ——may drive us to a *render*

“ Where we have liv'd.”

The modern editors read *tender*. STEEVENS.

3 *Than their offence can weigh down by the dram* ;] This which was in the former editions can scarcely be right, and yet I know not whether my reading will be thought to rectify it. I take the meaning to be, We will give thee a recompence that our offences cannot outweigh, *heaps of wealth down by the dram*, or delivered according to the exactest measure. A little disorder may perhaps have happened in transcribing, which may be reformed by reading:

——*Ay, ev'n such heaps*

And fums of love and wealth, down by the dram,

As shall to thee—— JOHNSON.

And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

1 Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
* Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority:—so soon shall we drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 Sen. And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1 Sen. Therefore, Timon,——

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore I will, sir; Thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know,—and, tell him, Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,

* Allow'd *with absolute power*,——] This is neither English
nor sense. We should read,

Hallow'd *with absolute power*,———

i. e. Thy person shall be held *sacred*. For absolute power being
an attribute of the gods, the ancients thought that he who had it,
in society was become sacred, and his person inviolable: On
which account the Romans called the tribunitial power of the
emperors, *sacrosancta potestas*. WARBURTON.

Allowed is *licensed, privileged, uncontrolled*. So of a buffoon, in
Love's Labour lost, it is said, that he is *allowed*, that is, at liberty
to say what he will, a privileged scoffer. JOHNSON.

While

While you have throats to answer : for myself,
There's not a whittle⁵ in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow ;⁶ My long sickness
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still ;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough !

1 Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country ; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen.—

2 Sen. These words become your lips as they pass
through them.

2 Sen. And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them ;
And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
The fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragil vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do
them :

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 Sen. I like this well, he will return again.

⁵ *There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp.]* A *whittle* is still in the midland counties the common name for a pocket clasp knife, such as children use. Chaucer speaks of a "Sheffield *thwittell*." STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *My long sickness]* The disease of life begins to promise me a period. JOHNSON.

Tim.

Tim. I have a tree ⁷, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it; Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, ⁸ in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that who so please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall
find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,
Which once a day with his embossed froth ⁹
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let four words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[*Exit Timon.*]

1 Sen. His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us

¹ In our dear peril.

1 Sen. It requires swift foot.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

⁷ *I have a tree, &c.*] Perhaps Shakspeare was indebted to Chaucer's *Wife of Bath's prologue*, for this thought. He might however have found it in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. I. Nov. 28. STEEVENS.

⁸ —*in the sequence of degree,*] Methodically, from highest to lowest. JOHNSON.

⁹ —*embossed froth*] When a deer was run hard and foamed at the mouth, he was said to be *emboss'd*. See Vol. III. p. 421. The thought is from *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. I. Nov. 28. STEEVENS.

¹ *In our dear peril.*] So the folios, and rightly. The Oxford editor

S C E N E III.

The Walls of Athens.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his
files

As full as thy report?

Mes. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon.

Mes. I met a courier², one mine ancient friend³;—
Who, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:—this man was
riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his fake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

editor alters *dear* to *dread*, not knowing that *dear*, in the language of that time, signified *dread*, and is so used by Shakspeare in numberless places. WARBURTON.

Dear may in this instance signify *immediate*. It is an enforcing epithet with not always a distinct meaning. To enumerate the seemingly various senses in which it may be supposed to have been used by our author, would at once fatigue the reader and myself.

STEEVENS.

² —*a courier*,—] The players read—*a currier*. STEEVENS.

³ —*one mine ancient friend*;] Mr. Upton would read,

—*once mine ancient friend*. STEEVENS.

2 *Sen.*

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—

The enemies drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choak the air with dust: In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to the Woods.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description, this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is
this?

Timon is dead, who hath out-stretch'd his span:

* Some beast read this; there does not live a man.

Dead,

* *Some beast read this, here does not live a man.*] Some beast
read what? The soldier had yet only seen the rude pile of earth
heap'd up for Timon's grave, and not the *inscription* upon it.
We should read,

Some beast rear'd this;—

The soldier seeking, by order, for Timon, sees such an irregular
mole, as he concludes must have been the workmanship of some
beast inhabiting the woods; and such a cavity as must either have
been so over-arched, or happened by the casual falling in of the
ground. WAREBURTON.

Notwithstanding this remark, I believe the old reading to be
the right. *The soldier had only seen the rude heap of earth.* He had
evidently seen something that told him *Timon was dead*; and
what could tell that but his tomb? The tomb he sees, and the
inscription upon it, which not being able to read, and finding
none to read it for him, he exclaims peevishly, *some beast read
this*, for it must be read, and in this place it cannot be read by
man.

There is something elaborately unskilful in the contrivance of
sending a soldier, who cannot read, to take the epitaph in wax,
only that it may close the play by being read with more solemnity
in the last scene. JOHNSON.

The

Dead, sure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb?

I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;
Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades, with his powers.

Alc. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach.

[*Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon the walls.*
'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; 'till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our⁵ travers'd arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly. Now⁶ the time is flush,

The author of THE REMARKS, dissatisfied with Dr. Johnson's explanation, says: "——it is evident, that the soldier, when he first sees the heap of earth, does not know it to be a tomb. He concludes Timon must be dead, because he receives no answer. It is likewise evident, that when he utters the words *some beast*, &c. he has not seen the inscription. And Dr. Warburton's emendation is therefore, not only just and happy, but absolutely necessary. *What can this heap of earth be?* says the soldier; *Timon is certainly dead, some beast must have erected this, for here does not live a man to do it. Yes, he is dead, sure enough, and this must be his grave. What is this writing upon it?* EDITOR.

⁵ —travers'd arms—] Arms across. JOHNSON.

⁶ —the time is flush.] A bird is *flush* when his feathers are grown, and he can leave the nest. *Flush* is *mature*. JOHNSON.

When

⁷ When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, *No more*: now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And purfy insolence shall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble, and young,
When thy first griefs were but a meer conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause to fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
⁸ Above their quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo ⁹
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should
fall

⁷ *When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries of itself, No more:—]*

The marrow was supposed to be the original of strength. The image is from a camel kneeling to take up his load, who rises immediately when he finds he has as much laid on as he can bear.

WARBURTON.

Pliny says, that the Camel will not carry more than his accustomed and usual load. *Holland's Translation*, b. VIII. c. xviii.

EDITOR.

⁸ *Above their quantity.] Their refers to rages.* WARBURTON.

⁹ *—So did we woo*

Transformed Timon to our city's love,

By humble message, and by promis'd means;]

Promis'd means must import the recruiting his sunk fortunes; but this is not all. The senate had wooed him with humble message, and promise of general reparation. This seems included in the slight change which I have made—

—and by promis'd mends.

THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton agrees with Mr. Theobald, but the old reading may well stand. JOHNSON.

For

For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
 Who were the motives that you first went out;
 ' Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
 Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
 Into our city with thy banners spread:
 By decimation, and a tythed death,
 (If thy revenges hunger for that food,
 Which nature loaths) take thou the destin'd tenth;
 And by the hazard of the spotted die,
 Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended;
 For those that were, it is² not square, to take,
 On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
 Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
 Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
 Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
 Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
 With those that have offended: like a shepherd,

² *Shame, that they wanted cunning in excess,
 Hath broke their hearts.——]*

i. e. in other terms,—Shame, that they were not the cunningest
 men alive, hath been the cause of their death. For *cunning in ex-*
cess must mean this or nothing. O brave editors! They had
 heard it said, that too much wit in some cases might be dangerous,
 and why not an absolute want of it? But had they the skill or
 courage to remove one perplexing comma, the easy and genuine
 sense would immediately arise. “Shame in excess (i. e. extremity
 “ of shame) that they wanted cunning (i. e. that they were not
 “ wise enough not to banish you) hath broke their hearts.”

THEOBALD.

I have no wish to disturb the manes of Theobald, yet think
 some emendation may be offered that will make the construction
 less harsh, and the sentence more serious. I read:

*Shame that they wanted, coming in excess,
 Hath broke their hearts.*

*Shame which they had so long wanted, at last coming in its utmost
 excess.* JOHNSON.

² *——not square——]* Not regular, not equitable.

JOHNSON.

Approach

Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, 'till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your ³ uncharged ports:
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—⁴ not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedy'd by your publick laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keep your words.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea:

³ —————uncharged ports:] That is, *unguarded gates.*
JOHNSON.

⁴ —————not a man

Shall pass his quarter, ———]

Not a soldier shall quit his station, or be let loose upon you;
and, if any commits violence, he shall answer it regularly to
the law. JOHNSON.

And,

And, on his grave-stone, this insculpture; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impressi-
on Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

[*Alcibiades reads the epitaph.*]

*Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked
caitiffs left!*

*Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did
hate:*

*Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not
here thy gait.*

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst³ our brain's flow, and those our droplets
which

² —*caitiffs left!*] This epitaph is found in sir Tho. North's translation of Plutarch, with the difference of one word only, viz. *wretches* instead of *caitiffs*. STEEVENS.

Perhaps this slight variation arose from our author's having another epitaph before him, which is found in Kendal's *Flowers of Epigrammes*, 1577:

TIMON HIS ÉPITAPHE.

“ My wretched *caitiffe* daies expired now and past,
“ My carren corps enterred here, is graspt in ground,
“ In weltring waves of swelling seas by fourses caste;
“ My name if thou desire, the gods thee doe confound!”

³ —*our brain's flow,*—] Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read,
———*brine's flow,*———

Our brain's flow is our tears; but we may read *our brine's flow,*
our salt tears. Either will serve. JOHNSON.

—*our brain's flow is right.* So in sir Giles Gossecap, 1606.:

“ I shed not the tears of my *brain.*”

Again, in the *Miracles of Moses*, by Drayton:

“ But he from *rocks* that fountains can command,

“ Cannot yet stay *the fountains of his brain.*”

STEEVENS.

From niggard nature fall, ⁴ yet rich conceit
 Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
 On thy low grave.—On:—Faults forgiven ⁵.—
 Dead

Is noble Timon; of whose memory
 Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
 And I will use the olive with my sword:
 Make war breed peace; make peace stint war; make
 each

Prescribe to other, as each other's leach ⁶.—
 Let our drums strike. [Exeunt.

⁴ ———yet rich conceit
 Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
 On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
 Is noble Timon, of whose memory
 Hereafter more.——]

All the editors, in their learning and sagacity, have suffered an unaccountable absurdity to pass them in this passage. Why was Neptune to weep on Timon's faults forgiven? Or, indeed, what faults had Timon committed, except against his own fortune and happy situation in life? But the corruption of the text lies only in the bad pointing, which I have disengaged and restored to the true meaning. Alcibiades's whole speech, as the editors might have observed, is in breaks, betwixt his reflections on Timon's death and his addresses to the Athenian senators: and as soon as he has commented on the place of Timon's grave, he bids the senate set forward; tells 'em, he has forgiven their faults; and promises to use them with mercy.

THEOBALD.

⁵ ———On:—Faults forgiven.——] I suspect that we ought to read:

On thy low grave.—One fault's forgiven. Dead
 Is noble Timon, &c.

One fault (viz. the ingratitude of the Athenians to Timon) is forgiven, i. e. exempted from punishment by the death of the injured person. TYRWHITT.

I have no doubt that Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture is right, and deserves a place in the text. *On* and *one* were anciently founded alike, and in the plays of Fletcher and Massinger are perpetually confounded. Hence the transcriber's ear might have been easily deceived. MALONE.

⁶ ———leach.] i. e. physician. STEEVENS.

THE play of *Timon* is a domestic tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendship.

In this tragedy, are many passages perplexed, obscure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify, or explain, with due diligence; but having only one copy, cannot promise myself that my endeavours shall be much applauded.

JOHNSON.

This play was altered by Shadwell, and brought upon the stage in 1678. In the *modest* title-page he calls it *Timon of Athens, or the Man-hater, as it is acted at the Duke's Theatre, made into a play.* STEEVENS.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Persons Represented.

Saturninus, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.*

Bassianus, *Brother to Saturninus, in love with Lavinia.*

Titus Andronicus, *a noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

Marcus Andronicus, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.*

Marcus,
Quintus,
Lucius,
Mutius, } *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*

Young Lucius, *a Boy, Son to Lucius.*

Publius, *Son to Marcus the Tribune, and Nephew to Titus Andronicus.*

Sempronius.

Alarbus,
Chiron,
Demetrius, } *Sons to Tamora.*

Aaron, *a Moor, belov'd by Tamora.*

Captain, from Titus's Camp.

Æmilius, a Messenger.

Goths, and Romans.

Clown.

Tamora, *Queen of the Goths, and afterwards married to Saturninus.*

Lavinia, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

S C E N E, *Rome; and the Country near it.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before the Capitol in Rome.

*Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the senate.
Then enter Saturninus and his followers, at one door;
and Bassianus and his followers, at the other; with
drum and colours.*

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;

And

² *Titus Andronicus.*] It is observable, that this play is printed in the quarto of 1611, with exactness equal to that of the other books of those times. The first edition was probably corrected by the author, so that here is very little room for conjecture or emendation; and accordingly none of the editors have much molested this piece with officious criticism. JOHNSON.

There is an authority for ascribing this play to Shakspeare, which I think a very strong one, though not made use of, as I remember, by any of his commentators. It is given to him, among other plays, which are undoubtedly his, in a little book, called *Palladis Tamia, or the Second Part of Wit's Commonwealth*, written by Francis Meres, Maister of arts, and printed at London in 1598. The other tragedies, enumerated as his in that book, are *King John, Richard the Second, Henry the Fourth, Richard the Third, and Romeo and Juliet*. The comedies are, the *Midsommer Night's Dream, the Gentlemen of Verona, the Comedy of Errors, the Love's Labour's Lost, the Love's Labour Won, and the Merchant of Venice*. I have given this list, as it serves so far to ascertain the date of these plays; and also, as it contains a notice of a comedy of Shakspeare, the *Love's Labour Won*, not included in any collection of his works; nor, as far as I know, attributed to him

And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:

I am

by any other authority. If there should be a play in being, with that title, though without Shakspeare's name, I should be glad to see it; and I think the editor would be sure of the publick thanks, even if it should prove no better than the *Love's Labour's Lost*. TYRWHITT.

The work of criticism on the plays of this author, is, I believe, generally found to extend or contract itself in proportion to the value of the piece under consideration; and we shall always do little where we desire but little should be done. I know not that this piece stands in need of much emendation; though it might be treated as condemned criminals are in some countries,—any experiments might be justifiably made on it.

The author, whoever he was, might have borrowed the story, the names, the characters, &c. from an old ballad, which is entered in the Books of the Stationers' Company immediately after the play on the same subject. “John Danter] Feb. 6, 1593. A book entitled *A Noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus*.”

“Enter'd unto him also the ballad there.”

Entered again April 19, 1602, by Th. . . rayer.

The reader will find it in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, vol. I. Dr. Percy adds, that “there is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakspeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally writ by him; for not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the induction to Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* in 1614, as one that had then been exhibited “five and twenty or thirty years:” which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakspeare was but 25: an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces, and if it does not clear him entirely of it, shews at least it was a first attempt.”

Though we are obliged to Dr. Percy for his attempt to clear our great dramatic writer from the imputation of having produced this sanguinary performance, yet I cannot admit that the circumstance of its being discreditably mentioned by Ben Jonson, ought to have any weight; for Ben has not very sparingly censured the *Tempest*, and other pieces which are undoubtedly among the most finished works of Shakspeare. The whole of Ben's Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, is a malicious sneer on him.

Painter, in his *Palace of Pleasure*, tom. II. speaks of the story of *Titus* as well known, and particularly mentions the cruelty
of

I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of
my right,—
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft, with the crown.

Mar. Princes, that strive by factions, and by
friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery!
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:

of *Tamora*: and in *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594, is the following allusion to it:

“ —————as welcome shall you be
“ To me, my daughter, and my son in law,
“ As *Titus* was unto the Roman senators,
“ When he had made a conquest on the *Goths*.”

Whatever were the motives of Heming and Condell for admitting this tragedy among those of Shakspeare, all it has gained by their favour is, to be delivered down to posterity with repeated remarks of contempt,—a Therites babbling among heroes, and introduced only to be derided.

See the notes at the conclusion of this volume. STEEVENS.

He

He by the senate is accited home,
 From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
 That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
 Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
 Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
 This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
 Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
 In coffins from the field;—

And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
 Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
 Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
 Let us intreat,—By honour of his name,
 Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
 And in the Capitol and senate's right,
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
 That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
 Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my
 thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
 In thy uprightnes and integrity;
 And so I love and honour thee, and thine,
 Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons,
 And her, to whom our thoughts are humbled all,
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
 And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
 Commit my cause in ballance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my
 right,
 I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
 And to the love and favour of my country
 Commit myself, my person, and the cause;
 Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,

As I am confident and kind to thee.—

Open the gates and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

[*They go up into the senate-house.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. Romans, make way; The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter Mutius and Marcus: after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then Quintus and Lucius. After them, Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, the Queen of Goths, Alarbus, Chiron, and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, prisoners; soldiers, and other attendants. They set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. ³ Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!

³ *Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!*] I suspect that the poet wrote:

——— *in my mourning weeds!*

i. e. Titus would say; Thou, Rome, art victorious, though I am a mourner for those sons which I have lost in obtaining that victory. WARBURTON.

Thy is as well as *my*. We may suppose the Romans in a grateful ceremony, meeting the dead sons of Andronicus with mournful habits, JOHNSON.

Or that they were in mourning for their emperor who was just dead. STEEVENS.

Lo,

Ló, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—

⁴ Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial among their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my
sword.

Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*They open the tomb.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead were wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth⁵.

⁴ *Thou great defender of this Capitol,*] Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Nor we disturb'd by prodigies on earth.*] It was supposed by the ancients, that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to their friends and relations, to solicit the rites of funeral. STEEVENS.

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren,—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke?
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for king and common weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these;
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods⁶?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
'Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself⁷, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths behold
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,

⁶ *Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?*

Draw near them then in being merciful:]

“Homines enim ad deos nulla re propius accedunt, quam salutem hominibus dando.” *Cicero pro Ligario.*

From this passage Mr. Whalley infers the learning of Shakspeare, but our author might have found a translation of it in *England's Parnassus*. STEEVENS.

The same sentiment is in *Edward III.* 1596:

——“kings approach the nearest unto God,
By giving life and safety unto men.” EDITOR.

⁷ *Patient yourself, &c.*] This verb is used by other dramatic writers. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

“Patient yourself, we cannot help it now.”

Again, in *K. Edward I.* 1599:

“Patient your highness, 'tis but mother's love.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, b. xii. ch. 75:

“Her, weeping ripe, he laughing, bids to patient her awhile.” STEEVENS.

Tit.

Religiously they ask a sacrifice :

To this your son is mark'd ; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him ! and make a fire straight ;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt Mutius, Marcus, Quintus,
and Lucius, with Alarbus.*

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety !

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous ?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest ; and we survive

To tremble under Titus' threatening look.

Then, madam, stand resolv'd ; but hope withal,

⁸ The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy,

With opportunity of sharp revenge

Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,

May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,

(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen)

To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

⁸ *The self same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent, &c.]*

I read, against the authority of all the copies :

—————*in her tent.*

i. e. in the tent where she and the other Trojan captive women were kept : for thither Hecuba by a wile had decoyed Polymnestor, in order to perpetrate her revenge. This we may learn from Euripides's *Hecuba* ; the only author, that I can at present remember, from whom our writer must have gleaned this circumstance. THEOBALD. J

Mr. Theobald should first have proved to us that our author understood Greek, or else that this play of Euripides had been translated. In the mean time, because neither of these particulars are verified, we may as well suppose he took it from the old story-book of the *Trojan War*, or the old translation of *Ovid*. See *Metam.* xiii. The writer of the play, whoever he was, might have been misled by the passage in *Ovid* : “—vadit ad artificem,” and therefore took it for granted that she found him in *his tent*. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus, and Lucius.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Then sound trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb.*
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here no storm,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter Lavinia.

In peace and honour rest you here my sons!

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortune Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that has thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age, to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; out-live thy father's days,
° And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Mar.

° *And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!*] This absurd wish is made sense of, by changing *and* into *in*. WARBURTON.

To *live in fame's date* is, if an allowable, yet a harsh expression.

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother
Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful
wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
What! should I 'don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chose with proclamations to-day;
To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully;
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,

To *outlive* an *eternal date*, is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame. JOHNSON.

¹ ———don *this robe*, &c.] i. e. *do on* this robe, put it on.
See p. 169. STEEVENS.

But

But not a sceptre to controll the world :

Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery¹.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?—

Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus.—

Sat. Romans, do me right ;

Patricians, draw you swords, and sheath them not
'Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor :—

Andronicus, 'would thou were ship'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturninus ! interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee !—

Tit. Content thee, prince ; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves :

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do 'till I die ;
My faction, if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be : and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages ;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus ?

Mar. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you : and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine ; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal :
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor !*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create

¹ Titus, thou shalt *obtain* and *ask* the empery.] Here is rather too much of the ὑπερον ἁρότερον. STEEVENS.

Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor;
And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*

[*A long flourish, till they come down.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my emperess,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse :
Tell me; Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace :
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot and my prisoners ;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord :
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, you are prisoner to an emperor;
[*To Tamora.*]
To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of
cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome :
Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest

Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes : Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this ?

Lav. Not I, my lord² ; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go :
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free :
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[*Seizing Lavinia.*]

Tit. How, sir ? Are you in earnest then, my lord ?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus ; and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The Emperor courts Tamora in dumb shew.*]

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt ! Where is the emperor's
guard ?

Treason, my lord ; Lavinia is surpriz'd.

Sat. Surpriz'd ! By whom ?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exit Bassianus with Lavinia.*]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her
back.

² *Lav.* *Not I, my lord ;—*] It was pity to part a couple who seem to have corresponded in disposition so exactly as Saturninus and Lavinia. Saturninus, who has just promised to espouse her, already wishes he were to choose again ; and she who was engaged to Bassianus (whom she afterwards marries) expresses no reluctance when her father gives her to Saturninus. Her subsequent raillery to Tamora is of so coarse a nature, that if her tongue had been all she was condemned to lose, perhaps the author, (whoever he was) might have escaped censure on the score of poetic justice.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What! villain boy,
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [*Titus kills Mutius.*]

Mut. Help, Lucius, help!

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so;
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me:
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are
these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that³ changing
piece,
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome⁴.

Tit.

³ ————*changing-piece*,] Spoken of Lavinia. *Piece* was then, as it is now, used personally as a word of contempt. JOHNSON. So in *Britannia's Pastorals* by Brown, 1613:

“ ————her husband, weaken'd *piece*,
“ Must have his cullis mix'd with ambergrease;
“ Pheasant and partridge into jelly turn'd,
“ Grated with gold.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.*] A *ruffler* was a kind of cheating bully; and is so called in a statute made for the punishment of vagabonds in the 27th year of K. Henry VIII. See Greene's

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of
Goths,—

That, like the stately Phœbe 'mong her nymphs,
Dost over-shine the gallant'st dames of Rome,—

If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee emperess of Rome.

Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman Gods,—

Sith priest and holy water are so near,

And tapers burn so bright, and every thing

In readiness for Hymenæus stands,—

I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,

Or climb my palace, 'till from forth this place

I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven to Rome I
swear,

If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,

She will a handmaid be to his desires,

A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon : Lords, ac-
company

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,

Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,

Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered :

There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Titus Andronicus.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride ;—

Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,

Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs ?

Greene's *Ground-work of Coney-catching*, 1592. Hence, I suppose, this sense of the verb, to *ruffle*. *Rufflers* are likewise enumerated among other vagabonds, by Holinshed, Vol. I. p. 113.

STEEVENS.

Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, and Marcus.

Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified;
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

[*Titus' sons speak.*

Sons. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall? What villain was it spoke that
word?

[*Titus' son speaks.*

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but
here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despight?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but intreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast
wounded.

My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Luc. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*The brother and the sons kneel.*

Mar.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to interr

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.

The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax⁵

That slew himself; and wife Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals:

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,

Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:—

The dismal'st day is this, that e'er I saw,

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put him in the tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy
friends.

'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—

[*They all kneel, and say;*

No man shed tears⁶ for noble Mutius;

He lives in fame, that dy'd in virtue's cause.

⁵ *The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax,
That slew himself; and wife Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.]*

This passage alone would sufficiently convince me, that the play before us was the work of one who was conversant with the Greek tragedies in their original language. We have here a plain allusion to the *Ajax* of Sophocles, of which no translation was extant in the time of Shakspeare. In that piece, Agamemnon consents at last to allow Ajax the rites of sepulture, and Ulysses is the pleader, whose arguments prevail in favour of his remains. STEEVENS.

⁶ *No man shed tears, &c.]* This is evidently a translation of the distich of Ennius:

Nemo me lacrumis decoret: nec funera fletu

Facit. quur? volito vivu' per ora virum. STEEVENS.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,—

How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
If by device, or no, the heavens can tell:
Is she not then beholden to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. *Re-enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron, and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, at one door: At the other door, Bassianus and Lavinia, with others.*

Sai. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord; I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.

Only thus much I give your grace to know,—

By all the duties which I owe to Rome,

This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,

Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;

That, in the rescue of Lavinia,

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath

To be controul'd in that he frankly gave:

Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;

That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,

A fa-

A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds ;
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me :
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine !

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak, indifferently for all ;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam ! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge ?

Tam. Not so, my lord ; The gods of Rome fore-
fend,

I should be author to dishonour you !

But, on mine honour, dare I undertake

For good lord Titus' innocence in all,

Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs :

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him ;

Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,

Nor with four looks afflict his gentle heart.—

My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :

You are but newly planted in your throne ;

Lest then the people, and patricians too,

Upon a just survey, take Titus' part ;

And so supplant us for ingratitude,

(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin)

Yield at intreats, and then let me alone :

I'll find a day to massacre them all,

And raze their faction, and their family,

The cruel father, and his traiterous sons,

To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;

And make them know, what 'tis to let a

queen

Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in

vain.—

Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,—

Take

[*Aside.*]

Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his
highness,
That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

Marc. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be
friends:

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's intreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:—
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-jour*.
Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. 7 S C E N E I.

Before the Palace.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiack in his glistering coach,
And over-looks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora.—

⁸ Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus ty'd to Caucasus.

⁷ In the quarto, the direction is, *Manet Aaron*, and he is before made to enter with Tamora, though he says nothing. This scene ought to continue the first act. JOHNSON.

⁸ Upon her wit——] We should read,
Upon her will—— WARBURTON.

I think *wit*, for which she is eminent in the drama, is right.
JOHNSON.

Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts !
 I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
 To wait upon this new-made emperess.
 To wait, said I ? to wanton with this queen,
 This goddess, this Semiramis ;—this queen,
 This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
 And see his shipwreck, and his common-weal's.
 Holla ! what storm is this ?

Enter Chiron, and Demetrius, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants
 edge,

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd ;
 And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all ;
 And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
 'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
 Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate :
 I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
 To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace ;
 And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
 And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. ♪ Clubs, clubs !—These lovers will not keep
 the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
 Gave you a dancing rapier by your side †,
 Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends ?
 Go to ; have your lath glu'd within your sheath,
 'Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
 Full well thou shalt perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave ? [*They draw.*

Aar. Why, how now, lords ?

♪ Clubs, clubs !] See Vol. III. p. 392. Vol. VII. p. 325.

EDITOR.

† —a dancing rapier by your side,] See Vol. IV. p. 44.

STEEVENS.

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
 And maintain such a quarrel openly?
 Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
 I would not for a million of gold,
 The cause were known to them it most concerns:
 Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
 Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
 For shame, put up.

Chi. ² Not I; 'till I have sheath'd
 My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
 Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
 That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Dem. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
 Foul-spoken coward! that thund'rst with thy tongue,
 And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.—
 Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
 This petty brabble will undo us all.—
 Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
 It is to jut upon a prince's right?
 What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
 Or Bassianus so degenerate,
 That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
 Without controulment, justice, or revenge?
 Young lords, beware!—an should the emperess
 know
 This discord's ground, the musick would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
 I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
 choice:
 Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
 How furious and impatient they be,

² *Not I, till I have sheath'd, &c.*] This speech, which has been all along given to Demetrius, as the next to Chiron, were both given to the wrong speaker; for it was Demetrius that had thrown out the reproachful speeches on the other. WARBURTON.

And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose,³
To atchieve her I do love.

Aar. To atchieve her!—How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
⁴ She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill⁵
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive⁶, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aside.*

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to
court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe⁷,

And

³ ———a thousand deaths would I propose,] Whether Chiron means he would *contrive* a thousand deaths for others, or *imagine* as many cruel ones for himself, I am unable to determine.

STEEVENS.

⁴ She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore may be won;]

Suffolk, in the *First Part of King Henry VI.* makes use of almost the same words:

“She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd:

“She is a woman; therefore to be won.” REMARKS.

⁵ ———more water glideth by the mill, &c.] A Scots proverb.
“Mickle water goes by the miller when he sleeps.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ ———to steal a shive.] A *shive* is a *slice*. So in the *Tale of Argentile and Curan* in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602:

“A *sheeve* of bread as browne as nut.”

Demetrius is again indebted to a Scots proverb:

“It is safe taking a *shive* of a cut loaf.” STEEVENS.

⁷ ———struck a doe,] Mr. Holt is willing to infer from this passage that *Titus Andronicus* was not only the work of Shakspeare, but

And born her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,
To square² for this? Would it offend you then
That both should speed?

Chi. 'Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that
you jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve;
That what you cannot, as you would, atchieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

but one of his earliest performances, because the stratagems of his former profession seem to have been yet fresh in his mind. I had made the same observation in *K. Henry VI.* before I had seen his; but when we consider how many phrases are borrowed from the sports of the field, which were more followed in our author's time, than any other amusement; I do not think there is much in either his remark or my own.—Let me add, that we have here Demetrius, the son of a queen, demanding of his brother prince if he has not often been reduced to practise the common artifices of a deer-stealer:—an absurdity right worthy of the rest of the piece. STEEVENS.

² *To square for this.*—] *To square* is to quarrel. So in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

————they never meet,

But they do *square*.————

Again, in Drant's translation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, 1567:

“ Let them not sing twixt act and act,

“ What *squareth* from the rest.”

But to *square*, which in the last instance signifies to differ, is now used only in the very opposite sense, and means to agree.

STEEVENS.

A speed*

A speedier course than lingering languishment³
 Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
 My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
 There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
 The forest walks are wide and spacious;
 And many unfrequented plots there are,
 Fitted⁴ by kind for rape and villainy:
 Single you thither then this dainty doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words:
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
 Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit,
 To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
 We will acquaint with all that we intend;
 And she shall file our engines with advice⁵,
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.
 The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your
 turns:

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
 And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardise.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas,* 'till I find the stream

³ *A speedier course than lingering languishment*] The old copy reads:

—————this *lingering*, &c.

which may mean, *this coy languishing dame, this piece of reluctant softness.* STEEVENS.

⁴ —————*by kind*—————] That is, by *nature*, which is the old signification of *kind*. JOHNSON.

⁵ —file *our engines with advice*,] i. e. remove all impediments from our designs by advice. The allusion is to the operation of the file, which, by conferring smoothness, facilitates the motion of the wheels which compose an engine or piece of machinery.

STEEVENS.

To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
*Per Styga, per Manes uebor*⁶.—— [Exeunt.]

7 S C E N E . II.

Changes to a Forest.

*Enter Titus Andronicus and his three Sons, with hounds
 and horns, and Marcus.*

Tit. The hunt is up,⁸ the morn is bright and grey,
 The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
 Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
 And wake the emperor, and his lovely bride,
 And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,
 That all the court may echo with the noise.
 Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
 To tend the emperor's person carefully:
 I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

⁶ *Per Styga, &c.*] These scraps of Latin are, I believe, taken, though not exactly, from some of Seneca's tragedies. STEEVENS.

⁷ The division of this play into acts, which was first made by the editors in 1623, is improper. There is here an interval of action, and here the second act ought to have begun. JOHNSON.

⁸ ——*the morn is bright and grey,*] i. e. bright and yet not red, which was a sign of storms and rain, but *gray*, which foretold fair weather. Yet the Oxford editor alters *gray* to *gay*.

WARBURTON.

Surely the Oxford editor is in the right; unless we reason like the Witches in *Macbeth*, and say,

“Fair is foul, and foul is fair.”

The old reading is justified by the following passage in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*:

“Mine eyes are *bright and grey* and quick in turning.”

Again, by another example in *The Old Wives Tale*, 1595:

“The day is clear, the welkin *bright and grey*.”

STEEVENS.

§14. TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal: then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty;—
Madam, to you as many and as good!—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport:—Madam, now ye shall see
Our Roman hunting. [*To Tamora.*]

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor
hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

A desert part of the forest.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think, that I had
none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
Which,

Which, cunningly effected, will beget
 A very excellent piece of villainy:
 And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest⁹
 That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou
 sad²,

When

⁹ ——— *for their unrest,*] *Unrest*, for *disquiet*, is a word frequently used by the old writers. So in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605,

“ Thus therefore will I rest me, in *unrest*.”

Thus in *Eliosto Libidinoso*, an ancient novel, by John Hinde, 1606:

“ For the ease of whose *unrest*,

“ Thus his furie was exprest.”

Again, in *An excellent pastoral Dittie*, by Shep. Tonie; published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

“ With lute in hand did paint out her *unrest*.”

STEEVENS.

¹ *That have their alms, &c.*] This is obscure. It seems to mean only, that they who are to come at this gold of the empress are to suffer by it. JOHNSON.

² *My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad?*] In the course of the following notes several examples of the savage genius of Ravenscroft, who altered this play in the reign of K. Charles II. are set down for the entertainment of the reader. The following is a specimen of his descriptive talents. Instead of the line with which this speech of Tamora begins, she is made to say:

The emperor, with wine and luxury o'ercome,
 Is fallen asleep—in's pendant couch he's laid
 That hangs in yonder grotto rock'd by winds,
 Which rais'd by art do give it gentle motion:
 And troops of slaves stand round with fans perfum'd,
 Made of the feathers pluck'd from Indian birds,
 And cool him into golden slumbers—
 This time I chose to come to thee, my Moor.
 My lovely Aaron, wherefore, &c.—

An emperor who has had too large a dose of love and wine, and in consequence of satiety in both, falls asleep on a bed which partakes of the nature of a sailor's hammock and a child's cradle, is a curiosity which only Ravenscroft could have ventured to describe on the stage. I hope I may be excused for transplanting a

When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
 The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
 The snake lies rolled in the chearful sun;
 The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
 And make a chequer'd shadow³ on the ground:
 Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
 And—whilst the babling echo mocks the hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
 Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:
 And, after conflict, such as was suppos'd
 The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
 Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
 Whilst hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
 Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
 Saturn is dominator over mine⁴:

What

few of his flowers into the barren desert of our comments on this tragedy. STEEVENS.

³ ——— a chequer'd shadow——] Milton has the same expression:

“ ——— many a maid

“ Dancing in the *chequer'd shade*.” STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— though Venus govern your desires,
 Saturn is dominator over mine.]

The meaning of this passage may be illustrated by the astronomical description of *Saturn*, which *Venus* gives in Greene's *Planetomachia*, 1585. “ The star of *Saturn* is especially cooling, and somewhat drie, &c.”

Again, in the *Sea Voyage*, by Beaumont and Fletcher.

“ ——— for your aspect

“ You're much inclin'd to melancholy, and that

“ Tells me the *sullen Saturn* had predominance

“ At your nativity, a malignant planet!

“ And if not qualified by a sweet conjunction

“ Of a soft ruddy wench, born under *Venus*,

“ It may prove fatal.” COLLINS.

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
 My silence, and my clouded melancholy?
 My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
 Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
 To do some fatal execution?
 No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
 Hark, Tamora,—the emperess of my soul,
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
 This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
 His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day;
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
 And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
 Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
 And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll:—
 Now question me no more, we are espied,
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than
 life!

Aar. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes:
 Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
 To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*]

Enter Bassianus, and Lavinia.

Bas. Whom have we here? Rome's royal emperess,
 Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
 Or is it Dian, habited like her;
 Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
 To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
 Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
 Thy temples should be planted presently
 With horns, as was Acteon's; and the hounds

⁵ Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle emperers,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your ⁶ swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of
this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him ⁷ noted
long:
Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

⁵ *Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,*] The author of the *Revisal* suspects that the poet wrote:

Should thrive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
as the former is an expression that suggests no image to the fancy.
But *drive*, I think, may stand, with this meaning: *the bounds
should pass with impetuous haste, &c.* So in *Hamlet*:

Pyrrhus at Priam drives, &c.

i. e. flies with impetuosity at him. STEEVENS.

⁶ —*swarth Cimmerian*] *Swarth* is *black*. The Moor is called Cimmerian, from the affinity of blackness to darkness. JOHNSON.

⁷ —*noted long.*] He had yet been married but one night.

JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Chiron, and Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,

Why does your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale? These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place, A barren and detested vale, you see, it is: The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean, O'ercome with moss; and baleful misletoë. Here never shines the sun⁸; here nothing breeds, Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven. And, when they shew'd me this abhorred pit, They told me, here, at dead time of the night, A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes, Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins, Would make such fearful and confused cries, As any mortal body, hearing it, ⁹Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly. No sooner had they told this hellish tale, But straight they told me, they would bind me here Unto the body of a dismal yew; And leave me to this miserable death. And then they call'd me, foul adulterers, Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms That ever ear did hear to such effect.

⁸ *Here never shines the sun, &c.]* Mr. Rowe seems to have thought on this passage in his *Jane Shore*:

“ This is the house where the sun never dawns,
 “ The bird of night sits screaming o'er its roof,
 “ Grim spectres sweep along the horrid gloom,
 “ And nought is heard but wailings and lamentings.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.]* This is said in fabulous physiology, of those that hear the groan of the mandrake torn up. JOHNSON.

The same thought and almost the same expressions occur in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[Stabs Bassianus.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to shew my
strength. [Stabbing him likewise.

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Ta-
mora!

For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poinard; you shall know, my
bpys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:

This minion stood upon her chastity,

Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,

And with that painted hope she braves your might-
tiness:

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,

And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,

Let not this wasp out-live, us both to sting.

[*And with that painted hope she braves your mightiness;*] Lavi-
nia stands upon her chastity and nuptial vow: and upon the merit
of these braves the queen. But why are these called a *painted*
hope? We should read,

And with this painted cope——

i. e. with this gay covering. It is well expressed. Her reasons
were of a religious nature; and are therefore called a painted
cope, which is a splendid ecclesiastic vestment: It might be called
painted, likewise, as insinuating that her virtue was only pre-
tended. WARBURTON.

Painted hope is only *specious* hope, or ground of confidence more
plausible than solid. JOHNSON.

Chi.

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that sure.—

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, intreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: Let it be your glory,
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the
dam?

O, do not teach her wrath; she taught it thee:
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;

Do thou intreat her shew a woman pity. [*To Chiron.*]

Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove myself
a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true the raven doth not hatch a lark;
Yet have I heard, (O could I find it now!)

The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.

Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children.

The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:

O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain
thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Had'st thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I now pitiless:—

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,

To save your brother from the sacrifice;

But fierce Andronicus would not relent:

There—

Therefore away with her, use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus dy'd.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let
me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing
more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away; for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah beastly
creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall——

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth,—Bring thou
her husband; [*Dragging off Lavinia.*
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewel, my sons: see, that you make her
sure:

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
'Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflow'r. [*Exit.*

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Enter Aaron, with Quintus and Marcus.

Aar. Come on, my lords ; the better foot before :
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mar. And mine, I promise you ; wer't not for
shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep a while.

[Marcus falls into the pit.]

Quin. What, art thou fallen ? What subtle hole is
this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars ;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers ?

A very fatal place it seems to me :—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall ?

Mar. O brother, with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. *[Aside.]* Now will I fetch the king to find
them here ;

That he thereby may have a likely guess,
How these were they, that made away his brother,

[Exit Aaron.]

Mar. Why dost not comfort me and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole ?

Quin. I am surprized with an uncouth fear :
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints ;
Mine heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mar. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone ; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit my eyes once to behold

The

The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise :
O, tell me how it is ; for ne'er 'till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mar. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mar. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shews the ragged entrails of this pit :
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out ;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,

² *A precious ring,——*] There is supposed to be a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Mr. Boyle believes the reality of its existence. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Gesta Romanorum*, history the sixth : “ He farther beheld and saw a *carbuncle* in the hall that lighted all the house.” Again, in Lydgate's *Description of king Priam's Palace*, l. 2 :

“ And for most chese all dirkeness to confound,
“ A *carbuncle* was set as kyng of stoness all,
“ To recomforte and gladden all the hall.
“ And it to enlumine in the black night
“ With the freshnes of his ruddy light.”

Again, in the *Muse's Elysium*, by Drayton :

“ Is that admired, mighty stone,
“ The *carbuncle* that's named ;
“ Which from it such a flaming light
“ And radiancy ejecteth,
“ That in the very darkest night
“ The eye to it directeth.”

Chaucer, in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, attributes the same properties to the *carbuncle* :

“ Soche light ysprang out of the stone.” STEEVENS.

I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mar. And I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not lose again,
'Till thou are here aloft, or I below:

Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[*Falls in.*]

Enter the Emperor, and Aaron.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mar. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but jest;
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

*Enter Tamora, with Attendants; Andronicus, and
Lucius.*

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing
grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy:
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[*She giveth Saturninus a letter.*

Sat-

Saturninus reads the letter.

*An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman—Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder tree:
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
[*Shewing it.*

Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life:—

[*To Titus.*
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wond'rous
thing!

How easily murder is discovered?

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of mine accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them.—

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see, thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with
them. *[Exeunt severally.]*

S C E N E V.

*Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, ravish'd;
her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning
so;

And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy
hands.

Dem. She has no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the
cord. *[Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.]*

Enter Marcus to Lavinia.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word; Where is your husband?—

³ If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!

³ *If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!]* If this
be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from
it by waking. JOHNSON.

If

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
 That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
 Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hand
 Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
 Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,
 Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in;
 And might not gain so great a happiness,
 As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—
 Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
 Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
 Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
 Coming and going with thy honey breath.
 But, sure, some Tereus hath deflow'ed thee;
 And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.
 Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
 And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
 As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,—
 Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
 Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
 Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
 O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
 That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
 Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
 Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
 But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
 A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That better could have sew'd than Philomel.
 O, had the monster seen those lily hands
 Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;
 He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
 Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
 Which that sweet tongue hath made;
 He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.

Come,

Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
 For such a fight will blind a father's eye:
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
 O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*]

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

A Street in Rome.

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Marcus and Quintus bound, passing on the stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
 And for these bitter tears, which you now see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

[*Andronicus lieth down, and the Judges pass by him.*
 For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write
 My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
 O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain,

530 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

That shall distil from these ⁴ two ancient urns,
 Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
 In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;
 In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius, with his sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
 And let me say, that never wept before,
 My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain;
 The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
 And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:—
 Grave tribunes, once more I intreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you
 speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
 They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
 All bootless unto them, they would not pity me.
 Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
 Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
 Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
 For that they will not intercept my tale:
 When I do weep, they humbly at my feet,
 Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
 And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
 Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
 A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones:
 A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
 And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
 But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

⁴ —two ancient urns,] Oxford editor.—Vulg. two ancient
 urns. JOHNSON.

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death;
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tygers;
Tygers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine: How happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter Marcus, and Lavinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her:—
Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee helpless ⁵ in thy father's fight?
What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height, before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too ⁶;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,

⁵ ———in thy father's fight?] We should read *spight*.

WARBURTON.

⁶ ———I'll chop off my hands too,] Perhaps we should read:

—————or chop off, &c.

It is not easy to discover how Titus, when he had chopp'd off
one of his hands, would have been able to have chopp'd off the
other. STEEVENS.

And they have serv'd me to effectless use :
 Now, all the service I require of them
 Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
 'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands ;
 For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
 That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage ;
 Where like a sweet melodious bird it sung
 Sweet vary'd notes, enchanting every ear !

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
 Seeking to hide herself ; as doth the deer,
 That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. ⁷ It was my deer ; and he, that wounded her,
 Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead :
 For now I stand as one upon a rock,
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea ;

Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
 Expecting ever when some envious surge
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;
 Here stands my other son, a banish'd man ;
 And here my brother, weeping at my woes :
 But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
 Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
 It would have maddened me ; What shall I do,
 Now I behold thy lovely body so ?

Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears ;
 Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :
 Thy husband he is dead ; and, for his death,
 Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this :—

⁷ *It was my deer ;—*] The play upon *deër* and *dear* has been used by Waller, who calls a lady's girdle,

“ The pale that held my lovely *deër*.” JOHNSON.

Look,

Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
 Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd
 her husband:

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
 Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
 No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
 Witness the sorrow, that their sister makes.—
 Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
 Or make some signs how I may do thee ease.
 Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
 And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain;
 Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
 How they are stain'd; like meadows, yet not dry
 With miry slime left on them by a flood?
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
 'Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
 Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
 What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
 Plot some device of further misery,
 To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your
 grief,

See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece:—good Titus, dry
 thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
 Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
 For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
 Had she a tongue to speak, now she would say

M m 3

That

That to her brother which I said to thee;
 His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
 Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
 O, what a sympathy of woe is this!
 As far from help as ⁸ limbo is from bliss.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
 Sends thee this word,—That if thou love thy sons,
 Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
 Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
 And send it to the king: he for the same,
 Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
 And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
 Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
 That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
 With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand;
 Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
 That hath thrown down so many enemies,
 Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
 My youth can better spare my blood than you;
 And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended
 Rome,
 And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,
⁹ Writing destruction on the enemies' castle?

O, none

⁸ *limbo*] The *Limbus patrum*, as it was called, is a place that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighbourhood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and those good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection. Milton gives the name of *Limbo* to his Paradise of Fools. EDITOR.

⁹ *Writing destruction on the enemies' castle?*] Thus all the editions. But Mr. Theobald, after ridiculing the sagacity of the former editors at the expence of a great deal of awkward mirth, corrects it to *casque*; and this, he says, he'll stand by: And the Oxford editor, taking his security, will stand by it too. But
 what

O, none of both but are of high desert :
 My hand hath been but idle ; let it serve
 To ransom my two nephews from their death ;
 Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whose hand shall go along,
 For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

what a slippery ground is critical confidence ! Nothing could bid fairer for a right conjecture ; yet 'tis all imaginary. A close helmet, which covered the whole head, was called a *castle*, and, I suppose, for that very reason. Don Quixote's barber, at least as good a critic as these editors, says, (in Shelton's translation, 1612,) " I know what is a helmet, and what a morrion, and what a close *castle*, and other things touching warfare." Lib. iv. cap. 18. And the original, *celada de encaxe*, has something of the same signification. Shakspeare uses the word again in *Troilus and Cressida* :

" ———— and Diomedes

" Stand fast, and wear a *castle* on thy head."

WARBURTON.

" Dr. Warburton's proof (says the author of the *Revisal*) rests wholly on two mistakes, one of a printer, the other of his own. In Shelton's *Don Quixote* the word *close castle* is an error of the press for a *close casque*, which is the exact interpretation of the Spanish original, *celada de encaxe* ; this Dr. Warburton must have seen, if he had understood Spanish as well as he pretends to do. For the primitive *caxa*, from whence the word, *encaxe*, is derived, signifies a *box*, or *coffer* ; but never a *castle*. His other proof is taken from this passage in *Troilus and Cressida* :

" ———— and Diomedes

" Stand fast, and wear a *castle* on thy head,"

Wherein Troilus doth not advise Diomedes to wear a helmet on his head, for that would be poor indeed, as he always wore one in battle ; but to guard his head with the most impenetrable armour, to shut it up even in a *castle*, if it were possible, or else his sword should reach it."

After all this reasoning, however, it appears, that a *castle* did actually signify a *close helmet*. So, in Holinshed, vol. II. p. 815 :
 " ———— Then suddenlie with great noise of trumpets entered sir Thomas Knevet in a *castell* of cole blacke, and over the *castell* was written, The dolorous *castell*, and so he and the earle of Essex, &c. ran their courses with the king, &c." STREVENSON.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me shew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt Lucius, and Marcus.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*]

[*He cuts off Titus's hand.*]

Enter Lucius and Marcus again.

Tit. Now, stay your strife; what shall be, is dispatch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited, that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought my own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—

Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy [*Aside,*
Doth fat me with the very thought of it!

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*]

Tit. O hear!—I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:

If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call:—What, wilt thou kneel with me?

[*To Lavinia.*

Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our
prayers;

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O! brother speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes¹.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

¹ *And do not break into these two extremes.* We should read, instead of this nonsense:

———woe-extremes.

i. e. extremes caused by excessive sorrow. But Mr. Theobald, on his own authority, alters it to *deep*, without notice given.

WARBURTON.

It is *deep* in the old quarto of 1611, and the folio, i. e. in all the old copies which have been hitherto seen. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter a Messenger, bringing in two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand, thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a
wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[*Lavinia kisses him.*

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery: Die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I controul thy griefs:
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of your most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm, why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh! it fits not with this
hour.

Tit.

Tit. Why I have not another tear to shed :
 Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
 And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
 And make them blind with tributary tears ;
 Then which way shall I find revenge's cave ?
 For these two heads do seem to speak to me ;
 And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
 'Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
 Even in their throats that have committed them.
 Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
 You heavy people, circle me about ;
 That I may turn me to each one of you,
 And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
 The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head ;
 And in this hand the other will I bear :
 Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things^r ;
 Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
 As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight ;
 Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay :
 Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there :
 And, if you love me, as I think you do,
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Lucius.

Luc. Farewel, Andronicus, my noble father ;
 The woful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome !
 Farewel, proud Rome ! 'till Lucius comes again,
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
 Farewel, Lavinia, my noble sister ;
 O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been !
 But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
 But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.

^r *Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things ;*] Thus the folio, 1623. The quarto 1611 thus:

And Lavinia thou shalt be employ'd in these arms.

STEEVENS.

If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs ;
 And make proud Saturninus and his emperers
 Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
 Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
 To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

[Exit Lucius.

S C E N E II².

An apartment in Titus's house.

*A banquet. Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young
 Lucius, a boy.*

Tit. So, so ; now sit : and look, you eat no more
 Than will preserve just so much strength in us
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
 Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot ;
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
 And cannot passionate³ our ten-fold grief
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
 Is left to tyrannize upon my breast ;
 And when my heart, all mad with misery,
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
 Then thus I thump it down.—
 Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs !

[To Lavinia.

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,

² This scene, which does not contribute any thing to the action, yet seems to have the same author with the rest, is omitted in the quarto of 1611, but found in the folio of 1623.

JOHNSON.

³ *And cannot passionate, &c.*] This obsolete verb is likewise found in Spenser :

“ Great pleasure mix'd with pitiful regard,
 “ That godly king and queen did *passionate*.”

STEEVENS.

Thou

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
 Wound it with fighting, girl, kill it with groans;
 Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
 That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
 May run into that sink, and soaking in,
 Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fye, brother, fye? teach her not thus to lay
 Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee doat al-
 ready?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
 What violent hands can she lay on her life?
 Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—
 To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
 How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
 O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;
 Lest we remember still, that we have none.—
 Fye, fye, how frantickly I square my talk!
 As if we should forget we had no hands,
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
 Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—
 Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—
 I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—
 She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
 Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks⁴:—
 Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
 'Thou shalt not figh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
 But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
 And, ⁵ by still practice, learn to know the meaning.

⁴ —mesh'd upon her cheeks.] A very coarse allusion to brewing. STEEVENS.

⁵ —by still practice—] By constant or continual practice.

JOHNSON.

Boy. Good grandfire, leave these bitter deep laments ;

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandfire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling ; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife ?

Mar. At that that I have killed, my lord ; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer ! thou kill'st my heart ;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny :
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother ; Get thee gone ;
I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother⁶ ?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
⁷ And buz lamenting doings in the air ?
Poor harmless fly !
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry ; and thou hast kill'd
him.

⁶ ——— a father and mother ?] *Mother* perhaps should be omitted, as the following line speaks only in the singular number, and Titus most probably confines his thoughts to the sufferings of a father. STEEVENS.

⁷ *And buz lamenting doings in the air.*] *Lamenting doings* is a very idle expression, and conveys no idea. I read

—————dolings—————

The alteration which I have made, though it is but the addition of a single letter, is a great increase to the sense ; and though, indeed, there is somewhat of a tautology in the epithet and substantive annexed to it, yet that's no new thing with our author.

THEOBALD.

There is no need of change. *Sad doings* for any unfortunate event, is a common though not an elegant expression.

STEEVENS.

Mar.

Mar. Pardon me, fir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the emperers' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.
Ah, firrah!—yet I think we are not brought so low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on
him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.
[*Exeunt.*]

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

Titus's house.

*Enter young Lucius, and Lavinia running after him;
and the boy flies from her, with his books under his
arm. Enter Titus and Marcus.*

Boy. Help, grandfire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth she mean:—

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee: Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee, Sweet poetry, and Tully's oratory^s.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess, Unless some fit of phrenzy do possess her: For I have heard my grandsire say full oft, Extremity of griefs would make men mad; And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy Ran mad through sorrow; That made me to fear; Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did, And would not, but in fury, fright my youth: Which made me down to throw my books, and fly; Causeless, perhaps: But pardon me, sweet aunt: And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go, I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this?

Some book there is that she desires to see:— Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.— But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd; Come, and take choice of all my library,

^s ——— *Tully's oratory.*] Thus the moderns. The old copies read—*Tully's oratour*; meaning perhaps, *Tully De oratore.*

And so beguile thy sorrow, 'till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more
than one

Confederate in the fact;—Ay, more there was:—
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandfire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphosis*;
My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! soft, how busily she turns the leaves!
Help her: What would she find? Lavinia, shall I
read?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother see; note, how she quotes the
leaves⁹.

Tit. Lavinia, were't thou thus surpriz'd, sweet
girl,

Ravish'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none
but friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:

⁹ ————*how she quotes the leaves.*] 'To quote is to observe:
See a note on *Hamlet*, act II. sc. 2. STEEVENS.

Or sunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit down
by me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here;—look here, Lavinia:

*[He writes his name with his staff, and guides
it with his feet and mouth.]*

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou can'st,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here display at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

*[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it
with her stumps, and writes.]*

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath
writ?

Staprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora,
Performers of this hateful bloody deed?

Tit. ——— *Magne Dominator Poli**,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I
know,

There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclams.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;

* *Magne Regnator Deum, &c.* is the exclamation of *Hippolitus*
when *Phædra* discovers the secret of her incestuous passion in
Seneca's tragedy. STEEVENS.

And swear with me,—as with the woeful feere²,
 And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
 Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
 That we will prosecute, by good advice,
 Mortal revenge upon these traiterous Goths,
 And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.
 But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:
 The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
 She's with the lion deeply still in league,
 And lulls him while she playeth on her back,

² *And swear with me, as with the woeful feere,*] The old copies do not only assist us to find the true reading by conjecture. I will give an instance, from the first folio, of a reading (incontestably the true one) which has escaped the laborious researches of the many most diligent critics, who have favoured the world with editions of Shakspeare. In *Titus Andronicus*, act iv. sc. i. Marcus says,

*My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia kneel;
 And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
 And swear with me, as, with the woeful peer,
 And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
 Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape—*

What meaning has hitherto been annexed to the word *peer*, in this passage, I know not. The reading of the first folio is *feere*, which signifies a *companion*, and here metaphorically a *husband*. The proceeding of Brutus, which is alluded to, is described at length in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, as putting an end to the lamentations of Collatinus and Lucretius, the husband and father of Lucretia. So, in *Sir Eglamour of Artoys*, sig. A 4:

“Christabell, your daughter free
 “When shall she have a *feere*?” i. e. a husband.

Sir Tho. More's *Lamentation on the Death of Q. Elizabeth, Wife of Hen. VII*:

“Was I not a king's *feere* in marriage?”

And again:

“Farewell my daughter Katherine, late the *feere*
 “To prince Arthur.” TYRWHITT.

The word *feere* or *pheere* very frequently occurs among the old dramatic writers and others. So, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, Morose says:

“—her that I mean to chuse for my *bed-pheere*.”

And many other places. STEEVENS.

And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
 You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
 And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
 And with a gad of steel will write these words,
 And lay it by: the angry northern wind
 Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
 And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
 Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
 For these bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome.

Mer. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
 For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into my armoury;
 Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
 Shall carry from me to the emperers' sons
 Presents, that I intend to send them both:
 Come, come; thou'lt do my message, wilt thou
 not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosom, grand-
 fire.

Tit. No, no, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another
 course.

Lavinia, come:—Marcus, look to my house;
 Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
 Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
 And not relent, or not compassionate him?
 Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;
 That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
 Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield:
 But yet so just, that he will not revenge:—

Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E

³ *Revenge the heavens—*] We should read:

Revenge thee, heavens!—— WARBURTON.

S C E N E II.

Changes to the palace.

Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius, at one door: and at another door, young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver to us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;—
And pray the Roman gods, confound you both.

Dem. Gramercy⁴, lovely Lucius; What's the news? [*Aside.*]

Boy. That you are both decypher'd, that's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it please you,
My grandfire, well-advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,

It should be:

Revenge, ye heavens! —————

Ye was by the transcriber taken for *ye*, the. JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading is right, and signifies—*may the heavens revenge, &c.* STEEVENS.

I believe we should read

Revenge then heavens. TYRWHITT.

⁴ Gramercy, —————] i. e. *grand merci; great thanks.*

STEEVENS.

You may be armed and appointed well :
And so I leave you both, [*Aside.*] like bloody vil-
lains. [*Exit.*]

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round
about?

Let's see;

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu:*

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just;—a verse in Horace;—right, you
have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an afs!
Here's no fond jest: the old man hath
found their guilt;

And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with
lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the
quick. } [*Aside.*]

But were our witty emperess well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
But let her rest in her unrest a while.—

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacketh but your mother to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand
more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us
o'er. [*Aside. Flourish.*]

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish
thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Nurse. Good-morrow, lords:

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all.
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's
eye,
Our emperers' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;—
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she is brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joyful
issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The emperers' sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so base a
hue?—
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou
Can'st not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother⁵.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone,
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man, but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. ⁶ I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's
point:

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scymitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey; out of his father's hands.
What, what; ye sanguine shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!

⁵ *Villain, I have done thy mother.*] To do is here used obscenely. See Vol. II. 15. Vol. IV. 70. COLLINS.

⁶ *I'll broach the tadpole—*] A broach is a spit. I'll spit the tadpole. JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

“ I'll broach thee on my steel.”

Again, in Greene's *Pleasant Discovery of the Cosenage of Colliers*, 1592: “ —with that she caught a spit in her hand, and swore if he offered to stirre she should therewith broach him.”

COLLINS.

Coal-black is better than another hue,
 7 In that it scorns to bear another hue:
 For all the water in the ocean
 Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
 Although she lave them hourly in the flood.—
 Tell the emperess from me, I am of age
 To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
 The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
 This, before all the world, do I prefer;
 This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
 Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her
 death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy⁸.

Aar. Why there's the privilege your beauty bears:
 Eye, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing
 The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
 Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer⁹:
 Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;
 As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*
 He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
 Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
 And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,
 He is enfranchis'd and come to light:
 Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
 Although my seal is stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the emperess?

⁷ *In that it seems to bear another hue:]* We may better read:
In that it scorns to bear another hue. JOHNSON.

Scorns is the reading of the first folio, and should undoubtedly
 be inserted in the text. TYRWHITT.

⁸ *Ignomy.]* See Vol. V. p. 444. EDITOR.

⁹ *another leer:]* *Leer* is complexion, or hue. See
 Vol. III. p. 373. STEEVENS.

Dem.

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice;
Save you the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the ground.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords; When we all join
in league,

I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lions,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But, say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else, but the deliver'd emperess.

Aar. The emperess, the midwife, and yourself:—
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away¹:
Go to the emperess; tell her this I say:—

[*He kills her.*]

Weke, weke!—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst
thou this?

Aar. O lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
² Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,

And

¹ *Two may keep counsel when the third's away:*] This proverb is introduced likewise in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. STEEVENS.

² *Go pack with him,——*] *Pack* here seems to have the meaning of *make a bargain*. Or it may mean, as in the phrase of modern gamesters, to act collusively.

And mighty dukes pack knives for half a crown. POPE.

And tell them both the circumstance of all;
 And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
 And be received for the emperor's heir,
 And substituted in the place of mine,
 To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
 And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
 Hark ye, my lords; ye see, I have given her physick,
[Pointing to the nurse.]

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
 The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
 This done, see that you take no longer days,
 But send the midwife presently to me.
 The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
 With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
 Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow
 flies;

There to dispose this treasure in my arms,
 And secretly to greet the emperors' friends.—
 Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I bear you hence;
 For it is you that put us to our shifts:
 I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
 And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
 And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
 To be a warrior, and command a camp. [Exit.]

To *pack* is to contrive insidiously. So, in *King Lear*:
 "——snuffs and *packings* of the dukes." STEEVENS.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

A street near the palace.

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen with bows; and Titus bears the arrows with letters on the ends of them.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsmen, this is the way:—

Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
Look, ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:
Terras Astrea reliquit:—be you remember'd
Marcus.—

She's gone, she's fled.—Sirs, take you to your tools.
You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean,
And cast your nets; haply, you may find her in the
sea;

Yet there's as little justice as at land:—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth;
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition:
Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid;
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub.

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
'Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters,
What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you
word,
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you needs must stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;
³ Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can
bear:—

And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you:— Here, *ad Apollinem*:—
Ad Martem, that's for myself;—
Here, boy, to Pallas:— Here to Mercury:—
To Saturn, and to Cœlus⁴; not to Saturnine,—

³ *Yet wrung with wrongs, —*] To wring a horse is to press or strain his back. JOHNSON.

⁴ *To Saturn, and to Cœlus, —*] The quarto and folio read: —to Caius. Mr. Rowe first substituted *Cœlus* in its room.

You were as good to shoot against the wind. —
To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid:
O' my word, I have written to effect;
There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the
court⁵:

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well
said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap, give it to Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon⁶;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord; when Publius
shot,

The bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the emperers' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

⁵ — shoot all your shafts into the court:] In the ancient ballad of *Titus Andronicus's Complaint*, is the following passage:

“ Then past reliefe I upp and downe did goe,
“ And with my tears wrote in the dust my woe:
“ *I shot my arrowes towards heaven hie,*
“ And for revenge to hell did often crye.”

On this Dr. Percy has the following observation: “ If the ballad was written before the play, I should suppose this to be only a metaphorical expression, taken from the Psalms: “ *They shoot out their arrows, even bitter words*, Pf. lxxiv. 3.” *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 228. third edit. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *I am a mile beyond the moon* ;] The folios 1623 and 1632, read:

————— *I aym a mile beyond the moon.*

To “ cast beyond the moon,” is an expression used in Hinde's *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606. Again, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594: “ Rishio hath gone beyond himself in casting beyond the moon,” Again, in *A Woman kill'd with Kindness*, 1617:

“ ————— I talk of things impossible,
“ And cast beyond the moon.” STEEVENS.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy!

Enter a Clown, with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come. Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters? Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clown. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd 'till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clown. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs⁷, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the imperial's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the emperor: By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

⁷ —the tribunal plebs,——] I suppose the Clown means to say, *Plebeian tribune*, i. e. tribune of the people; for none could fill this office but such as were descended from *Plebeian* ancestors.

Hold, hold ;—mean while, here's money for thy charges.

Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clown. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel ; then kiss his foot ; then deliver up your pigeons ; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir ; see you do it bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, sir ; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it. Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration ; For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant :— And when thou hast given it the emperor, Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clown. God be with you, sir ; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go :—Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

The palace.

Enter Emperor, and Emperess, and her two sons ; the Emperor brings the arrows in his hand, that Titus shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus over-borne,
Troubled, confronted thus ; and, for the extent
Of regal justice, us'd in such contempt?

My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,
However the disturbers of our peace

Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath past,
But even with law, against the wilful sons

Of

Of old Andronicus. And what an if
 His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks^s,
 His fits, his phrenzy, and his bitterness?
 And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
 See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
 This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
 Sweet scrolls, to fly about the streets of Rome!
 What's this, but libelling against the senate,
 And blazoning our injustice every where?
 A goodly humbur, is it not, my lords?
 As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
 But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
 But he and his shall know, that justice lives
 In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
 He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, most lovely Saturnine,
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
 The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd his
 heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
 For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become
[Aside.]

High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
 Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? wouldst thou speak with us?

^s —his wreaks,] i. e. his revenges. STEEVENS.

Clown. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Emperers I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clown. 'Tis he.—God and faint Stephen, give you good den :

I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here. [*The Emperor reads the letter.*]

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clown. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, firrah, you must be hang'd.

Clown. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit.*]

Sat. Despightful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device proceeds:
May this be borne?—as if his traiterous sons,
That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:—
For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

9 *Enter Æmilius.*

Sat. What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause!

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power

9 *Enter Nuntius Æmilius.*] Thus the old books have described this character. In the author's manuscript, I presume, it was writ, *Enter Nuntius*; and they observing, that he is immediately called Æmilius, thought proper to give him his whole title, and so clapped in *Enter Nuntius Æmilius*.—Mr. Pope has very critically followed them; and ought, methinks, to have given this new-adopted citizen Nuntius a place in the *Dramatis Personæ*.

Of high-resolved men; bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of his revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grais beat down with storms.
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he, the common people love so much;
Myself have often over-heard them say,
(When I have walked like a private man)
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius was their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not our city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius;
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy
name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing, that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or 'honey-stalks to sheep;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear:

* ———honey-stalks to sheep;] Honey-stalks are clover-flowers, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover, and die. JOHNSON.

With golden promises ; that were his heart
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
 Go thou before, be our embassador : [To Æmilius.
 Say, that the emperor requests a parley
 Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably :
 And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
 Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [Exit.

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus ;
 And temper him, with all the art I have,
 To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
 And now, sweet emperor, be blith again,
 And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully², and plead to him.
 [Exeunt.

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

The camp, at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Lucius and Goths, with drum and soldiers.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
 I have received letters from great Rome,
 Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
 And how desirous of our fight they are.
 Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
 Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs ;

² —*successfully*,—] The old copies read : —*successantly*.

And, wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great An-
dronicus,

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort ;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us : we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Omni. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth ?

*Enter a Goth, leading Aaron, with his child in his
arms.*

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,
³ To gaze upon a ruinous monastery ;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall :
I made unto the noise ; when soon I heard
The crying babe controul'd with this discourse :
*Peace, tawny slave ; half me, and half thy dam !
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,*

³ *To gaze upon a ruinous monastery.*] Shakspeare has so perpetually offended against chronology in all his plays, that no very conclusive argument can be deduced from the particular absurdity of these anachronisms, relative to the authenticity of *Titus Andronicus*. And yet the *ruined monastery*, the *popish tricks*, &c. that Aaron talks of, and especially the French salutation from the mouth of Titus, are altogether so very much out of place, that I cannot persuade myself even our hasty poet could have been guilty of their insertion, or would have permitted them to remain, had he corrected the performance for another.

STEEVENS.

*Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor :
 But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
 They never do beget a coal-black calf.
 Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the babe,—
 For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth ;
 Who, when he knows thou art the emperess' babe,
 Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.*
 With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
 Surpriz'd him suddenly ; and brought him hither,
 To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth ! this is the incarnate devil,
 That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand :
 This is the pearl that pleas'd your emperess' eye ;
 And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
 Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
 This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?
 Why dost not speak ? What ! deaf ? No ! not a
 word ?

A halter, soldiers ; hang him on this tree,
 And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the fire for ever being good.—
 First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl ;
 A sight to vex the father's soul withal.

* Get me a ladder.

Aar. Lucius, save the child ;
 And bear it from me to the emperess.
 If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,
 That highly may advantage thee to hear :
 If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
 I'll speak no more ; But vengeance rot you all !

Luc. Say on ; and, if it please me which thou
 speak'st,

* *Aar.* Get me a ladder. *Lucius, save the child.*] All the printed editions have given this whole verse to Aaron. But why should the Moor here ask for a ladder, who earnestly wanted to have his child saved ? THEOBALD.

Get me a ladder, may mean, *hang me.* STEEVENS.

Thy

Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee,
Lucius,

'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason; villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live:

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no
god;

That granted, how can'st thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not:
Yet,—for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—
Therefore I urge thy oath;—For that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble^s for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;
To that I'll urge him:—Therefore, thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,——
To save my boy, nourish, and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the em-
peress,

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons, that murder'd Bassianus:

^s —his bauble—] See a note on *All's Well that ends Well*,
Act IV. sc. 5. STEEVENS.

They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands off; and trimm'd her as thou
faw'ft.

Luc. O, detestable villain! call'ft thou that
trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd;
and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was the tutor to instruct them:
That coddling spirit⁶ had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
⁷ As true a dog as ever fought at head.—
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corps of Bassianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen, and her two sons:
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;

⁶ *That coddling spirit*—] i. e. that love of *bed-sports*. *Cod* is a word still used in Yorkshire for a *pillow*. See Lloyd's catalogue of local words at the end of Ray's *Proverbs*. COLLINS.

⁷ *As true a dog as ever fought at head*.—] An allusion to bulldogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front, and seizing his nose. JOHNSON.

So in a collection of Epigrams by J. D. and C. M. printed at Middleburgh, no date:

“ —amongst the dogs and beares he goes;

“ Where, while he skipping cries—*To head, to head, &c.*”

STEVENS.

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the emperess of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kiffes.

Gotb. What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse)
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when the sorrow almost was forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil⁸; for he must not die
So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,

⁸ *Bring down the devil*;—] It appears, from these words, that the audience were entertained with part of the apparatus of an execution, and that Aaron was mounted on a ladder, as ready to be turned off. STEEVENS.

To live and burn in everlasting fire ;
 So I might have your company in hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue !

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter Æmilius.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome ?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the
 Goths,

The Roman emperor greets you all by me ;
 And, for he understands you are in arms,
 He craves a parley at your father's house ;
 Willing you to demand your hostages,
 And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What says our general ?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
 Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
 And we will come. March away. [*Exeunt,*

S C E N E II.

Titus's palace in Rome.

Enter Tamora, Chiron, and Demetrius, disguis'd.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
 I will encounter with Andronicus ;
 And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
 To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs,
 Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
 To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge ;

Tell

Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

[They knock, and Titus opens his study door.]

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word: How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou wouldst talk
with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough;
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud emperess, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There's not a hollow cave, nor lurking-place,
Nor vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam.

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands:
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide two proper palfries, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's⁹ rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
¹ So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine, and Murder: therefore called so,
² Cause they take vengeance on such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the emperers' sons they are!

And you, the emperers! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.

⁹ ——*Hyperion's*—] The folio reads *Epton's*; the quarto *Epeon's*; and so Ravenscroft. STEEVENS.

¹ *So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.*] I do not know of any instance that can be brought to prove that *rape* and *rapine* were ever used as synonymous terms. The word *rapine* has always been employed for a *less fatal kind of plunder*, and means the violent act of deprivation of any good, the honour here alluded to being always excepted. I have indeed since discovered that Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. V. fol. 116, b. uses *ravine* in the same sense:

“ For if thou be of such covine,
“ To get of love by *ravyne*
“ Thy lust, &c.”

STEEVENS.

O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee :
 And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
 I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit Titus from above.*]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy :
 Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
 Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
 For now he firmly takes me for Revenge ;
 And, being credulous in this mad thought,
 I'll make him send for Lucius, his son ;
 And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
 I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
 To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
 Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
 See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee :
 Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful house ;—
 Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too :—
 How like the emperess and her sons you are !
 Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor :—
 Could not all hell afford you such a devil ?—
 For, well I wot, the emperess never wags,
 But in her company there wags a Moor ;
 And, would you represent our queen aright,
 It were convenient you had such a devil :
 But welcome, as you are. What shall we do ?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus ?

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a villain, that hath done a rape,
 And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand, that have done thee
 wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome ;
 And

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
 Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—
 Go thou with him; and, when it is thy hap,
 To find another that is like to thee.

Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.—
 Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
 There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
 Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
 For up and down she doth resemble thee;
 I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
 They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
 But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
 To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
 Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
 And bid him come and banquet at thy house:
 When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
 I will bring in the emperess and her sons,
 The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
 And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
 And on them thou shalt ease thy angry heart.
 What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus; to thy nephew Lucius;
 Thou shalt enquire him out among the Goths;
 Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
 Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
 Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
 Tell him, the emperor and the emperess too
 Feast at my house; and he shall feast with them.
 This do thou for my love; and so let him,
 As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*]

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
 And take my ministers along with me.

Tit.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me ;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*to her sons.*] What say you, boys ? will you
abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest ?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him 'till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me
mad ;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of curfed hell-hounds, and their dam. [*Aside.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewel, Andronicus : Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit Tamora.*

Tit. I know, thou dost ; and, sweet Revenge,
farewel.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd ?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine !

Enter Publius, and Servants.

Pub. What is your will ?

Tit. Know you these two ?

Pub. The emperers' sons,
I take them, Chiron, and Demetrius.

Tit. Fye, Publius, fye ! thou art too much de-
ceiv'd ;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name :
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius ;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them :
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it : therefore bind them sure ;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit Titus.*

Chi.

Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the emperers' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

Re-enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia with a basin.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound:—

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with
mud;

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more
dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;
Whilst that Lavinia 'twixt her stumps doth hold
The basin, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad,—
Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;
² And of the paste a coffin will I rear,

² *And of the paste a coffin—*] A *coffin* is the term of art for the cavity of a raised pye. JOHNSON.

And make two pasties of your shameful heads ;
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
 Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on ;
 For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
 And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd :
 And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,
 Receive the blood : and, when that they are dead,
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
 And with this hateful liquor temper it ;
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
 Come, come, be every one officious
 To make this banquet ; which I wish may prove
 More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast.
[*He cuts their throats.*
 So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
 And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths, with Aaron prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind,
 That I repair to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune
 will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
 This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil ;
 Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
 'Till he be brought unto the emperor's face,
 For testimony of these foul proceedings :
 And see the ambush of our friends be strong ;
 I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—

[*Exeunt Goths, with Aaron.*]

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.— [*Flourish.*]
The trumpets shew, the emperor is at hand.

*Sound trumpets. Enter Saturninus and Tamora, with
Tribunes and others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than
one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, ³ break the
parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your
places.

Sat. Marcus, we will. [*Hautboys.*]

*A table brought in. Enter Titus, like a cook, placing
the meat on the table, and Lavinia, with a veil over
her face.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread
queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

³ —*break the parle*;] That is, *begin* the parley. We yet say,
he *breaks* his mind. JOHNSON.

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your emperess.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you
were.

My lord the emperor, resolve me this ;
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right-hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd ?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord ?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her
shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual ;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like :—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee ;
And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die !

[*He kills her.*]

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind ?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me
blind.

I am as woeful as Virginius was :

And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage ;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravished ? tell, who did the
deed,

Tit. Will't please you eat ? will't please your high-
ness feed ?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter
thus ?

Tit. Not I ; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius :
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye ;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,

Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred⁴,
 'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point,
[He stabs Tamora.]

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.
[He stabs Titus.]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
 There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.
[Lucius stabs Saturninus.]

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of
 Rome,
 By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
 Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
 O, let me teach you how to knit again
 This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
 These broken limbs again into one body.

*Goth.*⁵ Let Rome herself be bane unto herself;
 And she, whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
 Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
 Do shameful execution on herself.

Mar. But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
 Grave witnesses of true experience,
 Cannot induce you to attend my words,—

⁴ *Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.*] The additions made by Ravenscroft to this scene, are so much of a piece with it, that I cannot resist the temptation of shewing the reader how he continues the speech before us:

“ Thus cramm'd, thou'rt bravely fatten'd up for hell,
 “ And thus to Pluto I do serve thee up:”

[Stabs the emperess.]

And then—“ *A curtain drawn discovers the heads and hands of Demetrius and Chiron hanging up against the wall; their bodies in chairs in bloody linen.*” STEEVENS.

⁵ *Goth.*] This speech and the next, in the quarto 1611, are given to a *Roman lord*. In the folio they both belong to the *Goth*. I know not why they are separated. I believe the whole belongs to *Marcus*; who, when Lucius has gone through such a part of the narrative as concerns his own exile, claims his turn to speak again, and recommend Lucius to the empire.

STEEVENS.

Speak,

Speak, Rome's dear friend ; as erst our ancestor,
[To Lucius.]

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
 To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
 The story of that baleful burning night,
 When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king Priam's Troy ;
 Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
 Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
 That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
 My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel ;
 Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
 But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
 And break my very utterance ; even in the time
 When it should move you to attend me most,
 Lending your kind commiseration :

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale ;
 Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
 That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
 Were they that murdered our emperor's brother ;
 And they it was, that ravished our sister :
 For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded ;
 Our father's tears despis'd ; and basely cozen'd
 Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel
 out,

And sent her enemies unto the grave.
 Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
 To beg relief among Rome's enemies ;
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
 And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend :
 And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood ;
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
 Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.

Alas ! you know, I am no vaunter, I ;
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
 That my report is just, and full of truth.

But,

But, soft, methinks, I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak; Behold this
child,

Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
And as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Ro-
mans?

Have we done ought amiss? Shew us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak: and, if you say, we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æm. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Mar. Lucius, all hail; Rome's royal emperor!
Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life,
Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans⁶; May I govern so,

⁶ *Thanks, gentle Romans;—*] It should seem from the beginning of this speech of Lucius, that the first and last lines of the preceding one ought to be given to the concourse of Romans who are supposed to be present. STEEVENS.

To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
 But, gentle people, give me aim a while,—
 For nature puts me to a heavy task;—
 Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
 To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:—
 O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kisses Titus.*

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
 The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
 Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
 O, were the sum of these that I should pay
 Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn
 of us

To melt in showers: Thy grandfire lov'd thee well:
 Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
 Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
 Many a matter hath he told to thee,
 Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;
 In that respect then, like a loving child,
 Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
 Because kind nature doth require it so:
 Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
 Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
 Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandfire, grandfire! even with all my
 heart

'Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
 O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
 My tears will choak me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Romans, with Aaron.

Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes;
 Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
 That hath been breeder of these dire events.

584 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish
him;

There let him stand, and rave and cry for food :
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom :
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth².

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury
dumb?

I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done ;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will :
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor
hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave :
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tyger, Tamora,
No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey :
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity ;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
From whom our heavy haps had their beginning :
Then, afterwards, to order well the state ;
That like events may ne'er it ruin.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

² —to see him fasten'd in the earth.] That justice and cookery may go hand in hand to the conclusion of this play, in Ravenscroft's alteration of it, Aaron is at once rack'd and roasted on the stage. STEEVENS.

THIS is one of those plays which I have always thought, with the better judges, ought not to be acknowledged in the list of Shakspeare's genuine pieces. And, perhaps, I may give a
proof

proof to strengthen this opinion, that may put the matter out of question. Ben Jonson, in the introduction to his *Bartholomew-Fair*, which made its first appearance in the year 1614, couples *Jeronymo* and *Andronicus* together in reputation, and speaks of them as plays then of twenty-five or thirty years standing. Consequently *Andronicus* must have been on the stage before Shakspeare left Warwickshire, to come and reside in London: and I never heard it so much as intimated, that he had turned his genius to stage-writing before he associated with the players, and became one of their body. However, that he afterwards introduced it a-new on the stage, with the addition of his own masterly touches, is incontestible, and thence, I presume, grew his title to it. The diction in general, where he has not taken the pains to raise it, is even beneath that of the Three Parts of Henry VI. The story we are to suppose merely fictitious. *Andronicus* is a sur-name of pure Greek derivation. *Tamora* is neither mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor any body else that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors, any wars with the Goths that I know of: not till after the translation of the empire, I mean to Byzantium. And yet the scene of our play is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the capitol. THEOBALD.

All the editors and critics agree with Mr. Theobald in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the stile is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre, which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience; yet we are told by Jonson, that they were not only borne, but praised. That Shakspeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it *incontestible*, I see no reason for believing.

The testimony produced at the beginning of this play, by which it is ascribed to Shakspeare, is by no means equal to the argument against its authenticity, arising from the total difference of conduct, language, and sentiments, by which it stands apart from all the rest. Meres had probably no other evidence than that of a title page, which, though in our time it be sufficient, was then of no great authority; for all the plays which were rejected by the first collectors of Shakspeare's works, and admitted in later editions, and again rejected by the critical editors, had Shakspeare's name on the title, as we must suppose, by the fraudulence of the printers, who, while there were yet no gazettes, nor advertisements, nor any means of circulating literary intelligence, could usurp at pleasure any celebrated name. Nor had Shakspeare any interest in detecting the imposture, as none of his fame or profit was produced by the press.

The chronology of this play does not prove it not to be Shakspeare's. If it had been written twenty-five years, in 1614, it might have been written when Shakspeare was twenty-five years old. When he left Warwickshire I know not, but at the age of twenty-five it was rather too late to fly for deer-stealing.

Ravenscroft, who in the reign of James II. revised this play, and restored it to the stage, tells us, in his preface, from a theatrical tradition, I suppose, which in his time might be of sufficient authority, that this play was touched in different parts by Shakspeare, but written by some other poet. I do not find Shakspeare's touches very discernible. JOHNSON.

There is every reason to believe, that Shakspeare was not the author of this play. I have already said enough upon this subject.

Mr. Upton declares peremptorily, that it ought to be flung out of the list of our author's works: yet Mr. Warner, with all his laudable zeal for the memory of his *school-fellow*, when it may seem to serve his purpose, *disables* his friend's judgment!

Indeed, a *new argument* has been produced; it must have been written by Shakspeare, because at that time *other people* wrote in the *same manner*!

It is scarcely worth observing, that the original publisher* had nothing to do with any of the rest of Shakspeare's works. Dr. Johnson observes the copy to be as correct, as other books of the time; and probably revised by the author himself; but surely Shakspeare would not have taken the greatest care about *infinitely the worst* of his performances! Nothing more can be said, except that it is printed by Heminge and Condell in the *first folio*: but not to insist, that it had been contrary to their interest to have rejected any play, usually called Shakspeare's, though they might *know* it to be spurious; it does not appear, that their *knowledge* is at all to be depended upon; for it is certain, that in the first copies, they had intirely omitted the play of *Troilus and Cressida*.

It has been said, that this play was first printed for G. Eld, 1594, but the original publisher was Edward White. I have seen in an old catalogue of *tales*, &c. the history of *Titus Andronicus*. FARMER.

I have already given the reader a specimen of the changes made in this play by Ravenscroft, who revived it with success in the year 1687; and may add, that when the empress stabs her child, he has supplied the Moor with the following lines:

* The original owner of the copy was John Danter, who likewise printed the first edition of *Romeo and Juliet* in 1597, and is introduced as a character in the *Return from Parnassus*, &c. 1606. STEEVENS.

“ She has out-done me, ev’n in mine own art,
 “ Out-done me in murder—kill’d her own child——
 “ Give it me—I’ll eat it.”

It rarely happens that a dramatic piece is altered with the same spirit that it was written; but *Titus Andronicus* has undoubtedly fallen into the hands of one whose feelings were congenial with those of its original author.

In the course of the notes on this performance, I have pointed out a passage or two which, in my opinion, sufficiently prove it to have been the work of one who was acquainted both with Greek and Roman literature. It is likewise deficient in such internal marks as distinguish the tragedies of Shakspeare from those of other writers; I mean, that it presents no struggles to introduce the vein of humour so constantly intervowen with the business of his serious dramas. It can neither boast of his striking excellencies, nor his acknowledged defects; for it offers not a single interesting situation, a natural character, or a string of quibbles, from the first scene to the last. That Shakspeare should have written without commanding our attention, moving our passions, or sporting with words, appears to me as improbable, as that he should have studiously avoided disyllable and trissyllable terminations in this play, and in no other.

Let it likewise be remembered that this piece was not published with the name of Shakspeare till after his death. The quarto in 1611 is anonymous.

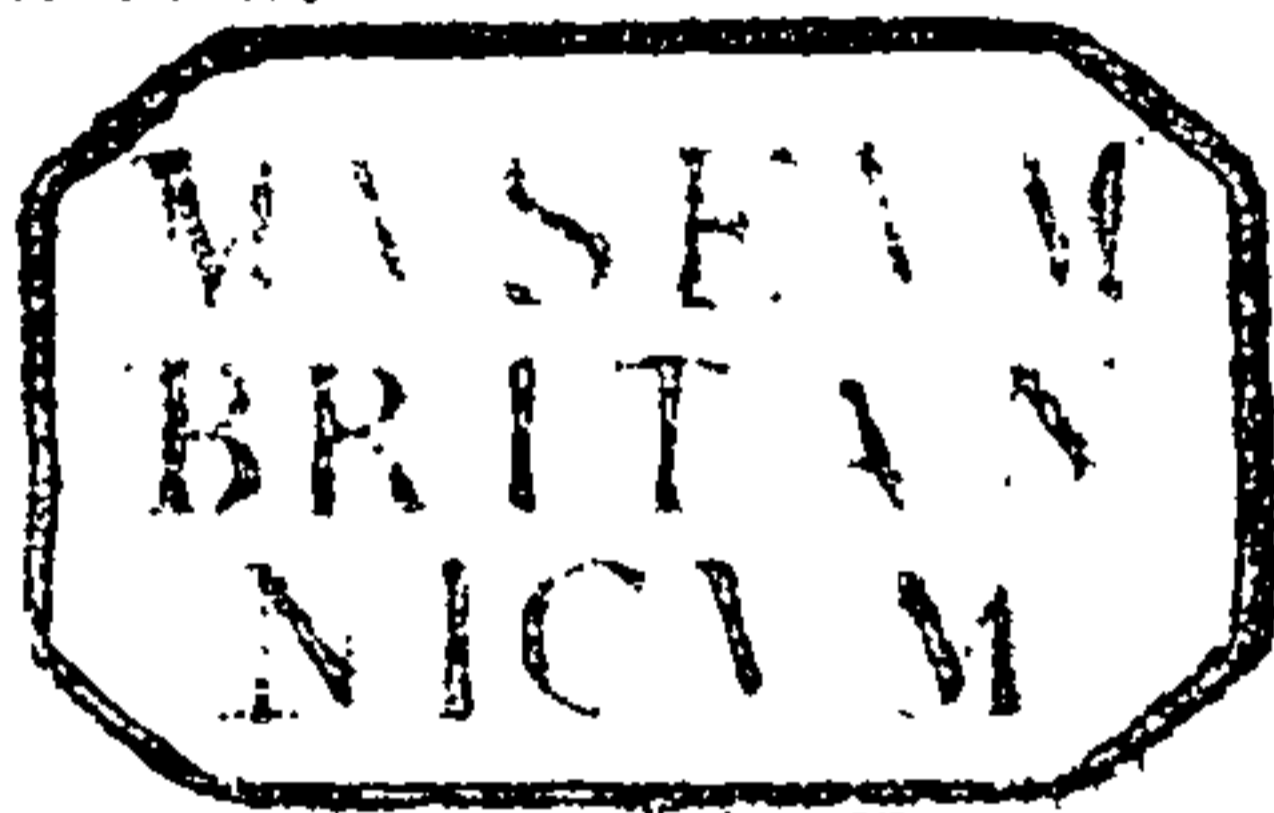
Could the use of particular terms employed in no other of his pieces, be admitted as an argument that he was not its author, more than one of these might be found; among which is *palliamēt* for *robe*, a Latinism which I have not met with elsewhere in any English writer, whether ancient or modern; though it must have originated from the mint of a scholar. I may add, that *Titus Andronicus* will be found on examination to contain a greater number of classical allusions, &c. than are scattered over all the rest of the performances on which the seal of Shakspeare is undubitably fixed.—Not to write any more *about and about* this suspected *thing*, let me observe that the glitter of a few passages in it has perhaps misled the judgment of those who ought to have known, that both sentiment and description are more easily produced than the interesting fabrick of a tragedy. Without these advantages, many plays have succeeded; and many have failed, in which they have been dealt about with the most lavish profusion. It does not follow, that he who can carve a frieze with minuteness, elegance, and ease, has a conception equal to the extent, propriety, and grandeur of a temple.

STEEVENS.

It must prove a circumstance of consummate mortification to the living criticks on Shakspeare, as well as a disgrace on the
 memory

memory of those who have ceased to comment and collate, when it shall appear, from the sentiments of one of their own fraternity, (who cannot well be suspected of a fine tastelessness, or Gothic prepossessions) that we have been all mistaken as to the merits and the author of this play. It is scarce necessary to observe, that the person exempted from these suspicions is Dr. Capell, who delivers his opinion concerning *Titus Andronicus* in the following words: "To the editor's eye [i. e. his own] *Shakspeare stands confess'd*: the *third act* in particular may be read *with admiration* even by the most delicate; who, if they are not without feelings, may chance to find themselves touch'd by it with such passions as tragedy should excite, that is—terror and pity."—It were injustice not to remark, that the grand and pathetic circumstances in this *third act*, which we are told cannot fail to excite such vehement emotions, are as follows.—Titus lies down in the dirt.—Aaron chops off his hand.—Saturninus sends him the heads of his two sons and his own hand again, for a present.—His heroic brother Marcus kills a fly.

Dr. Capell may likewise claim the honour of having produced the *new argument* which Dr. Farmer mentions in a preceding note. MALONE.



END OF VOLUME THE EIGHTH.