THE PLAYS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the SEVENTH,

CONTAINING,

JULIUS CAESAR.
ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.
CYMBELINE.
TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

LONDON:
Printed for J. and R. Tonson, C. Corbet, H. Woodfall,
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M, DCC, LXV.
Dramatis Personæ.

**JULIUS CÆSAR.**

Octavius Cæsar,
M. Antony,
M. Æmil. Lepidus,
Cicero.
Brutus,
Cassius,
Cafla,
Trebonius, **Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.**
Ligariius,
Decius Brutus,
Metellus Cimber,
Cinna,
Popilius Læna, **Senators.**
Publius,
Flavius,
Marullus, **Tribunes and Enemies to Cæsar.**
Messala,
Titinius, **Friends to Brutus and Cassius.**
Artemidorus, a Sophist of Cnidos.

*A Scétsfayer.*

Young Cato.

Cinna, a Poet.

Another Poet.

Lucilius,
Dardanius,
Volumnius,
Varro, **Servants to Brutus.**
Clitus,
Claudius,
Strato,
Lucius,
Pindarus, Servant of Cassius.

Ghost of Julius Cæsar.

Cobbler.

Carpenter.

Other Plebeians.

Calphurnia, Wife to Cæsar.

Porcia, Wife to Brutus.

**Guards and Attendants.**

**SCENE,** for the three first Acts, at Rome: afterwards, at an Isle near Mutina; at Sardis; and Philippi.

*• Of this play there is no copy earlier than that of 1623. Folio.*
JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

FLAVIUS.

HENCE, home, you idle creatures. Get you home.
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?
Mar. Why, Sir, a carpenter.
Car. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
—You, Sir, what trade are you?
Cob. Truly, Sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am
but, as you would say, a cobler.
Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me di-
rectly.
Cob. A trade, Sir, that, I hope, I may use with a
safe conscience; which is indeed; Sir, a mender of
bad foals.

1 Marullus,] I have, upon the authority of Plutarch, &c. given Marullus. Theobald.
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.

Mar. What mean’st thou by that? Mend me, thou faucy fellow?

Cob. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, Sir, all, that I live by, is the awl. I meddle with no tradesman’s matters, nor woman’s matters; but with-all, I am, indeed, Sir, a surgeo...
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 his banks
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 call out an 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 that fault
Assemble all the poor men of your sort,
Draw them to Tyber's bank, and weep your tears
Into the channel, 'till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[Exeunt Commoners.]

See, where their basest metal be not moy'd;
They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way tow'rs the Capitol,
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you do find them 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 Caesar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets;

---deck'd with ceremonies.] Ceremonies, for religious ornaments. Thus afterwards he explains them by Caesar's trophies; i.e. such as he had dedicated to the Gods.
JULIUS CAESAR.

So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers, pluckt 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 severally.

SCENE II.

Enter Cæsar, Antony: For the course, Calphurnia, Porcia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Cæcina, a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia—
Cæcina. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.
Cæs. Calphurnia—
Calp. Here, my Lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' 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 chase,
Shake off their stertile 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?
Cæcina. Bid every noise be still. Peace! Yet again.
Cæs. Who is it in the Prefs, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,
Cry, Cæsar. Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.
Cæs. What man is that?
Bru. A sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of
March.

Cæs.
Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.
Cæsæ. 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. Pass.

[4 Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and Train.

SCENE III.

Manent Brutus and Cæsius.

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the Course?
Bru. Not I.
Cæs. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cæsius, 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 too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cæsius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Meerly upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,

4 I have here inserted the word Sennet, from the original edition,
that I may have an opportunity of retracing a hasty conjecture
in one of the marginal directions
in Henry VIII. Sennet appears
to be a particular tune or mode
of martial music.
5 — Strange a hand] Strange,
is alien, unfamilier, such as might
become a stranger.
6 — passions of some difference,] With a fluctuation of discordant
opinions and desires.

B 4 Which
Which give some soil, 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 buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflexion from some other things.

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

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into 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 reflexion; I, your glafs,
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 laughter, or did use
7 To flake with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protestor; if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,

7 To flake with ordinary oaths my love, &c. To invite customary oaths.

And
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 
Chuse Caesar 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 aught toward the general good, 
Set Honour in one eye, and Death i'th' other; 
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, 
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,

8 And I will look on both indifferently:] This is a contradiction to the lines immediately succeeding. If he lov'd honour, more than he fear'd death, how could they be both indifferent to him? Honour thus is but in equal balance to death, which is not speaking at all like Brutus: for, in a folder of any ordinary pretensions, honour should always preponderate. We must certainly read,

And I will look on death indifferently.

What occasion'd the corruption, I presume, was, the transcribers imagining, the adverb indifferently must be applied to two things oppo'd. But the use of the word does not demand it; nor does Shakespeare always apply it so. In the present passage it signifies negligibly; without fear, or concern: And so Cassius afterwards, again in this act, employs it.

And dangers are to me indifferent.

I weigh them not; nor am deter'd on the score of danger.

Warburton.

This long note is very trifling. When Brutus first names honour and death, he calmly declares them indifferent; but as the image kindles in his mind, he fets honour above life. Is not this natural?

I had
JULIUS CAESAR.

I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Caesar, 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,
Caesar says to me, "d'ar'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 bid 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'd,
Caesar cry'd, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."

I, as Aeneas, 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 Caesar; and this man
Is now become a God; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Caesar 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;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye, whose Bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its 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"—

9 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. WARB.
As a sick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So 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 Caesar.

Caes. 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 times are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and Caesar! what should be in that Caesar?
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 well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit, as soon as Caesar.

Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what meat does this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;
Rome, thou hast loft 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 incompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome, indeed; and room enough,

—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 foot-
ing with Kings, and they called
their dominion Orbis Romanus.
But the particular allusion seems
to be to the known story of Ca-
esar's great pattern Alexander,
who being asked, Whether he
would run the course at the Olym-
pic games, replied, Yes, if the
races were Kings. WARB.

When
When there is in it but one only man.
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say;
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
Th' 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.
'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under such hard 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.

SCENE IV.

Enter Cæsar and his Train.

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

Cæs. As they pass by, pluck Cæsa 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.

Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero

2—eternal devil—I should think that our author wrote rather, eternal devil.

3—chew upon this; ruminating on this. Consider this at leisure; ruminate on this.
Looks with such a ferret, and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being croft in conference by some Senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cas. Antonius,—

Ant. Caesar?

Cas. [To Ant. apart.] Let me have men about me
that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-nights;
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous.

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

Cas. '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 music;
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,
Whilst 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 Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.

[Exeunt Caesar and his Train.]

---ferret,—] A ferret has red eyes.

Would he were fatter;——] John's, in his Bartholomew-fair,
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,
and I can 'scape thy lean moon-calf there.

WARBURTON.

SCENE
SCENE V.

Manent Brutus and Cassius: Cæsca to them.

Cæsca. You pull’d me by the cloak. Would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Cæsca, tell us what hath chanc’d to-day, That Cæsar looks so sad.

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

Bru. I should not then ask Cæsca what had chanc’d.

Cæsca. 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?

Cæsca. Why, for that too.

Cæs. They shout’d thrice; what was the last cry for?

Cæsca. Why, for that too,

Bru. Was the crown offer’d him thrice?

Cæsca. Ay, marry, was’t, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shout’d.

Cæs. Who offer’d him the crown?

Cæsca. Why, Antony.

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

Cæsca. 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 loath 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
rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of flinking breath, because Caesar refus'd the crown, that it had almost choaked Caesar; for he fwooned, 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 Caesar fwoon?

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

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling Sickness.

Cas. No, Caesar 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, Caesar 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 used 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 pluckt me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut. An' I had been a 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 desired 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 need to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no les.

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

Casca. Ay.

6 a man of any occupation,] Had Plebeians to whom he offered his I been a mechanic, one of the throat.

Cas.
Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?
Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.
Cas. To what effect?
Casca. Nay, an’ I tell you that, I’l ne’er look you
i’ th’ 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 pulling
scarfs off Cæsar’s Images, are put to silence. Fare
you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could re-
member 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 be 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 mettle, 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 sauce 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,
7 Thy honourable Metal may be wrought

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

From
From what 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;
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
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 eat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

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

Cic. Good even, Cassca. Brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?
Cassca. Are not you mov'd, when all the way of
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero!
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen

8 If I were Brutus now, and,
be were Cassius,
He should not humour me. —]
This is a reflexion 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 ca joke 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. Warr.
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.

9 —Brought you Cæsar home?]
Did you attend Cæsar home?

—[way of earth] The whole weight or momentum of this globe.

Vol. VII. C Th'
Th' 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 heav'n;
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 slave, you know him well by sight;
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 unconçord'd.
Beside, I ha' not since put up my sword,
Against the Capitol I met a lion,

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,
Ev'n 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;
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 *Casar* 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.

---

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

Perhaps, *Who gaz'd upon me.*
Julius Caesar.

Scene VII.

Enter Cassius.

Cæs. Who's there?
Cæsa. A Roman.
Cæs. Cæsæ, by your voice.
Cæsa. Your ear is good. Cæsæus, what night is this!
Cæs. A very pleasing night to honest men.
Cæsa. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?
Cæs. 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, Cæsæ, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone,
And when the crofs blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heav'n, I did present myself
Ev'n in the aim and very flash of it.

Cæsa. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heav'ns?

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

Cæs. You are dull, Cæsæ; 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 put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heav'ns:
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, 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 has infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Caisar, 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,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Caisar. 'Tis Caesar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have the wees 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 suff'rance shew us womanish.

Caisar. Indeed, they say, the Senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Caesar 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 flony tower, nor walls of beaten bras,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:

4 — and children calculate;]
Calculate here signifies to foretell or prophecy: For the custom of foretelling fortunes by judicial Astrology (which was at that time much in vogue) being performed by a long tedious calcula-
tion, Shakespeare, with his usual liberty, employs the species [calculate] for the genus [foretell.]

Warburton. Shakespeare found the liberty established. To calculate a nati-
activity, is the technical term.

But
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.

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

Caesar. And why should Caesar 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 truth is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar? But, oh grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know,
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

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

Caesar. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Caesar, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable dang'rous consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me

5 My answer must be made.—[I shall be called to account, and
must answer as for seditious words.
6 —Hold my hand:] is the
7 Be factious for redress—-[Fautious seems here to mean ac-
tive.
JULIUS CAESAR.

In Pompey's Porch. For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's, like the work we have in hand;
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Casca. Stand close a while, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. Cinna, where hast ye so?
Cin. To find out you. Who's that, Metellus Cims?

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

Cin. I'm 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 Praetor'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 Cims, and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so beftow these papers, as you bade me.

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

[Exit Cinna.

8 Is few'rest, like the work—] have in hand;
The old edition reads, Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.
It favours, like the work——
I think we should read,
In favour's, like the work we—pearance.
Come, Cassius, 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.

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

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

ACT II. SCENE I.

BRUTUS'S GARDEN.

Enter Brutus.

BRUTUS.

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

Luc.
Luc. I will, my Lord.

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

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.
Th' abuse of Greatness is, when it disjoins
9 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 1 common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereeto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the 2 base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may:
Then, left he may, prevent. And since the quarrel
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
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, 3 as his kind, grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

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,

9 Remorse from Power:——] 2 —base degrees] Low steps.
Remorse, for mercy. WARB. 3 —as his kind,—] According
1 —common proof.] Common to his nature.

It
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

[Gives him the letter.]

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day:

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 sleepest; awake, and see thyself:
Shall Rome,—speak, strike, redress.
Brutus, thou sleepest; awake.
Such instigations have been often dropt,
Where I have took them up:
Shall Rome—thus must I piece it out,
"Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? what!
"Rome?

"My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
"The Tarquin drive, when he was cal'd a King."
Speak, strike, redress,—am I entreated
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redres will follow, thou receiv'st
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

—Is not to-morrow, boy, the first of March? I 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 Caesar [Act I. Scene 2.] in his presence.

—Beware the Ides of March.]
Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; some body knocks.

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

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is

Like

5 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.

6 Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, &c.] That nice critic, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, complains, that, of all kinds of beauties, those great strokes, which he calls the terrible graces, and which are so frequent in Homer, are the rarer 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 affinithes. The excellent Mr. Addison, whose modesty made him sometimes diffident in his own genius, but whose true judgment always led him to the safest guides, (as we may see by those many 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.

Ob, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Filled 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 Caesar and the Roman Empire being concerned in the 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 Shakespeare's description;


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 fitting in
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.

Enter Lucius.

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

Bru. Is he alone?

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 defection 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,

Ob, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,

Fell'd up with Horror all, and
Big noth death,

are but the affections raised by such forcible Images as these,

All the Int'm 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'm, or interval, to an hideous vision, or a frightful dream, holds something so wonderfully of truth, and lays the soul to 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 idea of the Greek critics does not, I think, mean sentiments which raise fear, more than wonder; or any other of the tumultuous passions; to 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. Shakespeare is describing what passeth in a single bolus, 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 of safety, keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance.

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

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their Cloaks;
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of fav'our.

Bru. Let them enter. [Exit Lucius.

They are the faction. O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous brow by night,
When Evils are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous vilage? Seek none, Conspi-

ry;

Hide it in Smiles and Affability;

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

SCENE II.

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? [Aside.

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,

But honours you; and every one doth wish,

You had but that opinion of your self,

Which every noble Roman bears of you.

This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Cassca; 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 deceiv’d:
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. No, not an oath. If not the face of men,
The

9 No, not an oath; if that the face of men, &c.] The conspirators propose an oath as the foundation of their mutual faith. This, Brutus, very much in character, opposes: Because an oath was the usual cement of those lawless cabals, which have not virtue enough in themselves to keep their members together: On this consideration his argument against an oath turns: And the motives he thought sufficient to preserve faith amongst them, were these: The sufferance of their souls, i. e. their commission for expiring liberty; The time’s abuse, i. e. the general corruption of manners which had reduced publick liberty to this condition; and which, that liberty restored, would reform. But now, what is The face of men? Did he mean they had honest looks. This was a poor and low observation, unworthy Brutus, and the occasion, and the grandeur of his speech: Besides, it is foreign to the turn and argument of his discourse, which is to shew the strong cement of the confederacy, from the justice of their cause, not from the natural honour of the conspirators. His argument
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And ev'ry man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted 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 honestly engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?

Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautious,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs: unto bad causes, swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor th' insupportive mettle of our spirits;
To think, that or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath: When ev'ry drop of blood,

argument stands thus, You require
an oath to keep us together; but
sure the strong motives that drew
us into confederacy will keep us con-
federated. These motives he enu-
merates; but The Face of men
not being one of these motives
must needs be a corrupt reading.
Shakespeare, without question,
wrote,

If that the Fate of men,
Or of mankind, which, in the
ideas of a Roman, was involved
in the face of their Republic.
And this was the principal moti-
tive which engaged the God-like
Brutus in the undertaking.

WARBURTON.

This 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 reputa-
tion; or, the face of men may
mean, the dejectd look of the
people.

He reads, with the other mo-
dern editions,

—if that the face of men,
but the old reading is,
—if not the face, &c.

This is imitated by Otway,
When you would bind me, is there
need of oaths? &c.

Venice preserved.

That
That ev'ry Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he doth break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pait from him

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we found 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 buried 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 Caesar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd: I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Caesar,
Should out-live Caesar: 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 Caesar 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 Caesar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius;
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar,
And in the spirit of man there is no blood:
O, that we then cou'd come by Caesar's spirit,
And not cismember Caesar! but alas!
Caesar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

Let's
Let's carve him as a dith fit for the Gods,
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.
Caf. Yet I do fear him;
For in th' 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 that were much, he should; for he is giv'n
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.
Caf. The clock hath stricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Caf. But it is doubtful yet,
If Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fancy, of dreams, and ceremonies:

--- take thought; --- ] That is, turn melancholy.

For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fancy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
Cassius, was an Epicurean. By main opinion Cassius intends a compliment to his feet, and means solid, fundamental opinion grounded in truth and nature: As by fancy is meant ominous forebodings; and by ceremonies, atonements of the Gods by means of religious rites and lustrations. A little after, where Calphurnia
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’erway him; *for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray’d with trees,
And bears with glaffes, 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 Caesar hard,
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 giv’n him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I’ll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon’s. We’ll leave you,

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

Calphurnia says,

Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me:—
The poet uses Ceremonies in a quite different sense, namely, the turning accidents to omen’s, a principal superstition of antiquity.

Warburton.

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

—-for he loves to hear, &c.

It was finely imagined by the poet, to make Caesar delight in this sort of conversation. The Author of St. Euremroy’s life tells us, that the great Prince of Conde took much pleasure in remarking on the foible and ridicule of characters.

Warb.
JULIUS CÆSAR.

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.

SCENE III.

Enter Porcia.

Por. Brutus, my Lord!
Bru. Porcia, 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've ungently,

Brutus,
Stol'n from my bed; and, yesternight at supper,
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms a-cross,
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You starr'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 insilist; yet you answer'd not;
But with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,
Hearing to strengthen that impatience,

5 Let not our looks—] Let not our faces put on, that is, wear
or shew our designs.

Which
Which seem'd too much inkindled; 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.

Brutus. 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.

Brutus. Why, so I do. Good Porcia, 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 you, by my once-commended beauty,
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.

Brutus. Kneel not, gentle Porcia.

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 meals, confort your bed.
And talk to you sometimes? dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Porcia 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 woman; but withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but withal,
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: Porcia, go in a while;
And, by and by, thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

---

6 A woman well reputed; Cato's daughter. This false pointing should be corrected thus,
A woman well reputed Cato's daughter.
6. 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.
All my engagements I will confute to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.—
Leave me with haste.

[Exit Porcia.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who’s there that knocks?
Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy. Stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?
Cai. Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief? ’would you, you were not sick!
Cai. I am not sick, if Bru. have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you an healthful ear to hear it.
Cai. By all the Gods the 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.
Cai. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?
Bru. That we must also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.
Cai. 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.
Brut. Follow me then. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.
Changes to Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar.

Cæs. Nor heav'n, nor earth, have been at peace to-night;
Thrice hath Calpurnia 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 Calpurnia.

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 threatened me,
Ne'er lookt but on my back, when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.
Cal. Cæsar, I never flood on ceremonies,
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 lioness 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 hurled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And Ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

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

Cal. When beggers die, there are no comets seen;
The heav'n's themselves blaze forth the death of Princes.

Caesar. Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that 7 death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurs?

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.

[Exit Servant.

Caesar. The Gods do this 8 in shame of cowardice:
Caesar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.

7 — death, a necessary end, &c ]
This is a sentence derived from
the Stoical doctrine of predetermination, and is therefore improper
in the mouth of Caesar.

8 — in shame of cowardice: ]
The ancients did not place courage but wisdom in the heart.
No, Cæsar shall not; Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he;
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
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 will 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.

SCENE V.

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

Cal. Say, he is sick.
Caes. Shall Caesar send a lye?
Have I in conquest stretch mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell Grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Caesar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
Left I be laugh’d at, when I tell them so.
Caes. 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.

Cælpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt last night, she saw my Statue,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
These she applies for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Ha! ha! begg’d, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. His 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 fuck
Reviving blood; and that Great Men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognisance.
This by Cælpurnia’s Dream is signify’d.

Caes.

—is intelligible enough. But how
these great men should literally
press for tinctures, stains, relics,
and cognisance. When the spouting
blood was only a symbolical vi-

sion, I am at a loss to apprehend.
Here the circumstances of the
dream and the interpretation of
it, are confounded with one an-
other. This line therefore,

For tinctures, stains, relics, and
cognisance,
must needs be in way of simili-
tude
JULIUS CAESAR.

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 Caesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
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 Caesar's Wife shall meet with better Dreams.”
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
“Lo, Caesar is afraid!”
Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear, dear, love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this:
"And reason to my love is liable.
Caesar: How foolish do your Fears seem now, Calphurnia?
I am ashamed, I did yield to them.
Give me my Robe, for I will go. And, look,
tude only; and if so, it appears
that some lines are wanting be-
tween this and the preceding;
which want should, for the fu-
ture, be marked with afterisks.
The sense of them is not difficult
to recover, and, with it, the prop-
erty of the line in question.
The speaker had said, the Statue
signified, that by Caesar's influ-
ence Rome should flourish and in-
crease in empire, and that great
men should press to him to par-
take of his good fortune, just as
men run with handkerchiefs, &c. to
dip them in the blood of mar-
tyrs, that they may partake of
their merit. It is true, the thought
is from the Christian History; but
so small an anachronism is no-
thing 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 superfluous of some Churches
with regard to it. Wade.
I am not of opinion that any
thing is lost, and have therefore
marked no omission. The speech,
which is intentionally pompous,
is somewhat confused. There
are two allusions; one to coats
armorial, to which princes make
additions, or give new
indulges,
and new marks of cognisance;
the other to martyrs, whose re-
lices are preferred with veneration.
The Romans, says Brutus,
all come to you as to a faint, for
relics, as to a prince, for ho-
nours.
And reason, &c.] And reason,
or propriety of conduct and lan-
guage, is subordinate to my love.
SCENE VI.

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

Where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good-morrow, Caesar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?

Good-morrow, Cassa. Caius Ligarius, Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy,
As that fame Ague which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

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

Ant. So to most noble Caesar.

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. Caesar, 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 Caesar,
The heart of Brutus yerns to think upon! [Exeunt.

SCENE
SCENE VII.

Changes to a Street near the Capitol.

_Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper._

Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Calca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; 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 best not immortal, look about thee; security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty God's defend thee!

Thy Lover, Artemidorus.

"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.

_Enter Porcia 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?

——_the fates with Traitors do contrive._] The fates join with traitors in contriving thy destruction.
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,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note,
What Caesar 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 Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither, fellow, which way hast thou been?
Art. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is't o'clock?
Art. About the ninth hour, Lady.
Por. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?
Art. Madam, not yet. I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?
Art. That I have, Lady. If it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, know'st thou any harm intended tow'rd Caesar?
Art. None that I know will be, much that I fear;
Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng, that follows Caesar at the heels,
Of Senators, of Praetors, common Suitors,
Will crowd a feeble Man almost to death;
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.

[Exit.
Por.
Por. I must go in—ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of Woman is! O Brutus! Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure, the Boy heard me:—Brutus hath a Suit,
That Caesar 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.
[Exeunt severally.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street before the Capitol; and the Capitol open.


CAESAR.

The Ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Caesar, but not gone.
Art. Hail, Caesar. Read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O Caesar, read mine first; for mine's a suit,
That touches Caesar nearer. Read it, great Caesar.
Ces. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.
Art. Delay not Caesar, read it instantly.
Ces. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cas. What urge you your petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitol.

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 Caesar. Mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done, if this be known?

Cassius, or Caesar, never shall turn back;
For I will fly myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant.

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

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

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

Bru. He is address; press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cas. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That Caesar and his Senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Caesar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy feet

An humble heart.

Cas. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly curtesies
* Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

4 *Might fire the blood of ordinary men,* It is plain we should read,
—fire the blood—Submission does not fire the blood.
but melt it to compassion; or, as he says just after, that's it. So afterwards in this play he says,
The power of speech to stir men's bloods. War.
This is plausible, but not so necessary as that it should be adm-
itted into the text.

And
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
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-crooked curtsies, and bale 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
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!

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 unnumbred 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 apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unaffable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he
Let me a little shew it, ev'n in this;
That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd;
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Caesar——
Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?
Dec. Great Cæsar——
Cæs. 'Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?
Cæsa. 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.
Cæsa. Go to the Pulpit, Brutus.
Dec. And Cæsius too.
bru. Where's Publius?
Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, left some friends 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 else; so tell them, Publius.
Cæs. And leave us, Publius, left that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

7 ——apprehensive;] Susceptible of fear, or other passions.
8 ——but one] One, and only one.
9 ——holds on his rank;] Perhaps, holds on his race; continue:
his course. We commonly say,
To bolt a rack, and, To hold on
a course or stay.

Vol. VII. 
E

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

SCENE II.

Enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is Antony?
Tre. Fled to his house amaz’d.
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.

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 Caesar’s friends, that have abridg’d 
His time of fearing death. *Stoop, Romans, stoop; 
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar’s blood

* In all the editions this speech is ascribed to Brutus, than which nothing is more inconsistent with his mild and philosophical character. But (as I often find speeches in the later editions put into wrong mouths, different from the first published by the author) I think this liberty not unreasonable.

Pope.

—[Stoop, Romans, stoop.] Mr. Pope has arbitrarily taken away the remainder of this speech from Brutus, and placed it to Caesar: 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 citeem’d the death of Caesar a sacrifice to liberty: and, as such, gloried in his heading the enterprise. Besides, our poet is strictly copying a fact in history. Plutarch, in the life of Caesar, says, “Brutus and his followers, being yet but with the murderer, marched 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 showing their hands all bloody, and their naked swords, proclaim’d liberty to the people.” Theob. Dr. Warburton follows Pope.
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth ev’n to the Market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o’er our heads,
Let’s all cry, “Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!”

_Cæs._ Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence

_Dipping their swords in Cæsar’s blood,

Shall this our lofty Scene be acted o’er,
In States unborn, and accents yet unknown?

_Bru._ How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey’s Bais lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

_Cæs._ So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call’d
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; [kneeling.
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 deferv’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 wife and valiant _Roman;_

_E 2._ I never
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.

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

SCENE III.

Enter Antony.


Ant. O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrank to this little measure?—fare thee well.
I know not, Gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar'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 ye 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 Caesar, 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,

3—who else is rank;] Who overtopped his equals, and grew
eelse may be supposed to have too high for the publick safety.
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 Caesar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony;
*Our arms exempt from malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Caesar. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.
Brutus. 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 Caesar when I strook him, Proceeded thus.
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, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Caesar, yours;
Tho' 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 conceive me,
 Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Caesar, oh, '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,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most Noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes, as thou haft wounds,

*Our arms exempt from malice,-] This is the reading only of the modern edition, yet perhaps the true reading. The old copy has,
Our arms in strength of malice.
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,  
It would become me better, than to cloe
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, *Julius*—here wait thou bay'd, brave hart;  
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand
Sign'd in thy spoil, and *crimson’d* in thy Lethe.
O world! thou wait the foret to this hart,
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, stricken by many Princes,
Doth thou here lie?

*Cæsar*—*Mark Antony*—

*Ant.* Pardon me, *Cænius Cæsius*:
The enemies of *Cæsar* shall say this:
Then, in a friend, it is cold melody.

*Cæsar* 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, indeed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on *Cæsar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein *Cæsar* was dangerous.

*Brutus*. Or else this were 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.

---

"crimson'd in thy Lethe" - Mr. Theobald says, *The dictionary* acknowledges no such word as Lethe; yet he is not without suggestion, that Shakespear coin’d the word; and yet for all that, the L. might be a D. imperfectly writ, therefore he could have death instead of it. After all this, perhaps, *Lettice* was a common French word, signifying death or destruction, from the Latin *letum* W. A.
Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. 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 Caesar's death.
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave, and by permission;
And that we are contented, Caesar shall
Have all due rites, and lawful ceremonies:
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall. I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here. Take you Caesar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
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 whereeto 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.

SCENE IV.

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 lived 6 in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand, that shed this costly blood!

6—in the tide of times.] That is, in the course of times.
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domeick faw, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infant quarter'd with the hands of war:
All pity choak't with custom of fell deeds;
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a Monarch's voice,
Cry Havock, and let slip the Dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

7 —upon the limbs of men; —
We should read, —
———line of men; —
i.e. human race.

Warburton,
———kind of men.
I rather think it should be,
———the lives of men.
unles we read,
———their hymns of men.
That is, th;e bloodbounds of men.
The uncommonnes of the word
hymn easily made the change.

2 Cr; 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 intituled, The Office of the Constable & Marshall in the Tyme of Wirre, contained in the Black Book of the Admiralty, there is the following chapter:

"The payne of hym that crieth havock & of them that followeth hym. etit. v."
"Item Si quis inventus fuerit qui clamorem incepeteri qui vocatur Havock."
"Alio that no man be so har-dy to crye Havock upon payne",
"that he that is beginnyn slal be deede therefore: & the remanent that doo the fame or folow shall lose their horse & harneis: and the perfones of such as followeth, & escrien shall be under arrest of the Constable & Mareshall warde unto tyme that they have made fyn; & founde suretie no mor to offende; & his body in prifon at the Kyng wylle—."

Enter
Enter Octavius's Servant.

You serve Otho, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Otho 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 Caesar!

[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 Otho yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while;
Thou shalt not back, 'till I have borne this corpse
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 Otho of the state of things.
—Lend me your hand. [Exeunt with Caesar's body.

Scene V.

Changes to the Forum.

Enter Brutus, and mounts the Rostra; Cassius, with
the Plebeians.

Pleb. We will be satisfied. Let us be satisfied.

Brut. 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 'em stay here;
Thos,
Those, that will follow Cassius, go with him,
And publick reasons shall be rendered
Of Caesar's death.
1 Pleb. I will hear Brutus speak.
2 Pleb. I will hear Cassius, and compare their rea-
sions,
When sev'rally we hear them rendered.
[Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebeians,
3 Pleb. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!
Brut. Be patient 'till the last.
Romans, 9 Countrymen, and Lovers! hear me for
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
Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Caesar was
no less than his. If then that friend demand, why
Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my Answer: Not
that I lov'd Caesar less, but that I lov'd Rome more.
Had you rather Caesar were living, and dye all slaves;
than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As
Caesar 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 flew him. There are tears for
his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour,
and death for his ambition.

9 Countrymen, and Lovers! &c.] There is no where, in all Shake-
Speare'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 antithro-
sis's. 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 style of declaiming,
that fits as ill upon Brutus as our
author's trowsers or collar-band
would have done. WARB.
Who is here so base, that would be a bondman?
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 inroll'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 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 Commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that as I flew 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 crown'd 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, flay here with Antony;
Do grace to Cæsar's corps, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's Glories; which Mark Antony

By
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.  

[Exit.

SCENE VI.

1 Pleb. Stay, ho, and let us hear Mark Antony.
3 Pleb. Let him go up into the public 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 all.
4 Pleb. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here,
1 Pleb. This Cæsar was a Tyrant.
3 Pleb. Nay, that's certain.
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! 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 Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, Caesar 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 Caesar,
And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

1 Pleb. Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.
If thou consider rightly of the matter,
1 Caesar 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;

1 Caesar has had great wrong.
3 Pleb. Caesar 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 humoursly in the character of a Plebian. One might believe Ben Johnson'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, Caesar did not wrong; nor without cause

Will be be satisfied.—
But the verse, as cited by Ben Johnson, does not connect with,

Will be be satisfied. Perhaps this play was never printed in Ben Johnson's time, and so he had nothing to judge by but as the actor pleased to speak it. Pope.

I have inferred 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 Johnson's time.

Therefore,
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 to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Caesar might Have stood against the world; now lies he there, 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 Caesar, 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 Caesar's wounds, And dip their napkins 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 Caesar's Will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you. You are not wood, you are not stones, but men, And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar, It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

[Ant. none so poor] The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to Caesar.

'Tis
'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, Caesar's Will.  
Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay a while?  
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.  
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,  
Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar. 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 corps of Caesar,  
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 Caesar 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 Caesar made;  
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;  
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
Mark, how the blood of Caesar follow'd it!  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd,  
If Brutus to unkindly knock'd, or no.  
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel,  
Judge, oh you Gods! how dearly Caesar lov'd him;  
This
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms;
Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffing up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar 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; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? look you here!
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

1 Pleb. O piteous spectacle!
2 Pleb. O noble Caesar!
3 Pleb. O woful day!
4 Pleb. O traitors, villains!
1 Pleb. O most bloody sight!
2 Pleb. We will be reveng'd: revenge: about—seek——burn——fire——kill——slay! let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, Countrymen——

3 And, in his mantle, &c.]
Read the lines thus,
And, in his mantle muffing up his face,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell,
Even at the base of Pompey's Statue.
Plutarch tells us, that Caesar 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 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. 

I know not whether the transposition be needful: the image seems to be, that the blood of Caesar flew upon the statue, and trickled down it. And the exclamation,

O what a fall was there——
follows better after

———great Caesar fell,
than with a line interposed.

1 Pleb.
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 honourable;
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 give me publick leave to speak of him;
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor uttrance, 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 Caesar'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 Caesar, 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 Caesar thus deferr'd your loves?
Alas, you know not. I must tell you then.

For I have neither wit,——

The old copy reads, which may mean, I have no pen—

Vol. VII.

You
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 ev’ry Roman citizen he gives,
To ev’ry sev’ral man, sev’n’ty-five drachma’s.

2 Pleb. Most noble Cæsar! we’ll revenge his death,
3 Pleb. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,

5 On that 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 all the traitors’ houses.

Take up the body.

2 Pleb. Go, fetch fire.
3 Pleb. Pluck down benches.
4 Pleb. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[Execut Plebeians with the body.

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

5 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, prop. Cæsar’s hortos,
says Horace: And both the Nau- machia and Gardens of Cæsar were separated from the main city by the river; and lay out wide, on a line with Mount Vaticanum. Our Author therefore certainly wrote;

On that side Tiber;—
And Plutarch, whom Shake-
spare very diligently studied, in the life of Marcus Brutus, speaking of Cæsar’s Will, expressly says, That he left to the publick his gardens, and walks, beyond the Tiber.

Thee.
Enter a Servant.

Serv. Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Caesar'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.

SCENE VII.

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Caesar,
And things unluckily charge my fancy,
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.
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

F 2 that
that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear.
Proceed. Directly.

_Cin._ Directly, I am going to Caesar'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.
_Cinna._ 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 out his name out of his heart, and turn him going.
_3 Pleb._ Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho, firebrands.

To Brutus, to Cassius, burn all. Some to Decius's house,
And some to Casca's, some to Ligarius. Away. Go.

_[Exeunt._
ACT IV. SCENE I.

A small Island near Mutina.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

ANTONY.

These many then shall die. Their names are prickt.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.


Lep. Upon condition, Publius shall not live;

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live. Look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar'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?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [Exit Lepidus.

Ant. This is a slight, unmeritorial, 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?

6 A small Island] Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Pope after him, have mark'd the scene here to be at Rome. The old copies lay nothing of the place. Shakespeare, 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. Theob. A small Island in the little river Rhenus, near Bononia.
Otho. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick’d to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Otho, I have seen more days than you;
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers sand’rous loads;
He shall but bear them, as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the busines,
Or 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.

Otho. You may do your will;
But he’s a try’d and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Otho: 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;
7 A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
On abject Orts, and imitations;
Which, our of use, and stail’d by other men,
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Otho,
Listen great things——Brutus and Cassius

---In the old editions.
A barren-spirited fellow, one
that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitation, &c.] 'Tis hard to con-
ceive, 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:

sale and absolute imitation, indeed,
fixes such a character. I am
persuaded, to make the poet con-
sonant to himself, we must read,
as I have restored the text,

On abject Orts——

i. e. on the scraps and fragments
of things rejected and despised by
others.

Theobald.

Are
Are levyng powers; we must straight make head.
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd;
Our best friends made, our best means strecht;
And let us presently go set in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answer'd.

OSea. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Before Brutus's 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;
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone; but if he be at hand,

I shall

9 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 cause. Yet, imme-
diately after, on Pindarus's say-
ing, His master was full of re-
gard and honour, he replies, he is
not doubted. To reconcile this
we should read,

In his own charge, or by ill
officers, i.e. either by those under his im-
mediate command, or under the
command of his lieutenants who
had abused their trust. Charge is
so usual a word in Shakespeare,
to signify the forces committed to
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 crest, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [Low march within.

Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd;

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 un-
der the command of Cassius, or
those under his officers. The an-
swer 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 of-
cices.

That is, either changing his incli-
nation of himself, or by the ill of-
cices and bad influence of others.

March
March gently on to meet him.

Cæs. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Cæs. 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?

Cæs. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs.

And when you do them—

Bru. Cæsius, 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, Cæsius, enlarge your griefs,

And I will give you audience.

Cæs. Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off

A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man

Come to our tent, ’til we have done our conference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Changes to the Inside of Brutus's Tent.

Re-enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cæs. 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
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 ev'ry nice offence should bear its comment.

_Bru._ Let me tell you, _Casius_, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell, and mart your offices for gold,
To undefevers.

_Cas._ 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 _Casius_ honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

_Cas._ Chastisement!——

_Bru._ Remember _March_, the Ides of _March_ remember!

Did not great _Julius_ bleed for justice sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did it ab,
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
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And fell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?——

' I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.'

_Cas._ _Brutus_, bait not me,

9 —ev'ry nice offence—] i.e. small trifling offence. _Ward._

' 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 to 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 _Caesar's_ glory which let _Casius_ on conspiring against him; and ancient history seems to countenance such a charge. _Caesius_ underflod him in this sense, and with much conscious pride retorts the charge by a like insinuation,

—_Brutus_, _bait not me._ _Ward._
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself.
2 To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, able than yourself.
3 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 farther.

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 Gods! ye Gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more. Fret, 'till your proud heart break;
Go, shew your slaves how choleric 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,
Tho' it do split you: For, from this day forth,

2 To hedge me in;——] That is, to limit my authority by your direction or censure.
3 To make conditions.] That is, to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices which are at my disposal.
4 Go to; you are not Cassius.] We are not to understand this as if Brutus had said, You are not an able soldier, which would be wrangling on a childish quibble beneath the character of Brutus.
On the contrary, when Cassius had made so unbecoming a boast, Brutus, in his reply, only re-

proves him for degeneracy: And he could not do it in words more pathetic than in saying, You are not Cassius; i. e. You are no longer that brave, disinterested, philopatic Cassius, whose character was made up of honour and patriotism; but are sunk down to the impotency and corruption of the times.

Warburton.

There is no danger of misinterpretation, nor much need of ex-
positions. Cassius had not said he was an able soldier, but a soldier whose longer experience made him more able to make conditions.

I'll
P’t! use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are wasnpifh.

Caf. 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.

Caf. You wrong me every way—you wrong me,

Bru. An elder soldier; not a better.
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Caf. When Cæsar liv’d, he durst not thus have

mov’d me.

Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted
him.

Caf. I durst not!

Bru. No.

Caf. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Caf. 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 fend 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 drachma’s, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,

By
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 un-
justly, and to use force in getting:
And
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 grew so covetous,
To lock such rascall counters from his friends,
Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces.

Caf. I deny’d you not.
Bru. You did.

Caf. I did not—he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv’d
my heart.

A friend should bear a friend’s infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

6 Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.
Caf. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Caf. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatt’rer’s would not, tho’ they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Caf. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come;
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius.

And hard hands signify both the
peasant’s great labour and pains
in acquiring, and his great unwillingness to quit his hold.

Warburton.

6 Bru. I do not, till you practice 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 tho’se infirmities were injuriously turned upon me. But
was this any excuse for aggravating
his friend’s failings? Shakespeare knew better what was

fit for his hero to say, and cer-
tainly wrote and pointed the line
thus,

I do not. Still you practice
them on me.

I. e. I deny your charge, and
this is a fresh injury done me.

Warburton.

The true meaning, which will
make all emendation unnecessary,
is this; I do not look for your
faults, I only see them, and men-
tion them with vehemence, when
you force them into my notice,
by practicing them on me.

For
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;
7 if that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth.
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;

7 If that thou be'st a Ro-

man, 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 R m a n. But this is so poor, and so little to the purpose, that the reading may be justly suspected. The occasion of this quarrel was Cassius'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 pard not slaying, but always aimed at the life of the offender; and delighted in his blood, though a Roman, and at-
tached to him by the strongest bonds of alliance; hereby obliquely insinuating the cause of Cæsar. The sense being thus explained, it is evident we should read,

If that thou needst a Ro-

man'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.

Ward Burton.

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.
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 haughty 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.

Bru. And my heart too. [Embracing.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not 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 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. within. You shall not come to them.

Poet within. Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? what's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you Generals; what do you mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha—how vilely doth this Cynick rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus, 'tis his fashion.

Bru.
Bru. I’ll know his humour, when he knows his
time;
What should the wars do with these jingling fools?
Companion, hence.
Cas. Away, away, begone. [Exit Poet.

SCENE IV.

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,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better. Porcia’s dead.
Cas. Ha! Porcia!—
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How ’scap’d I killing, when I crost you so?
O insupportable and touching los’d!
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 the fell distract,
And, her Attendants absent, swallow’d fire.
Cas. And dy’d so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortal Gods!
Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.
Caf. 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.
Bru. Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Mes-
sala.

SCENE V.

Enter Titinius, and Messala,

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Caf. Oh Porcia! 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 toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by Proscription and bills of Outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred Senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of sev'nty Senators that dy'd
By their Proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Caf. Cicero one?—
Mes. Cicero is dead;
And by that order of proscription,
Had you your letters from your wife, my Lord?

Vol. VII.
Bru. No, Messala.
Mess. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Mess. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
Mess. No, my Lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mess. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell.
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Porcia. We must die, Messala.

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mess. Ev'n 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 o.i.
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 men,
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 a-float,
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:

Enter Lucius.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. Farewell, 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!

Enter Lucius with the Gown.

Bru. Ev'ry thing is well.

Tit. Mesl. Good night, Lord Brutus.

G 2

Bru.
Brutus. Farewell, every one. 
[Exeunt.]
Give me the Gown. Where is thy instrument?

Lucius. Here, in the Tent.

Brutus. What, thou speakest 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.

Lucius. Varro, and Claudius!—

SCENE VI.

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Varro. Calls my Lord?

Brutus. 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.

Varro. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

Brutus. 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 sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Lucius. I was sure, your Lordship did not give it me.

Brutus. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy instrument, a strain or two?

Lucius. Ay, my Lord, an't please you.

Brutus. It does, my boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Lucius. It is my duty, Sir.

Brutus. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Lucius. I have slept, my Lord, already.

Brutus. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
I will...
I will not hold thee long. If I do live, I will be good to thee. [Mussick and a Song.
This is a sleepy tune—O murd’rous slumber! Lay’st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy, That plays thee mussick?—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. —But let me see—is not the leaf turn’d down, Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[He sits down to read.

SCENE VII.

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. Then, I shall see thee again.—

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 is still at his instrument.

Lucius! awake.
Luc. My Lord!
Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst 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, fellow!

8 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.
Clau. Nor I, my Lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius; Bid him set on his Pow’rs betimes before, And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done, my Lord. [Exeunt.

8 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. Warb.
ACT V. SCENE I.

The Fields of Philippi, with the two Camps.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Octavius.

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 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
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage.
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. 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.
Osta. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

warn us—] To warn, to alarm. Hamner reads,
seems to mean here the same as They mean to wage us.
SCENE II.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius. We must out and talk.

Oes. 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.

Oes. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows. Is it so, countrymen?

Oes. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Oesavius.

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,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,

And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not honeyless too.

Bru. O yes, and soundless 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

Hurt’d one another in the sides of Cæsar.

You shew’d your teeth like apes, and fawn’d like hounds,

And bow’d like bond-men, kissing Cæsar’s feet;

Whilst damned Cæsa, like a cur behind,

1 Cæsa.—] Cæsa struck Cæsar on the neck, coming like a degenerate cur behind him.
Struck Caesar on the neck. O flatterers!
Cas. Flatterers! now, Brutus, thank yourself;
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.
Oct. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make
us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Behold, I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you, that the sword goes up again?
Never, 'till Caesar's three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Caesar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unles thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. 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 couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such ho-

nour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.
Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. 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.

---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 Ap-

plian, Plutarch, and Suetonius:
And, I am persuaded, the error
was not from the poet but his
transcribers. Theobald.
SCENE III.

Cas. Why, now blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. 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. Messala.

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Caius born. Give me thy hand, Messala;
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to let
Upon one battle all our liberties.

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 ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd;
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Who to Philippi here consorted us;
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And, in their flocks, 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 peril 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 th' affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
3 The very last time we shall speak together.
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Ev'n by the rule of that philosophy,
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
The time of life;) 4 arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cæs. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cæcilius, no; think not, thou noble Ro-
man,
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.

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? WARB.
4 —arming myself with pa-
tience, &c.] It is evident,
that, between these words and
the foregoing, a sentence is drop-
ped out: to this effect [on the con-
trary, true courage is seen in the]
arming myself with patience, &c.
As the text stands at present, the
two different sentiments of dis-
like and approbation are run toge-
ther, as parts related to one an-
other.

WARB.

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 ac-
cording to that philosophy which
directed me to blame the suicide
of Cato, arming myself with pa-
tience.

For
JULIUS CAESAR.

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.

SCENE IV.

Alarm. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala; ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions, on the other side. [Loud alarm.
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing;
A sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala. Let them all come down.

[Exeunt.

Alarm. 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 flew 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 were all incios'd.

Enter
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.
Cass. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius.

Are those my Tents, where I perceive the fire?
Cass. 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 assured,
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
Cass. I will be here again, ev'n with a thought.

Exit.

Cass. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill.
My sight was ever thick. Regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
—This day I breathed first; time is come round;
And, where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Now, what news?

Pind. above. Oh, my Lord!
Cass. What news?

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;
Titinius! now some light—oh, he 'lights too—
He's ta'en—and hark, they shout for joy. [Shout.

Cass. Come down, behold no more.
Oh, coward—that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, sIRRah.
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner,

And
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come, now keep thine oath,
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom, Stand not to answer. Here take thou the hilt;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now, Guide thou the sword. Caesar, thou art reveng'd,
Ev'n with the sword that kill'd thee. [Kills himself. Pind. So, I am free; yet would not so have been, Durst I have done my Will. Oh, Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run, Where never Roman shall take note of him. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Enter Titinius, and Messala.

Mef. 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.
Mef. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Mef. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. Oh my heart!
Mef. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, Messala;
But Cassius is no more! Oh, 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
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mef. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
Oh 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?

Mef. 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 invenomed,
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 Mef.
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 misconstru'd ev'ry 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.

SCENE
SCENE VI.

Alarm. 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 Caesar, thou art mighty yet! Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords In our own proper entrails. [Low alarms.
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, if he have not crown'd dead Cassius!——
Bru. Are yet two Romans living, such as these? Thou laft of all the Romans! 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, and to Thassos send his body: His funeral shall not be in our Camp, Left it discomfort us. Lucilius, come; And come, young Cato; let us to the field. Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on. 'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exit.

5 ——and to Tharius send his lady.] Thus all the editions hitherto, very ignorantly. But the whole tenor of his story warrants us to write, as I have flor'd the text, Thassos. Thees. SCENE
SCENE VII.

Alarm. Enter Brutus, Messala, Cato, Lucilius, and Flavius.

Bru. Yet, Countrymen, oh 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. Ho!

Enter Soldiers and fight.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I,
Brutus, my Country's friend. Know me for Brutus.

[Exit.

Luc. Oh young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou dy'st as bravely as Titinius;
And, may'st be honour'd, being Cato's Son.

Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die;
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;

[Offering money.

Kill

---being Cato's Son.] i. e. worthy of him.

Warb.
7 Luc. Only I yield to die;
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;] This last line is unintelligible; the reason of which is the loss of the preceding. For by the circumstances I collect, that the reply of the soldier to the words, Only I yield to die; the soldier, by a very natural curiosity, pertinent-ly
JULIUS CAESAR

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
Sold. We must not. A noble Prisoner!

Enter Antony.

2 Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
3 Sold. I'll tell the news. Here comes the General:
Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my Lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Luc. Safe, Antony; 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 if Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Otho's Tent,
How ev'ry thing is chanc'd. [Exeunt.

Ly demanded, Whether there was
yet much resistance on the part of
the enemy? To which Lucius,
who had a mind to die, as perti-
nently answer'd,

There is so much, that thou wilt
kill me for' part;

i. e. so much resistance still on
foot, that thou wilt choose to rid
me out of the way, that thou
may'st go, without the embarrass
of prisoners, to the assistance of
thy friends who still want it.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has been much
inclined to find lacune, or pas-
fages broken by omission, through-
out this play. I think he has
been always mistaken. The sol-
dier here says, Yield, or thea
diest. Lucius 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 want-
ing?

3 I'll tell the news.—] The
old copy reads,
I'll tell thee news.—
Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Vol- 

 Br. COME, poor Remains of friends, rest on 

 Cli. Statilius shew'd the torch-light, but, my Lord, 
 He came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain. 

 Br. Sit thee down, Clitus; slaying is the word; 
 It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus— 

[C'whispering. 

 Cli. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the world. 
 Br. Peace then, no words. 
 Cli. I'll rather kill myself. 
 Br. Hark thee, Dardanius! 
 Dar. I do such a deed? 
 Cli. Oh, Dardanius! 
 Dar. Oh, Clitus! 
 Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee? 
 Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates. 
 Cli. Now is that noble Ve'ssel full of grief, 
 That it runs over even at his eyes. 
 Br. Come hither, good Volumnius; lift a word. 
 Vol. What says my Lord? 
 Br. 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. 
 Br. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius. 
 Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes; 
 Our enemies have beat us to the pit, 

[Alar'm. 

 H 2 

It
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry, 'till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'lt, that we two went to school together;
Even for that, our love of old, I pr'ythee,
Hold thou my sword's hilt, while I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a Friend, my Lord.

[Alarm still.]

Clt. Fly, fly, my Lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and you, Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
© Farewell 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 Obelius, 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.


Clt. Fly, my Lord, fly.———

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.
I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy Lord;
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some snatch of honour in't.
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Strato. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my Lord.

Bru. Farewel, good Strato.—Caesar, now be still;
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[He runs on his sword, and dies.

* Farewel to thee too, Strato,* reads,
Thus the modern editions, I think, rightly. The old folio Forewel to thee, to Strato, countrymen.

SCENE
SCENE IX.


Oës. What man is that?
Mes. My Master's Man. Strato, where is thy Master?

Str. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The Conqu'rors 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.
Oës. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.

—Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.
Oës. Do so, good Messala.
Mes. How died my Lord, Strato?

Str. 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 he,
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar,
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common Good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world; This was a Man!
Oës. 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.
Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconcilement 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 Shakespear's plays; his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius.
ANTONY

AND

CLEOPATRA.
M. ANTONY.
Octavius Caesar.
Æmilius Lepidus.
Sex. Pompeius.
Domitius Enobarbus,
Ventidius,
Canidius,
Eros,
Scarus,
Dercetas,
Demetrius,
Philo,
Mecænas,
Agrippa,
Dolabella,
Proculeius,
Thyreus,
Gallus,
Menas,
Menecrates,
Varrius,
Silius, an Officer in Ventidius's Army.
Taurus, Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.
Alexas,
Mardian,
Diomedes,
A Soothsayer.
Clown.
Cleopatra, Queen of Ægypt.
Oëtavia, Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.
Charmian,
Iras,

Friends of Antony.

Friends of Cæsar.

Friends of Pompey.

Servants to Cleopatra.

Ladies attending on Cleopatra.

Ambassadors from Antony to Cæsar, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is dispersed in several Parts of the Roman Empire.

* * Of this Tragedy there is no ancient edition but that of the Folio 1623.
ANTONY
AND
CLEOPATRA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace at Alexandria in Ægypt.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

PHILO.

NAY, but this dotage of our General
O'erflows the measure; those his godly
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, I reneges all temper;

[reneges—] Renounces.  Pope.

And
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a Gypsy's luft. Look, where they come!

Flourish. Enter Antony, and Cleopatra, her Ladies in the train, Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
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?
Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.
Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heav'n, new earth.

The metaphor is here miserably mangled. We should read,
Into a Strumpet's stool.

The pillar of the world, says he, is transformed into a strumpet's stool. Alluding to the custom of strumpets sitting in the lap of their lovers. So Ajax in Troilus and Cressida, calls Thersites, Thou stool for a witch. Shakespeare too, in the use of pillar and stool, had regard perhaps to the etymology of the latter word, which comes from Eros, columna.

Warburton.

This emendation is ingenious, but being not necessary, I have left it in the note.

bourn— Bound or limit.

Then must thou needs find out new heav'n, &c.] Thou must set the boundary of my love at a greater distance than the present visible universe affords.
Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Grates me. The sum.
Cleo. Nay, hear it, Antony.

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or who knows,
If the Icarque bearded Caesar have not sent
His powerful Mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
"Take in that Kingdom, and infranchise 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 dismission
Is come from Caesar; therefore hear it, Antony.
Where's Fulvia's Process? Caesar's, I'd say—Both?
—Call in the Messengers—As I'm Egypt's Queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Caesar's homager; else so thy cheek pays shame
When thrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. The Messengers—

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, 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,

7—The sum.] Be brief, sum thy busines in a few words.
8—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. W AR B.

I am in doubt whether Shakespeare 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. It is not easy to guess how Dr. Warburton missed this opportunity of inventing a French word, by reading,

—- and the wide arch
Of herang'd empire fall! —
Which, if ranged were an Eng-
lish word, would be preferable both to raised and rang'd.

On
On pain of punishment, the world to weep,
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. [Aside] Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
I'll seem the fool, I am not.  

Ant. Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.
Now for the love of love, and his soft hours,
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 Ambassadors.

Ant. Fy, wrangling Queen!
Whom every thing becomes; to chide, to laugh,
To weep: 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. Come, my Queen,
Last night you did desire it.—Speak not to us.

[Exeunt, with their Train.

Dem. Is Caesar 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, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[Exeunt.

9—to weet.] To know.  
Pope.

1—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 recol-

leæ his thoughts, unless kept, he replies, in commotion by Cleopat-

ra.
SCENE II.

Enter Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the Soothsayer that you prais'd so to th' Queen? Oh! that I knew this husband, which you say, must change his horns with garlands.

Alex. Soothsayer,——

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, Sir, that know things?

Sooth. In Nature's infinite Book of Secrecy, a little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly. Wine enough, Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good Sir, 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 beloved, than beloved.

*change his horns with garlands.] This is corrupt; the true reading evidently is, must charge b's 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 drefs, or to dress with changes of garlands.

Char.
3 Char. I had rather beat my liver with drinking.

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, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage! Find me, to marry me with Octavius Caesar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall out-live the Lady whom you serve.

4 Char. Oh, excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune, than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names;

3 I had rather beat my liver—] To know why the lady is so averse from beating her liver, it must be remembered, that a heated liver is supposed to make a pimpled face.

4 Char. Oh, excellent! I love long life better than figs.] Here Shakespeare has copied ancient manners with as much beauty as propriety: This being one of those omen speeches, in which the ancients were so superstitious: For the aspics, by which Charmin died, and after her mistres, were conveyed in a basket of figs.

Omens (a superstition which Pythagoras first taught the Greeks) were the undesign'd consequence of words casually spoken. The words were sometimes taken from the speaker, and applied by the hearers to the speaker's own affairs, as in the case of Paulus Emilitus, after his conquest of Macedon. Sometimes again the words of the speaker were transferred to the affairs of the hearer, as in the case of the same Paulus before his conquest of Macedon, sique rebus divinis qua? publit iacent, ut fave rent linguæ, impærabatur. Cicero de Divin. 1. i. WARBURTON.

5 Then, belike, my children shall have no names;] i.e. be of no note, a Grec mode of expression; in which language, ὅνωσ signifies both double-named and famous, because anciently famous men had an agnomen taken from their exploits. WARE.

I am not inclined to believe that there is so much learning in either of the lady's speeches. She here only says, If I have already had the belt of my fortune, then I suppose I shall never name children, that is, I am never to be married. However, tell me the truth, tell me, how many boys and wenches?

Pr'ythee,
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Prythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?
Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb, and
foretell 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.
Eun. Mine, and most of our fortunes to-night, shall
be to go drunk to bed.
Iras. There’s a palm presages chastity, if nothing
else.
Char. Ev’n as the overflowing Nilus presageth fa-
mine.
Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsray.
Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prog-
noftication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prythee, tell
her but a workaday 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 chuse it?
Iras. Not in my Husband’s nose.

6 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 latter copies have foretold. Foretel favours the emendation, which is made with great acutenes; yet the original reading may, I think, stand. If you had as many wombs as you will have wishes, and I should foretel all these wishes, I should foretel a million of children. It is an ellipsis very frequent in conversation; I should foame you, and tell all; that is, and if I should tell all. As: is for and if, which was anciently, and is still provincially used for if.

Char.
7 Char. Our worser thoughts heav’ns mend! Alexis,
——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 worser; and
let worse follow worst, '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 Goddes, hear that prayer of the
people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a hand-
some man loose-wiv’d, so it is a deadly sorrow to be-
hold 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.

7 Char. Our worser thoughts heav’ns mend.

Alex. Come, his fortune, his fortune. O, let him marry a wo-
man, &c.] Whole fortune does Alexis call out to have told? But,
in short, this I dare pronounce to be so palpable and signal a trans-
position, that I cannot but won-
der it should have slip the obser-
vation of all the editors; especi-
ally, of the fagacious Mr. Pepo,
who has made this declaration,
That if, throughout the play, had
all the speeches been printed with-
out the very names of the person,
he believes one might have applied
them with certainty to every
speaker. But in how many in-
fiances has Mr. Pepo’s want of
judgment falsified this opinion?
The fact is evidently this; Alexis
brings a fortune-teller to Iris
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 wo-
men hoping for the satisfaction
of having something to laugh at
in Alexis’s fortune, call him to
hold out his hand, and with heav-
ty he may have the prognosti-
cation of cuckoldom upon him.
The whole speech, therefore,
must be plac’d to Charmian.
There needs no stronger proof of
this being a true correction, than
the observation which Alexis im-
mediately subjoins on their wishes
and zeal to hear him abused.

THEOBALD.

SCENE
SCENE III.

Enter Cleopatra.

Char. Not he, the Queen.
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 Alex?
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 first came 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 the tale lie death,
I hear him, as he flatter'd.
Mef. Labienus (this is stiff news)
Hath, with his Parthian force, extended Asia;
From Eupbrates his conquering banner shook,
From Syria to Lydia, and Ionia;
Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say—
Mef. Oh, my Lord!
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the gent'le 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
Have power to utter. Oh, then we bring forth weeds,

9 When our quick winds lie still; and our ill, told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.
Mef. At your noble pleasure.
Ant. From Sicyon, how the news? Speak there.
Mef. The Man from Sicyon.—Is there such an one?

[Exit first Messenger.

Attend. He stays upon your will.
Ant. Let him appear.
Thefe strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

8 ——extended Asia; i. e. widened or extended the bounds of the lesser Asia. 

To extend, is a term used for to seize; I know not whether that be not the sense here.

9 When our quick winds lie still;——] We should read minds. The m was accidentally turn'd the wrong way at the press. The sense is this, While the active principle within us lies immersed in sloth and luxury, we bring forth vices instead of virtues, weeds instead of flowers and fruit.

But the laying before us our ill condition plainly and honestly is, not were, the first culture of the mind, which gives hopes of a futur harvest. This he says to encourage the messenger to hide nothing from him.

This emendation is ingenious, but doubtful. The sense may be, that man, not agitated by cen- sure, like foil not ventilated by quick winds, produces more evil than good.

Enter
Enter another Messenger, with a Letter.

Or lose myself in dotage. What are you?

2 Mes. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 Mes. In Sicily.

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [Gives a Letter.

Ant. Forbear me. — [Exit second 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; 'the present pleasure,
By revolution lowring, does become.
The opposite of itself; 'she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that shoid 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?

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir?

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 be-

--- the present pleasure.

By revolution lowring, does become

The opposite of itself; ---]

The allusion is to the sun's diurnal course; which rising in the
east, and by revolution lowring, or setting in the west, becomes
the opposite of itself. W. & B.

This is an obscure passage.
The explanation which Dr. Warburton has offered is such, that
I can add nothing to it; yet perhaps Shak'speare, who was
less learned than his commentator, meant only, that our plea-

ures, as they are revolved in
the mind, turn to pain.
tween 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 far 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, Sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. 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 show'r of rain as well as love.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. Oh, Sir, 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?

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, 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 cafe were to be lamented; this grief is crowned with consolation, your old smock brings forth a new

[For less reason; upon meaner motives.] They shew to men 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.
petticoat. And, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

**Ant.** The business, the 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

4 The cause of our expedition to the Queen,
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with 5 more urgent touches, Do strongly speak't us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
6 Petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Hath giv'n the dare to Caesar, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our flipp'ry people,
Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
'Till his deserts are past, begin to throw

Pompey the Great and all his Dignities
Upon his son; who high in name and pow'r,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main Soldier; whose quality going on,
The sides o' th' world may danger. Much is breeding;
Which, like 7 the courfer's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. 8 Say our pleasure
To such whole places under us, require
Our quick remove from hence.

**Eno.** I'll do't.

[Exeunt.

**SCENE**

4 *The cause of our expedition*
5 *more urgent touches*
6 *Petition us at home*
7 *the courfer's hair, &c.*
8 *Say, our pleasure, To such whole places under us, require Our quick remove from hence.*
SCENE IV.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?
Char. I did not see him since.
Cleo. See, where he is, who's with him, what he does.—
9 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.
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 teacheft, 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.

Cleo. I'm sick, and fullen.

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 no place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.
This is hardly sense. I believe we should read,
Their quick remove from hence. Tell our design of going away to those, who being by their places obliged to attend us, must remove in haste.
9 I did not send you.—] You must go as if you came without my order or knowledge.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 119

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.

Cleo. Help me away, dear Chermian, I shall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it. [Seeming to faint.

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 pow'r 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 with swearing shake the throned Gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? riotous madness
To be entangled with these 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 sued staying,
Then was the time for words; no going, then;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our Brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
But was 'a race of heav'n. They are so still,

—a race of heav'n.—] i. e.: had a smack or flavour of heaven.

WARBURTON. 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.

I 4. Or
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 Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, Queen;
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a-while; but my full heart
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 domestick Pow’rs
Breeds scrupulous faction; the hated, grown to
strength,
Are newly grown to love; the condemn’d Pompey,
Rich in his father’s Honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv’n
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. * My more particular,
And that which moist with you should safe my
going,
Is Fulvia’s death.

*Cleo.

Remains in use———] The
poet seems to allude to the legal
distinction between the use and
absolute possession.

* My more particular,
And that which moist with you
should safe my going.

Is Fulvia’s death ] Thus all
the more modern editions; the
first and second fool’s read, safe:
All corruptedly. Antony is giv-
ing several reasons to Cleopatra,
which make his departure from
Egypt necessary; most of them,
reasons of state; but the death
of Fulvia, his wife, was a par-
ticular and private call. Cleopa-
tra is jealous of Antony, and sus-
picious 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.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 122

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness. Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my Queen.

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboys she awak'd: at the last, best,
See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. * O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine shall be receiv'd.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give th' advices. 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'm quickly ill, and well.

—So, Antony loves.

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
Belong 5 to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent dissimbling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.

...going. Who does not see now,
that it ought to be read,
—should save my going.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton reads, I think
rightly,
—sabe my going.

* 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.

5—to Egypt.—] To me,

the queen of Egypt.

Ant.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

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 Roman does become
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:
Oh, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.
Ant. But that your royalty
Holds Idleness your subject, I should take you

6. Or, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.] The plain meaning is, My forgetfulness makes me forget myself. But the expresses it by calling forgetfulness, Antony; because forgetfulness had forgot her, as Antony had done. For want of apprehending this quintessence 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. WARB.

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 seem not 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 irrecoverably left me.

And I am all forgotten.
If this reading stand, I think the explanation of Himler must be received. But I will venture another change, by reading,
And I am all forgone.
I am all deflected and undone.
If any regard can be had to exactness of verification, the measure authorizes my reading.

7. But that your royalty
Holds Idleness your subject, I should take you
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 123

For Idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart;
As Cleopatra, this. But, Sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence,
Therefore be deaf to my un pityed folly,
And all the Gods go with you! On your sword
Sit laurel'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, goest yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Changes to Caesar's Palace in Rome.

Enter Octavius Caesar reading a letter, Lepidus, and attendants.

Cae. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,

It is not Caesar's natural vice to hate

One great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news; he fishes, drinks, and waftes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manly
Than Cleopatra; nor the Queen of Ptolemy

For Idleness itself. 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.

One great competitor.—]

Perhaps, Our great competitor.

More
More womanly than he.
Hardly gave audience, or vouchsaf’d to think
That he had partners. You shall there find a man,
Who is the abstract of all faults that all men follow.

Lep. I must not think,
They’re evils enough to darken all his goodness;
His faults in him seem as the spots of heav’n,
More fiery by night’s blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas’d; what he cannot change,
Than what he chuses.

Caes. You’re too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to fit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave,
To reel the streets at noon; and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat; *say, this becomes
him;

As his composure must be rare, indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish; yet must Antony
No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
*So great weight in his lightness. If he fill’d
His vacancy with his voluptuousness;

9—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
counter-part of this simile, which
answers to night’s blackness.
Hammer reads,

——spots on ermine,
Or fires, by night’s blackness.
*—purchas’d; —] Procured
by his own fault or endeavour.
*—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 bear
in him something very uncommon;
yet, &c.

*So great weight in his light-
nesses.—] The word light is
one of Shakespeare’s favourite
play-things. The sense is, His
trifling levity throws so much
burden upon us.

Full
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 125

Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
* 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 5 boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lei. Here's more news.
Mes. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Caesar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. *Pompey is strong at Sea,
And, it appears, he is belov'd of those
6 That only have fear'd Caesar: to the ports
The Discontents repair, and mens reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Caes. I should have known no less;
It hath been taught us from the primal State,
That 7 he, which is, was wish'd, until he were:
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,

* Call on him for't. — ] Call on him, is, visit him. Says Caesar,
If Antony followed his debaucheries at a time of leisure, I should have him to be punished by their natural consequences, by surfeits and dry bones.
5 — boys, who, being mature in knowledge.] For this Hammer, who thought the maturity of a boy an inconstant 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.
6 That only have fear'd Caesar.] Those whom not love but fear made adherents to Caesar, now shew their affection for Pompey.
7 — 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
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA:

'Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lacquing the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mes. Caesar, I bring thee word,
Menocrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind. Many hot inrodes
They make in Italy, the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen: for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war refitted.

Caes. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once

in plain prose. The earliest histories inform us, that the man in supreme command was always wise'd to gain that command, till he had obtained it. And be, whom the multitude has contentedly seen in a low condition, when he begins to be wanted by them, becomes to be feared 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.
War:

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 motion but what the fluctuation of the water gives it, be said to lath 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 a 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.

Which they ear—] To ear, is to plow; a common metaphor.

Lack blood to think on't—] Turn pale at the thought of it.
Wert 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, and the gilded puddle
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,
It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now,
Was bore so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank’d not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shame quickly
Drive him to Rome; time is it, that we twain
Did shew ourselves i’ th’ field; and to that end
Assemble we 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 flirts abroad,
I shall beseech you, let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt it not, Sir; I knew it for my bond.

[Exeunt.

SCENE
SCENE VI.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam?

Cleo. Ha, ha—give me to drink 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' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing. I take no pleasure

In aught an eunuch has; 'tis well for thee,

That, being unfeminard, thy frer thoughts

May not fly forth of Aegypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, Madam; for I can do nothing

But what in deed is honest to be done:

Yet have I fierce affections, and think,

What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. Oh Charmian!

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?

Oh happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

—Mandragora.] A plant, of which the infusio was supposed to procure sleep. Shakspeare mentions it in Othello:

Not poppy, nor Cn Mandragn, Can ever medicin thee to that sweet sleep.
Do bravely, horse; for, wert 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 Phoebus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted Caesar,
When thou waft 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. Sov'reign of Ægypt, hail!
Cleo. How much art thou unlike Mark Antony?
Yet coming from him, 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 kisst, the last of many doubled kisstes,
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;

3—that great med'cine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.] Al-
cluding to the philosopher's stone,
which, by its touch, converts
base metal into gold. The Al-
chemists call the matter, what-
ever it be, by which they per-
form transmutation, a medicine.

And
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steeled
Who neath'd so high, that what I would have spoke,
Was beastly dumb by him.

—arm-gaunt steeled, i.e. his steeled worn lean and thin by much service in war. So Farefax.

His stall-worn steeled the champion stout before.

On this note: Mr. Edwards has been very lavish of his pica-pantry, and indeed has justly cen-\ tured the misquotation of stall-worn for stall-worth, which means steeled, but makes no at-\ tempt to explain the word in the play. Mr. Seward, in his pre-\ face to Beaumont, has very elabo-\ rately endeavoured to prove, that an arm-gaunt steeled is a steeled with lean shoulders. Arm is the Teutonick word for want, or po-\verty. Arm-gaunt may be therefore an old word, signifying lean for want, ill fed. Edwards’s obser-\ vation, that a worn-out horse is not proper for Arthur 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 steeled not intended to imply any de-\ fect, it perhaps means, a horse so slender that a man might clasp him, and therefore formed for expedition. Hambur reads,

Was beastly done by him.

Mr. Tzebak all reads dumb'd, put to silence. Alexas means (says he) the horse made such a neighing that if he had spoke he could not have been heard. A very pretty speech, and agreeable to the pg-

liteness of one of Cleopatra’s courtiers. Shakespeare wrote,

Was beastly done by him.

i.e. the leane of what I would have spoke the horse declared, tho’ in inarticulate sounds. The case was this, Alexas came to take leave of Antony, who recom-\mended a message to him to mistress. Alexas then had to more to do but make his com-\ plements: But in that infant Anto-\nony mounted his war-horse, lost accustomed to bear him, who sooner felt his master’s weight, but, as is usual for horses of service, neighed in a very springy manner. This circumstance (but a one as poets and romancers when they speak of their hero’s adventures, never fail to impro) Alexas is made to turn to a com-\ pliment on Antony, which could not but please Cleopatra. I suppose, says he, to pay my forced compliments to Antony, to pride his future success, and to take him with the usual appellation of victory, when the horse got to start of me; and by his neigh-\soid high and springily, showed to be sensible that he had a horse to his back whose he was bearing a conquest. But we are not to sup- \pose that Alexas after this did not make his speech, but let the ho-\ro’s horse do it for him. This was only a small interruption to his compliments, which, as a flux-\tering circumstance, he mentioned,
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' th' year, between th' extremities
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. Oh well-divided disposition!

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 Egypt with his joy; but between both.
Oh heav'ly mingle! Be'ft thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. Met'ft thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, Madam, twenty several messengers.
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day,
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.
—Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Caesar so?

Char. Oh, that brave Caesar!

Cleo. Be choak'd with such another emphasis!

Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Caesar.

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Caesar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

to please his mistress. The error of dumb for done, seems to have been occasioned by the editor's mistaking the word high for loud, whereas it here signifies frightly.

WARBURTON.

The passage seems not to deserve much care. It probably is as it was written, and means what Theobald has expressed.

K 2

Cleo.
Cleo. 6 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 7 unpeople Egypt.

[Exeunt.

6 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 was said very naturally here with contempt of her judgment at that period: But how trulv with regard to the Cooling of her blood may admit some question: And then employs his learning to prove, that at this cold season of her blood, she had been twenty good years. But yet he thinks his author may be justified, because Plutarch calls Cleopatra at those years, Kön, which by ill luck proves just the contrary; for that flate which the Greeks des-

signed by Kön, was the very height of blood. But Shakspeare's best justification is referring his own sense, which is only 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. Ths, says she, were my fallad day, when I was green in judgment; but your blood is as cold are judgment, if you have the same opinion of things now as I had then.

7 — unpeople Egypt.] By sending out messengers.
ACT II. SCENE I.

SICILY.

Enter Pompey, Menocrates, and Menas.

POMPEY.

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. While 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.

The persons are so named in the first edition; but I know not why Menocrates appears; Menas can do all without him.

While we are suitors to their Throne, decays
The thing we sue for. This nonsense should be read thus,

While we are suitors to their Throne, delay's
The thing we sue for.

Menocrates 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 Aegypt; Caesar, by avarice at Rome; and Lepidus employed in keeping well with both.

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 conflation offered becomes superfluous. The meaning is, While we are praying, the thing for which we pray is losing its value.
Pomp. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
1 My pow'r's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to th' full. Mark Antony
In Ægypt fits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors. Caesar gets mony, where
He loses hearts; Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Caesar 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, softens thy wan lip!
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 cloyles fawce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may proforge his honour,
Even 'till a Lethe'd dulness——

* 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 Leppek 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.

2——thy wan lip!] In the old edition it is
——thy wand lip!
Perhaps, for fond lip, or warm lip.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 135

Enter Varrius.

How now, 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.
Pomp. I could have given less matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think,
This am'rous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war; his soldiership
Is twice the other twain. 3 But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our flattering
Can from the lap of Ægypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together.
His wife, who's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him, although I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

3 ———— But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our flattering
Can from the lap of Ægypt's widow pluck
The near lust-wearied Antony
Sextus Pompeius, upon hearing
that Antony is every hour expected in Rome, does not much relish
the news. He is twice the soldier, (says he) that Otho is and Lepidus are; and I did not
think, the petty war, which I am raising, would rouse him
from his amours in Ægypt.— But why should Pompey hold a
higher opinion of his own expedition, because it awak'd Antony
to arms, who was near weary, almost surfeited, of lascivious pleasures? Indolent and stupid editors, that can dispence with
words without ever weighing the reason of them! How easy is the change to the true reading!

The near lust-wearied Antony.
If Antony, though never tir'd of luxury, yet mov'd from that charm, upon Pompey's flattering, it was a reason for Pompey to pride
himself upon being of such consequence. Theobald.

Could it be imagined, after this swelling exultation, that the first edition stands literally thus,
The neere Lust-wearied Antony.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Pomp. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Wen't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant, they should a square between themselvcs,
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't, as our Gods will have 't! it only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas.

[Exeunt,

SCENE II.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. GOOD Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, t'entreat your Captain
To soft and gentle speech.

End. I shall entreat him
To answer, like himself; if Caesar move him,
Let Antony look over Caesar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,

4 —square—] That is, quarrel.
5 Our lives upon,] This play
is not divided into acts by the
author or first editors, and there-fore 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 in-
terview 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 defunctary scenes
are interrupted.
Were I the wearer of Antonio's beard,
I would not shav't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomaching.

Euo. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way;

Euo. 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.

Euo. And yonder, Caesar.

Enter Caesar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Partbria.

—Hark, Ventidius.

Ces. I do not know; Mecenas, 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,

7 Nor curstness grow to th'matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well;
Were we before our armies, and to fight,

6 Were I the wearer of Antonio's beard,
I would not shav't to-day.] Al-
cluding to the phrase, I will
beard him. WARBURTON.
I believe he means, I would

6 I should

meet him undressed, without show of respect.

7 Nor curstness grow to th'mat-
ter.] Let not ill humour be
added to the real subject of our
difference.

I should
I should do thus.  

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.  
Ant. Thank you.  
Cæs. Sit.  
Ant. Sit, Sir.  
Cæs. Nay, then——  
Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;  
Or, being, concern you not.  
Cæs. I must be laught at,  
If, or for nothing, or a little, I  
Should say myself offended, and with you  
Chiefly i'th' world; More laught at, that I should  
Once name you derogately, when to found  
Your name it not concern'd me.  
Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar, what was't to you?  
Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome  
Might be to you in Egypt; yet, if you there  
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt  
Might be my question.  
Ant. How intend you, practis'd?  
Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,  
By what did here befall. Your Wife and Brother  
Made wars upon me; and their contention  
Was theam for you, you were the word of war.  

* their contention  
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 contention  
Was theam'd for you.  
i. e. The pretence of their war was on your account, they took up arms in your name, and you were made the theme and subject of their insurrection.  

I am neither satisfied with the reading nor the emendation; theam'd is, I think, a word unauthorised,
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 139

Ant. You do mistake your business: my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you've not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæf. You praise yourself,
By laying defects of Judgment to me, but
You patch up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I'm certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your Partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with grateful eyes attend those wars,

authorized, and very harsh. Perhaps we may read,

their contentation

Had theme from you, you were the word o' th' war.
The dispute derived its subject from you. It may be corrected
by mere transposition,

their contentation

You were theme for, you were the word.

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 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?

2 As matter whole you've 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.

Which
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my Wife,
I would, you had her spirit in such another;
The third o’th’ 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 garboiles, 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 misfire out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted; then
Three Kings I had newly feast’d, and did want
Of what I was in’ th’ 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;

The Honour’s sacred which he talks on now,

Supposing

3 —fronted—] That is, opposed.
2 I told him of myself;—] i. e.
told him the condition I was in,
when he had his last audience.

WARBURTON.

5 The Honour’s sacred—] Sacred, for unbroken, unviolated.

WARBURTON.

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
Supposing that I lackt it. But, on, Caesar.
The article of my oath—

Caesar. To lend me arms and aid, when I requir'd them,
The which you both deny'd.

Antony. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poifond 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 Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine Honour
To stoop in such a cafe.

Lepidus. 'Tis nobly spoken,
Mecenas. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present Need
Speaks to atone you.

Lepidus. Worthily spoken, Mecenas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the
instant, you may, when you hear no more words of
Pompey, return it again. You shall have time to
wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Antony. Thou art a Soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost for-
got.

Antony. You wrong this Presence, therefore speak no
more.

Eno. Go to then: 'tis your considerate stone.

Caesar.

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.

[—your considerate stone.—]

This line is passed by all the edi-
tors,
Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for't cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop would hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O' th' world, I would pursue it.
Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar.
Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.
Agr. Thou haft a Sifter by the Mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia! great Mark Antony
Is now a Widower.
Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, 'tis your Reproof
Were well deserv'd of raffness.

...but the mischief he speaks of,
which I dislike. This agrees
with what follows, and is said
with much urbanity, and shew of
friendship. Warburton.

I think the old reading right.
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 endeav-
our it. The consideration of
the ceremony due from Cæsar to
the Lieutenant of Antony, is a
criticism of the lowest rate, un-
worthy of confutation.

Warburton inferred re-
proof very properly into Ham-
ner's edition, but forgot it in his own.

Ant.
Ant. I am not married, Caesar; let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual Amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unfailing 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,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales are 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 Caesar speak?

Ces. 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?

Ces. The Power of Caesar, 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!

Ces. 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.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

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,
9 Left my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon's:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
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 same.

'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. Exit Cæs.

SCENE III.

Manent Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mæcænas.

Mec. Welcome from Ægypt, Sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæcænas!

My honourable friend, Agrippa!——

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

9 Left my remembrance suffer ill report; I left I be thought too willing to forget benefits, I must barely return him thanks, and then I will defy him.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 145

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested. You stay'd well by't in Ægypt.

Eno. Ay, Sir, we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, 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 worthyly deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she purs'd up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.

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 'em; th'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,
'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,
'And what they undid, did.

Agr. Oh, rare for Antony!

1 'O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see, &c.] Meaning the Venus of Protogenes mentioned by Pliny, l. 35. c. 10.

2 And what they undid, did.] It might be read less harshly,

And what they did, undid,

WARBURTON.  L  Eno.
Eno. Her Gentlewomen, like the Nereids,
So many Mermaids, t tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their Bends adorings. At the helm,
A seeming Mermaid steers; the silken tackles
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The City cast
Her People out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' th' Market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in Nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony went 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!

3—tended her i' th' eyes.] Perhaps tended her by th' eyes, discovered her will by her eyes.

4 And made their Bends adorings.—] 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 Shakespeare 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 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, Shakespeare wrote,

And made their Bends adorings.

They did her observance in the posture of adoration; as if she had been Venus.

5—which, but for vacancy,
Had gone——] Alluding to an axiom in the peripatetic philosophy then in vogue, that Nature abhors a vacuum.

She
She made great Caesar 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 loft 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
Her infinite variety; other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
Where most the satisifies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy Priests
Bless her, when she is riggish.

MeC. If beauty, wisdomb, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed Lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whist you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you. [Exeunt.

Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia between them.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Oct. All which time,
Before the Gods my knee shall bow in prayers
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 th' rule. Good night, dear Lady.

Oct. Good night, Sir.

Cæf. Good night. [Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.

L2 SCENE
SCENE IV.

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah! you do with yourself in Ægypt?
Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!
Ant. If you can, your reason?
Sooth. 'I see it in my Motion, have it not in my Tongue; but yet hie you to Ægypt again.
Ant. Say to me, whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?
Sooth. Cæsar's. ———
Therefore, oh Antony, stay not by his side.
Thy Daemon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not. But, near him, thy angel
7 Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpowered, therefore 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'rt sure to lose: and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,

6 I see it in my Motion, have it not in my Tongue; ] 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 Soothsayer should say, he saw a reason in his thought or opinion, though he gave that thought or opinion no utterance. Theobald.
7 Becomes a Fear,—] i. e. the divinatory agitation. Warburton.
Mr. Upton reads,
Becomes a Fear'd,———
The common reading is more poetical.

When
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 Partibia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoke 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; and his quails ever
Beat mine, in hoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt;
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter Ventidius.

I' th' east my pleasure lies. Oh, come, Ventidius.
You must to Partibia, your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receiv't. [Exeunt.

Enter Lepidus, Mecenas, 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, farewel.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at th' mount
Before you, Lepidus.

---bis quails---] The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks.

---in hoop'd, at odds.---] Thus the old copy. In hoop'd is included, confined, that they may fight. The modern editions read, Beat mine, in whoop'd at odds.
Lep. Your way is shorter,
   My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.
  Both. Sir, good success.
Lep. Farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love—
  Omnes. The music, hoa!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to billiards: come, Charmion.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.
Cleo. As well a woman with an Eunuch play'd,
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, Sir?
  Mar. As well as I can, Madam.
Cleo. And when good will is shew'd, tho't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.
Give me mine angle, we'll to th' river, there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
  * Tawny-finn'd fish; my bended hook shall pierce

1 music, moody food] The mood, is the mind, or mental disposition. Van Hearen's panegyric on the English begins, Groot-moedig Volk, [great-minded Nation.] Perhaps here is a poor jest intended between mood the mind and moods of music.

2 Tawny-finn'd fish;—] The first copy reads, Tawney fine fish.
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Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, ab, ba! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—oh times!—
I taught him out of patience, and that night
I taught him into patience; and next morn
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed:
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippin. Oh. From Italy—

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mes. Madam! Madam!—

Cleo. Antony's dead?—
If thou say so, villain, thou killest thy mistress;
But well and free,
If so thou yield him, there is gold, and here
My blueft veins to kiss; a hand, that Kings
Have lipt, and trembled kissing.

[whilst
I wore his sword Philippin.] We are not to suppose, nor is there any warrant from history, that Antony had any particular sword so call'd. 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 strook
The lean and wrinkled Cai-

siius; &c.

That was the greatest action of Antony's life; and therefore this seems a fine piece of flattery, in-
timating, that his sword ought to be denounced from that il-
lustrious battle, in the same man-
ner as modern heroes in romance are made to give their swords pompous names. THEOBALD.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Mef. 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.

Mef. Good Madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will:
But there's no goodness in thy face. If Antony
Be free and healthful; why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? if not well,
Thou shouldnst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mef. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'lt;
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with Caesar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mef. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mef. And friends with Caesar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mef. Caesar, and he, are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

* Not like a formal man. ] For,

Rather decent, regular.

5 I'll set 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

...Showers on her Kings barbaric
pearl and gold.

In the life of Timur-bec or Ta-
merlane, written by a Persian
contemporary author, are the
following words, as translated by
Monfieur Petit de la Croix, in
the account there given of his co-
ronation, Book ii. chap. 1. Les
Princes du sang royal & les Emirs
repandaient à pleines mains sur sa
 tête quantité d'or & de pierres,

selon la coutume. Warr.

Mef.
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Mes. But yet, Madam——
Cleo. I do not like but yet; it does allay
The good precedence; fy upon but yet;
But yet is as a jaylor to bring forth
Some monftrous Malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together. He's friends with Caesar;
In flate of health, thou say'st; and thou say'st, free.
He's bound unto Octavia.
Cleo. For what good turn?
Mes. For the best turn 't's th' bed.
Cleo. I am pale, Charmion.
Mes. Madam, he's married to Octavia.
Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[Strikes him down.

Mes. Good Madam, patience.
Cleo. What say you?

[Strikes him.

Hence, horrible villain, or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;

[She bales him up and down.

Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and strew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.
Mes. 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.
Mes. He's married, Madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou haft liv'd too long.

[Draws a Knife.

Mes. Nay, then I'll run:
What mean you, Madam? I have made no fault.

[Exit.

Cbar. Good Madam, keep yourself within yourself,
The
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt—
Melt Egypt into Nile; 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.

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 the Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news. Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If you again say, Yes.

Mess. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. The Gods confound thee! dost thou hold
there still?

Mess. Should I ly, Madam?

Cleo. Oh, I would, thou didst;
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scald'd snakes! go, get thee hence,
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly: he is married?

Mess. I crave your Highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence, that I would not offend you;
To punish me for what you make me do.

Seems much unequal. He's married to Octavia.

Cleo. Oh, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of!—Get thee hence.
The merchandises, thou hast brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me:
Lie they upon thy hand, and be undone by 'em!
[Exit Messenger.

Char. Good your Highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Caesar.

Char. Many times, Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for it now: lead me from hence,
I faint; oh Iras, Charmion—'tis no matter.
Go to the fellow, good Alexas, bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly—
Let him for ever go.—Let him not—Charmion—
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
Th' other way's a Mars.—Bid you Alexas
Bring word, how tall she is. Pity me, Charmion,
But speak not to me. Lead me to my chamber.
[Exeunt.

6 That art not what thou'rt sure of!— For this, which
is not easily understood, Sir Tho.
Hammer has given,
That say'lt 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 flarts.
Oh, that his fault should make a knowe of thee,
That art—not what?—Thou'rt sure on't.—Get thee hence.
That his fault should make a knowe of thee that art—but
what shall I say thou art not?—Thou art then sure of this mar-
riage.—Get thee hence.

Dr. Warburton has received
Sir T. Hammer's emendation.
7 Let him for ever go.— She
is now talking in broken sen-
tences, not of the Messenger, but
Antony.
SCENE VI.

Changes to the Coast of Italy, near Misenum.

Enter Pompey and Menas, at one door, with drum and trumpet: At another, Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, Agrippa, 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 confpire? and what Made thee, all honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus, With the arm'd reft, 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 fcruge th' ingratitude that despightful Rome Caft on my noble Father.

Cæs. Take your time.
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Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails; 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.

Ces. There's the point. Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh What it is worth embrac'd.

Ces. And what may follow To try a larger fortune.

Pomp. You've 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 unhackt edges, and bear back Our targe 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 Caesar and your Brother were at blows, 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.

8 Thou canst not fear us,——] Thou canst not affright us with thy numerous navy.
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.
Pomp. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' th' East are soft, and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither,
For I've gain'd by it.

Caes. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pomp. Well, I know not,
What counts hard fortune calls upon my face,
But in my bosom she shall never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pomp. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed.
I crave, our composition may be written
And seal'd between us.

Caes. That's the next to do.

Pomp. We'll feast each other, ere we part, and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That I will, Pomp'y.

Pomp. No, Antony, take the lot:
But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I've heard, that Julius Caesar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pomp. I have fair meaning, Sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pomp. Then so much have I heard.

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that. He did so.

Pomp. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain Queen to Caesar in a mattress.

Pomp. I know thee now. How far'ft 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 ha’ prais’d ye,
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’s the way, Sir.

Men. [Aside.] Thy Father, Pompey, would never
have made this Treaty.

You and I have known, Sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, Sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. *I will praise any man that will praise me,
though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

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.

* I will praise any man that will praise me.] The poet’s art
in delivering this humorous sen-
timent (which gives us so very
true and natural a picture of the
commerce of the world) can ne-
ever be sufficiently admired. The
confession could come from none
but a frank and rough character
like the speaker’s; and the mo-
oral lesson intimated under it, that
flattery can make its way through
the most stubborn manners, de-
serves our serious reflexion.

Warburton.
Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their
hands are.

Eno. But there is ne'er 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 for-
tune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep't back again.

Men. You've said, Sir; we look'd not for Mark
Antony here; pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Caesar's Sister is called Ophelia.

Men. True, Sir, she was the Wife of Caius Mar-
cellus.

Eno. But now she is the Wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Play ye, Sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Caesar 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. Ophelia 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 Egyptian Dish again; then
shall the sighs of Ophelia blow the fire up in Caesar,
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
married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you
aboard? I have a health for you.
SCENE VII.
On board Pompey's Galley.

Musick plays. Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

1 Serv. Here they'll be, man: some o'their plants are ill rooted already; the least wind i'th' world will blow them down.

2 Serv. Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1 Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to th' Drink.

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 lieve have a reed that will do me no service, as a Partizan I could not heave.

1 Serv. 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 disater the cheeks:

Trumpevs.

3 some o' their plants] Plants, besides its common meaning; is here used for the foot, from the Latin.

4 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 eafe him. But it satirically alludes to Caesar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy.

5 As they pinch one another by the disposition.] A phrase equivalent to that now in use, of Touching one in a sore place.

6 a Partizan] A pike.

7 To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be;
Trumpets. Enter Caesar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o' th' Nile
By certain scales i' th' pyramid; they know,
By th' height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foison, follow; the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises. As it ebbs, the Seedsmen
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Aegypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your Sun; so is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pomp. Sit, and some wine. A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be,
But I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not 'til you have slept; I fear me, you'll be in, 'til then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemey's Pyramis 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.

[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 field,
and not to be seen to move in it,
is a very ignominious fate; great offices are the boles where eyes should be, which, if eyes be wanting, pitifully disfigure the cheeks.
And hear me speak a word.

Pomp. Forbear me, 'till anon.

[Whispers.

—This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, Sir, like itself; 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.

Cas. 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, Rife 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 else to say?—Be jolly, Lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, 'fore you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

Pomp. What say'lt 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?

M 2

Men.
Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove,
What e'er the Ocean pales, or Sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pomp. Shew me which way.

Men. These three World-sharers, these Competitors,
Are in thy Vessel. Let me cut the cable,
And when we are put off, fall to their throats.
All then is thine.

Pomp. Ah, this thou should'st have done,
And not have spoken on't. In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, 't 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 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 Lepidus.

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears the third part of the world, man!
Sez'lt not.

Men. The third part then is drunk; 'would, it were all,

* —thy pall'd fortunes —— ] that has lost its original spiritella
Palled, is sappid, past its time of
excellence; palled wine, is wine

That
That it might go on wheels!
    *Eno.* Drink thou, encrease the reels.
*Men.* Come.

*Pomp.* This is not an Alexandrian Feast.
*Ant.* It ripens towards it; 9 strike the vessels, hoa.

Here is to *Caesar.*
*Caes.* I could well forbear it;
It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.
*Ant.* Be a child o' th' time.
*Caes.* 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,
Shall we dance now the *Aegyptian Bacchanals*,
And celebrate our Drink?
*Pomp.* Let's ha't, good Soldier.
*Ant.* Come, let's all take hands;
'Till that the conquering wine hath steeped our senses
In soft and delicate *Lethe*.

*Eno.* All take hands:
Make battery to our ears with the loud musick,
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.

The SONG.

*Come, thou Monarch of the Vine,*
*Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eye,*

9—strike the vessels,—] Try whether the casks found as empty.
1 In old editions,
The Holding ev'ry man shall beat]
The company are to join in the burden, which the poet strikes, the
Holding. But how were they to beat this with their sides? I am persuaded, the poet wrote:

*The Holding ev'ry man shall bear, as loud*

As his strong sides can volly.
The breast and sides are immediately concerned in straining to
fing as loud and forcibly as a man can.

*Theobald.*
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

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.

Caes. 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 Enobarbus
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antickt 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. Oh, Antony, you have my father's house.
But, what! we're friends; come down into the boat.
Eno. Take heed you fall not.

Men. I'll not on shore.—No, to my cabin—Thee 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. Hoo, says 'a! There's my cap.

Men. Hoa!—noble Captain, come.

Exeunt.
ACT III. SCENE I.

A Camp in a Part of Syria.

Enter Ventidius, as after Conquest, the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

VENTIDIUS.

N ow, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleas'd Fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger. Bear the King's son's body
Before our Hoff; thy Pacorus, Orodos,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow: Spur through Media,
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. Oh, Silius, Silius,
I've 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 name, when he, we serve, 's away.
Caesar 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 achiev'd by th' minute, lost his Favour.
Who does i' th' wars more than his Captain can,

M 4

Becomes
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, that, without the which,
A soldier and his sword grant scarce distinction:
Thou wilt write to Antony?

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 Horfe of Partibia
We've jaded out o' th' field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens. With what haste
The weight we must convey with's will permit,
We shall appear before him. On, there;——pafs
along. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Changes to Rome.

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 sealing. Octavia weeps,

---that, without the which
A soldier and his sword grant
scarcely distinction: Grant, for afford. It is badly and ob-
curiously expressed; but the sense is this, Thou hast that, Venti-
dus, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction be-
tween thee and thy sword. Thou
would both be equally cutting and
useless. This was wisdom or
knowledge of the world. Vent-
tius had told him the reasons
why he did not pursue his ad-
vantages: And his friend, by
this compliment, acknowledges
them to be of weight.

Warburton
To part from Rome: Caesar 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; oh, how he loves Caesar!

_Agr._ Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony?

_Eno._ Caesar? why he's the Jupiter of men.

_Agr._ What's Antony? the God of Jupiter.

_Eno._ Speak you of Caesar? how? the non-pareil!

_Agr._ Oh Antony, oh thou *4 Arabian bird*!

_Eno._ Would you praise Caesar, say,—Caesar; go no further.

_Agr._ Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

_Eno._ But he loves Caesar best, yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figure, scribes, *5 bards, poets,* cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!
His love to Antony. But as for Caesar,
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.

_Enter Caesar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia._

_Ant._ No further, Sir.

_Caes._ You take from me a great part of myself:
Ufe me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and *6 as my furthest bond*

---Arabian bird! The Phoenix.

---bards, poets,—] Not only
the tautology of bards and poets,
but the want of a correspondent
action for the Poet, whose busi-
ness in the next line is only to
number, makes me suspect some
fault in this passage, which I
know not how to mend.

---as my furthest bond] As
I will venture the greatest pledge
of security on the trial of thy
conduct.

Shall
Shall pass on thy approach. Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is let
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the Ram to batter
The Fortress 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’ve said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, 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;

7 The elements be kind to thee, and make
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 the’s the showers to bring it on. Be cheerfull.

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 Caesar weep?

Agr. He has a cloud in’s face.

Eno. He were the worfe for that, were he a horfe;
So is he, being a man,
Agr. Why, Enebarbus?
When Antony found Julius Caesar 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;
Believe’t, ’till I wept too.

Ces. 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.

Ces. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the Stars give light
To thy fair way!

Ces. Farewell, farewell! [Kisses Octavia.

Ant. Farewell! [Trumpets sound. Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. WHERE is the fellow?

Alex. Half afraid to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to. Come hither, Sir.

\[Believe’t, ’till I weep too.\] I have ventured to alter the tense of the verb here, against the authority of all the copies. There was no sense in it, I think, as it stood before. THEOBALD.
Enter the Messenger as before.

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 Ophelia?

Mes. Ay, dread Queen.

Cleo. Where?


I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mes. She is not, Madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongued, or low?

Mes. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good. He cannot like her long.

Cbar. Like her? Oh Isis! 'tis impossible:

Cleo. I think so, Charmion. Dull of tongue and dwarfish.

What Majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on Majesty.

Mes. She creeps;
Her motion and her station are as one;
She shews a body rather than a life;
A statue than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mes. Or I have no observance.

Cbar. Three in Aëgypt
Cannot make better note.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. i73

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.
Mes. Madam, she was a widow.
Mes. And I do think she's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? It's long, or
round?
Mes. Round even to faultiness.
Cleo. For th' most part too,
They're foolish that are so. Her hair, what colour?
Mes. Brown, Madam; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.
Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill,
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd.
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is so. I repent me much,
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him;
This creature's no such thing.
Char. O, nothing, Madam.
Cleo. The man hath seen some Majesty, and should
know.
Char. Hath he seen Majesty? If's else defend!
And serving you so long?
Cleo. I've one thing more to ask him yet, good
Charmion;
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.

SCENE
SCENE IV.

Changes to 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 publick 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;
9 When the best hint was giv'n him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. Oh, 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, "Ob, bless my Lord and husband!"
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"Ob, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extrems at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it; if I lose mine honour,

9 When the best hint was giv'n him, be o'erlook'd,
Or did it from his teeth.] The
first folio reads, not look'd. Dr.
I lose myself; better I were not yours,  
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,  
Yourself shall go between’s; 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.

Oct. Thanks to my Lord.
The love of Power make me, most weak, most weak,  
Your reconciler! 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

--- the mean time, lady,  
I'll raise the preparation of a war,  
Shall stain your brother;---] Thus the printed copies. But,  
true, 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 stain your brother.---]  
i.e. Shall lay him under con-  
straints; 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, understand-  
ing the sudden and wonderful  
preparations of Antony, was allo-  
quid'd at it; for he himself was  
in many wants; and the people  
were sorely oppressed with griev-  
ous exactions.  

--- I do not see but stain may be  
allowed to remain unaltered,  
meaning no more than shame or  
disgrace.

--- wars 'twixt you 'twain  
would be, &c. The thought  
is wonderfully sublime. It is  
taken from Curtius's leaping in-  
to the gulf in the Forum, in or-  
der to close the gap. As that  
was closed by one Roman, so it  
is insinuated, that if the whole  
world were to cleave, Romans  
only could folder up the chaos.  
The expression is exact. For as  
metal is foldered by metal more  
pure and noble, so the globe was  
to be foldered up by men, who  
are only a more refined earth.

WARBURTON.

This wonderful allusion is, I  
believe, more in the thought of  
the commentator than of the poet.  
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.
Can equally move with them. Provide your Going; Chuse your own company, and command what cost Your heart has mind to.

[Exeunt,

Enter Enobarbus and Eros.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?
Eros. There's strange news, come, Sir:
Eno. What, man?
Eros. Caesar and Lepidus have made war upon Pompey.
Eno. This is old; what is the success?
Eros. Caesar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him 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. * Upon his own appeal, seizes him; so the poor Third is up, 'till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then wouldst thou hadst a pair of chaps, no more, and throw between them all the food thou hast, they'll grind the other. Where's Antony?
Eros. He's walking in the garden thus; and spurns The rush that lies before him. Cries, "fool Lepidus!" And threats the throat of that his Officer, That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great Navy's rigg'd.

---

3 rivalry, Equal rank.
4 Upon his own appeal, To appeal, in Shakespeare, is to accuse; Caesar seized Lepidus without any other proof than Caesar's accusation.
5 Then wouldst thou hadst 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? Caesar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey upon between them.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 177

Eros. For Italy and Caesar. 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. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Maccenas.

Ces. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and
more,
In Alexandria; here's the manner of it:
'Pth' market-place on a Tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold.
Were publickly enthron'd; at the feet, sat
Cesario, whom they call my father's són;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'Stablishment of Egypt, made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, 7 Lybia,
Abolute Queen.

Mec. This in the publick eye?

Ces. 'Pth' common shew-place, where they exer-
cise.
His sons he there proclaim'd the Kings of Kings;
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia.
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd

6 —More, Domitius.] I have something more to tell you, which
I might have told at first, and
delayed my news. Antony re-

Vol. VII. N Syria,
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She
In the habiliments of the Goddes Isis
That day appear’d, and oft before gave audience,
As ’tis reported, so.

Mess. Let Rome be thus inform’d.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Caesar. The people know it, and have now receiv’d
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Caesar. Caesar; and that having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil’d, we had not rated him
His part o’ th’ Isle. Then does he say, he lent me
Some Shipping unreftor’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.

Caesar. ’Tis done already, and his messenger gone,
I told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus’d,
And did deserve his Change. For what I’ve con-
quered,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer’d Kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mess. He’ll never yield to that.

Caesar. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia, with her Train.

Octavia. Hail, Caesar, and my Lord! hail, most dear

Caesar!

Caesar. That ever I should call thee Cast-away!

Octavia. 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 th’ way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heav’n,
Rais’d by your populous troops; but you are come:
A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented:
The ostentation of our love; which, left unknown,
Is often left unlov’d; we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.
Oth. 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 grieving ear withal; whereon I begg’d
His pardon for return.
Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an Obstruct ’twixt his lust and him.
Oth. 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?
Oth. My Lord, in Athens.
Cæs. No, my most wronged sister. Cleopatra

8 Which soon he granted,
Being an Abstrait ’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 abstrait
between his inordinate passion
and him; this is absurd. We
must read,

Being an Obstrual ’tween his
lust and him.

i. e. his wife being an obstruction,
a bar to the prosecution of
his wanton pleasures with Cleopatra.

Warrington.
Hath noddled him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore, who now are levying
9 The Kings o' th' earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus the King of Libya, Archelaus
Of Cappadocia, Philadelphus King
Of Patlabonia; the Thracian King Adullas,
King Malebhus of Arabia, King of Pent,
Herod of Jewry, Mithridates King
Of Comagene, Polemon and Aminatas,
The King of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger lit of icepters.

Oèta. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæf. Welcome hither;
Your letters did w.th-hold our breaking forth,
’Till we perceiv’d, 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 un-bewail’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 comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear Madam;
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you;
Only th’ adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off,

9 Mr. Upton remarks, that there are some errors in this
enumeration of the auxiliary Kings: but it is probable that
the authour did not much with to be accurate.
ANONY AND CLEOPATRA. 181

And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noisy it against us.
Oth. Is it so, Sir?
Cas. It is most certain. Sister, welcome. Pray you,
Be ever known to patience, my dear' St sister!
[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

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 forespoke my being in these wars;
And say' St, it is not fit.

Eno. Well; is it, is it?

Cleo. Is' St 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' St you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's
time,
What should not then be spar' d. He is already
Traduc'd for levity, and 'tis said in Rome,

1 — potent regiment — ] Regen-ent, is governemen', 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 avouch is
now.

2 — forespoke my being — ] To
forepeak, is to contract, to speak
against, as forbid is to order ne-
gatively.

N 3 That
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’th’ war; 
And, as the president of my Kingdom, will 
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it, 
I will not stay behind.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Eno. Nay, I have done: here comes the Emperor. 
Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius, 
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium, 
He could so quickly cut th’ Ionian sea, 
And take in Toryne? 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 become 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 Pharosha, 
Where Caesar 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 muleteers, reapers, people 
Ingrast by swift impress. In Caesar’s fleet 
Are those that often have ’gainst Pompey fought; 
Their ships are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace 
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea, 
Being prepar’d for land. 
Ant. By sea, by sea.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 183

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldierish you have by land,
Distract your army, which doth most confest
Of war-mark'd footmen: leave unexecuted.
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up yourself meerly to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty fails, Caesar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn,
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from th' head of
Aegium
Beat the approaching Caesar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

Mes. The news is true, my Lord; he is descried;
Caesar has taken Turyne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible.
Strange, that his power should be so. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship;
Away, my Thetis!

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. Oh noble Emperor, do not fight by sea,
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? let the Egyptians
And the Phenicians go a ducking: we
Have us'd to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away, [Exeunt Ant. Cleo. and Eno.

N 4

Sold.
Sold. 3 By Hercules, I think, I am i’ th’ 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 Justinius,
Publio’a, 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,
His power went out in such *disractions* 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.

Mef. The Emperor calls Canidiaus.
Can. With news the time’s in labour, and throws
forth
Each minute some. [Exeunt.

Enter Cæsar, with his army marching.

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 scroul; our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [Exeunt.

3 By Hercules, I think, I am
i’ th’ right. 
Can. Soldier, thou art; but
his whole action grows
*in the pre’ r on’t:*—
*disractions*—] Detachments; separate bodies.
Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' th' hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

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. Alarm. Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught. I can behold no longer;
'Th' Antoni's, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods and Goddesses,
All the whole Synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. '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,

5 Th' Antonias, &c.] Which Putareb says, was the name of Cleopatra's ship. Pope. The greater cantle—] A piece or lump. Pope. 7 token'd—] Spotted.

Where
Where death is sure. Yon ribauld nag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o’ertake! 'tis midst o’th’ fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear’d
Both as the fame, or rather ours the elder;
The brieve upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists fails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Sar. She once being looest,
The noble ruin of her magick, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, like a doating mallard,
Leaving the sight 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:
Oh, he has given example for our fight,
Most grossly by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you whereabouts? why then, good
night, indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Sar. 'Tis easy to’t.
And there I will attend what further comes.

8 — ribauld — ] A luxurious
squanderer. — Pope.
The word is in the old edition
ribaud ed, which I do not un-
derstand, but mention it, in
hopes others may raise some hap-
pur conjecture.

9 Whom leprosy o’ertake! — ]
Leprofs, an epidemical dittemper
of the Egyptians; to which ib-
race probably alludes in the con-
troverted line,
Contaminato cum gregit furium
Morbo virorum.

The brieve upon bIr. — ] The
brieve is the gadfly, which in
summer stings the cows, and
drives them violently about.

Can.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 187

Can. To Caesar will I render
My legions and my horse; six Kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow

The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [Exeunt, severally.

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 so late 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 Caesar.

Omnes. Fly! not we.

Ant. I've 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. Oh,
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,
Nor make replies of loathness; take the hint,
Which my despair proclaims. Let them be left,
Which leave themselves. To the sea-side. Straight-way

--- The wounded chance of Antony,—] I know not whether the authour, 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
ed and chafed, whom all other
deer avoid. I will, says Enobarbus, follow Antony, though chafed
and wounded.

The common reading however may very well stand.

--- so lated in the world.—] Alluding to a benighted traveller.
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I’ve lost command.
Therefore, I pray you—I’ll see you by and by.

[Sits down.

Enter Cleopatra, led by Charmion and Iras, to Antony.

Iras. Do, most dear Queen.
Char. Do? why, what else?
Cleo. Let me sit down; oh Juno!
Ant. No; no, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, Sir!
Ant. Oh fy, fy, fy.
Char. Madam——
Iras. Madam, oh good Empress!
Eros. Sir, Sir.
Ant. Yes, my Lord, yes.— He at Philippi kept
His sword e’en like a dancer, while I strook
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and ’twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended; he alone
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——

4 —[I’ve lost command.] I am not matter of my own emotions.
5 —[He at Philippi kept His sword e’en like a dancer,—] In the 'Merisee,' and perhaps anciently in the 'Fyrbrok dance, the dancers held swords in their hands with the points upward.
6 —[and ’twas I, That the mad Brutus ended;—] Nothing can be more in character, than for an infamous de-

baunched tyrant to call the heroic love of one’s country and public liberty, madness.

War. 7 —[he alone

Deals on lieutenantry,—] I know not whether the meaning is, that Caesar only acted as lieutenant at Philippi, or that he made his attempts only on lieutenants, and left the Generals to Antony.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 189

Iras. Go to him, Madam, speak to him,
He is unequalled with very shame.
Cleo. Well then, sustaine me; oh!
Eros. Most noble Sir, arise, the Queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.
Ant. I have offended reputation;
A moft unnote swerving——
Eros. Sir, the Queen.
Ant. O whither hast thou led me, Ἑγγύῃ? see,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes;
By looking back on what I've left behind,
'Stroy'd in dishonour.
Cleo. Oh, my Lord, my Lord;
Forgive my fearful fails; I little thought,
You would have follow'd.
Ant. Ἑγγύῃ, thou knew'lt too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by th' string,
And thou shouldst towe me after. O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'lt; and that
Thy beek might from the bidding of the Gods
Command me.
Cleo. Oh, my pardon.
Ant. Now I must
To the young man fend humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who,
With half the bulk o' th' 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. O, pardon, pardon.

8—death will seize her, but
Your comfort, &c.] But has I withdraw my ignominy from
here, as once before in this play,
the force of exe pt, or unless.
9 How I convey my shame—] is, by the heart string.

Ant.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

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 schoolmaster; is he come back?
Love, I am full of lead; some wine,
Within there, and our viands. Fortune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Caesar's Camp.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thyreus, with others.

Caes. Let him appear, that's come from Antony.
Know you him?

Dol. Caesar, 'tis his schoolmaster;
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He sends so poor a pinnion of his wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Caes. 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
To the grand sea.

Caes. Be't so. Declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heav'ns and earth
A private man in Athens. This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submit 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; to she
From Egypt 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,
And in our name, when 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. Observe, 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.

—how Antony becomes his flaw; That is, how Antony conforms himself to this breach of his fortune.
SCENE IX.

Changes to Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmion, and Iris.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. *Think, and die.

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 nickt his captainship; at such a point, When half to half the world oppos'd, * he being The meered question. 'Twas a shame no less Than was his loss, to course your flying flags, And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Prythee, peace.

*Think, and die.] Read, Drink, and die.

This reply of Enobarbus seems grounded upon a particularity 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 lived before. HANMER.

This reading offered by Sir T. Hanmer, is received by Dr. Warburton and Mr. Upton, but I have not advanced it into the page, not being convinced that it is necessary. *Think, and die;* that is, Reflect on your folly, and leave the world, is a natural answer.

* The meered question.———] The meered question is a term which I do not understand. I know not what to offer, except,

The meered question.—

That is, the disputed point, the subject of debate. More is indeed a boundary, and the mooted question, if it can mean any thing, may, with some violence of language, mean, the disputed boundary.
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't.
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled 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' th' command of Cæsar. I dare him therefore
To lay 6 his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it, follow me.

[Exit Antony.

Eno. Yes, like enough; high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to th' shew
Against a sworer.—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.

6—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 fortun.es may exhibit to him, but
to answer me man to man, in this
decline of my age or power.

Vol. VII.  

Enter
Enter a Servant.

Serv. A messenger from Caesar.
Cleo. What, no more ceremony? See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, Sir.

Env. Mine honesty and I begin to square;
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith meer folly: yet he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n Lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' th' story.

Enter Thyreaus.

Cleo. Caesar's will?
Thyr. Hear it apart.
Cleo. None but friends. Say boldly.
Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.
Env. He needs as many, Sir, as Caesar has,
Or needs not us. If Caesar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend; for us you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that's Caesar's.

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: "Tho' loyalty, stubborn-
ly preferred to a matter 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, a
fools does make
Our faith meer folly—

I have preferred the old reading: Enobarbus is deliberating
upon desertion, and finding it is
more prudent to forswake a fool,
and more reputable to be faithful
to him, makes no positive
conclusion. Sir T. Hammar follows Theobald; Dr. Warburton
retains the old reading.

Thyr.
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.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. Oh! [Aside.

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 meerly.

Eno. To be sure of that,
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 shroud; the universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name!

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this; in deputation

I kiss

---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 for-
sures, you would consider he is

Cæsar: That is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to restore them. WARB.

9 Most kind messenger;
Say to great Cæsar this in Dis-
putation.
I kiss his conqu'ring land: ---

O 2
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I'm prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel.
"Tell him, that from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.
Thy. 'Tis your noblest course:
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. 2 Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.
Cleo. Your Caesar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking Kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

SCENE X.

Enter Antony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours! by Jove, that thunders.—
[Seeing Thyreus kisf her hand.
What art thou, fellow?
Thy. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.
Eno. You will be whipp'd.
Ant. Approach there—ah, you kite!—Now, Gods
and Devils!
Authority melts from me. Of late when I cry'd,
hoa!

The poet certainly wrote,
Most kind messenger,
Say to great Caesar 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.

1 Tell him, that from his all-
obeying breath, &c. ] Doom
is declared rather by an all-com-
manding, than an all-obeying
breath. I suppose we ought to
read,
— all obeyed breath.
2 —Give me grace— ] Grant
me the favour.

Like
Like boys unto a musk, Kings would start forth,
And cry, your will? Have you no ears?
I'm Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip
him.

Enter Servants.

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 Tributaries
That do acknowledge Caesar, should I find them
So sawcy 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 Caesar's shall
Bear us an errand to him. [Exeunt with Thyreus.
You were half blasted, ere I knew you; ha!
Have I my pillow left unpref't in Rome,
Forborn the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd

4 By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my Lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever.
But when we in our viciousnes grow hard,
Oh misery on't! the wife Gods feel our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.

3 Like boys unto a musk,—] i. e. a scramble.

4 By one that looks on feeders?] One that waits at the table while
others are eating.
Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?
Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Caesar'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 Ebal, to out-roar
5 The horned herd, for I have savage cause!
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 a Servant, with Thyreus.

Serv. Soundly, my Lord.
Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd a' pardon?
Serv. 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 Caesar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him. Henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Caesar,
Tell him thy entertainment; look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: For he seems

5 The horned herd.—] Is it 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.

Proud
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 abyss 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,
As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou.
Hence with thy stripes, be gone. [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 Caesar, 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 heav'n ingender hail,
And poifon't in the source, and the first stone
Drop in my neck; as it determines, to
Dissolve my life! the next Caesar finite!
'Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
'By the discarding of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless; 'till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I'm satisfied:

Caesar sits down in Alexandria, where

6—to quit me.—] To repay me this insult; to requite me.
7 By the disscattering of this pelleted storm, This reading we owe first, I presume, to
Mr. Rowe: and Mr. Pope has very faithfully fall'n into it. The old folio's read, dandering;
from which corruption both Dr. Thirlby and I saw, we must retrieve the word with which I have
reform'd the text. Theobald.

O 4 I will
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever’d navy too
Have knit again, and float, threatening most sea-like;
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;
I and my sword will earn my chronicle;
There’s hope in’t yet.

Cleo. That’s my brave Lord.

Ant. I will be treble-finew’d, hearted, breath’d,
And fight maliciously: for when my hours
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 night: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let’s mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day;
I had thought t’have held it poor: But since my Lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will 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. The next time I do fight,
I’ll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

Exeunt. Now he’ll out-flate the lightning. To befu-
rious,

[Exeunt.

—and float,—] This is a modern emendation, perhaps right. The old reading is,

—and fleet,—

[Warb. Nice rather seems to be, fits for my purpose, agreeable to my
wife. So we vulgarly say of any thing that is done better than
expected, it is nice.

15
Is to be frighted out of fear; and, in that mood, 
The dove will peck the ostridge; 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.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Caesar’s Camp.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Mecenas, with their army. Caesar reading a Letter.

CAESAR.

He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power 
To beat me out of Aegypt. My messenger 
He hath whipt with rods, dares me to personal combat, 
Caesar to Antony. Let the old rufian know, 
He hath many other ways to die: mean time, 
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Caesar must think, 
When one so great begins to rage, he’s hunted

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 poinan-

Cy, and the very repartee of Ca-

far. Let’s hear Plutarch. After 
this, Antony sent a challenge to 
Caesar, 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 de-

serves to be received. It had, 
before Mr. Upton’s book appear-

ed, been made by Sir T. Hamner.

Even
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Ces. 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 be done;
And feast the army; we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the wafe. Poor Antony!

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmion,
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's 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. Woot thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike, and cry, "'t take all."

Ant. Well said. Come on.

Call forth my household servants, let's to-night

2 Make boot of—] Take advantage of

3 ——take all.] Let the survivor take all. No composition, victory or death.

Enter
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've serv'd
me well,
And Kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. [Aside.] 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which
forrow 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; or if,
A mangled shadow. It may chance, 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:

—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.

—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.

Tend
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,  
And the Gods shield you for 't?  

_Eno._ What mean you, Sir,  
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep.  
And I, an as, 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 sense;  
I spake t'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 _death and honour_. Let's to supper, come,  
And drown consideration.  

_[Exeunt._

**SCENE III.**  

_A Court of Guard before the Palace._

_Enter a company of Soldiers._

1 _Sold._ Bother, good night: to-morrow is the day.  
2 _Sold._ It will determine one way. Fare you well.  
_Hear what I said about the streets?_  
1 _Sold._ Nothing. _What news?_  
2 _Sold._ Belike, 'tis but a rumour. _Good-night to you._  
1 _Sold._ Well, Sir, 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._

6 _onion-ey'd_ — I have  
7 _death and honour._ — That  
my eyes as full of tears as if they  
had been fretted by onions.  

_Upton._

2 _Sold._
Antony and Cleopatra.

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 the hautboys is under the stage.

2 Sold. Peace, what noise?
1 Sold. Lift, lift!
2 Sold. Hark!
1 Sold. Musick i' th' air.
3 Sold. Under the earth.

It signifies well, does it not?
2 Sold. No.
1 Sold. Peace, I say. What should this mean?
2 Sold. 'Tis the God Hercules, who loved Antony,
Now leaves him.

1 Sold. Walk, let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

2 Sold. How now, masters? [Speak together.
Omn. How now? how now? do you hear this?
1 Sold. 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 'twill give off.

Omn. Content. 'Tis strange. [Exeunt.

Scene IV.

Changes to Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with Charmion and others.

Ant. EROS, mine armour, Eros.

Cleo. Sleep a little.


Enter
Enter Eros.

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on:
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her. Come.

Cleo. 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-la, I'll help. Thus it must be.

[Cleopatra puts the armour on Antony.

Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now;
See'lest thou, my good fellow? Go, put on thy defence.

Eno. Briefly, Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my Queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou. Defpatch. O love!
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation; thou shouldst, see
A workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

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't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, Sir,
Early though 't be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you. [Shout. Trumpets flourish.

8—thine iron—] I think it should be rather,
mine iron—

9 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. Hume.

1 Briefly, Sir.] That is, quick, Sir.
Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Cap. The morn is fair. Good-morrow, General!
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, what e'er becomes of me.
This is a soldier's kifs: rebukeable, [Kisses her.
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanick 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. [Exit.

Char. Please you retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Caesar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,—But now.—Well!—On. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Changes to a Camp.

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony, and Eros; a Soldier
meeting them.

Sold. The Gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. Would, thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd

Eros. The Gods make this a happy day to Antony!'

'Tis evident, as Dr. Thirlby likewise conjectur'd, by what Antony immediately replies, that this line
should not be placed to Eros, but to the Soldier, who, before the battle of Actium, advis'd Antony
to try his fate at land. Theob.
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'rt 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. Oh, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! Dispatch, my Eros. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Changes to Cæsar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Enobarbus, and Dola-
bella.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:

O Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr.

* Dispatch! To Enobarbus! It is observable with what judgment Shakespeare draws the
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Agr. Caesar, I shall.
Cæs. The time of universal Peace is near.
Prove this a propitious day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Mark Antony is come into the field,
Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa,
Plant those that have revolted in the Van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself.

Exe. 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.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar’s.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty over-plus. The messenger

the character of Octavius. Anti-
y 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 flatter-
ers, had delivered him down so
fair, that he seems ready cut and
died for a Hero. Amidst these
difficulties Shakespeare has ex-
tricated 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.

5 Shall bear the olive freely.] i.e. shall spring up everywhere
spontaneously and without culture.

Warburton.

6 — persuade] The old copy
has diffus'd, perhaps rightly.

Vol. VII.
P Came
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 fased the bringer Out of the hoist, I must attend mine office, Or would have done’t myself. Your Emperor Continues still a Jove.

**Eno.** I am alone the villain of the earth, And feel, I am so moft. O Antony, Thou Mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid My better service, when my turpitude Thou dost so crown with gold! 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 Some ditch, where I may die; the foul’st best fits My latter part of life.

---

**SCENE VII.**

**Before the Walls of Alexandria.**

**Alarm. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.**

**Agr.** Retire, we have engag’d ourselves too far: Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression

---

7 —This blows my heart; —This blows my heart; I have given the original word again the place from which I think it unjustly excluded. *This genero-sities,* says Enobarbus, swells my heart, so that it will quickly break, if thought break it not, a swifter mean. 8 —and our oppression [Op-pression, for opposition. *War.* Sir T. Hamer has received opp-
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 214
Exceeds what we expected. [Exit.

Alarm. 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 belfry-holes; I have yet Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They're 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 Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I'll halt after. [Exeunt.

Alarm. Enter Antony again in a March, Scarus with others.

Ant. We've beat him to his camp; 9 run one before, And let the Queen know of our Guests. To-morrow, Before

9 — run one before; And let the Queen know of our Guests; — What Guests was the Queen to know of? Antony was to fight again on the morrow; and he had not yet said a word of marching to Alexandria, and treating his officers in the Palace. We must read, And let the Queen know of our Guests. i.e. res gestae; our feats, our glorious
Before the sun shall see 's, 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 't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shewn all Heirs.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats, whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. Give me thy hand,
[To Scarus.

Enter Cleopatra.

'To this great Fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks blest thee. O thou day o' th' world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness, to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of Lords!
Oh, infinite virtue! com'ft thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale!
We've beat them to their beds. What! Girl, though gray
Do something mingle with our younger brown,
Yet ha' we a brain that nourishes our nerves,
And * can * get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man,
glorious actions. A term then
in common use. Warb.

This passage needs neither correction nor explanation. Antony
after his success intends to bring his officers to sup with Cleopatra,
and orders notice to be given her of their guests.

To this great fairy—] Mr. Upson has well observed, that

fairy, which Dr. Warburton and
Sir T. Hanmer explain by Incher
stress, comprises the idea of power
and beauty.

2—get goal for goal of youth."

At all plays of barriers, the boundary is called a goal; to win
a goal, is to be superior in a
contest of activity.

Commend
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
Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a King's.

Ant. He has deliv'rd it, where it carbuncled
Like holy Pheebus' Car.—Give me thy hand;
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
3 Bear our hackt targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we would all sup together;
And drink carousals to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear,
Make mingle with our ratling tabourines,
That heav'n and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Caesar's Camp.

Enter a Sentry, and his Company. Enobarbus follows.

Sent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
    We must return to th' Court of Guard; the night
Is shiny, and, they say, we shall embattle
By th' second hour i' th' morn.

1 Watch. This last day was a shrewd one to 's.

Eno. O bear me witness, night!

2 Watch. What man is this?

3 Bear our hackt targets, like the men that owe them.] i.e.,
hackt as much as the men are,
whom they belong. 

Why not rather, Bear our
back'd targets with spirit and ex-
altation, such as becomes the
brave warriors that own them.
Watch. Stand close, and lift 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.

Sent. Enobarbus?

Watch. 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,
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 insidious,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
Oh Antony! oh Antony!

[Die.

Watch. Let's speak to him.

Sent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Caesar.

Watch. Let's do so, but he sleeps.

Sent. swoons rather, for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

Watch. Go we to him.

Watch. Awake, Sir, awake, speak to us.

Watch. Hear you, Sir?

Sent. The hand of death has taught him.

[Drums afar off.

Hark, how the drums demurely wake the sleepers:
Let's bear him to the Court of Guard; he is of note.

*—Throw my heart. The
pathetick of Shakespeare too often
ends in the ridiculous. It is pain-
ful to find the gloomy dignity of
this noble scene destroyed by
the intrusion of a conceit so far-
setched and unaffecting.

5 Hark, how the drums de-
murely—] Demurely, for
solemnly. WARBURTON.
Our hour is fully out.
2 Watch. Come on then, he may recover yet.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IX.

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' th' 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 giv'n;
They have put forth the haven.
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour.  [Exeunt.

Enter Cæsar, and his Army.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his Gallies. To the vales,

6 They have put forth the haven. Further on, J Thse words, further on, though not necessary, have been inflected in the later editions, and are not in the first.

7 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.

8 But being charg'd, we will be still by land,

Which, as I take 't, we shall;

i. e. unless we be charged we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I suppose we shall keep.
But being charged was a phrase of that time, equivalent to unless we be, which the Oxford Editor not understanding, he has alter'd the lines thus,

Not being charg'd, we will be still by land,

Which as I take 't we shall not.

Warburton.
And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt; [Alarm afar off, as at a sea-fight.

Enter Antony and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd.
Where yond pine stands, 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 Augurs
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,

SCENE X.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Antony,

Ant. ALL's lost! this foul Egyptian hath betray'd me!
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost. 7 Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Hast told me to this Novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly:

She was first for Antony, then was Supposed by him to have turned to Cesar, when he found his messenger kissing her hand, then she turned again to Antony, and now has turned to Cesar. Shall I mention what has dropped into my imagination, that our author might perhaps have written triple-tongued? Double-tongued is a common term of reproach, which rage might improve to triple-tongued. But the present reading may stand.
For when I am reveng’d upon my Charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly. Be gone,
Oh, Sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here, even here
Do we shake hands—all come to this!—the hearts,
That spaniel’d me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Ĉæsar: and this pine is bark’d,
That over-topt them all. Betray’d I am.
Oh, this false soul of Ægypt! * this grave Charm,
Whose eye beck’d forth my wars, and call’d them home,
Whose bosom was my Crownet, my chief end,
Like a right Gipsy, hath at fast and loose
Beguil’d me † to the very heart of losh.
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah! thou spell! avant.—

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag’d against his Love!
Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Ĉæsar’s Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians;

† That spaniel’d me at heels,—
All the editions read,
That pannell’d me at heels,—
Sir T. Hamner substituted spaniel’d by an emendation, with
which it was reasonable to expect that even rival commentators
would be satisfied; yet Dr. Warburton proposeth pander’d, in a
note, of which he is not injured by the suppression, and Mr. Up-
ton having in his first edition pro-
posed plausibly enough,
That paged me at heels,—
in the second edition retracts his
alteration, and maintains pannell’d
to be the right reading, being a
metaphor taken, he says, from a
pannel of wainscot.

*—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.

‡—to the very heart of losh.—
To the utmost losh possible.

Follow
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex. * Most monster-like, be shewn
For poor'st diminutives, for dolts; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy village up
* With her prepared nails. 'Tis well, thou'rt gone;

[Exit Cleopatra.

If it be well to live. But better 'twere,
Thou fell'ft into my fury; for one death
Might have prevented many. Eros, hoa!
The thirt of Nessus is upon me; teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage.

6 Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' th' Moon,
And with thole hands that grafsed the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The Witch shall die;
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under his plot: she dies for 't. Eros, hoa! [Exit.

R-e-enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! oh, he is more mad
Than Telamou for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so imboft.

Char. To th' monument,

*—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 poor'st 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
5 With her prepared nails.—]
i. e. with nails which she suffered
to grow for this purpose. Warb.
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 sue-
ceffer of Hercules.

Led thee 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.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 219.

There lock yourself; and send him word you're dead
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than Greatness going off.

Cleo. To th' 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 th' Mo-
nument.

[Exeunt.

SCENE XI.

Re-enter Antony, and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'rt me.

Eros. Ay, noble Lord.

Ant. 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'lt seen these signs,
They are black Vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, ev'n with a
thought
The Rack dislimms, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my Lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy Captain is
Ev'n such a body; here I'm 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

Pack'd
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA:

7 Pack'd cards with Caesar, and false play'd my Glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros, there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter Mardian.

Oh, thy vile Lady!
Sh'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 be-
tray'd me,
And she shall die the death.
Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharge'd. What thou wouldst 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 rendred life,
Thy name so buried in her.
Ant. Dead then?
Mar. Dead.
Ant. Unarm me, Eros, the long day's task is done;
And we must sleep.—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly. Go. ... [Exit Mardian.
Off, pluck off; —
Then seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
8 The battery from my heart. Oh cleave, my fides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! — apace, Eros, apace.
No more a Soldier — Bruised pieces, go;

[Unarming himself. You have been nobly borne. — From me a while —

[Exit Eros.

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So 't must be, for now
All length is torture. Since the torch is out,
Lie down and stray no further. Now all labour
Marrs what it does, yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength; 9 feel 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!

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I've liv'd in such dishonour, that the Gods]

8 The battery from my heart.—
I would read,
This battery from my heart.—
9 — feel then, and all is done.
Metaphor taken from civil contracts, where, when all is agreed
on, the sealing compleats the contract; so he had determined
to die, and nothing remain'd but
to give the stroke. The Oxford
Editor not apprehending this, al-
low: it to — Sleep then. — Ware.

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
Marrs what it does, — feel then,
and all is done.
Close thine eyes for ever, and be quiet.

Detest
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back,
With ships, made cities, condemn'd myself, to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble-minded
Than she, which, by her death, our Caesar tells,
"I'm conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn, Eros,
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace
And horror, that on my command thou then
Wouldst kill me. Do it, for the time is come.
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Caesar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy matter thus with pleacht arms, bending down
His corrizable neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame: whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Caesar, drawn before him, branded
*His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

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. Oh, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, 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;

* pleacht arms, * His baseness that ensued?
Arms folded in each other. The poor conquer'd wretch that
followed.

Wherein
Wherein 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 Emp’ror! Let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. ’Tis said, man,—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great Chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then— [Eros kills himself.

Thus do I escape the sorrow

Of Antony’s death. [Dies.

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, oh, valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My Queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A Nobleness in Record, 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 learnt of thee. How, not yet dead? not dead?—
The Guard—ho!—oh, dispatch me.

SCENE XII.

Enter Dercetas, and Guard.

1 Guard. What’s the noise?

Ant. I’ve done my work ill, friends:
O, make an end of what I have begun.

2 Guard. The star is fall’n.

3 the worship of the whole world—] The worship, is the dignity, the authority.
Antony and Cleopatra;

1 Guard. And time, is at his period!
All. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him, that loves me, strike me dead.
1 Guard. Not I.
2 Guard. Nor I.
3 Guard. Nor any one. [Exit,
Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shewn to Caesar, 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?
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-
phesying fear
Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw,
Which never shall be found, you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Caesar; and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent 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, hoa! the Emperor's Guard. The
Guard, what, hoa!
Come. Your Lord calls.

Enter
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 follow'rs out.
All. Moft heavy day!
Ant. Nay, good my 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.

SCENE XIII.

Changes to a magnificent Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, and Iras above.

Cleo. Oh Charmion, I will never go from hence.
Charm. 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
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomedes.

How now? is he dead?
Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' th' other side your Monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Vol. VII.  Q  Enter
Enter Antony, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. * O thou Sun,  
Burn the great Sphere thou mov'lt in! — darkling  
stand  
The varying shore o' th' world! O Antony!  
Antony, Antony!  
Help, Charmion; help, Iras, help; help, friends  
Below; let's draw him hither.  
Ant. Peace.  
Not Caesar's valour hath o'ershown Antony,  
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony  
Should conquer Antony; but, woe, 'tis so!  
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only yet  
I here importune death a while, unstill  
Of many thousand kisses the poor last  
I lay upon thy lips,——  
Cleo. I dare not, dear,  
Dear, my Lord, pardon, I dare not,
Left I be taken. Not th' imperious shew
Of the full fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.
Your Wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And *still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony.
Help me, my women. We must draw thee up——
Affit, good friends.

Ant. Oh, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed!——how heavy weighs
my Lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong'd-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little——
Wishers were ever fools. Oh come, come, come——

[They draw Antony up to Cleopatra.
And welcome, welcome. Die, where thou haft liv'd.

*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 caried in his men's
arms into the entry of the mo-
ument: Notwithstanding Cleo-
patra would not open the gates,
but came to the high windows,
and cut out certain chains and
"ropes, &c."——So that Antony
might very reasonably desire her
to come down; and she as rea-
onably excuse herself, for fear of
being infrased by Cæsar.

Theobald.

Mr. Theobald's emendation is
received by the succeeding edi-
tors; but it seems not necessary
that a dialogue so distressful
should be nicely regular. I have
therefore preferred the original
reading in the text, and the
emendation below.

*—still conclusion,—] Se-
date determination; silent cool-
ness of resolution.

* Here's sport, indeed!——]
I suppose the meaning of these
strange words is, here's trifling,
you do not work in earnest.

Q 2

Quickên
Quicken with kissting. Had my lips that power,  
Thus would I wear them out.  

All. O heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Ægypt, dying.  
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,  
That the half-9 huswife Fortune break her wheel,  
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet Queen.  
Of Cæsar seek your honour with your safety—oh—  
Cleo. They do not go together.  
Ant. Gentle, hear me.  
None about Cæsar truft, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll truft;  
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change, now at my end,  
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts  
In feeding them with those my former fortunes,  
Wherein I liv'd the greatest prince o' th' 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?  
Halt thou no care of me? shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty? O see, my women!  
The crown o' th' earth doth melt——my Lord!  
Oh, wither'd is the garland of the war,  
The soldier's pole is fall'n; young boys and girls  
Are level now with men; the odds is gone;

8 Quicken with kissting.] That is, Revive by my kiss.  
9 —huswife Fortune—] This despicable line has occurred be-  
fore.
And there is nothing left remarkable, [She faints.

Char. Oh, quietness, Lady!
Iras. She’s dead too; ours sovereign.
Char. Lady!
Iras. Madam!
Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam——
Iras. Royal Egypt! Empress!-
Char. 2 Peace, Peace, Iras.

Cleo.

2 The common copies,
Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo. No more but a mere wom-
man,—Cleopatra is
fallen into a swoon; her maids
endeavour to recover her by in-
voking her by her several titles.

At length, Charmian 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
Shakespeare never wrote it so:
We must observe then, that the
two women call her by her sev-
eral 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 Callima-
thus. The Poet, conforming to
this notion, makes the maids say,
Sovereign Lady, Madam, Royal
Egypt, Empress. And now we
come to the place in question:
Charmian, when she saw none of
these titles had their effect, in-
vokes her by a still more flatter-
ing one;

Peace, peace, Isis!

for so it should be read and point-
ed: i.e. peace, we can never
move her by these titles: Let us
give her her favourite name of
the Goddes Isis. And now Cleo-
patra’s answer becomes pertinent
and fine;

No more but a mere woman;
and commanded

By such poor passion as the maid
that niki,

i.e. I now see the folly of af-
suming to myself those flattering
titles of divinity. My misfor-
tunes, and my impotence in bear-
ing them, convince me I am a
mere woman, and subject to all
the passions of the meanest of my
species. Here the Poet has fol-
lowed History exactly, and what
is more, his author Plutarch in
Antonio; who says, that Cleo-
patra assumed the habit and attri-
butes of that Goddes, and gave
judgments or rather oracles to her
people under the quality of the

NEW ISIS Κλωπάττα μη
γει τίολ καὶ τίολ τίοιον χέρων ις
πλαθίδια λύσεια, στολήν ἵτερον ἱερὰν
Sigma θηλέων, καὶ ΝΕΑ
Sigma Ισημερίαν. Warn.

Of this note it may be truly
Q 3

said,
Cleo. No more but in a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares!—It were for me
To throw my scepter at th' injurious Gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
'Till they had stol'n 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, Charmion?
My noble girls?—ah, women, women; look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out—Good Sirs, 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,
This cage 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.]

sald, that it at least deserves to
be right, nor can he, that shall
question the justness of the emen-
dation, refuse his esteem to the
ingenuity and learning with
which it is proposed.

Hammer had proposed another
emendation, not injudiciously.
He reads thus,

Iras. Royal Egypt! 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 much strengthen the
opposition to either Empress or
Iras, are not in the original edi-
tion, which stands thus,

No more but in a woman.

Mere woman was probably the ar-
binary reading of Rowe. I sup-
pose however that we may justly
change the ancient copy thus,

No more, but e'en a woman—
which will well enough accom-
modate 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 Charmion, when
she sees the Queen recovering,
and thinks speech troublesome.
ACT V. SCENE I.

Caesar's Camp.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecenas, Gallus, and Train.

CAESAR.

Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield; Being so frustrate, tell him, He mocks the pauses that he makes.

Dol. Caesar, I shall. [Exit Dolabella.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, Dolabella, and Menas.] But Menas and Menocrates, we may remember, were the two famous pirates link'd with Sextus Pompeius, and who assilled him to infest the Italian coast. We no where learn, expressly in the Play, that Menas ever attach'd 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 mark'd in the margin, MENC, so that, as Dr. Thirlby sagaciously conjectur'd, we must calleir Menas, and substitute Mecenas in his room. Menas, indeed, deferred to Caesar no less than twice, and was preferr'd 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.

4 Dol. Caesar, I shall.] I make no doubt, but it should be mark'd here, that Dolabella goes out. 'Tis reasonable to imagine, he should presently depart, upon Caesar'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 Caesar asks for him, he recollects that he had sent him on business.

THEOBALD.

Enter
Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st
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'st?

Der. I say, oh, Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack. The round world should have
shook
Lions into civil streets, and citizens
Into their dens—The death of Antony
Is not a single doom, in that 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.

--- The round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets, &c. I think here is a line lost, after which it is 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 lions into streets, and citizens into dens. There is sense still, but it is harsh and violent.

Cæs.
Cæf. Look you sad, friends:—
The Gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of Kings!

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most perfidious deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal in him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did scompose 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.

Cæf. O Antony!
I’ve follow’d thee to this—but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not fall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in Empire,
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,
Unreconcileable, should have divided
Our equalnss to this. Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season,

—*but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of Kings!*

That is, May the Gods rebuke me,
If this be not tidings to make Kings weep.

But, again, for if not.

Waged equal in him.

waged, the modern editions have waged.

—should have divided
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.

Enter
Enter an Ægyptian.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

Ægypt. A poor Ægyptian yet; the Queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
If thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To th' way she's forc'd to.

Caes. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her. For Caesar cannot live,
To be ungentle.

Ægypt. So the Gods preserve thee! [Exit.

Caes. Come hither, Proculeius; go, and say,
We purpose her no shame; give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Left in her greatness by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for 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.


Caes. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Delabella,
To second Proculeius? [Exit Gallus.

All. Delabella!

Caes. Let him alone; for I remember now,

9 A poor Ægyptian yet; the Queen my mistress, &c.] If this pronunciation be right, the man means to say, that he is yet an Ægyptian; that is, a servant of the Queen of Ægypt; though soon to become a subject of Rome.

1—her life in Rome Would be eternal in our triumph.] Hanner 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 at Rome, her memory and my glory will be eternal.
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 proceed still
In all my writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Changes to the Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, Mardian, and Seleucus, above.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life; 'tis paltry to be Caesar:
Not being fortune, he's but a fortune's knave,
A minister of her Will, and it is great
To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung;
The beggar's nurse, and Caesar's.

Enter

--- Fortune's knave.] The servant of fortune.
and it is great To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung:
The beggar's nurse, and Caesar's.

The action of Suicide is here said, to shackle accidents; to bolt up change; to be the beggar's nurse, and Caesar'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;
[What wearied nature to a sound repose]
(Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung:)

The beggar's nurse, and Caesar's.

That this line in hooks was the substance of that lost, is evident from its making sense of all the rest:
Enter Proculeius.

Pro. Caesar sends Greeting to the Queen of Ägypt,
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 Ägypt 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’re fall’n into a princely hand. Fear nothing;
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over

rest: which are to this effect, It
is great to do that which frees us
from all the accidents of humanity,
Gulls our over-wearied nature to re-
pose, (which now sleeps, and has
no more appetite for worldly enjoy-
ments,) and is equally the nurse of
Caesar and the beggar. W. A. B.

I cannot perceive the losf of a
line, or the need of an emenda-
tion. The commentator seems
to have entangled his own ideas;
his supposition that suicide is
called the beggar’s nurse, and Caesar’s, and his concepcion that the
position is intelligible, shew, I
think, a mind not intent upon
the business before it. The diffi-
culty of the passage, if any diffi-
culty there be, arises only from
this, that the act of suicide, and
the state which is the effect of
suicide, are confounded. Volun-
tary death, says he, is an act
which bolts up change; it pro-
duces a state,

Which sleeps, and never palates
more the dung.

The beggar’s nurse, and Caesar’s.
Which has no longer need of the
gros and terrene sustenance, in
the use of which Caesar and the
beggar are on a level.

The speech is abrupt, but per-
turbation in such a state is fully
natural.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 237

On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A Conqueror 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 I send him.
The Greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' th' 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.] 6 You see, how easily she may be surpriz'd.

Here Gallus, and Guard, as send the Monument by
a Ladder, and enter at a Back-Window.
Guard her, 'till Caesar come.

Iras:

4—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 call-
ing in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in
question. Oxford Editor.

5—send him
The Greatness he has got.—] I allow him to be my conqueror;
I own his superiority with complete submission.

6 Char. You see, how easily she may be surpriz'd.] Here
Charman, 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 surpriz'd by Caesar's messengers. But this blun-
der is for want of knowing, or observing, the historical fact.
When Caesar sent Proculeius to the Queen, he sent Gallus after
him with new instructions: and while one amused Cleopatra with
propositions from Caesar, through crannies of the monument; the
other scaled it by a ladder, entered at a window backward, and
made Cleopatra, and those with her, prisoners. I have reform'd
the passage therefore; (as, I am persuaded, the author design'd it;) from the authority of Plu-
tarch.

THEOBALD.

This line in the first edition is given not to Charmian, but to
Proculeius; and to him it certainly belongs, though perhaps mis-
placed. 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.

Then while Cleopatra makes a formal answer, Gallus, upon the
hint given, seiz'd her, and Proculeius,
Iras. O Royal Queen!
Char. Oh Cleopatra! thou art taken, Queen.
Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[Drawing a Dagger.

The Monument is open'd; Porcius rushes in, and disarms the Queen.

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold;
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Do not abuse my master's bounty, by Th' 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: oh come, and take a Queen Worth many babes and beggars.

Pro. Oh, temperance, lady!
Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, Sir:

If idle talk will once be necessary,

cælius, interrupting the civility of his answer,
——your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

Cries out,

Guard her; till Caesar comes.
—— who are in this Reliev'd, but not betray'd.]

As plausible as this reading is, it is corrupt. Had Shakespeare 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. bereav'd of death, or of the means of destroying yourself, but not betray'd to your destruction.

By the particle too, in her reply, the alludes to her being before bereav'd of Antony. And thus his speech becomes correct, and her reply pertinent. Ward.

I do not think the emendation necessary, since the sense is not made better by it, and the abruptness of Cleopatra's answer is more forcible in the old reading.

For languish, I think we may read, anguish.

Worth many babes and beggars. Why death will thou not rather seize a Queen, than employ thy force upon such and beggars.

If idle talk will once be necessary. This nonens should
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,
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Otho. Shall they hoist me up,
And shew me to the shouting varletry
Of cens'ring 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 gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

S C E N E I I I.

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.

should be reform'd thus,
If idle Time will once be necessary.

i.e. if repose be necessary to che-

rish life, I will not sleep. WARB.

I do not see that the nonsene is made nonsen by the change. Sir
T. Hanmer reads,

If idle talk will once be accesi-

fary;

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 pur-
pose, 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.
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.

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 dreamt, there was an Emp'ror Antony;
Oh such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye——

Cleo. His face was as the heav'ns; and therein shone
  A Sun and Moon, which kept their course, and
  lighted
The little O o' th' Earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature;——

Cleo. His legs belted the ocean, his rear'd arm
Crested the world, his voice was propitious
As all the tuned Spheres, when that to friends;
But when he meant to quail, and shake the Orb,
He was as ratling thunder. 3 For his bounty,
There was no winter in't: An Autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping. His delights

2 A Sun and Moon, 'which kept
their course, and lighted
The little O o' th' Earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature!] What a blest limping verse
these beneficks 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 chufes to
express himself thus. Then.

3 For his bounty,
There was no winter in't: a
Antony it was,
That grew the more by reaping.
There was certainly a conundrum,
both in the thought and term,
design'd here, which is lost in
an accidental corruption. How
could an Antony grow the most
by reaping? I'll venture, by a
very early change, to restore at
exquisite
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 241

Were dolphin-like, they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd Crowns and Coronets, realms and is"lands were
As plates drop'd from his pocket.

_Dol._ Cleopatra——

_Cleo._ Think you, there was, or might be, such a
man
As this I dreamt 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, *yet t' imagine
An Antony, were Nature's Piece 'gainst Fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

_Dol._

exquisite fine allusion; which
carries its reason with it too, why
there was no winter in his bounty.

—that grew the more by reading,
I ought to take notice, that the
ingenious Dr. Thirlby likewise
planted this very emendation, and
had mark'd it in the margin of
his book.

That was no Winter in's: an Autumn trimm'd,

—yet *t' imagine
An Antony were Nature's PIECE 'gainst Fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.] This is
a fine sentiment; but by the
false reading and pointing be-
comes unintelligible. Though
when set right, obscure enough
to deserve a comment. _Shakespeare_

yet t' imagine
An Antony were Nature's
PRIZE 'gainst Fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

The sense of which is this, Na-
ture, in general, has not materials
enough to furnish out real forms,
for every model that the boundless
power of the imagination can pitch
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, [condemn's shadows quite.]
The word _prize_, which I have
restored, is very pretty, as figu-
ring a contention between nature
and imagination about the larger
extent of their powers; and na-
ture gaining the _prize_ by pro-
ducing _Antony_. _Warb._

In this passage I cannot disco-
very any temptation to critical ex-
periments. The word _piece_, is

a term
Dol. Hear me, good Madam.
Your los is as yourself, great, and you bear it,
As ans'ring to the weight: 'would, I might never
O'er-take pursu’d success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shhoots
My very heart at root.
Cleo. I thank you, Sir.
Know you, what Caesar means to do with me?
Dol. I'm loth to tell you what I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir.
Dol. Though he be honourable——
Cleo. He'll lead me in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will. I know’t.
All. Make way there——Caesar.

SCENE IV.

Enter Caesar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius, and Attendants.

Caes. Which is the Queen of Egypt?
Dol. It is the Emperor, Madam. [Cleo. kneels.
Caes. Arise, you shall not kneel.
I pray you, rise. Rife, Egypt.
Cleo. Sir, the Gods
Will have it thus; my master and my Lord
I must obey.
Caes. 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’ th’ world,

a term appropriated to works of
art. Here Nature and Fancy
produce each their piece, and the
piece done by Nature had the pre-
ference. Antony was in reality
prst the size of dreaming; he was
more by Nature than Fancy
could present in sleep.

I cannot
I cannot project mine own cause so well
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 tow'rs 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 petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus?

5 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 then 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 whitewash, garnish, or gloss my cause. I believe the present reading to be right. To project a cause, is to represent a cause; to project it well, is to plan or contrive a scheme of defence.

6 ———'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 reserv'd 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 se-
Sel. Here, Madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer, let him speak, my Lord. Upon his peril, that I have reserved to myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam, I had rather feel my lips than to my peril speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known. Caesar, nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Caesar! Oh, behold, How Pomp is follow'd; mine will now be yours, And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine. Th' ingratitude of this Seleucus do's 

Ev'n make me wild. Oh slave, of no more trust Than love that's hid —— What, goest thou back? thou shalt 

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes, Though they had wings. Slave, soul-less villain, dog. [Striking him.

O rarely base!

Caes. Good Queen, let us intreat you.

Cleo. O Caesar, what a wounding shame is this, That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me, Doing the honour of thy Lordliness To one so meek, that mine own servant should 

Parcel the sum of my disgraces by Addition of his envy! Say, good Caesar,

creted certain trifles. Who does not see, that we ought to read, Not petty things omitted? For this declaration lays open her falsehood; 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. Hanmer follow Theobald.

7 —feel my lips, ] Sew up my mouth.

8 Parcel the sum—] The word parcel, in this place, I suspect of being wrong, but know not what to substitute.
That I some lady-trifles have reserv'd,
Immoveable 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
By 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
Through th' ashes of my chance. Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.

Cleo. 'Be't 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.

Cæs.

9 Through th' 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.

1 'Be't known, that we the Greatest are misbegotten. 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 first, altogether unintelligible. The lines should be pointed thus,

'Be't known, that we, the Greatest, are misbegotten
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 misarrangements 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 fault. But the former is 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 treachery, appeared...
Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i'th'roll of Conquest, still be 't 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.

to be her own aft, she being de-
tected by her miniller; she begs,
that as she now anwers 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 others' merits with
our names;
And therefore to be pitied.

WARBURTON.

I do not think that either of
the criticks have reached the
sense of the authour, which
may be very commodiously ex-
plained 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 con-
tented themselves only to think
ill before, call us to anfwer in our
own names for the merits of others.
We are therefore to be pitied. Me-
rits is in this place taken in an
ill sense, for actions meriting cen-
sure.

If any alteration be necessary,
I should only propose,
Be's known, that we at great-
ous, &c.

* Make not your thoughts your
prisons;—] I once wished
to read,

Make not your thoughts your
poison;—

Do not destroy yourself by mu-
sing on your misfortune. Yet I
would change nothing, as the
old reading presents a very proper
sense. Be not a prisoner in ima-
gination, when in reality you are
free.
SCENE V.

Cleo. He words me, Girls, he words me,
That I should not be noble to myself.
But hark thee, Charmion. [Whispers Charmion.

Iras. Finish, good lady. The bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again.
I've spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the hafte.

Char. Madam, I will. [Exit Charmion.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the Queen?

Char. Behold, Sir.

Cleo. Dolabella.

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn, by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Caesar through Syria
Intends his journey, and, within three days,
You with your children will he 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 Caesar. [Exit.

Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, Iras, what
think'ft thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shewn
In Rome as well as I: mechanick slaves
With greasy aprons, ru'es, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,

R 4 And
And force'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The Gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras; saucy lictors
Will catch at us like trumpets, and 'scall'd rhimers
Ballad us out-o'tune. The quick Comedians
Extemp'raily will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels: Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my Greatness;
I' th' poise of a whore.

Iras. O the good Gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I'm 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, Charmion.

Enter Charmion.

Shew me, my women, like a Queen: go fetch
My best attires. I am again for Cydonia,
To meet Mark Antony. Sirrah, Iras, go—
Now, noble Charmion, we'll dispatch indeed—

--- scall'd rhimers] Sir T. Hamer reads,
--- 'scall'd rhimers.

Scall'd was a word of contempt,
implying poverty, disease, and filth.

--- quick Comedians] The gay inventive players.

--- by my Greatness.] The parts of women were acted on
the stage by boys. Hamer,

--- 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 re-
gard to his own glory: and her
finding an expedient to disappoint
him, could not bring it under
that predicament. I much ra-
ther think, the Poet wrote;

'Their most absurd intents.'—
i.e. the purposes, which they
make themselves most sure of ac-
complishing. Theobald.

I have preferred the old read-
ing. The design certainly ap-
peared absurd enough to Cleopa-
tra, both as she thought it un-
reasonable in itself, and as she
knew it would fail.
And when thou'lt done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till dooms-day. Bring our Crown, and all.
Wherefore this noise?

[A noise within.

Enter a Guardsman.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your Highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an instrument

[Exit Guardsman.

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'm marble constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Enter Guardsman, and Clown with a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [Exit Guardsman.
Haft thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly, I have him, but I would not be
the party should desire you to touch him, for his biting
is immortal; those, that do die of it, do seldom or
never recover.

Cleo. Remember'ft 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 ho-
nest woman, but something given to lye, as a woman

7 ——now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.] Alluding
to the Egyptian devotion paid to
the moon under the name of
Isis.

Warburton.

8 — the pretty worm of Nilus—
Worm is the 'luteonick word for

serpent; we have the blind worm
and slow worm still in our lan-
guage, and the Norwegians call an
enormous monster, seen some-
times in the Northern ocean, the
Sea-worm.
should not do, but in the way of honesty. How the dy'd of the biting of it, what pain she felt! truly, she makes a very good report o'th worm: 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.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm 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 goodness 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 dres her not. But, truly, these same whore-born 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'th' worm.

[Exit.

* but he, that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: ] Shakespeare'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. 

* will do his kind. ] The fer-
pent will act according to his nature.

SCENE
SCENE VI.

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, good Iras; quick. Methinks, I hear
Antony call, I see him roufe himself
To praise my noble act. I hear him mock
The luck of Caesar, 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 safer life. So—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewel, kind Charmion. Iras, long farewell.

[Applying the asp.

Have I the aspick in my lips? doth fall? [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. Doft thou lie still?
If thou vanish'st, 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 the first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss,
Which is my heav'n to have. Come, mortal wretch,
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinificate

[To the serpent.

Of life at once untie; poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. Oh, couldst thou speak,

He'll make demand of her,—] He will enquire of her concerning me, and kiss her for giving him intelligence.

That
That I might hear thee call great Caesar as,
Unsolicied!
  Char. Oh eastern star!
  Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?
  Char. O break! O break!
  Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,
  O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too.—

[Applying another Asp to her Arm.

What should I stay—

[Dict.
  Char. In this wild world? so, fare thee well.
Now, boast thee, Death; in thy possession lies
A last unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! *Your Crown's away;
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. Caesar hath sent—
  Char. Too slow a messenger.

[Charmion applies the Asp.

Oh, come. Apace, dispatch. I partly feel thee.
1 Guard. Approach, ho! all's not well. Caesar's beguil'd.
2 Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Caesar. Call him.

* O Antony! say, I will take thee too. As there has been
  hitherto no break in this verse, nor any marginal direction, the
  necessity must seem to refer to Antony. But Cleopatra is here
  designed to apply one aspick to her arm, as she had before clap'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. Theor.
  * Your Crown's away;]
  This is well amensued by the editors. The old editions had,
  —Your Crown's away.

1 Guard.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 253

Guard. What work is here, Charmion? Is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princess Descended of so many royal Kings.

Ah, soldiers!—[Charmian dies.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

Guard. All dead!

Dol. Caesar, thy thoughts Touch their effects in this; thyself art coming To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou So sought it to hinder.

Enter Caesar and Attendants.

All. Make way there, make way for Caesar.

Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That, you did fear, is done.

Caes. Bravest at last:
She levell'd at our purpose, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?—
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs:
This was his basket.

Caes. Poison'd then!

Guard. Oh Caesar!

This Charmion liv'd but now, she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistres; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropt.

Caes. Oh 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
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown;
The like is on her arm.

1 Guard. This is an aspick's trail; and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as th' aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Caes. Most probable,
That so she dy'd; for her physician tells me,
She has pursu'd conclusions infinite
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. [Execut omnes.

5 something blown;] The flesh is somewhat puffed or
swollen.

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 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 dictum not distinguishable from that of others: the most timid speech in the Play is that which Caesar makes to Otho.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connection or care of dispositions.
CYMBELINE.

A

TRAGEDY.
Dramatis Personae.

Cymbeline, King of Britain.
Cloten, Son to the Queen by a former Husband.
Leonatus Posthumus, a Gentleman married to the Princess.
Belarius, a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.
Guiderius, Disguis'd under the names of Paladour and Arviragus, Cadwal, supposed Sons to Belarius.
Philario, an Italian, Friend to Posthumus.
Iachimo, Friend to Philario.
Caius Lucius, Ambassador from Rome.
Pisanio, Servant to Posthumus.
A French Gentleman.
Cornelius, a Doctor.
Two Gentlemen.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.
Imogen, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.
Helen, Woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Ghosts, a Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Scene, sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.

Story taken from Boccace's Decameron, Day 2. Novel 9. little besides the names being historical.

Of this Play there is no edition before that of 1623. Folio. Pope.
Cymbeline's Palace in Britain.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gentleman:

You do not meet a man, but frowns: Our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers;
Still seem, as does the King's.
2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1 Gent.

*You do not meet a man, but frowns; our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our Courtiers;
But seem, as does the King's.*

The thought is this, we are not now (as we were wont) influenced by the weather but by the King's looks. *We no more obey the heavens [the sky] than our Courtiers: obey the heavens [God].* By which it appears, that the reading—our bloods is wrong. For tho' the blood may be affected with the weather, yet that affection is discovered not by change of colour, but by change of countenance. And it is the outward not the inward change that is here talked of, as appears from the word seem. We should read therefore—

---our brows

No more obey the heavens, &c.

Which is evident from the preceding words,

You do not meet a man but frowns.

And from the following,

---But not a Courtier,

Altho' they wear their faces to the bent

Vol. VII.
Gent. His daughter, and the heir of’s Kingdom, whom
He purpos’d to his wife’s sole son, a widow
That late he married, hath refer’d herself
Unto a poor, but worthy, gentleman.
She’s wedded;
Her husband banish’d; she imprison’d: All
Is outward sorrow, though, I think, the King
Be touch’d at very heart.
Gent. None but the King?
Gent. He, that hath lost her, too: so is the
Queen,
That most defir’d the match. But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the King’s look, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scoul at.
Gent. And why so?
Gent. He that hath mis’d the Princess, is a thing

Of the King’s look, but hath a
heart that is
Glad at the thing they scoul at.
The Oxford Editor improves upon this emendation, and reads,
———our looks
No more obey the heart ev’n than
our courtiers;
But by venturing too far, at a se-
cond emendation, he has stript it of all thought and sentiment.

Warburton.
This passage is so difficult, that commentators may differ concerning it without animosity or shame. Of the two emendations proposed, Hamner’s is the more licentious; but he makes the sense clear, and leaves the reader an easy passage. Dr. Warburton has corrected with more caution, but less improvement: His

reasoning upon his own reading
is so obscure and perplexed, that
I suspect some injury of the prefi.
I am now to tell my opinion, which is, that the lines stand as they were originally written, and that a paraphrase, such as the licentious and abrupt expressions of our author too frequently require, will make emendation unnecessary. We do not meet a man but frowns; our bloods—our coun-
tenances, which, in popular speech, are said to be regulated by the temper of the blood,—no
more obey the laws of heavi’t,—
which direct us to appear what we really are,—than our Court-
iers;—that is, than the bloods of our Courtiers; but our bloods, like theirs,—still seem, as doth the
King’s.

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

2 Gent. You speak him fair.

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

2 Gent. What's his name and birth?

1 Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour
Against the Romans, with Cæsibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the fur-addition, Leonatus.
And had, besides this gentleman in question,

*I DO EXTEND him, Sir,
within himself;
Crush him together.—*]
Thus the late editor, Mr. Theobald,
has given the passage, and explained it in this manner, I extend him within the lifts and compass of his merit: Which is just as proper as to say, I go out within doors. To extend a thing within itself is the most insufferable nonsense: because the very etymology of the word shews, that it signifies the drawing out any thing beyond its lifts and compass. Besides, a common attention was sufficient to perceive that Shakespeare, in this sentence, used extend and crush together, as the direct opposites to one another;

which, in this editor's sense, they are not; but only different degrees of the same thing. We should read and point the passage thus,

*I DON'T EXTEND him, Sir:
within himself;
Crush him together—*

i.e. I do not extend him; on the contrary I crush him together.

Warrburton.

I am not able to perceive that the old reading is insufferable. I extend him within himself: My praise, however extensive, is within his merit. What is there in this which common language and common sense will not admit?

S 2

Two
Two other sons; who, in the wars o' th' time,
Dy'd with their swords in hand: For which, their father,
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow,
That he quit Being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our them, deceas'd;
As he was born. The King, he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him Posibumus,
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber;
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do air, fast as 'twas ministr'd,
And in's spring became a harvest: liv'd in Court,
Which rare it is to do, most prais'd, most lov'd,
A sample to the young'st; to th' more mature,
A glas that feared them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards. To his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd, her own price
Proclaims, how the esteem'd him and his virtue.
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

3 — Liv'd in Court,
Which rare it is to do, most prais'd, most lov'd.]
This encomium is high and artful. To be at once in any great degree
loved and praised is truly rare.

4 A glas that feared them;]
Such is the reading in all the modern editions, I know not by whom first substituted, for
A glas that feared them;—
I have displaced featur'd, though
it can plead long prescription,
because I am inclined to think that feared has the better title.
Mirror was a favourite word in that age, for an example, or a pattern, by noting which the
manners were to be formed,
as dress is regulated by looking in a glas. When Don Bel
harsus is told the mirror of
knighthood, the idea given is
not that of a glas in which every
knight may behold his own re-
semblance, but an example to be
viewed by knights as often as a
glas is looked upon by girls,
to be viewed, that they may
know, not what they are, but
what they ought to be. Such
a glas may fear the more ma-
ture, as displaying excellencies
which they have arrived at matur-
ity without attaining.
To fear, is here, as in other
places, to fright.
2 Gent. I honour him.
Ev'n out of your report. But pray you tell me,
Is the sole child to the King?

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

2 Gent. How long is this ago?
1 Gent. Some twenty years.

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

1 Gent. Howso'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, Sir.

2 Gent. I do well believe you.
1 Gent. We must forbear. Here comes the Gentleman,
The Queen, and Princess. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, and attendants.

Queen. No, be assure'd, you shall not find me,
daughter,
After the flander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you. You're my pris'ner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win th' offended King,
I will be known your advocate; marry, yet,
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.
Post. Please your Highness,
I will from hence to-day.
Queen. You know the peril:
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the King
Hath charg'd, you should not speak together. [Exit.
Imo. Dismembering courteously! how fine this tyrant
Can tickle, where he wounds! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing,
Always refer'd my holy duty, what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.
Post. My Queen! my Mistress!
O lady, weep no more, left I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain.
The loyall'st husband, that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me.
Known but by letter. Thither write, my Queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you;
If the King come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. Yet I'll move him

Shakespeare, even in this poor
conceit, has confounded the vege-
table galls used in ink, with the
animal gall, supposed to be
To walk this way; I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends
Pays dear for my offences. [Exit.

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

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

Post. How, how, another!
You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
And fear up my embraces from a next
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here

[Putting on the ring.

While sense can keep thee on! and Sweetest, Fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you. For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love, I'll place it

Putting a bracelet on her arm.

Upon this fairest pris'ner.

Imo. O, the Gods!
When shall we see again?

SCENE III,

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the King!——

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence! from my
fight!

If, after this Command, thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st. Away!

S 4 Thou'rt
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The Gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the Court!
I'm gone. [Exit.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me.

Imo. I befeech you, Sir,
Harm not yourself with your Vexation;
I'm senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?
Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. Thou might'st have had the sole son of my Queen.

Imo. O, blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my Throne
A seat for Baseness.

7 A year's age on me.] Dr. Warburton reads,
A year age on me.
It seems to me, even from Skinner, whom he cites, that yare is used only as a personal quality. Nor is the authority of Skinner sufficient, without some example, to justify the alteration. Hammer's reading is better, but rather too far from the original copy.

—This heaped many
A year's age on me.
I read,

—thou heaped
Years, ages on me.

8 —a touch more rare

Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Rare is used often for eminently good; but I do not remember any passage in which it stands for eminently bad. May we read,

—a touch more near.

Cura Deam proprior luctufque dometicus angit. Ovid,
Shall we try again,

—a touch more near.

Crudum vulnus. But of this I know not any example.

There is yet another interpretation, which perhaps will remove the difficulty. A touch more rare, may mean, a nobler passion.

? —a puttock.] A kite.

Imo,
Cymbeline.

Imo. No, I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault, that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What!—art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, Sir; heav'n restore me! Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour-shepherd's son!

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish Thing.
They were again together, you have done

|To the Queen.
Not after our Command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience. Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereign,
Leave us t'ourselves, and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a-day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly.

|Exit.

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Fy, you must give way.
Here is your servant. How now, Sir? What news?

Pis. My Lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Hah!

No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd, than fought,

And
And had no help of anger. They were parted
By gentlemen at hand.
Queen. I'm very glad on't.
Imo. Your son's my father's friend, he takes his
part.
—To draw upon an exile! O brave Sir!—
I would they were in Africk both together,
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your master?
Pij. On his command. He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When 'tis pleas'd you to employ me.
Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant; I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.
Pij. I humbly thank your Highness.
Queen. Pray, walk a while.
Imo. About some half hour hence, pray you, speak
with me.
You shall, at least, go see my Lord aboard.
For this time leave me. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the
violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice.
Where air comes out, air comes in, there's none abroad
so wholesome as that you vent.
Clot. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—
Have I hurt him?
2 Lord. No, faith: Not so much as his patience.
[Aside.
1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he
he be not hurt. It is a thorough-fare for steel, if it
be not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt, it went o’th’ back-
side the town.

Clot. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No, but he fled forward still, toward your
face.

1 Lord. Stand you? you have land enough of your
own; but he added to your Having, gave you some
ground.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans, pup-
pies!

Clot. I would, they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, ’till you had measur’d how
long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clot. And that she should love this fellow, and re-
fuse me!

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she’s
damn’d.

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, 1 her beauty and
her brain go not together. 2 She’s a good Sign, but
I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, left the reflec-
tion should hurt her.

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

2 Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of
an afs, which is no great hurt.

1 her beauty and her brain, &c.] I believe the Lord means to speak
a sentence. Sir, as I told you al-
ways, beauty and brain go not to-
gether.

2 She’s a good Sign.] If sign be
the true reading, the poet means
by it confusion, and by refection
is meant influence. But I ra-
ther think, from the answer, that
he wrote shine. So in his Venus
and Adonis,

As if, from thence, they bor-
rowed all their shine.

Warburton.

There is acuteness enough in
this note, yet I believe the poet
meant nothing by sign, but fair
outward shew.

Clot.
Clot. You'll go with us?
1 Lord. I'll attend your Lordship.
Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.
2 Lord. Well, my Lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Imogen's Apartments.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I Would, thou gwest unto the shores o' th' haven,
And question'st every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake with thee?

Pif. 'Twas, "His Queen, his Queen!"

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pif. And kiss'd it, Madam.

Imo. Senseless linen, happier therein than I!

And that was all?

Pif. No, Madam; 'tis a paper lost.

--- As offer'd mercy is. —— i. e. Should one of his letters miscarry, the loss would be as great as that of offer'd mercy. But the Oxford Editor amends it thus,

--- 'twere a paper lost,

With offer'd mercy in it.

Warburton.

--- for so long

As he could make me with his eye, or ear.

Distinguish him from others. ——

But how could Pothamus make himself distinguish'd by his ear to Pisanio? By his tongue he might, to the other's ear: and this was certainly Shakespeare's intention. We must therefore read,

As he could make me with this eye, or ear,

Distinguish him from others.

The expression is διακρίνειν, as the Greeks term it: the party speaking points to that part spoken of.

Warburton.

Sir T. Hanmer alters it thus,

--- for so long

As he could mark me with his eye, or I

Distinguish ——

The reason of Hanmer's reading was, that Pisanio describes no address made to the ear.
As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and fits of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul fail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pif. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack't
'em, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pif. Be assure'd, Madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or, I could make him
I swear,
The She's of Italy should not betray

---till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;] But the
increase of distance is the aug-
mentation, not the diminution of
space between the object and the
beholder: which augmentation
occasions the diminution of the
object. We should read there-
fore,

---till the diminution
Of space—

i. e. of his space, or of that space
which his body occupied; and
this is the diminution of the object
by the augmentation of space.

Warburton.
The diminution of space, is the
diminution, of which space is the
cause. Trees are killed by a
blast of lightning, that is, by
blasting, not blasted lightning.

---next vantage.] Next

opportunity.

Mine
Mine interest; and his honour; or have charg'd him; 
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight, 
T' encounter me with Orifons; for then 
I am in heaven for him; 7 or ere I could 
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set 
Betwixt two charming words, 8 comes in my Father; 
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North, 
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter

7 — or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set

Between two charming words.

There is an inexpressible prettiness in the whole of this idea. The image is taken from a gem set between two others of a different kind. But what were these two charming words, between which the kiss was set? This may be thought too nice an inquiry. If we consider Shakespeare as having only the vague idea of two fond words in general, the expressions, with which lovers are used to entertain one another, the whole force and beauty of the passage will be lost. Without question by these two charming words she would be understood to mean,


The one Religion made for; and the other, Love.

Edward has justly remarked, that the word of religion here mentioned is seldom used with any religion, and often where no religious idea can be admitted.

8 — comes in my Father; 
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,

Shakes all our buds from growing.

Had Imogen employed this image of the North wind
Blew all the tender buds, to express her father's rage at the discovery of the marriage, it had been proper to have said,

Shakes all our buds from growing;

because by banishing Posthumus, he quite cut off the fruits of their loves and alliance, which were things of duration; and in this case the buds of fruit-trees had been meant. But that was a thing past, the discovery had been made, and his banishment denounced. She is here telling, how her father came in while Posthumus was taking his last farewell of her; and while they were going to interchange some tender words to one another, which was a pleasure, had it not been interrupted, but of a short and momentary duration. In this case then it is plain, that not buds of fruit-trees, but buds of flowers are alluded to: and if so, the present reading, which refers to buds of fruit-trees, is corrupt, and we must conclude that Shakespeare wrote,

Shakes all our buds from blowing.

i.e. from opening, as full-blown flowers do. And I suppose that
Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, Madam,
Desires your Highness' company.

I'mo. Those things I bid you do, get them dis-
patch'd,
I will attend the Queen.

Pf. Madam, I shall.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, and a French man.

Iach. Believe it, Sir, I have seen him in Britain;
he was then of a crescent Note; expected
to prove so worthy, as since he has been allowed the
name of. But I could then have looked on him, with-
out the help of admiration; though the catalogue of
his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to
peruse him by Items.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd,
than now he is, with that which makes him both
without and within.

his using the word blowing here,
was the reason why in the fore-
goin line he says, breathing
of the North, instead of blowing
of the North; (tho' breathing be
not very proper to express the
rage and bluster of the North
wind) the repetition of which
word, as it had then been used in
two different senses, would have
had an ill effect.

So many words to prove so
little! A bud, without any dis-
tinct idea, whether of flower or
fruit, is a natural representation
of any thing incipient or imma-
ture; and the buds of flowers, if
flowers must be meant, grow to
flowers, as the buds of fruits
grow to fruits.

9 makes him] In the sense in
which we say, This will make or
mur you.

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

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's Daughter, wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own, I words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment——

Iach. Ay, and the approbations of those, that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her Judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all, be better known to this Gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have been known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still,
French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone my Countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight, and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller; 3 rather shun'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences; but upon my mended judgment, if I offend not to lay, it is mended, my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of words; and by such two, that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fall'n both.

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

French. Safely, I think. 'Twas a contention in publick, 4 which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our Country mistresses: This Gentleman at that time vouching, and upon warrant of bloody affirmation, his to be more fair, virtuous, wife, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptible than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

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

Iach. You must not so far prefer her, 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provok'd, as I was in France, I would
would abate her nothing; "tho’ I profess my self her adorer, not her friend.

Iacob. As fair, and as good, a kind of hand-in-hand comparison, had been something too fair and too good for any Lady in Britain. 6 If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could believe, she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Post. I prais’d her, as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iacob. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iacob. Either your unparagon’d Mistres is dead, or she’s out-priz’d by a trifle.

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

Iacob. Which the Gods have given you.—

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

Iacob. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stoll’n too; so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual. A cunning thief, or a that-way accomplish’d courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish’d a

5 "tho’ I profess, &c.] Though I have not the common obligations of a lover to his mistres, and regard her not with the fondness of a friend, but the reverence of an adorer.

6 If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not believe she excelled many; ] What? if she did really excel others, could he not believe she did excel them? Nos-}sense. We must strike out the negative, and the sense will be this, I can easily believe your mistres excels many, tho’ she be not the most excellent; just as I see that diamond of yours is of more value than many I have beheld, tho’ I know there are other diamonds of much greater value. 6 WARB.

Courtier
Courtier. To convince the honour of my mistress; if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have flore of thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, Gentlemen.

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

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

Pofi. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something. But I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation, and to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the world.

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

Iach. What's that?

Pofi. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

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

Iach. Would, I had put my estate and my neighbour's, on this approbation of what I have spoke.

Pofi. What Lady would you chuse to assail?

Iach. Yours, who in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your

7. to convince the honour of my mistress: ] Convince, for overcome. Warburton.


ring, that, commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv’d.

Po shielding. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger, ’tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser; if you buy ladies’ flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But, I see, you have some Religion in you, that you fear.

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

Iach. I am the matter of my Speeches, and would undergo what’s spoken, I swear.

Po shielding. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return; let there be covenants drawn between us. My Mistres’s exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match; here’s my ring.

Phil. I will have it no Lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy’d the dearest bodily part of your mistres’s, my ten thousand ducats are yours, so is your diamond too; if I come off, and leave

1 Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser:] I correct it, You are afraid, and therein the wiser.

What Iachimo says, in the close of his speech, determines this to have been our Petar’s reading.

But, I see, you have some Religion in you, that you fear.

WARBURTON.

Friend will bear a proper sense. You are a friend to the Lady, and therein the wiser, as you will not expose her to hazard; and that you fear, is a proof of your religious fidelity.

2 Iach. — If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy’d the dearest bodily part of your mistres’s, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, set your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours, &c.

Polt. I embrace these conditions, &c.] This was a wager between the two speakers. Iachimo declares the conditions of it; and Po shielding embraces them: as well he
Cymbeline, 277

leave her in such honour as you have trust in, the your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us; only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail’d, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate; if she remain unfedue’d, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion, and th’ assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

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

Post. Agreed. [Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signor Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [Exeunt.

he might; for Iachimo mentions only that of the two conditions, which was favourable to Posthumus, namely, that if his wife preferred her honour he should win: concerning the other, in case she preferred it not, Iachimo, the accurate expounder of the wager, is silent. To make him talk more in character, for we find him sharp enough in the prosecution of his bet, we should strike out the negative, and read the rest thus, If I bring you sufficient testimony that I have enjoy’d, &c. my ten thousand ducats are mine; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour, &c. she your jewel, &c. and my gold are yours. 

Warburton.

I once thought this emendation right, but am now of opinion, that Shakespeare intended that Iachimo, having gained his purpose, should designedly drop the invidious and offensive part of the wager, and to flatter Posthumus, dwell long upon the more pleasing part of the representation. One condition of a wager implies the other, and there is no need to mention both.

T 3 SCENE
SCENE VII.

Changes to Cymbeline's Palace in Britain.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius with a Phial.

Queen. While yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers:
Make haste. — Who has the note of them?
Lady. I, Madam.

Queen. Dispatch. [Exeunt Ladies.

Now, matter Doctor, you have brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleadeth your Highness, ay; here they are, Madam.

But I beseech your Grace, without offence,
My conscience bids me ask, wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most pois'nous compounds
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly.

Queen. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou askst me such a question; have I not been
Thy pupil long? haft thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
That our great King himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? having thus far proceeded,
Unlesst thou think'st me dev'lish, is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

3 Other conclusions? — ] Other — Walton, an angler that tries experiments. I commend, says Clusion, and improves his art.

Cor.
Cor. Your Highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.
Queen. O, content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flattering rascal, upon him [Aside.]
Will I first work; he's for his matter,
And enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio?
—Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.
Cor. I do suspect you, Madam; [Aside.
But you shall do no harm.
Queen. Hark thee, a word.—[To Pisanio.
Cor. [Solemn.] I do not like her. She doth think,
she has
Strange ling'ring poisons; I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those, she has,
Will stupefy and dull the sense a while;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterwards up higher; but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,

4 Your Highnes
Shall from this practice but
make hard your heart; ]
There is in this passage nothing that much requires a note, yet I
cannot forbear to push it forward into observation. The thought
would probably have been more
amplified, had our author lived to be shocked with such experi-
ments as have been published in
later times, by a race of men that
have practis'd tortures without
pity, and related them without
shame, and are yet suffered to
erect their heads among human
beings.
Cape saxa mansu, cape robora,
polior.
5 I do not like her.—[ This
soliloquy is very inartificial. The
speaker is under no strong pre-
ferre of thought; he is neither
resolving, repenting, suspecting,
nor deliberating, and yet makes
a long speech, to tell himself
what himself knows,

T 4 More
More than the looking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a moit false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

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

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.

Queen. Weeps she still, say'lt thou? dost thou
think, in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesseth? do thou work;
When thou shalt bring me word the loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master; greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depend on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built, and has no friends,
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'lt up

[Flamando takes up the Phial.

Thou know'lt not what; but take it for thy labour;
It is a thing I make, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further Good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do'lt, as from thyself:
Think, what a change thou chanc'st on; but think;
Thou haft thy mistress still; to boot, my son;
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the King
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women——

[Exit Pisanio.

Think on my words—A fly and constant knave,
Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her Lord.—I've giv'n him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of leigers for her sweet; and which she, after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so; well done, well done.
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio,
Think on my words. [Exeunt Queen and Ladies.

Pif. And shall do:
But when to my good Lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself; there's all I'll do for you. [Exit.

SCENE VIII.

{Changes to Imogen's Apartments.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruel, and a Stephaine false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief, and those repeated

8 Of leigers for her sweet; —] resides at a foreign court, to pro-
A leiger ambassadour, is one that mote his master's interest.

Vexatious
Vexations of it—Had I been thief-floll'n,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire, that's glorious. Bless'd be thofe,
How mean foe'rer, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? fy!

Enter Pisaniô, and Iachimo.

Pifs. Madam, a noble Gentleman of Rome
Comes from my Lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your Highness dearly. [Gives a Letter.

Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, mosf rich!
If she be furnisht with a mind so rare,

9 — but most miserable
Is the desire, that's glorious. —
Her husband, she says, proves her supreme grief. She had been
happy had she been stroll'd as her brothers were, but now she is mis-
erable, as all those are who have
erenfe of worth and honour su-
perior to the vulgar, which occa-
sions them infinite vexations from
the envious and worthless part of
mankind. Had the not so refined
tale as to be content only with
the superior merit of Posthumus,
but could have taken up with
Citer, she might have escaped
terlentations. 'Tis his elegance of
tale, which always discovers
an excellence and chuses it, she
calls with great sublimity of ex-
pression, The desire that's glorious;
which the Oxford Editor not un-
derstanding alters to, The degree
th. i's glorious. —

1 —— Bless'd be thofe,
How mean foe'rer, that have
their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—] The
last words are equivocal: but the
meaning is this. Who are be-
holden only to the seasons for
their support and nourishment;
so that, if those be kindly, such
have no more to care for or de-
fire.

Warburton.

I am willing to comply with
any meaning that can be extorted
from the present text, rather than
change it, yet will propose, but
with great diffidence, a slight al-
teration:

— Bless'd be thofe,
How mean foe'rer, that have
their honest wills,
With reason's comfort.—
Who gratify their innocent wishes
with reasonable enjoyments.
She is alone th' Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, Audacity, from head to foot:
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight,
Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads.

He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindesses I am
most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you
value your trust.

Leonatus.

So far I read aloud:
But ev'n the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by th' reft, and takes it thankfully.
—You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest Lady.
—What! are men mad? hath nature given them
eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich cope
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not

Partition

1 —and the rich crop
Of sea and land,—] He is
here speaking of the covering of
sea and land, Shakespeare there-
fore wrote,
— and the rich cope.

Warburton.

2 —and the rich crop
Of sea and land,—] He is
here speaking of the covering of
sea and land, Shakespeare there-
fore wrote,
— and the rich cope.

Warburton.

3 —and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach?—] I
have no idea, in what sense the
beach, or shore, should be called
number'd. I have ventured, against
all the copies, to substitute,
Upon th' unnumber'd beach?—
i.e. the infinite extensive beach,
if we are to understand the epi-
thet as coupled to that word.

But, I rather think, the poet in-
tended an hypallage, like that in
the beginning of Ovid's Meta-
omorhphies;
(In nova fert animus mutatas
dicere formas
Corpora.)
And then we are to understand the
passage thus; and the infinite
number of twinn'd stones upon the
beach.

Theobald.

Upon th' unnumber'd beach?] Sense and the antithesis oblige us
to read this nonsense thus,
Upon the humbl'd beach?—
i.e. because daily insulted with
the flow of the tide.

Warb. I
know
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

_Imo._ What makes your admiration?

_IIach._ It cannot be i' th' eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other: Nor i' th' judgment;
For Ideots, in this case of favour, would
Be widely definite: Nor i' th' appetite:
Slutt'ry, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

_Imo._ What is the matter, trow?

_IIach._ The clayed will,
That satiate, yet unsatisfy'd desire,
That tub, both fill'd and running; ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage——

_Imo._ What,
Dear Sir, thus raps you? are you well?

_IIach._ Thanks, Madam, well—'Beseech you, Sir,
[To Pifiano,
Desire my man's abode, where I did leave him;

He's strange, and peevish.

I know not well how to regulate this passage. _Number'd is_
perhaps numerous. _Twin'd fomes,
I do not understand. _Twin'd_
shells, or pairs of shells, are very common. For _twin'd_, we might
read, _twin'd_; that is, _twijfed,
convoluted_; But this sense is more
applicable to shells than to fomes.

4 Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.] i.e. that
appetite, which is not allur'd to feed on such excellence, can have
no stomach at all; but, though empty, must nauseate every thing.

_Warburton._

I explain this passage in a sense
almost contrary. _IIachimo_, in this
counterfeited rapture, has shewn
how the eyes and the judgment
would determine in favour of
_Imogen_, comparing her with the
prentice mistrels of _Psalmbus_, and
proceeds to say, that appetite too
would give the name suffrage.

_Desire_ says he, when it approach'd _flutter_, and considered
it in comparision with such neat
excellence, would not only be not
so allur'd to feed, but, seiz'd with
a fit of loathing, _would vomit emptiness_, would feel the convul-
sions of disgust, though, being
unfed, it had nothing to eject.

5 He's strange, and peevish.]
He's a foreigner, and easily
fretted.
Pis. I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my Lord

His health, 'beseech you?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry, and so gameome; he is call'd

The Britain Reveller.

Imo. When he was here,

He did incline to sadness, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his companion, one,
An eminent Monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick fighs from him; whilsts the jolly Briton,
Your Lord, I mean, laughs from 's free lungs, cries

Oh!

Can my sides hold, to think, that man, who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse
But must be,

Will 's free hours languish for assured bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord say so?

Iach. Ay, Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: but heav'n knows,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he. But yet heav'n's bounty t'owards him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you, whom I account his, beyond all talents;
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, Sir?

Iach.
Iacb. Two creatures heartily.
Imo. Am I one, Sir?
You look on me; what wreck discern you in me,
Deferves your pity?
Iacb. Lamentable! what!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' th' dungeon by a snuff?
Imo. I pray you, Sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iacb. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your——but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.
Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me. Pray you,
Since doubting, things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Or are past remedies, or timely knowing,
The remedy's then born; discover to me
What both you spur and stop.
Iacb. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose ev'ry touch would force the feeler's soul
To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes pris'ner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips, as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands

6—timely knowing.] Rather timely known.
7 What both you spur and stop. What it is that once incites you
to speak, and refrains you from it.
8—join gripes with hands, &c.] The old edition reads,
join gripes with hands
Made bard with hourly falsehood
(falshood as

With labour) then by see'ing in
an eye, &c.
I read,
then lye peeping
The author of the present regulation of the text I do not know,
but have suffered it to stand, tho' not right. Hard with falsehood,
is, hard by being often griped
with frequent change of hands.

Made
Made hard with hourly falsehood, as with labour;
Then glad myself by peeping in an eye,
Safe and unflurried as the smoaky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My Lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces,
That from my mute'st conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A Lady
So fair, and faften'd to an empery,
Would make the great'ft King double! to be partner'd
With tomboys, 9 hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield!—with diseas'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenness lends nature! such boyl'd stuff,
As well might poison Poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she, that bore you, was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great flock.

Imo. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd, if this be true?
As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in hafte abuse; if it be true,
How' shall I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's Priest, betwixt cold sheets?
While he is vaulting variable ramps
In your despight, upon your purse? Revenge it!
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed;

9—h'rd with that self-exhibition] for;} hir'd with the very pension which you
Gr'st, Stumlet, hired allow your husband.
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

*Imo.* What ho, *Pisanio*!——

*Iach.* Let me my service tender on your lips.

*Imo.* Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange:
Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Sollicit'st here a Lady, that disdains
The King my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger in his court to mart

*As in a Romish flew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all. What ho, *Pisanio*?*

*Iach.* O happy *Leonatus*, I may say;
The credit, that thy Lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her affair'd credit! Blessed live you long,
A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon:
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest-manner'd, such a holy witch,
That he enchant'st societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

*Imo.* You make amends.

*Iach.* He fits 'mong men, like a descended God;

---

1 *As in a Romish flew,* ———

The rhymes of *Rome* are deservedly
censured by the reformed. This
is one of many instances in which
*Shakespeare* has mingled the man-
ners of distant ages in this play.

2. He
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty Princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment,
In the election of a Sir, so rare,
Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus; but the Gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir. Take my pow'r i' th' court
for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks; I had almost forgot
T' intreat your Grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your Lord; myself, and other noble friends.
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is 't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your Lord,
Best feather of our wing, have mingled sums
To buy a present for the Emperor:
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done.
In France; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety. Since
My Lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must a-board to-morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech you; or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia,
290 Cymbeline

I crost the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, Madam.
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your Lord with writing, do't to-night.
I have outstood my time, which is material
To th' tender of our present.

Imo. I will write:
Send your trunk to me, it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.

[Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

Cloten.

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

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

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

Clot. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is
not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2 Lord.
2 Lord. "No, my Lord; nor crop the ears of them.

Clot. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? would, he had been one of my rank.

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

Clot. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth, a pox on 't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the Queen my mother; every Jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 Lord. You are a cock and a capon too; and you grow, cock, with your comb on. [Aside.

Clot. Say'st thou?

1 Lord. It is not fit your Lordship should undertake every companion, that you give offence to.

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

2 Lord. It is fit for your Lordship only.

Clot. Why, so I say.

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

Clot. A stranger, and I not know on 't?

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

1 Lord. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought, one of Leonatus's friends.

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

1 Lord. One of your Lordship's pages.

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

---

2 No, my Lord, &c.; This, I believe, should stand thus:

1 Lord. No, my Lord.

2 Lord. Nor crop the ears of them. [Aside.

3. with your comb on.] The allusion is to a fool's cap, which had a comb like a cock's.

4. every companion.] The use of companion was the same as of fellow now. It was a word of contempt.

---
1 Lord. You cannot derogate, my Lord.
Clot. Not easily, I think.
2 Lord. You are a fool granted, therefore your if. 
  sues being foolish do not derogate. [Aside. 
  Clot. Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have 
  lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come; 
  go.
2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship. [Exit Cloten.
That such a crafty devil, as his mother,
Shou'd yield the world this ass!--a woman, that 
Bears all down with her brain; and this her ion 
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen.—Alas, poor Princes,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'lt!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is 
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act 
Of the divorce he'd make.—The heav'n's hold firm
The walls of thy dear Honour; keep unshak'd 
That Temple, thy fair Mind; that thou may'lt stand 
T' enjoy thy banish'd Lord, and this great land!

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Changes to a magnificent Bed-chamber; in one part of it, 
a large trunk.

Imogen is discovered reading in her bed, a Lady at- 
tending.

Imo. WHO's there? my woman Helen?
Lady. Please you, Madam——

5 ——he'd make.—] In the ——h'll made.—
old editions, 
   —he'd make.— In which he is followed by Dr. 
   Warburton.

Hamnr, 

Imo.
Cymbeline.

Imo. What hour is it?
Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.
Imo. I have read three hours then, mine eyes are weak,
Fold down the leaf where I have left. To bed.
Take not away the taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canst awake by four o’th’ clock,
I pr’ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz’d me wholly.

[Exit Lady.

To your protection I commend me, Gods;
From Fairies, and the Tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye.

[Sleeps.

[Ichimro rises from the trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man’s o’er-labour’d sense
Repairs itself by rest: our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken’d
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom’st thy bed! fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets! that I might touch,
But kifs, one kifs—rubies unparagon’d,
How dearly they do’t!—’tis her breathing, that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o’th’ taper
Bows tow’rd her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see th’ inclosed light, now canopy’d
Under these windows: white and azure! lac’d
With blue of heav’n’s own tint. — But my design’s
To note the chamber—I will write all down,
Such, and such, pictures—there, the window,—such
Th’ adornment of her bed—the arras, figures——

---our Tarquin---] The speaker is an Italian.
7 Did softly press the rushes.—] It was the custom in the time of our author, to strew chambers with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets. The practice is mentioned in Caius de E-phemeræ Britannica.
8 white and azure, lac’d with blue of heav’n’s own tint.-] We should read,
white with azure lae’d, the blue of heav’n’s own tint.
. e. the white skin laced with blue veins.

Warburton.

U 3 Why
Cymbeline.

Why, such and such—and the contents o' th' story—
Ah, but some nat'ral notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables,
Would testify, t' enrich my inventory.
O Sleep, thou ape of Death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off.—

[Taking off her bracelet,

As slipp'ry, as the Gordian knot was hard.—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To th' madding of her Lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' th' bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think, I've pick'd the lock; and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more—to what end?
Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my mem'ry? She hath been reading, late,
The tale of Theseus; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up—I have enough:
To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night! 9 that
dawning

9—that dawning
May bare the raven's eye: — ]
Some copies read, bare, or make bare; others, e. But the true
reading is bear, a term taken
from heraldry, and very sublime-
ly applied. The meaning is,
that morning may assume the co-
colour of the raven's eye, which is
grey. Hence it is so commonly
called the grey-o'ld morning. And
Romeo and Juliet,
I'll for you grey is not the morn-
ing's eye.
Had Shakespeare meant to bare or
open the eye, that is, to awake,
he had inflamed rather in thek
than raven, as the earlier rifer.
Belse, whether the morning
bared or opened the raven’s eye
was of no advantage to the
speaker, but it was of much ad-

dvantage that it should bear it,
that is, become light. Yet the
Oxford Editor judiciously alters it
to,

May bare its raven-eye.

Warburton.

I have received Hanmer's
emendment.

May
May bare its raven eye: I lodge in fear,
Though this a heav'nly angel, hell is here.

[Clock strikes.

One, two, three: time, time!

[ Goes into the trunk, the Scene closes.

SCENE III.

Changes to another part of the Palace, facing Imogen's Apartments.

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

1 Lord. YOUR Lordship is the most patient man in loss, the coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose.

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

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

1 Lord. Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would, this mufick would come: I am advis'd to give her mufick o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

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

U 4 SONG.
Hark, bark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
And Phœbus' gins arise,
His floods to water at those springs
On chalice'd flowers that lies:
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that very bin,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.

So, get you gone—-if this penetrate, I will consider
your mutick the better: if it do not, it is a vice in
her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the
voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[Exeunt Musicians.

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 Lord. Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the rea-
son I was up so early: he cannot chuse but take this
service I have done, fatherly. Good-morrow to your
Majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daugh-
ter?

Will she not forth?

* fiti, 1. st. gins; he dose to water at those springs:
On chalice'd flowers that lies:]
* chalice: i. e. the morning sun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers.
Warburton.

Hammer reads,
Each chalice'd flower supplies:
To escape a false concord. But
Correctness must not be obtained by such licentious alterations.
It may be noted, that the cup of a flower is called calix;
whence chalice.

* — pretty bin is very properly restored by Hammer, for
pretty is; but he too grammati-
tically reads,
With all the things that pretty bin.

Clot.
Clot. I have assailed her with musicks, but she
vouchsafes no notice.

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

Queen. You are most bound to th' King,
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly sollicits; and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Encrease your services; so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties, which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, Sir, Ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow.
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his tender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the Queen and us; we shall have need
T' employ you towards this Roman. Come, our
Queen. [Exeunt.

---his goodness forespent fices done by him to us hereto-
on us,] i.e. the good of fore. Warburton.
SCENE IV.

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not, Let her lie still, and dream. By your leave, ho! [Knock.

I know, her women are about her. What, If I do line one of their hands? Tis gold, Which buys admittance, oft it doth, yea, makes Diana's rangers, false themselves, yield up Their dear to th' stand o' th' stealer: and 'tis gold, Which makes the true man kill'd, and saxes the thief; Nay, sometimes, hangs both thief and true-man.

What Can it not do, and undo? I will make One of her women lawyer to me, for I yet not understand the case myself. By your leave. [Knock.

Enter a Lady.


Lady. How, my good name? or to report of you What I shall think is good? The princess——

Enter.
Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good-morrow, fairest. Sister, your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, Sir; you lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble; the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Cleo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being fi-

lent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me—'faith
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindnes: * one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clot.

*—one of your great
knowing
Should learn [being TAUGHT]
forbearance.] But sure, whoever
is taught, necessarily learns.
Learning is not the fit and rea-
sonable consequence of being
taught, but is the thing itself.
As it is superfluous in the expres-
sion, so (which is the common
condition of nonsense) it is defi-
cient in the sentiment. It is no
mark of a knowing person that he
has learnt forbearance simply.
For forbearance becomes a virtue,
or point of civil prudence, only
as it respects a forbidden object.
Shakespeare, I am persuaded,
write,

— one of your great knowing
Should learn [being TORT] for-
bearance.
i. e. one of your wisdom should
learn (from a sense of your pur-
suing a forbidden object) for-
bearance: which gives us a good
and pertinent meaning in a cor-
rect expression. Tort, an old
French word, signifying the being
in the wrong, is much in use
amongst our old English writers,
which those who have not read
them, may collect, from its
being found in the Etymology
of the judicious Skinner. Warb.
Edwards has sufficiently sported
with
Cymbeline.

Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my fin.

I will not.

Imo. Fools cure not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners
By being so verbal: and learn now for all,
That I, who know my heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you:
And am so near the lack of charity
T' accuse myself, I hate you: which I had rath
You felt, than make my boast.

Clot. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father; for

with the emendation. The plain sense is, That a man who is taught forbearance should learn it.

5. To leave you in your Madness, 'twere my Sin;
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do.] But does the really call him fool?
The acute critic would be puzzled to find it out, as the text stands. The reaftion is perplexed by a slight corruption; and we must restore it thus,

Fools cure not mad folks.

You are mad, says he, and it would be a crime in me to leave you to yourself. Nay, says he, why should you stay? A fool never cur'd madness. Do you call me fool? replies he, &c.
All this is easy and natural. And that cure was certainly the poet's word, I think, is very evident from what Imogen immediately subjoins:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both.

i. e. if you'll cease to torture me with your foolish solicitations, I'll cease to shew towards you any thing like madness; so a double cure will be effected, of your folly, and my supposed frenzy.

Warburton.

6 — so verbal. — ] It, so ver-
bose, so full of talk.

The
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' th' court, it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
Yet who than he, more mean? to knit their souls
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary, 8 in self-figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' th' crown; and must not foil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth;
A pantler; not so eminent.—

Imo. Prophane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
Ev'n to the point of Envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be fil'd
The under-hangman of his realm; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clot. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than
come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipt his body, 's dearer

? The contract, &c.] Here Shakespeare has not preferred,
with his common nicety, the
uniformity of character. The
speech of Cloten is rough and
harsh, but certainly not the talk
of one,

Who can't take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen.

His argument is just and well en-
forced, and its prevalence is al-
lowed throughout all civil na-
tions: As for rudeness, he seems
not to be much undermatched.

8 —in self-figur'd knot;]
This is nonsene. We should
read,

—self-finger'd knot;
 i. e. a knot solely of their own
tying, without any regard to pa-
rents, or other more publick con-
fiderations. Warburton.

But why nonsene? A self-
figured knot is a knot formed by
yourselves.

In
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men. 9 How now, Pisario?

Enter Pisario.

CLOT. His garment? now, the devil—

IMO. To Dorothy, my woman, hie thee presently.

CLOT. His garment?

IMO. I am spritried with a fool,
Frighted, and angered worse—Go, bid my woman
Search for 'a jewel, that too causally
Hath left mine arm—it was thy master's. 'Shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any King in Europe. I do think,
I saw 't this morning; confident I am,
Last night 'twas on my arm; I kissed it.
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kis aught but him.

PIF. 'Twill not be lost.

IMO. I hope so. Go, and search.

CLOT. You have abus'd me.

His meanest garment?—

IMO. Ay, I said so, Sir;
If you will make 't an action, call witnesses to 't.

CLOT. I will inform your father.

IMO. Your mother too;
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,
To th' worst of discontent.

CLOT. I'll be reveng'd.

His meanest garment?—well.

9 Sir 7. Hanner regulates this
line thus;
—all made such men.
CLOT. How now?
IMO. Pifario!

—said, that too causally
Hath left my arm—] i. e., too
many chances of losing it have
arisen from my carelessness.

WARDURTOS.

SCENE
SCENE V.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, Sir. I would, I were so sure
To win the King, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

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

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,
O’erpay all I can do. By this, your King
Hath heard of great Augustus; Caius Lucius
Will do’s commission throughly. And, I think,
He’ll grant the tribute; send th’arrearages,
E’er look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
Statif though I am none, nor like to be,
That this shall prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order’d, than when Julius Caesar
Smil’d at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known

*mingleed with their courages, -- ] The old folio has
this odd reading:

Their discipline.

(Now wing-led with their courages) will make known.

To
To their approvers, they are people such
That mend upon the world.

**SCENE VI.**

Enter Iachimo.

**Phil.** See, Iachimo.

**Post.** Sure, the swift harts have posted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kifs'd your fails,
To make your vessel nimble.

**Phil.** Welcome, Sir.

**Post.** I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your Return.

**Iach.** Your lady
Is of the fairest I e'er look'd upon.

**Post.** And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

**Iach.** Here are letters for you.

**Post.** Their tenour good, I trust.

**Iach.** 'Tis very like.

**Post.** Was Caius Lucius in the Britain Court,
When you were there?

**Iach.** He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

**Post.** All is well yet.

Sparkles this stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

**Iach.** If I've lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold;
I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortnesses, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

3 To their approvers,—] i. e. to those who try them.
Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iacob. Not a whit,

Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, Sir,

Your loss your sport, I hope, you know, that we

Must not continue friends.

Iacob. Good Sir, we must,

If you keep covenant. Had I not brought

The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant,

We were to question farther; but I now

Profess myself the winner of her honour,

Together with your ring, and not the wronger

Of her, or you, having proceeded but

By both your wills.

Post. If you can make 't apparent

That you have ta'en her in bed, my hand

And ring is yours; if not, the foul opinion,

You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses

Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both

To who shall find them.

Iacob. Sir, my circumstances

Being so near the truth, as I will make them,

Must first induce you to believe; whose strength

I will confirm with oath, which, I doubt not,

You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find

You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iacob. First, her bed-chamber,—

Where, I confess, I slept not, but professed,

Had that was well worth watching, it was hang'd

With tapestry of silk and silver; the story

Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,

And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for

The press of boats, or pride. — A piece of work.

So
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was——

这句话是真实的。

你或许已经从这里，或从其他地方听说过。

更详细的细节

我必须证明我的知识。

因此，它们必须，

或者对你荣誉的伤害。

诗性的夸张，给与人类的热情以内在事物：并且特别地，根据他本人在上文所说的，这在上文所说的这个题目。

——而且，

水，它们冲刷，与...

如水的刷子的打击，

因为它们没有邪恶的，...
The chimney
Is fouth the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaff Dian, bathing; never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the cutter
Was as another nature dumb, out-went her;
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iacb. The roof o’ th’ chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted: Th’ andirons,
I had forgot them, were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. ’This is her honour?
Let it be granted you have seen all this,
Praise be to your remembrance, the description
Of

5 So likely to report themselves;]
So near to speech. The Italians
call a portrait, when the likeness
is remarkable, a speaking picture.

6 Was as another nature,
Dumb;—] This nonsense
should without question be read
and pointed thus,
Has as another nature done;
out-went her,
Motion and breath left out.

5. e. has worked as exquisitely,
nay has exceeded her if you will
put motion and breath out of
the question. Ward Burton.

This emendation I think needless. The meaning is this, The
Sculptor was as nature, but as nature dumb; he gave every thing
that nature gives, but breath and motion. In breath is included
speech.

7 ——-This is her honour:
Let it be granted you have seen
all this, &c.] Lathimo impu-
dently pretends to have carried
his point; and, in confirmation,
is very minute in describing to
the husband all the furniture and
adornments of his wife’s bed-
chamber. But how is fine furni-
ture any ways a Prince’s ho-
nor? It is an apparatus suitable
to her dignity, but certainly
makes no part of her character.
It might have been call’d her fa-
ther’s honour, that her allotments
were proportion’d to her rank
and quality. I am perfused,
the poet intended Poshumus
should say: “This particular
description, which you make,
can’t convince me that I have
lost my wager: Your memory
is good; and some of these
things you may have learned
from a third hand, or seen
yourself; yet I expect proofs
more direct and authentic.” I
think there is little question but
we
Of what is in her chamber nothing faves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can [Pulling out the Bracelet,
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel. See!—
And now 'tis up again. It must be married
To that your diamond. I'll keep them.

Post. 'Jove!
Once more let me behold it. Is it that,
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, I thank her, that.
She stripp'd it from her arm. I see her yet,
Her pretty action did out-fell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too; she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? Doth she?
Post. O, no, no, no. 'Tis true. Here, take this too:

[Give the Ring.

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't; let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they're made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing;
O, above measure false!—

Pistl. Have patience, Sir,
And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won;

we ought to restore the place as
I have done.

—What is this t' her honour?

The Embrace. This emendation has been followed by both the succeeding editors, but I think it must be rejected. The expression is ironical. Iachino relates many particulars, to which Postumus answers with impatience.

—This is her honour.

That is, And the attainment of this knowledge is to pass for the corruption of her honour.

If you can

Bz pale,—] If you can

forbear to flush your cheek with rage.

The vows of women, &c.] The love vowed by women no more abides with him to whom it is vowed, than women adhere to their virtue.
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows, one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath tol’n it from her.

Post. Very true.

And so, I hope, he came by’t;—back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this, for this was stole.

Jach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
’Tis true—nay, keep the ring—’tis true; ‘I’m sure,
She could not lose it; her attendants are
All sworn and honourable. They induc’d to steal it!
And, by a stranger!—no, he hath enjoy’d her.

The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this; she hath bought the name of Whore thus dearly;

There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell.
Divide themselves between you!

Phib. Sir, be patient;
This is not strong enough to be believ’d,
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on’t;
She hath been colted by him.

Jach. If you seek

--- I’m sure
She could not lose it; her attendants are
All honourable; they induc’d to steal it!
And, by a stranger!—no,—]
The absurd conclusions of jealousy are here admirably painted
and expos’d. Poetbamus, on
the credit of a bracelet, and an
oath of the party concerned,
judges against all appearances
from the intimate knowledge of
his wife’s honour, that she was
false to his bed; and grounds
that judgment, at last, upon
much less appearances of the ho-
nour of her attendants. Now
common sense, from his belief of
the honour of his wife’s attend-
ants, should either have made
him conclude in favour of hers;
or if he rejected the much stron-
ger appearances of honour in her,
he should, at the same time, have
rejected those much weaker in
her attendants. But Shakespeare
knew at what distance reason and
love are wont to be, and has,
therefore, made them keep their
distance here. Warburton.

--- The cognizance———] The
badge; the token; the visible
proof.

X 3. For
For further satisfying, under her breast,
3 Worthy the pressing, lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,
I kif it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?
Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iacb. Will you hear more?
Post. Spare your arithmetick.
Count not the turns: once, and a million!
Iacb. I’ll be sworn——
Post. No swearing:
If you will swear you have not done ’t, you lye,
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou’st made me cuckold.
Iacb. I’ll deny nothing.
Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-
meal!
I will go there, and do ’t i’th’ Court, before
Her father——I’ll do something—— [Exit.
Phil. Quite besides
The government of patience! You have won;
Let’s follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.
Iacb. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Re-enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? we are bastards all;

3 Worthy the pressing——] Thus folio reads,
the modern editions. The old Worthy her pressing,—

And
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where,
When I was slumpt. Some cunler with his tools
Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time; so doth my wife
The non-pareil of this—Oh vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on 't;
Might well have warm'd old Saturn—that I thought
her
As chaste, as unsunn'd snow. Oh, all the Devils!
This yellow Iachimo in an hour—was't not?
Or less—at first? Perchance, he spoke not, but
Like a full-acorn'd Boar, a German one,
Cry'd, oh! and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but, I affirm,
It is the woman's part; be't lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Luft, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, flanders, mutability:
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but rather all.—For
even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them;—yet 'tis greater skill,
In a true hate, to pray, they have their Will;
The very Devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.
ACT III. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter, in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at one door; and at another Caius Lucius and attendants.

CYMBELINE.

NOW say, what would Augustus Caesar with us?

Luc. When Julius Caesar, whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme, and hearing ever, was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelean, thine uncle,
Famous in Caesar's praises, no whit less-
Than in his feats deserving it, for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a Tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left,untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many Caesars,
Ere such another Julius: Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We have again. Remember, Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your ancestors: together with
The natural Brav'ry of your isle; which stands,
As Neptune's Park, ribbed and paled in
* With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters;

*With rocks unscalable,—] Old editions have,
This reading is Hamner's. The
With oak unscalable,—
With
With Sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to th' top-mast. A kind of Con-
quest
Caesar made here, but made not here his brag
Of, came, and saw, and overcame. With shame,
The first, that ever touch'd him, he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
Poor ignorant baubles, on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof,
The fam'd Cassiblan, who was once at point,
Oh, giglet fortune! to master Caesar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons fruitful with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid.
Our Kingdom is stronger than it was at that time;
and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars; other of
them may have crook'd noses, but, to own such strait
arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as
hard as Cassiblan; I do not say, I am one; but I
have a hand.—Why, Tribute? Why should we pay
Tribute? if Cæsar can hide the Sun from us with a
blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket, we will pay
him Tribute for light; else, Sir, no more Tribute,
pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
'Till the injurious Roman did extort
Tis tribute from us, we were free. Cæsar's ambi-
tion,
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' th' world, * against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon's; which to shake off,

* Poor ignorant baubles,] Ig-
zwart, for of no ufe. Warb.
Rather unacquainted with the
nature of our boisterous seas.
* ——against all colour,—]  
Without any pretence of right.

Becomes
Becomes a warlike people, which we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do. Say then to Cæsar,
Our ancelor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our Laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry: Mulmutius made
our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden Crown, and call'd
Himself a King.

Luc. I'm sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar,
Cæsar, that hath more Kings his servants, than
Thyself domestick Officers, thine enemy.
Receive it from me then.—War and Confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For Fury, not to be resifted. Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou 'rt welcome, Caius;
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him: of him I gather'd honour,
Which he to seek of me again, perchance
Behoves me 6 keep at utterance. 7 I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their Liberties, are now in arms: a Precedent
Which, not to read, would shew the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

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

---keep at utterance.—] i. e. position.
at extreme distance.  WAB. 7 — I am perfect, ] I am
More properly, in a state of well informed.
hostile defiance, and deadly op-

Lil.
Luc. So, Sir. —

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine: All the Remain is, Welcome. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Pisanio, reading a Letter.

Pis. How? of adultery? wherefore write you not What monsters her accuse? Leonatus! Oh matter, what a strange infection Is fall'n into thy ear? what false Italian, As pois'nous-tongu'd, as handed, hath prevail'd On thy too ready Hearing! —Disloyal? no, She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes More Goddes-like, than wife-like, such affronts As would take in some virtue. Oh, my master! Thy mind to her is now as low, as were Thy fortunes. How? that I should murder her? Upon the love and truth and vows, which I Have made to thy Command! —I, her! —her blood! If it be so to do good service, never Let me be counted serviceable. —How look I, That I should seem to lack humanity, So much as this fact comes to? Do't — the letter, [Reading.

That I have sent her, by her own command Shall give thee opportunity. —— Damn'd paper! Black as the ink that's on thee: senseless bauble! Art thou a feeder of this fact, and look'st it So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

8 — what false Italian, As pois'nous-tongu'd, as handed.]
About Shakespeare's time, the practice of poisoning was very common in Italy, and the suspi-

9 — take in some virtue. ——] To take in a town, is to conquer it.

Enter
Enter Imogen.

I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who! thy Lord? that is my Lord Leonatus,

Oh, learn'd, indeed, were that astrologer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters:
He'd lay the Future open. — You good Gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my Lord's health, of his content; — yet not,
That we two are asunder; — let that grieve him!
Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love; — of his content,
All but in that. Good wax, thy leave. — Blest be
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dang'rous bonds, pray not alike.
Though forfeitures you cast in prison, yet
You clap young Cupid's tables. Good news, Gods!

[Read.

*Oh, learn'd, indeed, were that astrologer, &c.] This was a very natural thought. She must needs be supposed, in her circumstances, to be extremely solicitous about the future; and desirous of coming to it by the assistance of that superflution.

WARBURTON.  

* For it doth physic love; — This seems to be some corruption. Opening the letter she gives a benediction to the bees, with whose wax it was sealed, then makes a reflection, the bees have no such grateful remembrance from men who have fealed bonds which put their liberty in danger, and are sent to prison if they forfeit; but wax is not made terrible to lovers, by its effect on debtors. I read therefore,

You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dang'rous bonds, pray not alike.
Though forfeitures you cast in prison, yet

You clap young Cupid's tables. You and you are, in the old angular hand, much alike.
JUSTICE, and your father’s wrath, should be take
me in his Dominion, could not be so cruel to me; as
you, oh the dearest of creatures, would even renew me
with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at
Milford-Haven: what your own love will out of this
advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that
remains so loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love;
Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh, for a horse with wings! Hear’st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven. Read, and tell me
How far tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,
Who long’st like me to see thy Lord; who long’st,—
O let me bate—but not like me—yet long’st—
But in a fainter kind—oh, not like me;
For mine’s beyond, beyond—Say, and speak thick;
Love’s counsellor should fill the bores of Hearing
To th’ smothing of the Sense—how far it is
To this same blest Milford: and, by th’ way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
T’inherit such a haven. But, first of all,
How may we steal from hence? and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence going
’Till our return, t’excuse—but first, how get hence?
Why should excuse be born, or ere begot?
We’ll talk of that hereafter. Pr’ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
’Twixt hour and hour?

Pf. One score ’twixt fun and fun,
Madam, ’s enough for you: and too much too.

Imp. Why, one that rode to’s execution, man,
Could never go so slow. I’ve heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' th' clock's behalf. But this is fool'ry.
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say,
She'll home t' her father: and provide me, presently
A riding suit; no coiffer than would fit
A Franklin's housewife.

Pif. Madam, you'd best consider.

Invo. 7 I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look thro'. Away, I pr'ythee,
Do as I bid thee; there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.

S C E N E

5 That run i' th' clock's beh-
2 This fantastical
half. ———] This fantastical
expression means no more than
said in an hour-glass, used to
measure time. Warburton.
6 A Franklin's housewife.] A
Franklin is literally a freeholder,
with a small estate, neither will in
nor waifful.
7 I see before me, man, nor
'here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a
fog in them,
That I cannot look thro'.]—— Where is
the substantiveto
which this relative plural, them,
can possibly have any reference?
There is none; and the sentence,
as well as grammar, is defective.
I have ventured to restore, against
the authority of the printed copies,

— but have a fog in ken,

That I cannot look thro'.

Ingen would say, "Don't talk
" of considering, man; I nei-
" ther see present events, nor
" conseq uences; but am in a
" mill of fortune, and relish'd

" to proceed on the project de-
" termin'd." In ken, means, in
prospect, within sight, before my
eyes. Theobald.

I see before me, man: nor but
nor there,
Nor what ensues, but have a
fog in them,

That I cannot look thro'.]—— Shakespeare
says she can see before her, yet on which side
ever she looks, there is a fog
which she cannot see thro'. This
nonenone is occasioned by the cor-
rupt reading of, but have a fog,
for, that have a fog; and
then all is plain. I see before me, (lays she) for there is no fog
on any side of me which I cannot
see thro'. Mr. Theobald
objects to a fog in them, and asks
for the substantiveto which the
relative plural [them] relate.
The substantivis places, implied
in the words here, there, and
what ensues: for not to know
that Shakespeare perpetually takes
these liberties of grammar, is
knowing nothing of his author.
SCENE III.

Changes to a Forest with a Cave, in Wales.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day! not to keep house, with such whose roof's as low as ours. See, boys! this gate instructs you how 't' adore the heav'n's; and bows you to morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs are arch'd so high, that Giants may jet through and keep their impious Turbants on, without Good-morrow to the Sun. Hail, thou fair heav'n! We house i' th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly as prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport, up to yond hill. Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats. Consider, when you, above, perceive me like a crow, that it is place which lessens and sets off. And you may then revolve what tales I told you, of Courts, of Princes, of the tricks in war. This service is not service, so being done,

So that there is no need for his strange stuff of a Fog in Ken.

WARBURTON.

This passage may, in my opinion, be very easily underflood, without any emendation. The lady says, I can see neither one way nor other, before me nor behind me, but all the ways are covered with an impenetrable fog. There are objections insuperable to all that I can propose, and since reason can give me no counsel, I will resolve at once to follow my inclination.

8 — their impious Turbants on,

The idea of a giant was, among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a Saracen.

9 This service is not service, &c.] In war it is not sufficient to do duty well; the advantage rises not from the act, but the acceptance of the act.
But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold,
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble;
Prouder, than ruffling in unpaid-for filk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd. No life to ours.

GUID. Out of your proof you speak; we, poor, unslid'd,
Have never wing'd from view o'th' nest; nor know not
What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life is best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your sluff age; but unto us, it is
A cell of ign'rance; travelling a-bed;
A prison, for a debtor that not dares
2 To stride a limit.

ARV. 3 What should we speak of,
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December? how,
In this our pinching Cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;
We're beaftly; subtle as the fox for prey,

1 —— than doing nothing for a bauble;} i. e. vain titles
of honour gained by an idle attendance at court. But the Oxford Editor reads, for a bribe.

WARBURTON.

The Oxford Editor knew the reason of his alteration, though his censor knew it not. The old edition reads,

Richer, than doing nothing for a babe.

Of babe, some corrector made beetle; and Hammer thought himself equally authorized to make bribe. I think babe cannot be right.

2 To stride a limit. To overpass his bound.

3 What should we speak of?] This creed of an old age, unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation, is a sentiment natural and noble. No flate can be more deftute than that of him who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind.
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat;
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o' th' Court,
As hard to leave, as keep, whose top to climb,
Is certain falling, or so flipp'ry, that
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of war,
A pain, that only seems to seek out danger
I' th' name of fame and honour, which dies i' th' fearch,

And hath as oft a fland'rous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many time,
Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse,
Must curt'ly at the censure. Oh, boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my Report was once
First with the best of note; Cymbeline lov'd me,
And when a soldier was the theam, my name
Was not far off; then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit, but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confed'rate with the Romans; so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, these twenty years,
This rock and these demean'nes have been my world;
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all

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The
THE fore-end of my time.—But, up to th' mountains!
This is not hunters' language; he, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' th' feast;
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater State.
I'll meet you in the valleys. [Exeunt Guid. and Arrr.

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are Sons to th' King;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they're mine: and tho' train'd up thus
meanly

*I' th' Cave, whereon the Bow their thoughts do hit
The roof of Palaces; and nature prompts them,

4 *Th' Cave, &c.] Mr. Pope reads,

Here in the Cave, wherein their thoughts do hit
The roof of Palaces;—
but the sentence breaks off imperfectly. The old editions read,

I' th' Cave, whereon the Bow
their thoughts do hit, &c.
Mr. Rowe saw this likewise was faulty; and therefore amended it thus:

I' th' Cave, where, on the Bow,
their thoughts do hit, &c.
I think, it should be, only with the alteration of one letter, and
the addition of another;

I' th' Cave, there, on the Bow,
And so the grammar and syntax
of the sentence is compleat. We
call the arching of a cavern, or
overhanging of a hill, metaphorically, the, Bow; and in like
manner the Greeks and Latin used so, and Superfluitatem. THEOD.

—tho' trained up thus meanly,
I' th' Cave, there on the

BROW,—] The old editions read, *I' th' Cave whereon the
Bow; which, tho' very corrupt, will direct us to the true reading,
which when rightly pointed, is thus,

—tho' trained up thus meanly.
I' th' Cave wherein the
Bow—
i. e. thus meanly brought up.
Yet in this very Cave, which is
so low that they must bow or
bend in entering it, yet are their
thoughts so exalted, &c. This
is the antithesis. Belarius had
spoken before of the lowness of
this cave.

A goodly day! not to keep boys
with fickle
Whose roof's as low as ours:
fee, boys! this gate
Instructs you how to adore the
beauvins; and bowes you
To morning's holy office. Ware.
Hammer reads,

I' th' Cave, here in this brow.
I think the reading is this,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Paladour,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The King his father call'd Guiderius, Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say, "thys mine enemy fell,
"And thus I set my foot on's neck"—even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother Cadwal,
Once, Arviregus, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rouz'd.—
Oh Cymbeline! heav'n and my conscience know,
Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon,
At three and two years old 5 I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou refus'd me of my lands. Euripheus,
Thou waft their nurse; they take thee for their mo-
ther,
And every day do honour to her Grave;
Myself Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game's up. [Exit,

I 'th Cave, where in the Bow, &c.
That is, they are trained up
in the cave, where their thoughts
in hitting the bow, or arch of their
habitation, hit the roofs of pa-
laces. In other words, though
their condition is low, their
thoughts are high. The sentence
is at last, as Theobald remarks,
abrupt, but perhaps not less suit-
able to Shakespeare. I know not
whether Dr. Warburton's conjec-
ture be not better than mine.

5 — I stole these babes.] Shakespeare
seems to intend Belarius
for a good character, yet he
makes him forget the injury
which he has done to the young
princes, whom he has robbed of
a kingdom only to rob their fa-
ther of heirs.

The latter part of this solilo-
quy is very inartificial, there be-
ing no particular reason why Bel-
arius should now tell to himself
what he could not know better
by telling it.
Enter Pisanio, and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from hoff,
the place
Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio, Man,
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? wherefore breaks that sigh
From th' inward of thee? one, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication. Put thysel'f
Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider fenes. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? if 't be summer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that count'nance still. My husband's hand?
That 'drug-damn'd Ialy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point. Speak, man; thy
tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be e'en mortal to me.

Pif. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most did dain'd of fortune.

Imogen reads.

THY mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet in
my bed: the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me.
I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong
as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That

6—drug-damn'd—] This is another allusion to Italian poisons.

part
part thou, Pisanio, must do it for me. If thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers, let thine hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven. She hath my letter for the purpose; where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the Pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.

Pif. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper Hath cut her throat already._—No, 'tis slander; Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye All corners of the world. Kings, Queens, and 7 states, Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the Grave This viperous slander enters. What cheer, Madam?

Imo. False to his bed! what is it to be false? To lie in watch there, and to think on him? To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge na-ture,
To break it with a fearful dream of him, And cry myself awake? That's false to's bed! is't?

Pif. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? thy conscience witness, Iackimo,— Thou didst accuse him of incontinency, Thou then look'dst like a villain: now, methinks, Thy favour's good enough. _Some Jay of Italy._

7. _states._ Persons of highest rank.
8. _Some Jay of Italy._ There is a prettiness in this expression, Putta, in Italian, signifying both a _Jay_ and a _Woodpigeon._ I suppose from the gay feathers of that bird.

Warburton.

9. _Whose mother was her painting._—_This puzzles Mr. Theobald much; he thinks it may signify whose..._ This is a bird of the same feather; or that it should be read, whose mother was her planting. What all this means I know not. In Mr. Rowe's edition
I must be ript. To pieces with me. Oh, Men’s vows are women’s traitors. All good Seeming By thy revolt, oh husband. shall be thought Put on for villainy; not born where’t grows; But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pif. Good Madam, hear me—

Iuo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas, Were in his time thought false: and Simon’s Weeping Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity From most true wretchedness. So thou, Posthumus, Wilt lay the leaven to all proper men; Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur’d, From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest, Do thou thy master’s bidding: when thou seest him, A little witness my obedience. Look!
I draw the sword myself, take it, and hit The innocent mansion of my love, my heart;

The word *method* I never read nor heard. The present reading, I think, may stand; some jest of Italy, made by an idle creature, not of nature, but of painting. In this sense painting may be not improperly termed her mother.

---So thou, Posthumus,

*Will lay the leaven to all proper men;* When Posthumus thought his wife false, he unjustly scandalized the whole sex. His wife here, under the same impressions of his infidelity, attended with more provoking circumstances, acquires his sex, and lays the fault where it was due. The poet paints from nature. This is life and manners. The man thinks it a dishonour to the superiority of his understanding to be jilted, and therefore flatters his vanity into a conceit that the disgrace was inevitable from the general infidelity of the sex. The woman, on the contrary, not imagining her credit to be at all affected in the matter, never seeks cut for so extravagant a consolation; but at once eases her malice and her grief, by laying the crime and damage at the door of some obnoxious coquet. 

Hamner reads, 

---lay the level—without any necessity.
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but grief;
Thy matter is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it. Do his Bidding, [strike]
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

*Pif.* Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

*Imo.* Why, I must die;
And, if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. 'Gainst self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand: come, here's my heart—
Something's afore't—soft, soft, we'll no defence;
[Opening her breast.
Obedient as the scabbard!—What is here?
The Scriptures of the loyal Leonatus
All turn'd to Heresy? away, away,

[Pulling his letters out of her bosom.
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart: thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: tho' those, that are betray'd,
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, Posidamus,
That set'st my disobedience 'gainst the King,
And mad'st me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find,
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disdeng'd by her
Whom now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, dispatch;
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

*Pif.* O gracious Lady!

2 Something's afore't— The old copy reads, Something's afoot.
3 When now thou tir'st on,— Fre.ch.

A hawk is said to tire upon that which he pecks; from tire,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

* Imo. Do't, and to bed then.
* Pif. *I'll wake mine eye-balls first.*
* Imo. Wherefore then

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

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

* Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, speak,
I've heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But, speak.

* Pif. Then, Madam,
I thought, you would not back again.

* Imo. Moit like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

* Pif. Not so, neither;
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd; some villain,
And singular in his art, hath done you both
This curst injury.

* Imo. Some Roman Courtezan——

* Pif. No, on my life.
I'll give him notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it: for 'tis commanded,
I should do so. You shall be mis'd at Court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where 'bide?—how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pif. If you'll back to th' Court——

Imo. No Court, no Father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, Nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pif. If not at Court,
Then not in Britain must you 'bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the Sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I th' world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest. Pr'ythee, think,
There's livers out of Britain.

Pif. I'm most glad,
You think of other place: th' Ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow. 6 Now, if you could wear a mind

6 —Now, if you could wear a mind

Dark as your fortune is,—] What had the darkness of her mind
to do with the concealment of person, which is here advised?
On the contrary, her mind was to continue unchanged, in order to
support her change of fortune. Shakespeare wrote,

Now, if you could wear a mine.

Or according to the French orthography, from whence I presume arose the corruption;

Now, if you could wear a mine.

I believe that, when this passage is considered, there will be
found no need of emendation.

To wear a dark mind, is to carry a mind impenetrable to the
search of others. Darkness applied to the mind is secrecy, applied to the fortune is obscurity.
The next lines are obscure. You must, says Pisanio, disguise that
greatness, which, to appear hereafter in its proper form, cannot
yet appear without great danger to itself.

Dark
Dark as your fortune is, but do disguise
That, which, t’appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view; yea, haply, near
The residence of Poshumus; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible,
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Lito. Oh! for such means,
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
I would adventure.

Pif. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness,
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self, to wagish courage;
Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weazle: nay, you must
Forget that raref tresure of your cheek;
Exposing it (but, oh, the harder Heart!
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your labourome and dainty trims, wherein

7 —ful of view; — With
opportunities of examining your
affairs with your own eyes.
8 Though peril to my modesty,— I
read.

Through peril; —
I would for such means adventure through peril of my modesty; I
would risk every thing but real
dishonour.
9 —nay, you must
Forget that raref treasure of your cheek;
Exposing it (but oh the harder Heart,
Alack, no remedy) — — ) Who
does this harder Heart relate to?
Poshumus is not here talk'd of; besides, he knew nothing of her
being thus exposed to the inclemencies of weather: he had en-
join'd a course, which would have secure'd her from these incidental hardships. I think, com-
mon sense obliges us to read,

But, oh, the harder Harp!
i.e. the more cruel your fortune,
that you must be oblig'd to such
shirts.

Warderton.

I think it very natural to rec-
cell in this diffeer on the cruelty of Poshumus.
You made great Juno angry.

Ino. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pif. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
'Tis in my cloak-bag, doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them. Would you in their serving,
And with what Imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Prevent yourself, defile his service, tell him
Wherein you're happy; which you'll make him
know,
If that his head have ear in musick; doubtlesse,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad?
You have me rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supply.

Ino. Thou 'rt all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away.
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A Prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pif. Well, Madam, we must take a short farewell;
Left, being mis'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the Court. My noble Mistris,
Here is a box; I had it from the Queen,

1 —which you'll make him know.] This is Hanmer's reading. The common books have it,

2 —which will make him know.
Mr. Thesbald, in one of his long notes, endeavours to prove, that it should be,

3 —which will make him so.
He is followed by Dr. Warburton.

2 —we'll even
All that good time will give us.] We'll make our work even with our time; we'll do what time will allow.

3 —This attempt
I'm soldier to, I have inlifted and bound myself to it. Wareburton.
C Y M B E L I N E.
What's in't is precious: if you're sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.——To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood; may the Gods
Direct you to the best!
I'mo. Amen: I thank thee. [Exeunt, severally.

S C E N E V.
Changes to the Palace of Cymbeline.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

C y m. T H U S far, and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal Sir.
My Emperor hath wrote; I must from hence,
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our Subjects, Sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To shew less Sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear un-kinglike.

Luc. So, Sir: I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.
Madam, all joy befall your Grace, and you!

Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of Honour in no point omit:
So farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my Lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Th'event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my
Lords,
Till he have crost the Severn. Happiness!

[Exit Lucius, &c.}

Queen.
Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us,
That we have giv'n him caufe.
Clot. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor,
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness;
The Powers, that he already hath in Gallia,
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.
Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.
Cym. Our expectation, that it should be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle Queen,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty;
We've noted it. Call her before us, for
We've been too light in sufferance. [Exit a Servant.
Queen. Royal Sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your Majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

Cym. Where is she, Sir? how
Can her contempt be answer'd?
Serv. Please you, Sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be given to th' loudest noise we make.
Queen. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
When, constrain'd by her infirmity,
She said that duty have unpaid to you,
Which duty she was bound to proffer; this
She said of me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in mem'ry.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? grant heav'ns, that, which I fear,
Prove false!

Queen. Son, I say, follow the King.
Clot. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

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

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son?

Clot. 'Tis certain, she is fled.
Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better; may
This night fore-stall him of the coming day!

Clot. I love, and hate her;—for she's fair and royal,

4 And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite

Than
Than lady, ladies, woman; from each one
The best she hath, and she of all compounded
Oursells them all: I love her therefore;—but,
Dismaying me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, flanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is chok'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools
Shall——

SCENE VI.

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? what! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither. Ah! you precious pander, villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word, or else
Thou'rt straightway with the fiends.

[Drawing his sword.

Pif. Oh, my good Lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pif. Alas, my Lord,
How can she be with him? when was she miss'd?

The best she hath,—] The second line is intolerable nonsense.
It should be read and pointed thus,

Than lady Ladies; winning
from each one——

The sense of the whole is this, I
love her because she has, in a
more exquisite degree, all those
courtey parts that ennoble [lady]
women of quality [ladies,] winning
from each of them the best
of their good qualities, &c. Lady

is a plural verb, and Ladies a
noun governed of it; a quaint
expression in Shakespeare's way,
and suitting the folly of the char-
acter. Warburton.

I cannot perceive the second
line to be intolerable, or to be
nonsense. The speaker only rises
in his ideas. She has all courtly
parts, says he, more exquisite than
any lady, than all ladies, than all
woman-kind. Is this nonsense?

He
He is in Rome.

Clot. Where is she, Sir? Come nearer; No further halting. Satisfy me home, What is become of her?

Pif. Oh, my all-worthy Lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain! Discover where thy mistress is,—at once,—— At the next word. No more of worthy Lord. Speak, or thy silence on the instant is Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pif. Then, Sir, This paper is the history of my knowledge Touching her flight.

Clot. Let’s see’t; I will pursue her Even to Augustus’ throne.

Pif. Or this, or perish. She’s far enough; and what he learns by this, May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Humh.

Pif. I’ll write to my Lord, she’s dead. Oh, Imogen, Safe may’st thou wander, safe return again!

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pif. Sir, as I think. Clot. It is Posibhumus’s hand, I know’t. Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry; that is, what villany foe’er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honest man; thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pif. Well, my good Lord.

\[ Or this, or perish—\] These words, I think, belong to Cloten, who, requiring the paper, says, Let’s see’t; I will pursue her Even to Augustus’ throne. Or this, or perish.

Then Pifano giving the paper, says to himself, She’s far enough, &c.
Clo. Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pif. Sir, I will.

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

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

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither. Let it be thy first service. Go.

Pif. I shall, my Lord. [Exit.

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

Enter Pifanio, with a suit of clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pif. Ay, my noble Lord.

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

Vol. VII. Z Pif.
Pif. She can scarce be there yet.

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

Pif. Thou bidd’st me to my loss: for true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true. To Milford go, And find not her, whom thou pursu’st. Flow, flow, You heav’nly Blessings on her! This fool’s speed Be crost with frownness. Labour be his meed! [Exit.

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Forest and Cave.

Enter Imogen, in boy’s clothes.

Intr. I see, a man’s life is a tedious one:
I’ve tire’d myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain top Pisania shew’d thee,
Thou wait within a ken. O Jove, I think,
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev’d. Two beggars told me,
I could not mis my way. Will poor folks lye,
That have afflictions on them, knowing ’tis
A punishment, or trial? yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fullness
6 Is forer, than to lye for need; and fallhood
Is worse in Kings, than Beggars. My dear Lord!
Thou ’rt one o’th’ false ones; now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but ev'n before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this?

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

[She goes into the Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, Paladour, have prov'd best woodman, and
Are master of the feast. Cadwal and I

7 If any thing that's civil,—]
Civil, for human creature.

Warburton.
If any thing that's civil, speak;
if savage,
Take or lend.—I. She is in doubt, whether this cave be the
habitation of a man or beast. If
it be the former, she bids him
speak; if the latter, that is, the
den of a savage beast, what then?
Take or lend—We should read,
Take or lend—We should read,
I.e. take my life ere famine end
it. Or was commonly used for
ere; this agrees to all that went
before. But the Oxford Editor
cuts the knot;
Take, or yield food
says he. As if it was possible so
plain a sentence should ever have
been blundered into Take or lend.

Warburton.
I suppose the emendation pro-
posed will not easily be received;
it is strained and obscure, and
the objection against Hammer's
reading is likewise very strong.
I question whether, after the
words, if savage, a line be not
lost, I can offer nothing better
than to read,

—Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, take
or lend,
If savage, speak.
If you are civilized and peaceable,
take a price for what I want, or
lend it for a future recom pense;
if you are rough inhospitable in-
habitants of the mountain, speak,
that I may know my state.

Z 2 Will
Will play the cook, and servant; 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs
Will make what's homely favoury; weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restless sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Guid. I'm thoroughly weary.

Art. I'm weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Guid. There is cold meat i' th' cave, we'll brooze
on that,
Whilst what we've kill'd, be cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in. [Looking in.

But that it eats our victuals, I should think,
Here were a Fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly Paragon. Behold divinities
No elder than a boy.

-Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not.

Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought
T' have begg'd, or bought, what I have took; good

I have flotl'n nought, nor would not, though I'd

Gold strew'd i' th' floor. Here's money for my meat;
I would have left it on the board, so soon

As I had made my meal; and parted hence
With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Mony, youth?

Art. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!

As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those

Who worship dirty Gods.

Imo. I see, you're angry:

Know,
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dy’d, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What’s your name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir. I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy, he embark’d at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I’m fall’n in this offence.

Bel. Prythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter’d!
’Tis almost night, you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.
—Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woe hard, but be your groom in honesty;
I’d bid for you, as I’d buy.

Arc. I’ll make’t my comfort
He is a man, I’ll love him as my brother,
And such a welcome as I’d give to him,
After long absence, such is yours. Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall ’mongst friends.

Imo. ’Mongst friends?
If brothers, would it had been so, that they
Had been my father’s sons! ’Then had my prize
Been less, and so more equal’ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Guid. ’Would I could free’t!

Arc. Or I, whate’er it be,

8 I bid for you, as I’d buy.] This is Hamner’s reading. The
other copies,
I bid for you, as I do buy.
2 — then had my prize
Been les, and so more equal’balasting ] Hamner reads
plausibly, but without necessity,
price, for prize, and balancing, for
la’assing. He is followed by Dr.
Warburton. The meaning is, Had
I been a less prize, I should not
have been too heavy for Posthu-
mus.
Cymbeline
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!
Bel. Hark, boys.
[Whispering.
Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, Gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leona.us is false.
Bel. It shall be so.
Boys, we'll go dress our Hunt. Fair youth, come in;
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we've supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.
Guid. I pray, draw near.
Arv. The night to th'owl, and morn to th'lark,
less welcome!
Imo. Thanks, Sir.
Arv. I pray, draw near. [Exeunt.

1 That nothing-gift of differing multitudes.] The poet must mean, that court, that obsequious adoration, which the shifting vulgar pay to the great, is a tribute of no price or value. I am persuaded therefore, our poet coined this participle from the French verb, and wrote,

That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,

i. e. obsequious, paying deference.—Deferer, Ceder par refpea a quelcon, obeir, condescendre, &c. Deferent, civil, refpeceux, &c. Richelet. Theob.

He is followed by Sir T. Hammer and Dr. Warburton; but I do not see why differing may not be a general epithet, and the expression equivalent to the many-beaded rabbble.

Scene
SCENE VIII.

Changes to Rome.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 Sen. THIS is the tenor of the Emperor's Writ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this busines. He creates
Lucius Pro-consul; and to you, the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Caesar!

Tri. Is Lucius Gen'ral of the Forces?

2 Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your Levy
Must be suppliant: The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [Exeunt.

---and to you, the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he com-
mands
His absolute commission.
Commands his commission is such
a phrase as Shakespeare would
hardly have used. I have ven-
tur'd to subst.tute;
---be commends
His absolute commission.

i.e. he recommends the care of
making this levy to you; and
gives you an absolute commission
for so doing. Warburton.

The plain meaning is, he com-
mands the commission to be given
to you. So we say, I ordered the
materials to the workmen.

Z 4. ACT
Enter Cloten alone.

I am near to th' place where they should meet, if
Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his gar-
ments serve me! why should his mistrefs, who was
made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too?
the rather, saving reverence of the word, because, ’tis
said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must
play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is
not vain-glory for a man and his glafs to confer; in his
own chamber I mean,) the lines of my body are as
well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, nor
beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage
of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in
general services, and more remarkable in single oppo-
sitions; yet this ill-perseverant thing loves him in my
despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head,
which is now growing upon thy shoulders, shall with-
in this hour be off, thy mistrefs enforce'd, thy garments
cut to pieces before her face; and all this done, spurn
her home to her father, who may, haply, be a little
angry for my so rough ufage; but my mother, ha-
ving power of his testament, shall turn all into my

<sup>3</sup> ill-perseverant | H nver. The
former editions have impersever-
rant.

<sup>4</sup> before thy face | Posthumus
was to have his head struck off,
and then his garments cut to
pieces before his face; we should
read,—her face, i. e. Imago,
done to despite her, who had
said, she esteemed Posthumus's
garment above the person of
Cloten. 

Warburton.

commendations,
condemnations. My horse is tied up safe. Out, sword, and to a fore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand. This is the very description of their meeting place, and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Changes to the Front of the Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen, from the Cave.

Bel. YOU are not well; remain here in the cave:
We'll come t'you after hunting.
Arv. Brother, stay here. [To Imogen.
Are we not brothers?——
Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I'm very sick.
Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.
Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course; the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I'm ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not sociable. I'm not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here,
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.
Guid. I love thee, I have spoke it;
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
Stick to your journal course; broken, nothing follows but confusion.
Is breach of all ——] Keep your daily course uninterrupted; I read,
And the flated plan of life is once As much the quantity,——
As
As
As
As
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

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

Bel. O noble strain!

O worthiness of nature, breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things fire the base;
Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.
I'm not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me!

—'Tis the ninth hour o' th' morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

IIuo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health—So please you, Sir.

IIuo. [Aside.] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I've heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:
Experience, oh, thou disprov'lt report.
Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still, heart-sick—Pisano,
I'll now taste of thy drug. [Drinks out of the phial.

Guid. 7 I could not stir him.

He said, he was 8 gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To th' field, to th' field.

—We'll leave you for this time; go in and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,

7 I could not stir him.] Not move him to tell his story.
8—gentle, but unfortunate; Gentle, is well-born, of birth above the vulgar.
For you must be our housewife.

Ino. Well or ill,
I am bound to you. [Exit Imogen, to the Cave.

Bel. And shalt be ever.

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears to have had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Guid. But his neat cookery!

Arv. He cut our roots in characters;
And daw'd our broth, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile,
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Guid. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,

Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking Elder, Grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the encreasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come; away. Who's there?

SCENE III.

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find these runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me.—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis

9 Mingle their spurs together.]
Spurs, an old word for the fibres
Of a tree. —Pope.

1—Stinking Elder.—Shake-
peare only seen English vines
which grow against walls, and
therefore may be sometimes ent-
tangled with the Elder. Perhaps
we should read untwine from the
wine.-A.

Cloten,
Clen, the son o' th' Queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet.
I know, 'tis he. We're held as Out-laws. Hence.

Guid. He is but one; you and my brother search
What companies are near. Pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.

Clen. Soft! what are you,
That fly me thus? some villain-mountaineer.
I've heard of such. What slave art thou?

Guid. A thing
More lavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clen. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.

Guid. To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have
not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger: for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?

Clen. Thou villain base,
Know'rt me not by my clothes?

Guid. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clen. Thou precious varlet!
My tailor made them not.

Guid. Hence then, and thank.
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I'm loth to beat thee.

Clen. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy name?

Clen. Cloten, thou villain.

Guid. Cloten, then, double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, spider,
Cymbeline

'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy meer confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to th' Queen.

Guid. I'm sorry for't, not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afraid?

Guid. Those that I rev'rense, those I fear, the wise;
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death!—

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Ludi's town set your heads.
Yield, ruffian mountaineer. [Fight, and extant.

Scene IV.

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world; you did mistake him:
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; * the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I'm absolute
'Twas very Cloen.

Arv. In this place we left them;
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say, he is so fell.

*—the snatches in his voice, and burst of speaking,—] This is one of our author's strokes of observation. An abrupt and tumultuous utterance very frequently accompanies a confused and cloudy understanding.

Bel.
Bel. Being scarce made up, 
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension 
Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgment 
Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.

Enter Guiderius, with Cloten’s Head.

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

Bel. What hast thou done?

Guid. I’m perfect, what; cut off one Cloten’s head, 
Son to the Queen, after his own report;

3 In the old editions, 
Being scarce made up, 
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension 
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment 
Is oft the cause of fear,—] If I understand this passage, it is mock reasoning as it stands, and the text must have been slightly corrupted. Belarius is giving a description of what Cloten formerly was; and in answer to what Aurelius says of his being to fall. “Ay, says Belarius, he was so fell, and being scarce then at man’s estate, he had no apprehension of roaring terrors, i.e., of any thing that could check him with fears.” But then, how does the inference come in, built upon this? For defect of judgment is oft the cause of fear. I think, the poet meant to have said the mere contrary. Cloten was defective in judgment, and therefore did not fear. Apprehensions of fear grow from a judgment in weighing dangers. And a very easy change, from the traces of the letters, gives us this sense, and reconciles the reasoning of the whole passage.

—For the effect of judgment 
Is oft the cause of fear.

Theobald:

Hamner reads, with equal judgements of sentiment,

—For defect of judgment 
Is oft the cure of fear.

But, I think, the play of off and cause more resembling the manner of our authors.

4 I’m perfect, what;—] I am well informed, what. So in this play,

I’m perfect, the Pannonians are in arms.
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore
With his own singe hand, he'd take us in;
Displace our heads, where, thanks ye Gods, they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We're all undone!

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

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on; but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. *Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not Frenzy,
Not absolute madness, could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone; although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are Out-laws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he hearing,
As it is like him, might break out, and swear,
He'd fetch us in; yet is 't not probable

5 —take us in; *] To take in,
was the phrase in use for to app
peal an outlaw, or, to make
him amenable to publick justice.

* —Though his honour
Was nothing but mutation, &c.]
What has his honour to do here,
in his being changeable in this tow? in his acting as a madman,
or not? I have ventur'd to substitute humour, against the authority of the printed copies: and the meaning seems plainly this.

* Though he was always fickle
* to the last degree, and go-
vern'd by humour, not found
ferce; yet not madness itself

* "could make him so hardy to
* attempt an enterprise of this
* nature alone, and unseconed."

Theobald.

* —Though his honour
Was nothing but mutation,—]
Mr. Theobald, as usual, not understanding this, turns honour to
humour. But the text is right,
and means, that the only notion
he had of honour, was the fa-
sion, which was perpetually
changing. A fine stroke of fa-
tire, well expressed: yet the Ox-
ford Editor follows Mr. Theobald.

Warburton.

To
To come alone, nor he so undertaking,
Nor they so suffering; then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come, as the Gods foresay it; howso'ever,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day; the boy Fidele's sickness
7 Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I've ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw 't into the creek
Behind our rock, and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the Queen's son, Cloten.
That's all I reckon.

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd.
'Would, Paladour, thou hadst not done 't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me! Paladour,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much,
Thou'lt robb'd me of this deed; I would, 8 revenge
That possible strength might meet would seek us thro';
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock,
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
'Till hastily Paladour return, and bring him
to dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,

7 Did make my way long forth.]
Fidele's sickness made my walk
forth from the cave tedious.

8 revenge
That possible strength might met] Such pursuit of vengeance as fell
within any possibility of opposition.
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity.          [Exit.

Bel. O thou Goddes,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'tt
In these two princely boys! they are as gentle,
As Zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as th' rudest wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonderful.
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
 Civility not seen from other, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clot-pole down the stream,
In embassy to his mother. His body's hostage
For his return.                     [Solemn musick.

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Paladour! it sounds: but what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? hark!

9 I'd let a parish of such Cloten's blood.] This non-
sense should be corrected thus.
I'd let a parish of such Cloten's blood,
i.e. a marish or lake. So Smith,
in his account of Virginia, Ye Venice, at this time the admiration of the earth, was at first but a marish, inhabited by poor fishermen. In the first book of Mac-
cabees, chap. ix. ver. 42. the Translators use the word in the same sense. Warburton.
The learned commentator has dealt the reproach of non-sense very liberally through this play. Why this is non-sense, I cannot discover. I would, says the young Prince, to recover Rhode, kill as many Cloten as would fill a pa-
rist.
Guid. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence even now.
Guid. What does he mean? Since death of my dear'ft Mother,
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwol mad?

SCENE V.

Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes!
And brings the dire occasion, in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.
Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on! I had rather
Have skipt from sixteen years of age to sixty;
And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.
Guid. Oh sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.
Bel. 'O melancholy!
Who ever yet could found thy bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish carrack

1 Oh, melancholy!
Who ever yet could found thy bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish care
Might easieft harbour in?—

Carrack is a flow, heavy built
Vessel of burden. This retires
The uniformity of the metaphor,
Compleats the sense, and is a word
Of great propriety and beauty to
Design a melancholic person.

Wardourton.

Might
Might eas'liest harbour in?—thou blessed thing!
Love knows, what man thou might'st have made;
but I
Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!
How found you him?
Arv. Stark, as you see,
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber
Not as Death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.
Guid. Where?
Arv. O' th' floor,
His arms thus leagu'd. I thought, he slept; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.
Guid. Why, he but sleeps;
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female Fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.
Arv. With fairest flow'rs,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
The flow'r that's like thy face, pale Primrose; nor
The azur'd Hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of Eglantine, which not to flander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath. * The Ruddock would,
With charitable bill, oh bill, fore-shaming
Those rich left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a Monument! bring thee all this;

*—The Ruddock would,
With charitable bill, bring thee
all this;
Yea, and surr'd moss besides.
When flow'rs are none,
To winter-ground thy course.] Here again, the metaphor is
strangely mangled. What sense
is there in winter-grounding a
carfe with moss? A carfe might
indeed be said to be winter-
grounded in good thick clay. But
the epithet surr'd to moss directs
us plainly to another reading,
To winter-gown thy course —
i.e. the summer habit shall be
a light gown of flowers, thy win-
ter habit a good warm surr'd
gown of moss. WARBURTON.
The Ruddock is the Red-breast,

A a 2
Yea,
Yea, and fur'd moss besides, when flow'rs are none,  
To winterground thy coarse.—
"Guid. Pr'ythee, have done;  
And do not play in wench-like words with that  
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,  
And not protraet with admiration what  
Is now due debt.—To th' grave.

"Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?  
"Guid. By good Euriphe, our mother.  

"Arv. Be't fo:  
And let us, Paladour, though now our voices  
Have got the mannifh crack, sing him to th' ground,  
As, once, our mother; use like note, and words,  
Save that Euriphe must be Fidele.

"Guid. Cadwal,  
I cannot sing; I'll weep, and word it with thee;  
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse  
Than Priests and Fanes that lye.

"Arv. We'll speak it then.  

"Bel. Great griefs, I see, med'cine the les. For  

Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's son, boys,  
And though he came our enemy, remember,  
He was paid for that: tho' mean and mighty, rotting  
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,  
That angel of the world, doth make distinction  
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely,  
And though you took his life, as being our foe,  
Yet bury him, as a Prince.

"Guid. Pray, fetch him hither.

---

"Hermer reads,  

He has paid for that:

rather plausibly than rightly.  

Paut is for pun'feed. So Johnes;  

Twenty things more, my friend,  

which you know due,  

For which, or pay me quietly,  

or I'll pay you.

4 —— reverence,  

That angel of the world;—]  

Reverence, or due regard to sub-ordination, is the power that  

keeps peace and order in the world.  

Thersites*
Cymbeline

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll lay our song the whilst. Brother, begin.

Guid. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to th' East;
My father hath a reason for 't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o' th' Sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Both golden lads and girls all must
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. 5 Fear no more the frown o' th' Great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to cloath and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
Both the scepter, i.e. rain, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Guid. Fear no more the lightning-flash.

Arv. Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone.

Guid. 6 Fear not slander, censure rasb.

Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and morn.
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
7 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

5 Fear no more, &c. ] This is the topic of consolation that nature dictates to all men on these occasions. The same farewell we have over the dead body in Lucian. Τίνα τὴν ἐδίωκαν ἐκείνη δείξας, ἐκείνη παρὰς, &c.

6 Fear not slander, &c. ] Perhaps,

Fear not slander's censure rasb.

7 Consign to thee,—] Perhaps,

Consign to this.—

And in the former stanza, for all follow this, we might read, all follow thee.

Warburton.

Aa 3

Guid.
Guid. No exorciser harm thee!
   Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Guid. Ghost, un laid, forbear thee!
   Arv. Nothing ill come near thee?
Both. Quiet consummation have,
     And renowned be thy Grave!  

SCENE VI.

Enter Belarius, with the body of Cloten.

Guid. We've done our obsequies: come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flow'rs, but about midnight
     more;
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' th' night,
Are strewings sitt'il for Graves.—Upon their faces—
You were as flow'rs, now wither'd; even so
These herbelets shall, which we upon you f'trow.
Come on, away. Apart upon our knees.
—The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain. [Exeunt.

Imogen, awaking.

Imo. Yes, Sir, to Mi'ford-Haven, which is the way?

I thank you—by yond bush?—pray, how far thither?

'Ods pittikins—can it be six mile yet?—
I've gone all night—'faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, so'f! no bedfellow,—Oh Gods, and God-
deffes! [Seeing the body.
These flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man the care on't.—I hope, I dream;

8 For the obsequies of Fidole,
a song was written by my unhap-
py friend, Mr. William Collins of
Clei. beater, a man of uncommon
learning and abilities. I shall
give it a place at the end in ho-
nour of his memory.
For so I thought, I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures. But 'tis not so:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes,
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear; but if there be
Yet left in heav'n as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd Gods! a part of it!
The dream's here still; ev'n when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!—the garments of Posthumus?
I know the shape of's leg, this is his hand,
His foot mercurial, his martial thigh,
The brawns of Hercules: but his jovial face—
Murder in heaven?—how!—'tis gone!—Pi-

All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou,
'Twas thou, conspiring with that devil Cloten,
Haft here cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
Be henceforth treach'rous!—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters—damn'd Pisanio!—
From this the bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top! oh Posthumus, alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? ah me, where's
that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be? Pis-

'Tis he and Cloten. Malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. Oh, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it

9 "'Twas thou, &c.] The old

copy reads thus:

Chow

Conspir'd with that irregularus
divell Cloten.

I suppose it should be,

Conspir'd with th' irreligious
divell Cloten.

A a 4

Murd'rous
SCENE VII.

Enter Lucius, Captains, and a Soothsayer.

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

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd up the Confiners, And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits, That promise noble service; and they come Under the conduct of bold Iachimo, Syren's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' th' wind.

Luc. This forwardness Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers Be musterd; bid the Captains look to't. Now, Sir, What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. 'Last night, the very Gods shew'd me a vision.

(I fast,

1 Last night, the very Gods shew'd me a vision.] The very Gods may, indeed, signify the Gods themselves immediately, and not by the intervention of other agents or instruments; yet I am persuaded the reading is corrupt, and that Shakespeare wrote,

Last night, the wary Gods—Wary
CYMBELINE. 361

(I fast, and pray'd for their intelligence)
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south, to this part of the West,
There vanish'd in the sun-beams; which portends,
Unless my sins abate my divination,
Success to th' Roman Hoft.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false!—Soft, ho, what Trunk is here
Without his top? the ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? but dead, rather:
For Nature doth abhor to make his couch
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my Lord.
Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young
one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: who is this,
Thou makst thy bloody pillow? who was he,
That, otherwise than noble Nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? what's thy interest
In

Warburton.

Of this meaning I know not
any example, nor do I see any
need of alteration. It was no
common dream, but sent from
the very Gods, or the Gods them-
selves.

The editor, Mr. Theobald, cavils
at this passage. He says, it is
far from being strictly grammatic
al; and yet, what is strange, he
subjoins a paraphrase of his own,
which shews it to be strictly gram
matical. For, says he, the con
struction of these words is this,
who hath alter'd that good picture
otherwise than nature alter'd it. I
suppose then this editor's mean
ing was, that the grammatical
construction would not conform
to the sense; for a bad writer,
like a bad man, generally says
one thing, and means another.
He ful-joining, Shakespeare did
sign.
In this sad wreck? how came it, and who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be, were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain: alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From East to Occident, cry out for service,
Try many, and all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend,

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lye, and do
No harm by it, though the Gods hear, I hope, [aside.
They'll pardon it. Say you, Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same;
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.

[![Text continues with discussion on Shakespeare's use of words and the evolution of language over time.](image-url)]
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less below'd. The Roman Emperor's letters,
Sent by a Consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But first, an't please the
Gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his
Grave,
And on it laid a century of pray'rs,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
And, leaving to his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee, than master thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties. Let us
Find out the prettiest dazied Plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A Grave. Come, arm him. Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful, wipe thine eyes:
Some Falls are means the happier to arise. [Exeunt.

—these poor pickaxes—] 4 ——arm him.—] That
Meaning her fingers. is, Take him up in your arms.

Hammer.
SCENE VIII.

5 Changes to Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. A gain; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
Madness, of which her life's in danger; heav'n's!
How deeply you at once do touch me. Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone! My Queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me! Her son gone,
So needful for this present. It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pif. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains; why, gone;
Nor when she purposes Return. 'Beseech your High-
ness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

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

5 Changes to Cymbeline's Palace.] This scene is omitted a-against all authority by Sir T. Hazlitt. It is indeed of no great use in the progress of the fable, yet it makes a regular prepara-tion for the next Act.
Cymbeline.

Cym. The time is troublesome,
We'll slip you for a season, but our jealousy [To Pif.
Does yet depend.

Lord. So please your Majesty,
The Roman Legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my Son and Queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you're ready;
The want is, but to put these Powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw,
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [Exeunt.

Pif. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain. 'Tis strange;
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I,
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplexed in all. The heavens still must work.
Wherein I'm false, I'm honest; not true, to be true:
These present wars shall find, I love my Country,
Ev'n to the note o' th' King, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.

[Exit.

6 —our jealousy
Does yet depend,] My suspicion
is yet undetermined; if I do not
condemn you, I likewise have
not acquitted you. We now say,
the case is depending.

7 Your preparation, &c.] Your
forces are able to face such an army as we hear the enemy will
bring against us.

8 —to the note o' th' King,—]
I will so distinguish myself, that
the King shall remark my valour.

Scene
Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Guid. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, Sir, find we in life, to lock it from action and adventure?

Guid. Nay, what hope have we in hiding us? this way the Romans must or for Britons slay us, or receive us for barb'rous and unnatural Revolts during their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons, we'll higher to the mountains, there secure us. To the King's Party there's no going; newness of Coten's death, we being not known, nor muster'd among the bands, may drive us to a Render where we have liv'd, and so extort from us that which we've done, whose answer would be death drawn on with torture.

Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt, in such a time, nothing becoming you, nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely, that when they hear the Roman horses neigh, behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes and ears so cloy'd importantly as now, that they will waste their time upon our note to know from whence we are.

Bel.
Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the army; many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore
him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the King
Hath not deferv’d my service, nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding;
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeles
To have the courtesy your cradle promis’d;
But to be still hot summer’s tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Guid. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, Sir, to th’ army;
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o’er-grown,
Cannot be question’d.

Arv. By this Sun that shines,
I’ll thither; what thing is it, that I never
Did see man die, scarce ever look’d on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison,
Never bestrid a horse save one, that had
A rider like myself who ne’er wore rowel,
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham’d
To look upon the holy Sun, to have
The benefit of his best beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heav’ns, I’ll go;
If you will blest me, Sir, and give me leave,
I’ll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!


Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should refree
My crack’d one to more care. Have with you, boys;
If in your country wars y. u chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads; and there I’ll lie.

Lead.
Lead, lead. The time seems long: their blood thinks scorn
*Till it fly out, and shew them Princes born. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody handkerchiefs.

POSTHUMUS.

YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wist,
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married Ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little? Oh, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all Commands;
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I ne'er

3 bloody; handkerchiefs. The bloody token of Imogen's death, which Pisanio in the foregoing act determined to send.
4 Yea, bloody cloth, &c.] This is a soliloquy of nature, uttered when the effervescence of a mind agitated and perturbed spontaneously and inadvertently discharges itself in words. The speech, throughout all its tenour, if the last conceit be excepted, seems to issue warm from the heart. He first condemns his own violence; then tries to disburden himself, by imputing part of the crime to Pisanio; he next softens his mind to an artificial and momentary tranquillity, by trying to think that he has been only an instrument of the gods for the happiness of Imogen. He is now grown reasonable enough to determine, that having done so much evil he will do no more; that he will not fight against the country which he has already injured; but as life is not longer supportable, he will die in a just cause, and die with the obscurity of a man who does not think himself worthy to be remembered.

Had
Had liv'd, to put on this; so had you sav'd
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more; you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it to the doers' thirst.

5 — to put on,—] Is to incite, to instigate.
6 — each elder worse, ] For this reading all the later editors have contentedly taken,
— each worse than other, without enquiries whence they have received it. Yet they know, or might know, that it has no authority. The original copy reads,
— each elder worse.
The last deed is certainly not the oldest, but Shakespeare calls the deed of an elder man an elder deed.
1 And make them dread it, to the doers' thirst.]} The Divinity-schools have not furnish'd judicious observations on the conduct of providence, than Posibemus gives us here in his private reflections. You Gods, says he, sit in a different manner with your different creatures;
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love;
To have them fall no more.
Others, says our poet, you permit to live on, to multiply and increase in crimes,
And make them dread it, to the doers' thirst.
Here's a relative without an antecedent subltantive; which is a breach of grammar. We must certainly read,
And make them dreaded, to the doers' thirst.

PROVERBS.
I. Falsity and Envy.

I will try again, and read thus,
— others you permit
To second ills with ills, each other worse,
And make them trade it to the doers' thirst.
Trade and thirst correspond. Our author plays with trade, as it signifies a lucrative vocation, or a frequent practice. So Isabella says,
Thy sins not accidental, but a trade.
But Imogen's your own. — Do your best wills, And make me blest t' obey! — I am brought hither Among th' Italian Gentry, and to fight Against my lady's Kingdom. 'Tis enough, That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistres. Peace! I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heav'n, Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself As does a Briton peasant; so I'll fight Against the part I come with; so I'll die For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life Is, every breath, a death; and thus unknown, Pitied, not hated, to the face of peril Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know More valour in me, than my Habits show; Gods, put the strength o' th' Leonati in me! To shame the guile o' th' world, I will begin The fashion. Less without, and more within. [Exit.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman army at one door; and the Britain army at another; Leonatus Posthumus following the British like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in skirmish Iachimo, and Posthumus; be vanquishèd and disarmed Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness, and guilt, within my bosom, Takes off my manhood. I've bely'd a lady, The Princes of this country; and the air on't Revengingly enfeebles me, or could this carle, A very drudge of nature, have subdu'd me In my profession? Knighthoods and Honours born As I wear mine are titles but of scorn. If that thy gentry, Britain, go before

8 —Do your best wills, And make me blest t' obey! — ] So the copies. It was more in the manner of our author to have written, —Do your blest wills, And make me blest t' obey.
This lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are Gods. [Exit.

The battle continues, the Britons fly, Cymbeline is
taken; then enter to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius,
and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand. We have th' advantage of the
ground;
That lane is guarded; nothing routs us, but
The villany of our fears.
Guid. Arv. Stand; stand and fight.

Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons. They rescue
Cymbeline, and exit.
Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thy-
self;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.
Iacb. 'Tis their fresh supplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely. Or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [Exit:

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Enter Posthumus, and a British Lord.

Lord. Am'ft thou from where they made the
Stand?
Post. I did.
Though you, it seems, came from the fliers.
Lord. I did.
Post. No blame be to you, Sir, for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought. The King himself

Of
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britain seen; all flying
Through a stait lane, the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring, having work
More plentiful, than tools to do’t, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch’d, some falling
Meerly through fear, that the stait Pass was dam’d
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen’d shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?
Pos. Close by the battle; ditch’d, and wall’d with turf,
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
An honest one, I warrant, who deserv’d
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for’s Country. ’Thwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, lads, more like to run
The country Bafe, than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas’d, or shame,
Made good the passage; cry’d to those that fled,
“ Our Britain’s Harts die flying, not our men;
“ To darkness fleet souls, that fly backwards! Stand;
“ Or we are Romans, and will give you That
“ Like beasts, which you smite beastly, and may save
“ But to look back in frown. Stand, stand.”—These three,
Three thousand confident, (in act as many;
For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing) with this word, “ Stand, stand.”

[—for preservation cas’d, or shame,] Shame, for modestly.
Warburton.
Sir T. Hamner reads the passage thus:
Than some for preservation cas’d. The old reading is right.

For shame,
Make good the passage, cry’d to those that fled,
Our Britain’s Harts die flying.

Accom-
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own Nobleness which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks;
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd
coward
But by example, (oh, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!') 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' th' hunters. Then began
A flop i' th' chaser, a retire; anon,

1 A rout, confusion thick. Forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made: and now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' th' need; having found the back door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heav'n's, how they wound
Some slain before, some dying; some their friends
O'er-borne i' th' former wave; ten, chac'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty;
Those, that would die or ere resift, are grown
The mortal ' bugs o' th' field.
Lord. This was strange chance.
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!
Post. 3 Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made

1 A rout, confusion thick.—]
This is read as if it was a thick
confusion, and only another term
for rout: whereas confusion-thick
should be read thus with an hy-
phen, and is a very beautiful
compound epithet to rout. But
Shakespeare's fine diction is not a
little obscured throughout by thus
disfiguring his compound adjecti-
ives. WARBURTON.
I do not see what great addi-
tion is made to fine diction by this
compound. Is it not as natural to
enlarge the principal figure in a picture?
2 ——bugs—] Terrors.

3 Nay, do not wonder at it; ] Sure, this is mock reasoning with
a vengeance. What! because he
was made fitter to wonder at great
actions, than to perform any, is
he therefore forbid to wonder?
Not and but are perpetually mis-
taken for one another in the old
editions. THEOBALD.
There is no need of alteration.
Posthumus first bids him not won-
der, then tells him in another
mode of reproach, that wonder
is all that he was made for.

B b 3Rather
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't?
And vent it for a mockery? here is one:
"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
"Prefer'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane."

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

Lord. Farewel, you are angry. [Exit.
Pofi. Still going? This is a Lord! oh noble misery,
To be i' th' field, and ask what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To've fav'd their carcases? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? 4 I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he struck. Being an ugly mon-

Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we,
That draw his knives i' th' war—Well, I will find
him:
For being now a 5 favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I've resum'd again

4 ——I, in mine own woe charm'd,—
Ailuding to the common superstitio of Charms being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our Saxon ancestors, and so is common to us with the Germans, who are above all other people given to this super-

5 —favourer to the Roman,—

The editions before Hanmer's for Roman read Briton; and Dr. Warburton reads Briton still.

The
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,  
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall  
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is  
Here made by th’ Roman; great the answer be  
Britons must take. For me, my ransom’s death;  
On either side I come to spend my breath;  
Which neither here I’ll keep, nor bear again,  
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great Jupiter be prais’d, Lucius is taken.  
’Tis thought, the old man, and his sons, were angels.

2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a sily habit,  
That gave th’ affront with them.

1 Cap. So ’tis reported;  
But none of them can be found. Stand, who’s there?

Post. A Roman—  
Who had not now been drooping here, if Seconds  
Had answer’d him.

2 Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!  
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell  
What crows have peck’d them here. He brags his  
service,  
As if he were of note; bring him to th’ King.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman captives. The captains present  
Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a  
Gaoler. After which, all go out.

---great the answer be]  
Answer, as once in this play before,  
is retaliation.

7 That gave th’ affront with  
them.] That is, that turned  
their faces to the enemy.
SCENE III.

Changes to a Prison.

Enter Posthumus, and two gaolers.

1 Gaol. 8 **YOU shall not now be stoll’n, you’ve locks upon you;**
So, graze, as you find pasture.

2 Gaol. Ay, or stomach.  [Exeunt Gaolers.

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way, I think, to liberty; yet am I better
Than one that’s sick o’th’ gout, since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cur’d
By th’ sure physician, death; who is the key
T’ unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter’d,
More than my shanks and writs; you good Gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt;
Then, free for ever. Is’t enough, I’m sorry?
So children temp’ral fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Defir’d, more than constrain’d; 9 to satisfy,
I doff my freedom; ‘tis the main part; take
No stricter Render of me, than my all.
I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,

A sixth,

---

8 *You shall not now be stoll’n.*

This use of the Gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse’s leg, when he is turned to pasture.

9 —— to satisfy.

If of my freedom ‘tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than

my all.] What we can discover from the nonsense of these lines is, that the speaker, in a fit of penitency, compares his circumstances with a debtor’s, who is willing to surrender up all to appease his creditor. This being the sense in general, I may venture to say, the true reading must have
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my desire;
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it.
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp,
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake;
You rather, mine, being yours: and so, great Powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel those cold bonds. Oh Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence.——-

[He sleeps.

Solemn musick: Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius
Leonatus, father to Polthumus, an old man, attired
like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron,
his wife, and mother to Polthumus, with musick be-
fore them. Then, after other musick, follow the two
young Leonati, brothers to Polthumus, with wounds
as they died in the wars. They circle Polthumus
round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, shew
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy Adulteries
Rates and revenges.——-

have been this,
——— to satisfy,
I d'off my freedom; 'tis the
main part; take
No srier Render of me than
my all.
The verb d'off is too frequently
used by our author to need any
instances; and is here employed
with peculiar elegance, i. e. To
give all the satisfaction I am able
to your offended Godheads, I
voluntarily divest myself of my
freedom: 'tis the only thing I
have to stone with,

———take
No srier Render of me, than
my all. Warburton.

1 —cold bonds.—] This equi-
vocal use of bonds is another in-
fstance of our author's infelicity
in pathetic speeches.
2 Solemn musick: &c.] Here
follow a vision, a masque, and a
prophecy, which interrupt the fable
without the least necessity, and
unmeasurably lengthen this act,
I think it plainly loiterted in after-
wards for meer show, and appa-
rently not of Shakespeare. Pope:

Hath
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
  Whose face I never saw?
I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
  Attending Nature's Law.
Whose father, 
  (as men report
Thou orphans' father art)
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
  From his earth- vexing smart.
      Lucina lent not me her aid,
     But took me in my throes;
That from me my Posthumus ript,
  Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity! ———
  Sicilia. Great Nature, like his ancestry,
     Moulded the stuff so fair;
That he deserv'd the praise o' th' world,
  As great Sicilius' heir.
   Bro. When once he was mature for man,
     In Britain where was he,
That could stand up his parallel,
  Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
  Could deem his dignity?
  Moab. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
     To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonatus' seat, and cast
  From her his dearest one?
Sweet Imogen! ———
  Sicilia. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
     Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his noble heart and brain
  With needless jealousy,

3 That from me my Posthumus ript; The old copy reads, That from me was Posthumus ript.
And to become the geek and scorn
O' th'other's villany?

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

1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd;
Then, Jupiter, thou King of Gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?
Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

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

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion, help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To th' shining synod of the rest
Against thy Deity.

2 Breth. Help, Jupiter, or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

_Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghosts fall on their knees._

_Jupiter._ No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush! — How dare you, Ghosts,
Accuse the Thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.

Be
Be not with mortal accidents oppress;
   No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I crofs; to make my gift,
   The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;
   His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent;
Our Joval star reign'd at his birth, and in
   Our temple was he married. Rife, and fade!
He shall be Lord of Lady Imogen,
   And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
   [Jupiter drops a tablet.
Our pleazure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away. No farther with your din
Express impatience, left you stir up mine.
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [Ascend.
Sici. He came in thunder, his coelestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell; the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us; his ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields, his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his God is pleas'd.
   All. Thanks, Jupiter!
Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof. Away! and to be blest
Let us with care perform his great behest. [Vanish.
Past. [waking.] Sleep, thou hast been a grandfire,
   and begot
A father to me, and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers. But, oh scorn!
Gone—they went hence so soon as they were born.
And so I am awake—Poor wretches, that depend
On Greatnes's favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are sleep'd in favours; so am I
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? a book! oh rare one!
Be not, as in our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our Courtiers;
As good as promise.

[Reads.]

WHEN as the lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of
tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt
branches, which, being dead many years, shall after re-
rieve, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then
shall Pothhimus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate,
and flourish in peace and plenty.

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

Enter Gaoler.

Gaol. Come, Sir, are you ready for death?
Poff. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.
Gaol. Hanging is the word, Sir; if you be ready
for that, you are well cook'd.

As the words now stand they are
nonsense, or at least involve in
them a sense which I cannot de-
veloppe. 

WARBURTON.

The meaning, which is too
thin to be easily caught, I take
to be this: This is a dream or
madness, or both—or nothing—but
whether it be a speech without con-
sensibility, as in a dream, or a
speech unintelligible, as in mad-
nesses, be it as it is, it is like my
course of life. We might per-
haps read,

Whether both, or nothing—
Post. So if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir; but the comfort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain, both empty, the brain the heavier, for being too light: the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. Oh, of this contradiction you shall now be quit: oh, the charity of a penny cord, it sums up thousands in a trice; you have no true debtor, and creditor, but it; of what’s past, is, and to come, the discharge; your neck, Sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, Sir, he that sleeps, feels not the tooth-ache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer; for look you, Sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in’s head then; I have not seen him so pictur’d. You must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or to take upon yourself that, which, I am sure, you do not know; or jump the after-enquiry on your own pe-

5 and sorry that you are paid too much: ] Tavern bills, says the Gaoler, are the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth— you depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and—what? sorry that you are paid too much. Where is the opposition? I read, And merry that you are paid so much. I take the second paid to be 'paid, for apt paid, filled, satisfied.
il: and how you shall speed in your journey’s-end, I think, you’ll never return to tell one.

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

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

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his manacles. Bring your prisoner to the King.

Pof. Thou bring’st good news; I am called to be made free.

Gaol. I’ll be hang’d then.

Pof. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.

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

[Exit.

SCENE
SCENE IV.

Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pifanio, and Lords.

Cym. STAND by my side, you, whom the Gods have made Preservers of my Throne. Woe is my heart, That the poor Soldier, that so richly fought, Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast Stept before targes of proof, cannot be found; He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw Such noble fury in so poor a thing: Such precious deeds in a one that promis'd nought But begg'ry and poor Looks.

Cym. No tydings of him?

Pif. He hath been search'd among the dead and living, But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am The heir of his reward; which I will add To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain;

[To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

---one that promis'd nought

But begg'ry and poor Looks.] But how can it be said, that one, whose poor Looks promis'd begg'ry, promis'd poor Looks too? it was not the poor look which was promis'd: that was visible. We must read,

But begg'ry and poor Luck.

This sets the matter right, and makes Belarius speak sense and to the purpose. For there was the extraordinary thing; he promis'd nothing but poor Luck, and yet perform'd all these wonders. WARBURTON. To promis'e nothing but poor looks, may be, to give no promis'e of courageous behaviour.
By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the Time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and Gentlemen;
Farther to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unles I add, we're honest.

Cym. Bow your knees. [They kneel.
Ankle my Knights o' th' battle; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius, and Ladies.

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

Cor. Hail, great King!
Toours your happiness, I must report
The Queen is dead.

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

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

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, the confest'd, she never lov'd you, only
Affected Greatness got by you, not you,
Married your Royalty, was wife to your Place,
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.
Cor. Your Daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess,
Was as a scorpion to her sight, whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta’en off by poison.
Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is’t can read a woman? is there more?
Cor. More, Sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral, which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and ling’ring
By inches waste you. In which time she purpos’d,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O’ercome you with her shew, yes, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into th’ adoption of the Crown;
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless, desperate, open’d, in despight
Of heav’n and men, her purposes, repented,
The ills she hatch’d were not effected, so,
Despairing, dy’d.
Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?
Lady. We did, so please your Highness.
Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her Seeming. It had been vi-
cious
To have mistrusted her. Yet, oh my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may’st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav’n mend all!

2

SCENE
SCENE V.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners; Leonatus behind, and Imogen.

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

Luc. Consider, Sir, the chance of war; the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cold, have
threatened
Our Prisoners with the sword. But, since the Gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come. Sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer.
Augustus lives to think on't. And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will intreat: my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd; never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
9 So feat, so nurse-like. Let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your High-
ness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he hath serv'd a Roman. Save him, Sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I've surely seen him;
His favour is familiar to me.
Boy, thou haft look'd thyself into my grace,

9 So feat,—] So ready; so dexterous in waiting.
1—favour is familiar—] I am acquainted with his countenance.
And art mine own, I know not why, nor wherefore; 
To say, "live, boy:" ne'er thank thy master, live; 
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt, 
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it: 
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner, 
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highness.
Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad; 
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

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

Luc. The boy disdains me, 
He leaves me, scorns me; briefly die their joys, 
That place them on the truth of girls and boys! 
Why stands he so perplexed?

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

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me, 
Than I to your Highness; who, being born your 
avail,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore e'e'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you please 
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart, 
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page; 
I'll be thy master. Walk with me, speak freely.

[Cymbeline and Imogen walk aside.

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death? 

Arv.
Arv. One said another
Not more resembles. That sweet rosy lad,
Who dy'd and was Fidele. What think you?
Guid. The same dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace, see more; he eyes us not; forbear,
Creatures may be alike: were 't he, I'm sure,
He would have spoke t'us.
Guid. But we saw him dead.
Bel. Be silent; let's see further.
Pis. 'Tis my mistress.
[Aside.
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad. [Cymb. and Imog. come forward.
Cym. Come, stand thou by our side,
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, step you forth.
[To Iachimo.
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our Greatness and the Grace of it,
Which is our Honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—One speak to him.
Imo. My boon is, that this Gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Post. What's that to him?
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?
Iacb. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that,
Which to be spoke would torture thee.
Cym. How? me?
Iacb. I'm glad to be constrain'd to utter what

2 One said another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad, A flight corruption
has made nonsene of this passage. One grain might resemble another, but none a human form.
We should read,
Not more resembles, than he th' sweet rosy lad. WARB.
There was no great difficulty in the line, which, when properly pointed, needs no alteration.

Torments
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas Leontes' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish, and, which more may grieve
thee,
As it doth me, a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Will you hear more, my
Lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my falso spirits
Quail to remember—give me leave, I faint.—
Cym. My daughter, what of her? renew thy
strength;
I'd rather thou shouldst live, while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak.
Iach. Upon a time, unhappy was the clock,
That struck the hour; it was in Rome, accru'd
The mansion where; 'twas at a feast, oh, 'would
Our viands had been poison'd. or at least,
Those which I heav'd to head, the good Pothinus—
What should I sa;' he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rarest of good ones—sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our Loves of Italy
For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd Boast
Of him that best could speak, for Feature, lam'd
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Poftures,
Cymbeline.

Postures, beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities, that man
Loves woman for; besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye——

Cym. I stand on fire.

Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unles thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Posthumus,
Most like a noble Lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calm as virtue, he began

It appears, from a number of
such passages as these, that our
author was not ignorant of the
fine arts. A passage in De Piles' Cours de peinture par principes
will give great light to the beauty
of the text.—Peu de sentiments ont
été partagés sur la beauté de l'a

tique. Les gens d'esprit qui
aiment les beaux arts ont estimé
dans tous les temps ces merveilleux
ouvrages. Nous voyons dans
les anciens auteurs quantité de pas
sages qui pour boiter les beautes vi
vantes ou les comparoir aux flautés,
Ne nous imaginons (dit
Maxime de Ty.) de pouvoir jamais trouver une beauté naturelle,
qui le dispute aux flautés. Ovid,
on il fait la description de Cyllare,
le plus beau de Centaures, dit
Qu'il avait une si grande vivacité
Dans le visage, que le cou, les
épaules, les mains, & l'étoffe en estoient si beaux qu'on pouvoit
alourir qu'en tout ce qu'il avoit
de l'homme estoit la même
beauté que l'on remarquoit dans
les flautés les plus parfaites. Et
Philystrate, parant de la beauté
de Neoptoleme, & de la ressem
blance qu'il avoit avec son pere
Abilus dit, Qu'en beauté son
pere avoit autant d'avantage sur
lui que les flautés en ont sur les
beaux hommes. Les auteurs mo
dernes ont suivi ces mêmes senti
mens sur la beauté de l'Antique.

Je reporterai seulement celui de
Scaliger. Le Moyen, dit il, que
nous puissions rien voir qui ap
proche de la perfection des belles
flautés, puisqu'il est permis à
l'art de choisir, de retrancher,
d'ajouter, de diriger, & qu'au
contrarie, la nature s'est toujours
altérée depuis la creation du pre
mier homme en qui Dieu joignit
la beauté de la forme à celle de
l'innocence. This last quotation
from Scaliger well explains what
Shakespeare meant by

Brief Nature;

i.e. inelaborate, hasty, and care
les as to the elegance of form,
in respect of art, which ufed the
peculiar addres, above explained, to arrive at perfection.

Warburton.

Cc 4

His
His mistres' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sorts.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chafftity—there it begins—
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold; whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praisë; and wag'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of's bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true Knight,
No leffer of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, flakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phæbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of's Car. Away to Britain
Polt I in this design. Well may you, Sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
By your chaste daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt amorous, and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of Hope, not Longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely, for my vantage excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simul proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown,
With tokens thus, and thus; 4 averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
Oh, cunning! how I got it; nay, some marks
Of secret on her person; that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,

4—averring notes.] Such marks of the chamber and pictures, as
ass'eed or confirr'd my report.

I having
I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon—
Methinks, I see him now——

Post. Ay, so thou dost. [Coming forward.]
Italian fiend!—ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in Being,
To come—Oh, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, King, fend out
For torturers ingenious; it is I
That all th' abhorred things o' th' earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus
That kill'd thy daughter;—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a leffer villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't. The temple
Of Virtue was she, yea, 5 and She herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' th' street to bay me; every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villainy less than 'twas!—Oh Imogen!
My Queen, my life, my wife! oh Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord, hear, hear——

Post. Shall's have a Play of this?
Thou scornful page, there lie thy part.
[Striking her, she falls.

Pif. Oh, gentlemen, help,
Mine, and your mistres—Oh, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen 'till now——Help, help,
Mine honour'd lady——

Cym. Does the world go round?
Post. How come 6 these flaggers on me?
Pif. Wake, my mistres!

Cym. If this be so, the Gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.
Pif. How fares my mistres?

5—[and She herself.] That is. 6—[these flaggers—] This wild
She was not only the temple of  and delirious perturbation. Stag-
Virtue, but Virtue herself. gers is the horse's apoplexy.

Imo.
394 Cymbeline.

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;  
Thou gav'lt me poion: dang'rous fellow, hence!  
Breathe not, where Princes are.  
Cym. The tune of Imogen!  
Pif. Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulphur on me,  
If what I gave you was not thought by me  
A precious thing: I had it from the Queen.  
Cym. New matter still?  
Imo. It poion'd me.  
Cor. Oh Gods!  
I left out one thing which the Queen confess'd,  
Which must approve thee honest. If Pisanio  
Have, said she, giv'n his mistress that confection,  
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd.  
As I would serve a rat.  
Cym. What 's this, Cornelius?  
Cor. The Queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me  
To temper poions for her; still pretending  
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only  
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs  
Of no esteem; I, dreading that her purpose  
Was of more danger, did compound for her  
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en would cease  
The present power of life; but, in short time,  
All offices of nature should again  
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?  
Imo. Moit like I did, for I was dead.  
Bel. My boys, there was our error.——  
Guid. This is, sure, Fidele.  
Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from  
you?  
7 Think, that you are upon a rock, and now  
Throw me again.

7 Think, that you are upon a rock.—] In this speech, as in the answer, there is little meaning. I suppose, she would say, Consider such another act is equally fatal to me with precipitation from a rock, and now let me see whether you will repeat it.
Cymbeline.

Poës. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
'Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh? my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, Sir.

Bel. Th'o' you did love this youth, I blame you not, you had a motive for't. [To Guidericus, Arviragus.

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy-water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I'm sorry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught; and 'long of her it was;
That we meet here so strangely; but her son is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My Lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she went,
It was my instant death. By accident
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed her
To seek him on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he infor'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purposes, and with an oath to violate
My lady's honour. What became of him,
I further know not.

Guid. Let me end the story;
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the Gods foresend!
I would not, thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

God. I've spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.
Guid. A most incivil one. The wrongs, he did me,
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me. I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I'm sorry for thee;
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: thou 'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my Lord.

Cym. Bind the offender
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King,
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Cloten
Had ever fear for.—Let his arms alone;

[To the Guard.

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old Soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
"By tasting of our wrath? how of descent
As good as we?"

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.

Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove, that two on's are as good
As I've giv'n out of him. My sons, I must,

By tasting of our wrath?
But how did Belarius need, or for-
feit his merit by tasting or feeling
the King's wrath? We should read,

By tasting of our wrath?
E. e. by hastening, provoking;
and as such a provocation is un-
dutiful, the demerit, consequently;
undoes or makes void his former
worth, and all pretensions to ward.

There is no need of change;
the consequence is taken for the
whole action; by tasting is by
forcing us to make thee taste.

For
For my own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Are. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good, his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave:

Thou hadst, great King, a Subject, who was call'd

Belarius.


Bel. He it is, that hath

Assum'd this age; indeed, a banish'd man;

I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence,

The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot.

First, pay me for the nursing of thy sons;

And let it be confiscate all, so soon

As I've receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy; here's my knee.

Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons,

Then spare not the old father. Mighty Sir,

These two young gentlemen, that call me father,

And think they are my sons, are none of mine;

They are the issue of your loins, my Liege,

And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my issue?

Bel. So sure as you, your father's. I, old Morgan,

Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd;

Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd;

Was all the harm I did. These gentle Princes,

For such and so they are, these twenty years

Your pleasure was my near offence;

I suffer'd,

Was all the harm I did.

The offence which cost me so dear was only your caprice. My sufferings have been all my crime.

Have
Have I train'd up; such arts they have, as I
Could put into them. My breeding was, Sir, as
Your Highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphele,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children.
Upon my banishment I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then. Beaten for loyalty,
Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, Sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heav'n's
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To in-lay heav'n with stars.

Cym. 'Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done, is more
Unlike, than this thou tell'st. I loft my children—
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while——
This gentleman, whom I call Paladour,
Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true Guiderus:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, Sir, was lapt
In a most curious mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his Queen-mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderus had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;

*Thou weep'st, and speak'st.*
Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation, and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate. The King reasons very justly.

Who
Who hath upon him still that nat'ral stamp:
It was wise Nature's end, in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
A mother to the birth of three! ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more; blest may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now. Oh Imogen,
Thou'lt lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my Lord:
I've got two worlds by 't. Oh, my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? oh, never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister: I, you brothers;
When ye were so, indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good Lord.
Guid. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the Queen's dram she swallow'd.
Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? this fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
'Why fled you from the court? and whither?—

These,
And your three motives to the battle, with

*When ye were so, indeed.*

The folio gives,

When we were so, indeed.

If this be right, we must read,

Imo. J, you brothers.

Arv. When we were so, indeed.

I—fierce abridgment] Fierce

is vehement, rapid.

*Why fled you from the court, and whether those?] It must

be rectified thus;

Why fled you from the court?
and whither? These, &c.

The King is asking his daughter,
How she has lived; why she fled
from the court, and to what
place: And having enumerated
so many particulars, he stops
short. Theobald.

I know
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance: but not the time, nor place;
Will serve long interrogatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy. The counter-change
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.
Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

[To Belarius,

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

Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

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

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well become this place, and grace'd
The thankings of a King.

Post. I am, Sir,
The soldier, that did company these three,
In poor Beseeing: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo, I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

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

Post. Kneel not to me:
The pow'r, that I have on you, is to spare you,
The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better!

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

Arv. You help’d us, Sir,
As you did mean, indeed, to be our brother;
Joy’d are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, Princes. Good my Lord of
Rome,
Call forth your Soothsayer. As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back’d,
Appear’d to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own kindred. When I wak’d, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,—

Sooth. Here, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

[Reads.]

WHEN as a lion’s whelp shall, to himself unknown,
without seeking find, and be embrac’d by a piece of
tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be loft
branches, which, being dead many years, shall after re-
 vive, be jointed to the old stock, and freely grow; then
shall Polthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate,
and flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion’s whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leonatus, doth import so much.
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[To Cymbeline.

Which we call Mollis Aer; and Mollis Aer
We term it Mulier, which Mulier, I divine,
Is this most constant wife, who, even now,
Answering the letter of the Oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were elipt about
With this most tender air,

Cym. This has some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee; and thy lopt branches point
Thy two sons forth, who, by Belarius stoll'n,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd, whose Issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. My peace we will begin; and, Caius Lucius.
Although the victor, we submit to Caesar,
And to the Roman Empire, promising,
To pay our wonded tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queen;
On whom heav'n's justice both on her, and hers,
Hath laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the Powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace: the vision,
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft;
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' th' sun
So vanish'd; which fore-saw'd our princely eagle,
Th' imperial Caesar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the Gods!
And let the crooked smokes climb to their Nostrils
From our blest altars! Publish we this Peace
To all our Subjects. Set we forward. Let

My peace we will begin — I think it better to read,
By peace we will begin. —

A Roman
A Roman and a British Ensign wave,
Friendly together, so through Lund's town march;
And in the Temple of great Jupiter
Out Peace, we'll ratify. Seal it with feasts.
Set on, there. Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a Peace.

[Exeunt omnes]

THIS Play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expense of much incongruity.

To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waite criticism upon unremitting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation.

A SONG, sung by Guiderus and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed to be dead.

By Mr. William Collins.

To Fidele's grassy tomb.
Soft maids, and village bands shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear.
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove:
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female Fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.
The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly bend his little aid,
With beary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When bowling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the Sylvan cell:
Or midst the chase on ev'ry plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed:
Belov'd, 'till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd 'till pity's self be dead.
PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, there lies the scene: from Ithæ of Greece
The Princes orgillous, their high blood conf’d,
Have to the Port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine, that wore
Their Crownses regal, from th’ Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransack Troy; within whose strong Immures,
The raving’d Helen, Menelaus’ Queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and That’s the Quarrel.
To Tenedos they come——
And the deep-drawing Barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan plains,
The fresh, and yet unbruised, Greeks do pitch,
Their brave Pavillions. * Priam’s six Gates in th’ City,
Dardan, and Thymbria, Ilia, Scæa, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with mossy staples
And correspondent and fulfilling bolts,
Sperre up the sons of Troy.—-

Now

*—Priam’s six-gated city
Dardan and Timbria, Hellias,
Cheitas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with mossy staples
And correspondent and fulfilling bolts
Stir up the sons of Troy.] This has been a most miserably mangled paffage, through all the editions; corrupted at once into false concord and false reasoning.

Priam’s six-gated City stirre up the sons of Troy?—Here’s a verb plural governed of a Nominative singular. But that is easily remedied. The next question to be ask’d, is, In what sense a city having six strong gates, and those well barr’d and bolted, can be said to stir up its inhabitants? unless they may be supposed to derive some spirit from the strength of their fortifications.

But
PROLOGUE.

Now expectation tickling skittish spirits
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on bazzard. And bither am I come
† A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Author's pen, or Actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our Argument;
To tell you, fair Beholders, that our Play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
'Ginning i' th' middle: starting thence away,
To what may be digested in a Play.
Like, or find fault, — do, as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

But this could not be the poet's thought. He must mean, I take it, that the Greeks had pitched their tents upon the plains before Troy; and that the Trojans were securely barricaded within the walls and gates of their city. This sense my correction restores.

To >aer, or >ar, from the old Teutonic word, (SPERREN) signifies, to shout up, defend by barri, &c.

† A prologue arm'd, — I come here to speak the prologue, and come in armour; not defying the audience, in confidence of either the author's or actor's abilities, but merely in a character suited to the subject, in a dress of war, before a warlike play.

Dd 4 Dramatis
Dramatis Personæ.

PRIAM, Hector, Troilus, Paris, Deiphobus, TROJANS.
Helenus, Æneas, Pandarus, Antenor,
A bastard Son of Priam.
Agamemnon, Achilles, Ajax, Menelaus, Ulysses, NEPTON, Diomedes, Patroclus, Thersites, Calchas, GREEKS.
Helen, Wife to Menelaus.
Andromache, Wife to Hector.
Cassandra, Daughter to Priam, a Prophetess.
Cressida, Daughter to Calchas.
Alexander, Cressida's Servant.
Bey, Page to Troilus.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, with other Attendants.

SCENE, Troy; and the Grecian Camp, before it.

The Editions of this Play are, for R. Boniand and H. Whalley.

**I have the Folio and first Quarto. The Folio is the corrected and complete copy.**
ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace in Troy.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

TROILUS.

CALL here my varlet, : I'll unarm again.
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field ; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

The story was originally written by Lollius, an old Lombard author, and since by Chaucer.

Pope.

It is also found in an old story-book of the three destructions of Troy, from which many of the circumstances of this play are borrowed, they being to be found nowhere else.

Theobald.

Troilus and Cressida.] Before this play of Troilus and Cressida, printed in 1609, is a bookseller's preface, shewing that first impression to have been before the play had been acted, and that it was published without Shakespeare's knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the bookseller's hands.

Mr. Dryden thinks this one of the first of our author's plays: but on the contrary, it may be judged from the fore-mentioned preface that it was one of his last; and the great number of observations both moral and politic, (with which this piece is crowded more than any other of his) seems to confirm my opinion.

Pope.

Troilus.
Troilus and Cressida.

Troilus. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant.
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, 2 fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
3 And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this. For my part, I'll not meddle nor make any further. He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must needs tarry the grinding.

Troilus. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the boulting.

Troilus. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the boulting; but you must tarry the leav'ning.

Troilus. Still have I tarry'd.

Pan. Ay, to the leav'ning; but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troilus. Patience herself, what Goddess ere she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance, than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit,
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,
So, traitor!—when she comes! When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yeesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Troilus. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,

2—fonder than ignorance;]
Fonder, for more childish.

WARBURTON.

3 And skill-less, &c. [Mr. Dryden, in his alteration of this play, has taken this speech as it stands, except that he has changed skill-less to articise, not for the better, because skill-less refers to skill and skilful.

Left
Troilus and Cressida. 411

Left Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have, as when the sun doth light a storm,
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile;
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth Fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's—well, go to, there were no more comparison between the women.—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her. But I would, somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus!
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love. Thou answer'st, she is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair; her cheek, her gait, her voice
Handleft in thy discourse—O that! her hand!
In whose comparison, all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure
The cignet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense

4 —and spirit of sense:

Hard as the palm of ploughman. Read, and (spite of sense) in a parenthesis. The meaning is, though our senses contradict it never so much, yet the cignet's down is not only harsh, when compared to the softness of Cressid's hand, but hard as the hand of ploughman. Spite, I suppose, was first corrupted to spirit, and from thence arose spirit.

Warburton.

I think this passage more forcible and elegant without an alteration. In comparison with Cressid's hand, says he, the spirit of sense, the utmost degree, the most exquisite power of sensibility, which implies a soft hand, since the sense of touching, as Scaliger says in his Exercitationes, resides chiefly in the fingers, is hard as the callous and insensible palm of the ploughman. Hammer reads, to th' spirit of sense.

It is not proper to make a lover profess to praise his mistress in spite of sense, for tho' he often does it, in spite of the sense of others. His own senses are subdued to his desires.

As,
Hard as the palm of ploughman. This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say, I love her;
But saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st, in every gash that love hath given me,
The knife that made it.

_Pan._ I speak no more than truth.

_Troi._ Thou dost not speak so much.

_Pan._ 'Faith, I'll not meddle in 't. Let her be as
she is, if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she
be not, 'tis she has the mends in her own hands.

_Troi._ Good _Pandarus_; how now, _Pandarus_?

_Pan._ I have had my labour for my travel, ill
thought on of her, and ill thought on of you; gone
between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

_Troi._ What art thou angry, _Pandarus_? what, with
me?

_Pan._ Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not
so fair as _Helen_; and she were not kin to me, she
would be as fair on _Friday_, as _Helen_ is on _Sunday_.
But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-
moor; 'tis all one to me.

_Troi._ Say I, she is not fair?

_Pan._ I do not care whether you do or no, she's a
fool to stay behind her father. Let her to the _Greeks_.
And so I'll tell her the next time I see her. For my
part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' th' matter.

_Troi._ _Pandarus_——

_Pan._ Not I.

_Troi._ Sweet _Pandarus_——

_Pan._ Pray you, speak no more to me. I will leave
all as I found it, and there's an end. [Exit _Pandarus_.

[Sound Alarm.

_Troi._ Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude
founds!

5 She has the mends.] She may mend her complexion by the af-
fidence of cosmeticks.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 413.

Fools on both sides.—Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument,
It is too hard a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus—O Gods! how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Creid, but by Pandar;
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to wooe,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all sute.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Creid is, what Pandar, and what we.
Her bed is India, there she lies, a pearl;
Between our Ilium, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself the merchant; and this failing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

SCENE II.

[Alarm.] Enter Aeneas.

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus? wherefore not a field?
Tro. Because not there. This woman's answer fortes,
For womanish it is to be from thence.
What news, Aeneas, from the field to day?
Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.
Tro. By whom, Æneas?
Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.
Tro. Let Paris bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [Alarm.
Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day?
Tro. Better at home, if would I might, were may—
But to the sport abroad—are you bound thither?
Æne. In all swift haste.
Tro. Come, go we then together. [Exeunt.

SCENE
SCENE III.

Changes to a publick Street, near the Walls of Troy.

Enter Cressida, and Alexander, her Servant.

Cre. WHO were those went by?

Serv. Queen Hecuba and Helen.

Cre. And whither go they?

Serv. Up to th' eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the fight. Hector, whose patience
Is as a Virtue fix'd, to day was mov'd,
He chid Andromache, and struck his armorer;
And like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the Sun rose, he was harness'd light.

—Hector, whose patience
Is as a Virtue fix'd,—
Patience sure was a virtue, and therefore cannot, in propriety of expression, be said to be like one.

We should read,
Is as the Virtue fix'd,—
i.e. his patience is as fixed as the Goddess Patience itself. So we find Freisin a little before saying,

Patience herself what Goddes er are fee be,
Dath leger blence at suffrance than I do.
It is remarkable that Dryden, when he alter'd this play, and found this False reading, alter'd it with judgment to,

—whose patience
Is fix'd like that of Heaven.
Which he would not have done had he seen the right reading here given, where his thoughts so much better and nobler expressed.

I think the present text may stand. Hector's patience was as a virtue not variable and accidental, but fixed and constant. If I would alter it, it should be thus,

—Hector, whose patience
Is all a virtue fix'd.—

All, in old English, is the intensive or enforcing particle.

7 Before the Sun rose, he was harness'd light.

Why harness light? Does the poet mean, that Hector had put on light armour? Or that he was sprightly in his arms, even before sun-rise? Or is a conundrum aim'd at, in Sun rose, and harness light? A very slight alteration makes all their
And to the field goes he; where ev’ry flower
Did as a prophet weep what it foresaw,
In Hector’s wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger?
Serv. The noise goes thus; There is among the Greeks
A Lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector,
They call him Ajax.
Cre. Good; and what of him?
Serv. They say, he is a very man per se, and stands alone.
Cre. So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.
Serv. This man, lady, hath robb’d many beasts of

constructions unnecessary, and gives us the poet’s meaning in the properest terms imaginable.

Before the Sun rose, he was harnesd-dight,
i.e. compleatly drest, accoutred, in arms. It is frequent with our poet, from his masters Chaucer and Spenser, to say dight for drest’d; right, for pitch’d; &c. and from them too he uses harnest for armour. THEOBALD.

Before the Sun rose, he was harnest light.] Does the poet mean (says Mr. Theobald) that Hector had put on light armour? mean! what else could he mean? He goes to fight on foot; and was not that the armour for his purpose. So Fairfax in Tasso’s Jerusalem,

The other Princes put on harnes light
As footmen use—

Yet, as if this had been the high
est absurdity, he goes on, Or what he mean that Hector was

brightly in his arms even before Sun-rise? or is a conundrum aimed at; in Sun rose and harnest light? Was any thing like it? but to get out of this perplexity, he tells us that a very flight alteration makes all these constructions unnecessary, and so changes it to harnes-dight. Yet indeed the very slightest alteration will at any time let the poet’s sense thro’ the critic’s fingers: And the Oxford Editor very contentedly takes up with what is left behind, and reads harnes-dight too, in order, as Mr. Theobald well expresseth it,

To make all construction unnecessary.

WARBURTON.

How does it appear that Hector was to fight on foot rather to-day than on any other day? It is to be remembered, that the ancient heroes never fought on horseback; nor does their manner of fighting in chariots seem to require less activity than on foot.-
their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, low as the elephant; a man into whom Nature hath so crowded humours, 8 that his valour is curst into folly, his folly sauced with discretion; there is no man hath a virtue, that he has not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair; he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or pur-blind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Serv. They say, he yesterday cop'd Hector in the battle and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and walking.

SCENE IV.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Serv. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

8 that his valour is crust into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: ] Valour curst into folly is nonsense; but it is of the first editor's making; who seeing crowded go before, concluded that curst (which is oft indeed the consequence) must needs follow. He did not observe that the poet here employs a Kitchen-metaphor, which would have led him to the true reading, his valour is crust into folly, his folly sauced with discretion. Thus is Ajax dished up by the poet. The expression is humorous. His temper is represented so hot that his valour becomes over-baked, and so is crusted or hardened into folly or temerity: yet the hardness of his folly is sauced or softened with discretion, and so made palatable. 

This emendation does not want ingenuity or humour; but I cannot see so clearly that the present reading is nonsense. To be crusted into folly, is to be confounded and mingled with folly, so as that they make one mass together.

Cre.
Cre. Hector's a gallant man.
Serv. As may be in the world, lady.
Pan. What's that? what's that?
Cre. Good morrow, uncle Pandarous.
Pan. 9 Good morrow, cousin Cressid; what do you talk of? Good morrow, Alexander—How do you, cousin? when were you at Ilium?
Cre. This morning, uncle.
Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector arm'd and gone, ere you came to Ilium? Helen was not up? was the?
Cre. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.
Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.
Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.
Pan. Was he angry?
Cre. So he says, here.
Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there's Troilus will not come far behind him, let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.
Cre. What is he angry too?

9 Good morrow, cousin Cressid; What do you talk of? Good morrow, Alexander;—How do you, cousin?] Good morrow, Alexander;—is added in all the editions, says Mr. Pope, very absurdly, Paris not being on the stage.—Wonderful acuteness: But, with submission, this gentleman's note is much more absurd: for it falls out very unluckily for his remark, that though Paris is, for the generality, in Homer call'd Alexander; yet, in this play, by any one of the characters introduced, he is call'd nothing but Paris. The truth of the fact is this. Pandarous is of a busy, impertinent, inhuman character; and 'tis natural for him, so soon as he has given his cousin the good-morrow, to pay his civilities too to her attendant. This is purely in Be, as the grammarians call it; and gives us an admirable touch of Pandarous's character. And why might not Alexander be the name of Cressid's man? Paris had no patent, I suppose, for engrossing it to himself. But the late Editor, perhaps, because we have had Alexander the Great, Pope Alexander, and Alexander Pope, would not have so eminent a name prostituted to a common valet. Theobald.

1 Ilium] Was the palace of Troy.
Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cre. Ch, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? do you know a man, if you see him?

Cre. Ay, if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cre. Then you say, as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just to each of them. He is himself.

Pan. Himself? alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. 'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cre. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? No, he's not himself. 'Would, he were himself! Well, the Gods are above; time must friend, or end. Well, Troilus, well, I would, my heart were in her body!—no, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to't; Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him; his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, Niece. Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus for a brown favour, for so 'tis, I must confess—Not brown neither—

Cre. No, but brown.
Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.
Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.
Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.
Cre. Why, Paris hath colour enough.
Pan. So he has.
Cre. Then Troilus should have too much, if she
prais'd him above; his complexion is higher than his,
having colour enough, and the other higher, is too
flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lieve
Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a
copper nose.
Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him bet-
ter than Paris.
Cre. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.
Pan. Nay, I am sure, she does. She came to him
th'other day into the compass-window; and, you
know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.
Cre. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring
his particulars therein to a total.
Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he
within three pound lift as much as his brother Hector.
Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?
Pan. But to prove to you that Helen loves him, she
came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.
Cre. Juno, have mercy! how came it cloven?
Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think, his
smiling becomes him better, than any man in all
Phrygia.
Cre. Oh, he smiles valiantly.
Pan. Does he not?
Cre. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.
Pan. Why, go to then—but to prove to you
that Helen loves Troilus—
Cre. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove
it so.
Pan. Troilus? why he esteems her no more than I
esteem an addle egg.

E e 2

Cre.
Cre. If you love an addle egg, as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' th' shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to think how she tickled his chin; indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cre. Without the Rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing. Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes run o'er.

Cre. With millstones.

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes; did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that He'len spied on Troilus' chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I should have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cre. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her question.

Pan. That's true, make no question of that. One and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white; that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. Jupiter! quoth she, which of these hairs is Paris, my husband? The forked one, quoth he, pluck it out and give it him. But there was such laughing, and

Twó and fifty hairs.] I have ventured to substitute one and fifty, I think, with some certainty. How else can the number make out Priam, and his fifty sons? Theobald.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 421

Helen so blush’d, and Paris so chaf’d, and all the rest so laught, that it past.

Cre. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing Yesterday. Think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I’ll be sworn, ’tis true; he will weep you, an ’twere a man born in April. [Sound a retreat.

Cre. And I’ll spring up in his tears, an ’twere a nettle against May.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field; shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass towards Ilium? Good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here’s an excellent place, here we may see most bravely. I’ll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Æneas passes over the stage.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That’s Æneas; is not that a brave man? he’s one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; but mark Troilus, you shall see anon.

Cre. Who’s that?

Antenor passes over the stage.

Pan. That’s Antenor, he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you, and he’s a man good enough; he’s one o’th’ soundest judgment in Troy whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes Troilus? I’ll shew you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan.
Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, 3 the rich shall have more.

Hector passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that. There's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector; there's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector! look, how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. Is he not? It does a man's heart good. Look you, what hacks are on his helmet, look you yonder, do you see? look you there! there's no jesting; there's laying on, take 't off who will, as they say, there be hacks.

Cre. Be those with swords?

Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords, any thing, he cares not. An the devil come to him, it's all one. By godslid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Pa-

---the rich shall have more.]

To give one the nod, was a phrase signifying to give one a mark of folly. The reply turns upon this sense alluding to the expression grow, and should be read thus,

The rich shall have more,

i. e. more. He that has much folly already shall then have more. This was a proverbial speech, implying that benefits fall upon the rich. The Oxford Editor alters it to,

The rich shall have more.

Warburton.

I wonder why the commentator should think any emendation necessary, since his own sense is fully expressed by the present reading. Hamner appears not to have understood the passage. That to give the nod signifies to set a mark of folly, I do not know; the allusion is to the word noddy, which, as now, did, in our author's time, and long before, signify, a silly fellow, and may, by its etymology, signify like-wise full of nods. Greg's means, that a noddy shall have most nods.

Of such remarks as these is a comment to confound?
Troilus and Cressida. 423

ris: look ye yonder, niece, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now: who said, he came home hurt to-day? he's not hurt; why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha? 'Would, I could see Troilus now; you shall see Troilus anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus. I marvel, where Troilus is. That's Helenus—I think, he went not forth to day.—That's Helenus.

Cre. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus, no—yes, he'll fight indifferent well—I marvel, where Troilus is? hack, do you not hear the people cry Troilus? Helenus is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes over.

Pan. Where! yonder? that's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace.

Pan. Mark him, note him. O brave Troilus! look well upon him, niece; look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a Grace, or a daughter a Goddes, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him, and, I warrant, Helen to change would give money to boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

*money to boot. So the folio. The old quarto, with more force: Give an eye to boot.

E e 4

Pan.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and die i'th' eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cre. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well—why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know, what a man is? is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentlenes, virtue, youth, liberality, and to forth, the spice and salt, that season a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man; and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye, for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such another woman, one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these. At all these wards I lie, and at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefest of them too: If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another.

The terms wit and will were, in the language of that time, put often in opposition.

Enter
Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house, there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. I doubt, he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle——

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cre. By the fame token, you are a bawd.

[Exit Pandarus.

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise;
But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see,
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;
Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this;
Men prize the thing ungain'd, more than it is.

That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got, so sweet, as when Desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach;
Achievement is Command; ungain'd, beseech.

Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.  [Exit.

6 At your own house, there he unarms him.] These necessary words added from the quarteto edition. POPE.

The words added are only, there he unarms him.

7 joy's soul lies in the doing.] So read both the old editions, for which the later editions have poorly given,

— the soul's joy lies in doing.

8 That she—] Means, that woman.

9 Then though—] The quarto reads, then; the folio and the modern editions read improperly, that.

1 — my heart's content—] Content, for capacity.

WARBURTON.

SCENE
SCENE V.

Changes to Agamemnon’s Tent in the Grecian Camp.

Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. PRINCES,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?

The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis’d largeness. Checks and disasters Grow in the veins of actions highest rear’d;
As knots by the conflus of meeting sap
Infest the found pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our Suppose so far,
That after sev’n years’ siege, yet Troy’s walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart; not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave’t surmised shape. Why then, you Princes,
Do you with cheeks abash’d behold our Works?
And think them shame, which are, indeed, nought else:

But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune’s love; for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artit and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin’d, and kin;
But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;

Broad, quarto; the folio reads loud.

And
And what hath mass, or matter by itself,
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike Seat,
Great Agamemnon; Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of Chance
Lies the true proof of men: the Sea being smooth,

How

* With due observance of thy godly Seat.] Goodly is an epithet carries no very great compliment with it; and Nestor seems here to be paying deference to Agamemnon's state and pre-eminence. The old books have it,—to thy godly Seat; godlike, as I have reform'd the text, seems to me the epithet design'd; and is very conformable to what Ares afterwards says of Agamemnon:

Which is that God in office,
guiding men?
So godlike Seat is here, State supreme above other commanders.

Theobald.

This emendation Theobald might have found in the quarto, which has,

—the godlike Seat.

* Nestor shall apply

Thy latest words.] What were thee latest words? A common-place observation, illustrated by a particular image, that opposition and adversity were useful to try and distinguish between the valiant man and the coward, the wise man and the fool. The application of this was to the Greeks, who had remained long unsuccessful before Troy, but might make a good use of their misfortunes by learning patience and perseverance. Now Nestor pro-
mises that he will make this application; but we find nothing like it. He only repeats Agamemnon's general observation, and illustrates it by another image; from whence it appears, that Shakespeare wrote,

—Nestor shall supply

Thy latest word.———

And it must be owned, the poet never wrote any thing more in character. Nestor, a talkative old man, was glad to catch at this common-place, as it would furnish him with much matter for prate. And, therefore, on pretence that Agamemnon had not been full enough upon it, he begs leave to supply the topic with some diversified flourishes of his own. And what could be more natural than for a wordy old man to call the repetition of the same thought, a sapphral. We may observe further, that according to this reading the introductory apology,

* With due observance of thy godly Seat,

is very proper: it being a kind of inference, to the prejudice of Agamemnon's facundity, that Nestor was forced to supply his speech. Whereas had the true reading been in his, the apology had been imperfect: for in such a case we must have supposed, this
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her \textsuperscript{5} patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and anon behold,
The strong-ribb'd Bark thro' liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse. Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd Greatness? or to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's shew and valour's worth divide
In storms of fortune; for in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tyger; but when splitting winds
Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies get under shade; why then \textsuperscript{6} the thing of
courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize;
And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
\textsuperscript{7} Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul, and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up, hear, what Ulysses speaks.
Besides th' applause and approbation
The which, most mighty for thy place and sway;
[To Agamemnon.

this was a preconcerted division of the argument between the two orators. Warburton.
I suppose the reader is long since contented rather to take each word than read the argument. Nepor applies the words to another instance.

\textsuperscript{5} \textit{patient breast.}—\textit{patient breast.}—\textit{ancient breast.} \textsuperscript{6} \textit{the thing of courage.} \textsuperscript{7} Returns to chiding fortune.

For return, Hanmer reads \\textit{repetit}, unnecessarily, the sense being the same. The folio and quarto have \\textit{reti:ct}, corruptly.

And
And thou, most rev'rend for thy stretch-out life,

To Neftor.

I give to both your 8 speeches; which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Neftor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axle-tree
On which heav'n rides, knit all the Grecians' ears
To his experience'd tongue: yet let it please both
Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

9 Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca, and be't of least
expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear mufick, wit and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon her basis, had been down,
And the great Neftor's sword had lack'd a matter,
But for these instances.

' The speciaility of Rule hath been neglected;

8—speeches; which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand
of Greece
Should hold up high in brass;
and such again,
As venerable Neftor, hatch'd
in silver,
Should—knit all Greeks ears
To his experience'd tongue:——]

Ulysses begins his oration with
praising those who had spoken befor
him, and marks the characterick excellencies of their dif
ferent eloquence, strength and
sweetness, which he expresses by
the different metals on which he
recommends them to be engraven
for the instruction of posterity.

The speech of Agamemnon is such
that it ought to be engraven in
brass, and the tablet held up by
him on the one side, and Greece
on the other, to shew the union
of their opinion. And Neftor
ought to be exhibited in silver,
uniting all his audience in one
mind by his soft and gentle elo
cation. Brass is the common
emblem of strength, and silver of
gentleness. We call a soft
voice a silver voice, and a persua
dive tongue a silver tongue.

I once read for hand, the hand
of Greece, but I think the text right.

To hatch, is a term of art for
a particular method of engraving.

Hatcher, to cut, French.

9 Agam. Speaks, &c.] This
speech is not in the quarto.

The speciaility of Rule— The
particular rights of supreme au
thority.
An 1, look, how many Grecian Tents do stand
Hollow upon this Plain, so many hollow factions.

When that the General is not like the hive,
To whom the Foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th' unworthy st finds as fairly in the mask.

The heav'ns themselves, the planets, and this center,
Observe degree, priority and place,
Insufflure, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthron'd and sph'rd
Amidst the rest, whose med'cinable eye

When that the General is not like the hive,] The image is taken from the government of bees. But what are we to understand by this line? either it has no meaning, or a meaning contrary to the drift of the speaker. For either it signifies, that the General and the hive are not of the same degree or species, when as the Speaker's complaint is, that the hive acts so perversely as to destroy all difference of degree between them and the General: or it must signify, that the General has private ends and interests distinct from that of the hive; which defeats the very end of the speaker; whose purpose is to justify the General, and expose the disobedience of the hive. We should certainly then read,

When that the General not likes the hive:

i.e. when the soldiers like not, and refuse to pay due obedience to their General: This being the very case he would describe, and shew the mischiefs of.

No interpretation was ever more perverse than those of the commentator. The meaning is,

When the General is not to the army like the hive to the bees, the repository of the flock of every individual, that to which each particular reforts with whatever he has collected for the good of the whole, what is honey expected? What hope of advantage? The sense is clear, the expression is confused.

The heav'ns themselves,—[This illustration was probably derived from a passage in Hooker: If celestial spheres should forget their wonted motion; if the Prince of the lights of heaven should begin to stand; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, and the seas of the year blend themselves, what would become of man? The heav'ns themselves, the planets, and this center, i.e. the center of the earth; which, according to the Ptolemaic system then in vogue, is the center of the Solar System.

Corre...
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts like the commandment of a King,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the pla-
net
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the Sea, shaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure? Oh, when degree is shaken,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprize is sick. How could communities,
Degrees in Schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogeniture, and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, lawrels,
But by degree, stand in authentick place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And hark what discord follows; each thing meets
In meer oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a top of all this solid Globe:
Strength should be Lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:

4 — But when the Planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander, &c.] By Planets
Shakespeare here means Comets,
which by some were supposed to
be excentrical planets. The evil
effects here recapitulated were
those which superstition gave to
the appearance of Comets.

WARBURTON.
I believe the poet, according
to astrological opinions, means,
when the planets form malignant
configurations, when their aspects
are evil towards one another.
This he terms evil mixture.

5 — Oh, when degree is shaken.
I would read,
—So when degree is shaken.

6 The enterprize—] Perhaps
we should read,
Then enterprize is sick.—

7 — brotherhoods in cities.
Corporations; companies; con-
fraternities.

Force
Force should be Right; or rather, Right and Wrong,
Between whose endless jar Justice resides,
Should lose their names, and so should Justice too;
Then every thing include itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconed with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,

---Right and Wrong,
Between whose endless jar Justice resides,
Would lose their names. ---] The editor, Mr. Theobald, thinks that the second line is no bad comment upon what Horace has said on this subject;
---Junt certi denique fines,
Quae ultra virtum nequit consisterent rem.

But if it be a comment on the Latin poet, it is certainly the world that ever was made. Horace says, with extreme good sense, that there are certain bounds beyond which, and short of which, Justice or Right cannot exist. The meaning is, because if it be short of those bounds, Wrong prevails; if it goes beyond, Justice tyrannizes; according to the common proverb of Sumnum jus summa injuria. Shakespeare says, that Justice resides between the endless jar of right and wrong. Here the two extremes, between which Justice resides, are right and wrong; in Horace the two extremes, between which Justice resides, are both wrong. A very pretty comment this truly, which points the change upon us; and instead of explaining a good thought of Horace, gives us a nonsensical one of its own. For to say the truth, this is not only no comment on Horace, but no true reading of Shakespeare. Justice is here represented as moderating between Right and Wrong, and acting the over-complaining and ridiculous part of Don Adriano de Armado in Love's Labour Lost, who is called, with inimitable humour,
A man of Complaints, whom Right and Wrong
Have chose as Umpire of their Mutiny.

This is the exact office of Justice in the present reading: But we are not to think that Shakespeare in a serious speech would dress her up in the garb of his fantastic Spafiard. We must rather conclude that he wrote,
Between whose endless jar Justice presides;

i.e., always determines the controversy in favour of Right; and thus Justice is properly characterized without the author's ever dreaming of commenting Horace.

Surely all this is needless. If Justice presides between them, the must reside between them; if the fits with authority, the must fit.

And
And last eat up itself. Great Agamemnon!
This Chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking:
And this negligence of degree is it,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The General's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath; so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his Superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation.
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a Tale of length,
Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength.
Neft. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever, whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the fore-hand of our Hoft,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs. With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
Breaks scurril jefts;
And with ridiculous and awkward action,
Which, flanderer, he imitation calls,
He pageants us. Sometimes, great Agamemnon,
*Thy toplefs Deputation he puts on;

9 *Thy toplefs Deputation—* I don't know what can be meant
backward step by step.
1 —with a purpose
It hath to climb. — With a
deign in each man to arrogandle
himselh, by slighting his immediatel
superiour.
2 —bloodless emulation] An
emulation not vigorous and ac-
tive, but malignant and flaggish.

*Thy toplefs Deputation—* I don't know what can be meant
by toplefs, but the contrary to
what the speaker would inufinate.
I suspect the poet wrote STOP-
LESS, i.e. unlimited; which was
the case. WARBURTON.
Toplefs is that has nothing top-
ning or overtopping it; supreme;
sovereign.
And, like a strutting Player, whose conceit
Lies in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy Greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unskirled:
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropt,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff
The large Achilles, on his preest-bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause:
Cries—excellent!—'tis Agamemnon just—
Now play me Nestor—bum, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being 'drest to some oration.
That's done—^ as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like, as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet god Achilles still cries, excellent!
'Tis Nestor right! now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.
And, then forsooth, the faint defects of age
Milt be the scene of mirth, to cough and spit,
And with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet—and at this sport,
Sir Valcur dies; cries "O!—enough, Patroclus—
" Or give me ribs of steel, I shall split all
" In pleasure of my spleen." And, in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Several and generals of grace exact,

---as near as the extremest ends, &c.] The parallels to which the allusion seems to be made are the parallels on a map. As like as East to West.

4 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Several and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, &c.] The meaning is this, All our good qualities, several and generals of grace: i.e. whether they be general and belong to particular men, as prudence to Ulysses, experience to Nestor, magnanimity to Agamemnon, valour to Ajax, &c. or whether they be general and belonging to the Greek nations in general, as valour, polished manners, &c. all their good qualities, together with our
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nef. And in the imitation of these twain,
Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice, many are infect:
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place,
As broad Achilles; and keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts, rails on our state of war,
Bold as an Oracle; and sets Therites,
A slave, whose gall coins Flanders like a mint,
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank forever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardise,
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Foretall our prescience, and esteem no Age

achievements, plots, orders, &c.
are all turned into ridicule by the
buffoonery of Achilles and Patroclus.
This is the sense; but what
then is the meaning of grace exact?
no other can be made of it,
than that Achilles and Patroclus
exactly mimick all our qualities
and actions. But the speaker
thought very differently of their
buffoonery: the imitation, he
says, being as unlike the original
as Vulcan to his wife. The fault
lies here; exact should be ex act;
and belongs to the second division,
namely the enumeration of the
actions; and should be read thus;
All our abilities, gifts, natures,
flowers
Several, and generals of grace;
exact
Achievements, plots, &c.
i. e. examinations, publick taxes,
and contributions for carrying on
the war. Warburton.

Hammer reads, though of grace
exact. I see no great need of
enunciation; the meaning is
plain; of exact, of excels.
ence irreproachable.

5—to make paradoxes.] Para-
dadoxes may have a meaning, but
it is not clear and distinct. I with
the copies had given,
—to make parodies.
6—to bear his head
In such a rein.—] That is,
holds up his head as haughtily.
We still lay of a girl, sine bridies.
7 How rank forever rounded in
with danger.] A rank need
is a high need. The modern
editions silently read,
Hav hard f. coum—

F f 2 But
But that of hand: The still and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness call them on, and know by measure
Of their observant toil the enemies' weight;
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this bed-work, Mapp'ry, closet war:
So that the ram, that batter's down the wall,
For the great fwing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nei. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' ions. [Tucket sounds.
Ag. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.
Men. From Troy.

SCENE VI.

Enter Æneas.

Ag. What would you 'fore our tent?
Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?
Ag. Even this.
Æne. May one, that is a Herald and a Prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?
Ag. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm,
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon Head and General.
Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?
Ag. How?
Æne. I ask, that I might waken Reverence,

—and know by measure
Of their observant toil the enemies' weight;
I think it were better to read,
—and know the measure,
By sure of toil to', of the kingly eyes.

9 —kingly ears.] The quarto,
——kingly eyes.
1 —Achilles' arm.] So the copies. Perhaps the author wrote,
——Alcides' arm.

And
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phæbus:
Which is that God in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?
Aga. This Trojan scorns us, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm’d,
As bending Angels; that’s their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove’s
Accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas;
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips;
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If he, that’s prais’d, himself bring the praise forth:
But what th’ repining enemy commends,
That breath Fame blows, that praise sole pure tran-
scends.
Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?
Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.
Aga. What’s your affair, I pray you?
Æne. Sir, pardon; ’tis for Agamemnon’s ears.
Aga. He hears nought privately that comes from
Troy.
Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him;
I bring a trumpet to awake his Ear,
To set his senfe on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.
Aga. Speak frankly as the wind,
It is not Agamemnon’s sleeping hour;
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.
Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brafs voice thro’ all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know
What Troy means fairly, 'll shall be spoke aloud.

[The trumpets sound.

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A Prince call’d Hector, Priam is his father,
Who in this dull and long continu’d truce
Is rusily grown; he bade me take a trumpet
And to this purpose speak: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one amongst the fair°° of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease,
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valour and knows not his fear,
That loves his mistress°° more than in confession,
With truant vows°° to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers; to him this Challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouze a Grecian that is true in love.
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he’ll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian Dames are fam-burn’d, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agm. This shall be told our lovers, Lord Aeneas.
If none of them have ful in such a kind,
We’ve left them all at home: but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a meer recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!

---long continu’d truce] Of this long truce there has been no notice taken; in this very act it is said, that Ajax exciting Hector yesterday in the battle.
°°rusily—] Quarto, rusily.  
°°more than in confession.] Confession, for profession. 
°°to her own lips he loves,] That is, confession made with its vows to the lips of her whom it loves.
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I'm he.

Neæ. Tell him of Neætor; one, that was a man
When Hector's Grandfire suckt; he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian Host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, tell him from me,
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, that my Lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heav'n's forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agæ. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand:
To our Pavilion shall I lead you first:
Achilles shall have word of this intent,
So shall each Lord of Greece from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Manent Ulysses and Neætor.

Ulyss. Neætor,—

Neæ. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Neæ. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the seeded pride,
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropt,

7 And in my vantbrace—] An armour for the arm, avantbras.

Pope.

F f 4

Or,
Or, shedding breed a nurture of like evil,
To over-bulk us all.

Nept. Well, and how?
Ulyss. This Challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nept. The purpose is perspicuous ev'n as Substance,
Whole grossness of little characters sum up.
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya, tho', Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough, will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?
Nept. Yes, 'tis most meet; whom may you else oppo-
ses,
That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? though a sportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells,
For here the Trojans taste our dear't Repute
With their fin'est palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be odly pois'd
In this wild action. For the success,

---nurser---] Alluding to a plantation, called a nursery.

The purpose is perspicuous ev'n as Substance,
Whole grossness of little characters sum up.] That is, the pur-
pose is as plain as body or sub-
stance; and tho' I have collected
this purpose from many minute
particulars, as a gross body is
made up of small ininsensible parts,
yet the result is as clear and cer-
tain as a body thus made up is
palpable and visible. This is the
thought, tho' a little obscured in
the conciseness of the expression.

Warburton.

And, in the publication, make no strain.] Neptor goes
on to say, make no difficul-
ty, no doubt, when this duel
comes to be proclaim'd, but
that Achilles, dull as he is, will
discover the drift of it. This is
the meaning of the line. So af-
terwards, in this play, Ulysses
says,

I do not strain at the position,
i.e. I do not hesitate at, I make
no difficulty of it. Theor.

Although
Although particular, shall give a \(^2\) scantling
Of good or bad unto the general,
And in such indexes, although \(^3\) small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant-mass
Of things to come, at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets Hec[t]or issues from our Choice;
And Choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere, from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conqu'ring part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves!

\(^4\) Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my Speech;
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hec[t]or.
Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll fell; if not,
The luftre of the better, yet to shew,
Shall shew the better. Do not then consent,
That ever Hec[t]or and Achilles meet:
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Ne[p]. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyss. What Glory our Achilles shares from Hec[t]or,
Were he not proud, we all should \(^5\) share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Africk Sun,
Than in the pride and falt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hec[t]or fair. If he were foil'd,

\(^2\) scantling \(\rightarrow\) That is a measure, proportion. The carpenter cuts his wood to a certain scantling.
\(^3\) small pricks \(\rightarrow\) Small points compared with the volumes.
\(^4\) Which entertain'd \(\rightarrow\) These two lines are not in the quarto.
\(^5\) share \(\rightarrow\) So the quarto.

Why,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a Lott'ry;
And by device let blockish Ajax draw
The Sort to fight with Uleôr: 'mong our selves,
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will physick the great My: midon,
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Aj: x come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices; if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion sthil,
That we have better men. But, hit or mifs,
Our project's life this shape of sense affumes,
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Abilis' plumes.

Ne i. Ulysses, now I relish thy advice,
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon; go we to him straight;
Two curs shall tame each other; pride alone
Must tar the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[Exit.

5 ACT II. SCENE I.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax and Thersites.

AJAX.

THERSITES,—
Tber. Agamemnon—how if he had boiles—
ful, all over, generally. [Talking to himself].

*Must tar the mastiffs on,—*
Tarre, an old English word signifying to provoke or urge on.
See King John, A3 4. Scene 1. — like a Dog

Sketch at his Master that did
Tar him on.

*? A3 II ] This play is not divided into Acts in any of the original editions.*

Tber.
Ther. And those boiles did run—say so—did not the General run? were not that a boychy core?

Ajax. Dog!

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf’s son, canst thou not hear? feel then. [Sir kes him.

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted Lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak; I will beat thee into handsoneness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness; but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book: thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o’ thy jade’s tricks!

Ajax. Toads-foul, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Doest thou think, I have no sense, thou think’st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation—

8 The plague of Greece] Alluding perhaps to the plague sent by Apollo on the Grecian army.

9 Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak;] The reading obtruded upon us by Mr. Pope, was unsalted leaven, that has no authority or countenance from any of the copies; nor that approaches in any degree to the traces of the old reading, you whinid’st leaven. This, ’tis true, is corrupted and unintelligible; but the emendation, which I have coined out of it, gives us a senile apt and consonant to what Ajax would say, unsalted leaven.

—’Thou lump of flour dough, kneaded up out of a flower, unpur’d and unsalted, with all the dross and bran in it.”—

Theobald. Speak then, thou whinid’st leaven.] This is the reading of the old copies: it should be windiest, i.e. most windy; leaven being made by a great fermentation. This epithet agrees well with Thotis’s character.

Warburton. Hanmer preserves whinid’, the reading of the folio; but does not explain it, nor do I understand it. If the folio be followed, I read, cinew’d, that is, mostly leaven, thou composition of mustiness and forms.

Theobald’s assertion, however confident, is false. Unsalted leaven is in the old quarto. It means, sour without salt, malignity without wit. Shakespeare wrote first unsalted, but re-coffeting that want of salt was no fault in leaven, changed it to cinew’d. ’
Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.
Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not. My fingers itch.
Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsome scab ¹ in Greece.
Ajax. I say, the proclamation——
Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his Greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's Beauty: ay, ² that thou bark'st at him.
Ajax. Mistres's Thersites!——
Ther. Thou should'st strike him.
Ajax. Cobloaf!
Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.
Ther. Do, do.
Ajax. Thou fool for a witch!——
Ther. Ay, do, do, thou sodden-witted Lord; thou hast no more brain than I have in my elbows; an Alsevero may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant as! thou art here but to thrash Trojans, and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!
Ajax. You dog!
Ther. You scurvy Lord!
Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel, do, do.

¹ in Greece] The quarto adds these words, when thou art forth in the incursins, thou strikest as flow at another.
² that thou bark'ft at him] I read, O that thou bark'dst at him.

SCENE
SCENE II.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you this?
How now, Tberistes? what's the matter, man?
Tber. You see him there, do you?
Achil. Ay, what's the matter?
Tber. Nay, look upon him.
Achil. So I do, what's the matter?
Tber. Nay, but regard him well.
Achil. Well, why, I do so.
Tber. But yet you look not well upon him: for whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.
Achil. I know that, fool.
Tber. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.
Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.
Tber. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters; his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones. I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his Pia Mater is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This Lord (Achilles) Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.
Achil. What?

[Ajax offers to strike him, Achilles interposes.

Tber. I say, this Ajax——
Achil. Nay, good Ajax.
Tber. Has not so much wit——
Achil. Nay, I must hold you.
Tber. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.
Achil. Peace, fool!
Tber. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not; he there, that he, look you there.

Ajax.
Ajax. O thou damn'd cur. I shall——

Achill. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Therites.

Achill. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achill. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impref.

Ther. Ev'n so — a great deal of your wit too lies in your finews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; he were as good crack a fully nut with no kernel.

Achill. What, with me too, Therites?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor, (whose wit was mouldy ere your Grandfires had nails on their toes,) yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achill. What! what!

Ther. Yes, good footh; to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to——

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I shall i'speak as much as thou afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Therites. Peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace, when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

1 Nestor, whose wit was mouldy; or their Grandfires had nails.

This is one of the editors' riddles. What! Was Nestor's wit mouldy, before his Grandfire's toes had any nails? Preposterous nonsense! and yet to ease a change, as one poor pronoun for another, sets all right and clear.

Theobald.

4 when Achilles' brach bids me.

The folio and quarto read, Achilles' brooch. Brooch is an appendant ornament. The meaning may be, equivalent to one of Achilles's tangers on.
Troilus and Cressida. 447

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hang'd like clotpole, ere I come any more to your Tents. I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.

[Exit.

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our Hoft,
That Hector, by the fifth hour of the Sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and Troy,
To morrow morning call some Knight to arms,
That hath a stomach, such a one that dare
Maintain I know not what. 'Tis trash, farewel.

Ajax. Farewel! who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to lott'ry, otherwise
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you. I'll go learn more of it.

[Exeunt.

Scene III.

Changes to Priam's Palace in Troy.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris and Helenus.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:
Deliver Helen, and all damage else,
As honour, loss of time, travel, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is confum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,
Shall be struck off. Hector, what say you to't?

HeCt. Though no man leffer fears the Greeks than I,
As far as touches my particular, yet, dread Priam,

There
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spungy to suck in the Sense of fear,
More ready to cry out, who knows what follows?
Than Hector is. The Wound of Peace is Surety,
Surety secure; but modest Doubt is call'd
Thy beacon of the wife; the tent that searches
To th' bottom of the worst. Let Helen go.
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Ev'ry tithe soul 'mongst many thousand dismes
Hath been as dear as Helen. I mean, of ours.
If we have left so many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?
Troi. Fy, fy, my brother:
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
So great as our dread father in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waifst most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? Fy, for godly shame!
Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons;
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?
Troi. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother Priest,
You fur your gloves with reasons. Here are your reasons.
You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword imploy'd is perilous;

5 The past-proportion of his infinite? [Thus read both the copies. The meaning is, that any proportion. The modern editors silently give,
Greatness to which no measure bears

And
And reason flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like th'idden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorb'd!—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their
thoughts
With this cram'd reason; reason and respect
Make livers pale, and luftyhood deject.

He's. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Troi. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

He's. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds its esteem and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the God;

And the Will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of th' affected merit.

Troi. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores

And fly like th'idden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorb'd!—[These two lines are misplaced in all the folio editions. Pope.

And the Will dotes, that is inclinable] Old edition, not so well, has it, attributive. Pope.

By the old edition Mr. Pope means the old quarto. The folio has, as it stands, inclinable.

I think the first reading better; the will dotes that attributes or gives the qualities which it affects;

that first causes excellence, and then admires it.
"Without some image of th' affected merit." We should read,
"th' affected's merit."
i.e. without some mark of merit in the thing affected. Warb.

The present reading is right. The will affects an object for some supposed merit, which Hector says, is unceivable, unless the merit so affected be really there.
Of Will and Judgment; how may I avoid,
Although my Will disturbs what is elected,
The wife I chuse? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have foil'd them; nor the remainder viands.
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks;
Your breath of full consent bellied his falls,
The seas and winds old wranglers took a truce,
And did him service; he touch'd the Ports desir'd,
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt.
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath lanch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd Kings to merchants;
If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd, go, go)
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clap'd your hands,
And cry'd, inestimable!) why do you now
The issue of your proper wisoms rate,
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Begggar that estimation which you priz'd

9 foil'd them; [So reads the quarto. The folio,
—foil'd them.

1 unrespective sieve.] That is, into a common sieve. Sieve is in the quarto. The folio reads,
unrespective sieve,
for which the modern editions have silently printed,
unrespective place.

2 pale the morning.] So the quarto. The folio and modern editors,
—pale the morning.

3 And do a deed that fortune never did.] If I understand this passage, the meaning is, Why do you by conferring the determination of your own wisoms, degrade Helen, whom fortune has not yet deprived of her value, or against whom, as the wife of Paris, fortune has not in this work's declared, as to make us value her less. This is very harsh, and much strained.

Richer
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Richer than sea and land? O theft most base! 
That we have stoll'n what we do fear to keep!
But thieves, worthy of a thing so stoll'n,
Who in their country did them that disgrace?
We fear to warrant in our native place!
Cas. [within.] Cry, Trojans, cry!
Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?
Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.
Cas. [within.] Cry, Trojans!
Hec. It is Cassandra.

SCENE IV.

Enter Cassandra, with her hair about her ears.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick tears.
Hec. Peace, sister, peace.
Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled Elders,
Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,
Add to my clamour! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come:
Cry, Trojans, cry; practice your eyes with tears.
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand:
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe;
Cry, cry, Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [Exit.
Hec. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of Divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? Or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?
Tro. Why, brother Hec. tor,
We may not think the justness of each act

* But thieves,—* [Hammer reads, Base thieves,—* Such
Such and no other than event doth form it;  
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,  
Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures  
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,  
Which hath our several honours all engag'd  
To make it gracious. For my private part,  
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons;  
And, Love forbid! there should be done amongst us  
Such things, as might offend the weakest spleen  
To fight for and maintain.

Par. Else might the world convince of levity  
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:  
But I attest the Gods, your full consent  
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off  
All fears attending on so dire a project.  
For what, alas, can these my single arms?  
What propugnation is in one man's valour,  
To stand the push and enmity of those  
This quarrel would excite? yet I protest,  
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,  
And had as ample Power, as I have Will,  
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,  
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak  
Like one befotted on your sweet delights;  
You have the honey still, but these the gall;  
So, to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself  
The pleasures such a Beauty brings with it:  
But I would have the foil of her fair rape  
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.  
What treason were it to the ranfack'd Queen,  
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,  
Now to deliver her possession up,  
On terms of base compulsion? can it be,  
That so degenerate a strain, as this,  
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended: none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unsam'd,
When Helen is the subject. Then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hecat, Paris and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz'd; but superficially, not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
The reasons, you allege, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong, for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their 6 benumbed wills, resift the same;
There is a law in each well-ordered nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's King,
As it is known she is, these moral laws
Of Nature, and of Nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd. Thus to perfilt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hecat's opinion

6 —benumbed wills,— That is, inflexible, immovable, no longer obedient to superior direction.
7 There is a law— What the law does in every nation between individuals, justice ought to do between nations.
Is this in way of truth; yet nevertheless,
My sprightly brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not with a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a tree of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whole present courage may beat down our foes,
And Fame, in time to come, canonize us.
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hec. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roiling challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits.
I was advertis'd, their great General slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept;
This, I presume, will wake him. [Exeunt.

8 Is this in way of truth;—] Though considering truth and justice in this question, this is my opinion; yet as a question of honour, I think on it as you.
9—the performance of our heaving spleens.] The execution of spite and resentment.
1 — emulation—] That is, envy, factious contention.
SCENE V.

Before Achilles's Tent, in the Grecian Camp.

Enter Thersites solus.

How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him. O worthy satisfaction! 't would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken 'till these two undermine it, the walls will stand 'till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the King of Gods, and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not that little, little, less than little wit from them that they have; which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, 2 without drawing the maffy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather the 'bon-each, for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers, and devil Envy say Amen. What ho! my Lord Achilles!

Enter Patroclus.


Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou couldst not have slipp'd out of my contempla-

1 [without drawing the maffy iron] That is, without drawing t'air forwards to cut the web. 2 the bon-each.] In the quarto, the Neapolitan bon-each.

They use no means but those of violence.
tion; but it is no matter, thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death, then if she, that lays thee out, says thou art a fair coarse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrowded any but Lazars; Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? waft thou in prayer?
Ther. Ay, the heav'ns hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where? art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why haft thou not served thyself up to my table, so many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon!

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy Lord, Thersites. Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus. Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou must tell, that know'lt.

Achil. O tell, tell,—

Ther. I'll *decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles, Achilles is my Lord, I am Patroclus's knower, and *Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal——

Ther. Peace, fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man. Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool, Achilles is a fool, Thersites is a fool, and, as aforefaid, Patroclus is a fool.

*decline the whole question. \[Deduce the question from the first case to the last.\]

5 Patroclus is a fool. \[The four next speeches are not in the quarto.\]
Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilis. Achilis is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon. Theristes is a fool to serve such a fool, and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—It suffices me, thou art.

SCENE VI.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Neoptolemus, Diomedes, Ajax, and Calchas.

Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with no body. Come in with me, Theristes. [Exit.

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery. All the argument is a cuckold and a whore, a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry Serpigo on the subject, and war and lechery confound all! [Exit.

Aga. Where is Achilis?

Patr. Within his tent, but ill dispos'd, my Lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here.

8 He shent our messengers, and we lay by Our appertainments, visiting of him; let him be told so, lest, perchance, he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him. [Exit.

Ulysses. We saw him at the op'ning of his tent, He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of a proud heart. You may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man;

6 of the prover.] So the quarto. 8 He sent our messengers,—
but, by my head, 'tis pride; but why, why?—let him shew us the cause. A word, my Lord.

[To Agamemnon.

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?
Uly. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.
Nest. Who, Thersites?
Uly. He.
Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.
Uly. No, you see, he is his argument, that has his argument, Achilles.
Nest. All the better; their faction is more our wish than their faction; but it was a strong composure, that a fool could difunite.
Uly. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.

SCENE VII.

Enter Patroclus.

Here comes Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him?
Uly. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtely;
His legs are for necessity, not flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry,
If anything more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble St.;
To call on him; he hopes, it is no other,
But for your health and your digestion-fake;
An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you, Patroclus;
We are too well acquainted with these answers;
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outsly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss;
Yea like fair fruit in an unwholsome dish,
Are like to rot untaasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin
If you do say, we think him over-proud,
And under honest, in self assumption greater
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than
himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And under-write in an observing kind
His humourous predominance; yea, watch
His petty lunes, his ebbs and flows; as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
That if he over-hold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report,
"Bring action hither, this can't go to war:
"A stirring dwarf we do allowance give,
"Before a sleeping giant;" tell him so.

Patr. I shall, and bring his answer presently. [Exit.
Ag. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him. Ulysses, enter.

Exit Ulysses.

Ajax. What is he more than another?
Ag. No more than what he thinks he is.
Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks
himself a better man than I am?

---under-write---] To sub-
ner be, in Shakespeare, is to obey.
3 His petty lunes,---] This is
Hammer's emendation of his pet-
tish lunes. The old quarto reads,
His course and time.
This speech is unfaithfully print-
ed in modern editions.

Ag.
Aga. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say, he is?

Aga. No, noble Ajax, you are as strong, as valiant, as wife, no les noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He, that is proud, eats up himself. Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

SCENE VIII.

Re enter Ulysses.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. [Aside.] Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none; but carries on the stream of his dispose,

Without observance or respect of any,

In will peculiar, and in self-admission.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,

Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,

He makes important; possessest he is with greatness,

And speaks not to himself, but with a pride

That quarrels at self-breath. Imagin'd worth

Holds in his blood such twain and hot discourse;

That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,

Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,

And batters down himself. What should I say?

He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it

Cry, no recovery.

Aga. Let Ajax go to him.

Dear
TROIUS AND CRESSIDA.

Dear Lord, go you and greet him in his tent;
Tis said, he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself.

Ulysses. O, Agamemnon, let it not be so.
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes,
When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud Lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matters of the world
Enter his thoughts, (fave such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,) shall he be worshipp'd
Of that, we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant Lord
Must not so itale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, affubjuge his merit,
As amply titled, as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were t' inlard his fat already pride,
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This Lord go to him? Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder, Achilles, go to him!

Nestor. O, this is well, he rubs the vein of him.

[Aside.

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

[Aside.

Ajax. If I go to him—with my armed fist
I'll pash him o'er the face.

Agamemnon. O no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll ⁴ pheese his pride; let me go to him.

Ulysses. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel:

Ajax. A paltry insolent fellow—

Nestor. How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulysses. The raven chides blackness.

⁴ pheese his pride;] To pheese is to comb or curry.

⁵ Not for the worth—] Not for the value of all for which we are fighting.
Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He'll be the physician, that should be the patient.

Ajax. And all men were o' my mind——

Ulyf. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. He should not bear it so, he should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nef. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulyf. He would have ten shares.

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple,—

Nef. He's not yet through warm: force him with praises; pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyf. My Lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nef. Our noble General, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyf. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.

Here is a man——but 'tis before his face——

I will be silent.

Nef. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyf. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog! that palters thus with us——

Would he were a Trojan!

Nef. What a vice were it in Ajax now——

Ulyf. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of praise.

Ulyf. Ay, or surly borne.

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected.

6 Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple, he is not yet through warm.

Nef. Force him with praises; &c. The latter part of Ajax's speech is certainly got out of place, and ought to be assigned to Nefor, as I have ventured to transpole it. Ajax is feeding on his vanity, and boasting what he'll do to Achilles; he'll pash him o'er the face, he'll make him eat swords; he'll knead him, he'll supple him, &c. Nefor and Ulyfes finly labour to keep him up in this vein; and to this end Nefor craftily hints, that Ajax is not warm yet, but must be cram'd with more flattery. Theobald.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 463

Uly. Thank the heav'ns, Lord, thou art of sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, her that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half; and for thy vigor,
Pull-bearing Milo his Addition yields
To fineowy Ajax; I'll not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts. Here's Neftor,
Instructed by the Antiquary times;
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:
But pardon, father Neftor, were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Neft. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax.

Uly. There is no tarrying here; the Hart Achilles
Keeps thicker; please it our great General
To call together all his State of war;
Fresh Kings are come to Troy; to-morrow,
We must with all our main of pow'r stand fast;
And here's a Lord. Come Knights from East to Weft;
And cull their flow'r, Ajax shall cope the best.

Aga. Go we to Council, let Achilles sleep;
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[Exeunt.

7 Neft. Ay, my good son.] In
the folio and in the modern edi-
tions Ajax desires to give the title
of father to Ulysses; in the quarto,
more naturally, to Neftor.
ACT III. SCENE I.

Paris's Apartments in the Palace, in Troy.

Enter Pandarus, and a Servant. [Musick within.

PANDARUS.

FRIEND! you! Pray you, a word. Do not you follow the young Lord Paris?
Serv. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.
Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?
Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.
Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman. I must needs praise him.
Serv. The Lord be praised!
Pan. You know me, do you not?
Serv. Faith, Sir, superficially.
Pan. Friend, know me better. I am the Lord Pandarus.
Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.
Pan. I do desire it.
Serv. You are in the state of grace.
Pan. Grace? not so, friend. Honour, and Lordship, are my titles.
What musick is this?
Serv. I do but partly know, Sir; it is musick in parts.
Pan. You know the musicians?
Serv. Wholly, Sir.
Pan. Who play they to?
Serv. To the hearers, Sir.
Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?
Serv. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love musick.

Pan.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 465

Serv. Who shall I command, Sir?
Pan. Friend, we understand not one another. I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?
Serv. That's to't, indeed, Sir. Marry, Sir, at the request of Paris my Lord, who's there in person; with him the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's visible soul.
Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?
Serv. No, Sir, Helen. Could you not find out that by her attributes?
Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus; I will make a complimetal assault upon him, for my business seethes.
Serv. Sodden business! there's a stew'd phrase, indeed.

SCENE II.

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my Lord, and to all this fair company! fair Desires in all fair measure fairly guide them; especially to you, fair queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow!
Helen. Dear Lord, you are full of fair words.
Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet Queen. Fair Prince, here is good broken musick.
Par. You have broken it, cousin, and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Nell, he is full of harmony.
Pan. Truly, lady, no.
Helen. O, Sir——
Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

[love's visible soul.] So Har- right, and may mean the soul of
mer. The other editions have in- love invisible every where else.
vincible, which perhaps may be

Vol. VII. H h Par.
Troilus and Cressida.

Par. Well said, my Lord; well, you say so in this.

Pan. I have business to my Lord, dear Queen. My Lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out; we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet Queen, you are pleasant with me; but, marry thus, my Lord.—My dear Lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My Lord Pandarus, honey-sweet Lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet Queen, go to—Commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody, If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet Queen, sweet Queen, that's a sweet Queen, I'faith—

Helen. And to make a sweet Lady sad, is a four offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn, that shall it not in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no. * And, my Lord, he desires you, that if the King call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet Queen, my very very sweet Queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my Lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet Queen? My cousin will fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, 9 with my disposer Cressida.

* Ant, my Lord, he esprituous.]
Here I think the speech of Pandarus should begin, and the rest of it should be added to that of Helen, but I have followed the copies.

9 —with my disposer Cressida. I think cressidzr should, in these places, be read disposer; she that would separate He'er from him. Warrington. I do not understand the word disposer, nor know what to substitute in its place. There is no variation in the copies.
Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ah, good my Lord, why should you say, Cressida? No, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy—


Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet Queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my Lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

Pan. He? no, she'll none of him, they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, I sweet Lord, thou haft a fine fore-head.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may—

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love!—ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now. Love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so. Love, love, nothing but love; still love, still more.

For O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe;
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the fore.
These lovers cry,
Oh! Oh! they die,

[1 sweet Lord,] In the quarto, sweet lad.

Yet
Yet that, which seems the wound to kill,
Dost turn, oh! oh! to ba, ba, he:
So dying love lives still.
O bo, a while; but ba, ba, ba;
O bo groans out for ba, ba, ba—bey bo!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose!
Par. He eats nothing but doves, Love, and that
breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts,
and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds are
love.
Par. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot
thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers; is
love a generation of vipers?—Sweet Lord, who's a
field to-day?
Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all
the gallantry of Troy. I would fain have arm'd to
day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance
my brother Troilus went not?
Helen. He hangs the lip at something. You know
all, Lord Pandarus.
Par. Not I, honey-sweet Queen. I long to hear
how they sped to-day. You'll remember your bro-
ther's excuse.
Par. To a hair.
Par. Farewel, sweet Queen.
Helen. Commend me to your niece.
Par. I will, sweet Queen. (Exit. Sound a Retreat.
Par. They're come from field. Let us to Priam's
Hall,

Yet that, which seems the wound to kill,
To kill the wound, is no very intelligible ex-
pression, nor is the measure pre-
termed. We might read,
These lovers cry,
Oh! oh! they die:

But that which seems to kill,
Death turn, &c.
So dying love lives still.
Yet as the wound to kill may
mean the wound that seems mortal
I alter nothing.
To greet the warriors. *Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector; his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers toucht,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island Kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. *Twill make us proud to be his servant,

Paris:
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, over-shines ourself.


SCENE III.

An Orchard to Pandarus's House.

Enter Pandarus, and Troilus's Man.

Pan. NOW, where's thy master? at my cousin
Cressida's?
Serv. No, Sir, he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes. How now, how now?
Troi. Sirrah, walk off.
Pan. Have you seen my cousin?
Troi. No, Pandarus, I stalk about her door,
Like a strange foul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid.

H h 3

Pan.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA:

Pan. Walk here 't' orchard. I will bring her straight. [Exit Pandarus.

Troil. I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round;
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet,
That it enchants my sense; what will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes, indeed,
Love's thrice-reputed nec'rar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers;
I fear it much, and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The flying enemy.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight.
You must be witty now. She does so blush, and
fetches her wind so short, as if she were fraud with a
sprite. I'll bring her. It is the prettiest villain. She
fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

[Exit Pandarus.

Troil. Ev'n such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my pow'rs do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of Majesty.

SCENE IV.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come; what need you blush? Shame's
a baby. Here she is now. Swear the oaths now to

---and too sharp in sweetness, curately,
So the folio and all modern editions; but the quarto more ac-
h her,
her, that you have sworn to me. What, are you gone again? you must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; if you draw backward, we'll put you 'th' files.—Why do you not speak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. [Snatching her mask.] Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light? an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so, rub on, and kis the Mistress. How now, a kis in fee-farm? Build there, carpenter, the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks 'th' river. Go to, go to.

Troil. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? here's, in witness whereof the parties interchangeably—Come in, come in, I'll go get a fire. [Exit Pandarus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

Troil. O Cressida, how often have I wish't me thus?

Cre. Wish't, my Lord! the Gods grant—O my Lord.

Troil. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abrasion? what too curious dreg almost my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troil. Fears make devils of cherubins, they never see truly.

Cre. Blind fear, which seeing reason leads, finds safer

4 we'll put you 'th' files.] Alluding to the custom of putting men suspected of cowardice in the middle places.

Hammer. "The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks 'th' river.

Pan- darus means, that he'll match his niece against her lover for any bett. The tercel is the male hawk; by the faulcon we generally understand the female.

Theobald. footing

H h 4
footing than blind reason stumbling without fear. To
fear the worst, oft cures the worse.

Troi. O, let my lady apprehend no fear; in all Cu-
pid's Pageant there is prevent no monster.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troi. Nothing, but our Undertakings; when we
vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers;
thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition
enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed.
This is the monstrousity in love, lady, that the will is
infinite, and the execution constrain'd; that the desire
boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cre. They say, all lovers swear more performance
than they are able; and yet reserve an ability, that
they never perform: vowing more than the perfection
of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one.
They that have the voice of lions, and the act of
hares, are they not monsters?

Troi. Are there such? Such are not we. Praise us
as we are taunted, allow us as we prove: our head shall
go bare, till merit crown it; no perfection in rever-
sion shall have a praise in present; we will not name
desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition
shall be humble; few words to fair faith. Troilus shall
be such to Cressida, as what envy can say worst, shall
be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak
truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

6 our head shall go bare, till mer-
it crown it; [I cannot forbear
to observe, that the quarto reads
thus: Our head shall go bare, till
merit lower part no affectation, in
version, &c. Had there been
no other copy, how could this
have been corrected? The true
reading is in the folio.

7 his addition shall be humble.] We will give him no high or
pompous titles.
SCENE V.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? Have you not done talking yet?
Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.
Pan. I thank you for that; if my Lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my Lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.
Troi. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.
Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant, being won. They are burrs, I can tell you, they'll stick where they are thrown.
Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day, For many weary months.
Troi. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?
Cre. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my Lord, With the first glance that ever——Pardon me—— If I confess much; you will play the tyrant. I love you now; but not till now, so much But I might master it——in faith, I lye—— My thoughts were, like unbridled children, grown Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools! Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us, When we are so unsecret to ourselves? But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not; And yet, good faith, I wisht myself a man, Or that we women had men's privilege, Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue; For in this rapture I shall surely speak The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence
Cunning
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.

_Troil._ And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.

[Kissing.

_Pan._ Pretty, i'faith.

_Cress._ My Lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kifs.
I am ashamed;—O heavens, what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my Lord.

_Troil._ Your leave, sweet _Cressida_?

_Pan._ Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning—

_Cress._ Pray you, content you.

_Troil._ What offends you, lady?

_Cress._ Sir, mine own company.

_Troil._ You cannot shun yourself.

_Cress._ Let me go and try.

I have a kind of self resides with you:
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
I would be gone. I speak, I know not what.

_Troil._ Well know they what they speak, that speak

so wisely.

_Cress._ Perchance, my Lord, I shew more craft than

love,
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise,
Or else you love not; to be wise and love,
Exceeds man's might, that dwells with Gods above.

---but you are wise,
Or else you love not: To be wise and love,

Exceeds man's might, &c.] I read,

—but we're not wise,
Or else we love not; to be wise and love,

_Exceed: man's might,_
_Cressida,_ in return to the praise given by _Troilus_ to her wilder,
replies, That lovers are never wise; that it is beyond the power of man to bring love and wisdom to a union.

_Troil._
TROIUS AND CRESSIDA. 475

Troi. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
As, if it can, I will presume in you,
To feed for ay her lamp and flames of love,
To keep her constancy in plight and youth
Out-living Beauties outward; with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then up-lifted! but alas,
I am as true as Truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous fight!

When Right with Right wars who shall be most right?
True swains in love shall in the world to come
Approve their truths by TROIUS; when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes: truth, tir'd with iteration,
As true as steel, as Plantage to the Moon,

9 Might be affronted with the match——] I with my integrity might be met and matched with such equality and force of pure unmingled love.

1 And simpler than the infancy of truth.] This is fine: and means, Ere truth, to defend itself against deceit in the commerce of the world, had, out of necessity, learned worldly policy.

WARBURTON.

2 —Plantage to the Moon.] I formerly made a silly conjecture, that the true reading was,

—Plantes to their Moons.

But I did not reflect that it was wrote before Gallo had discovered the Satellites of Jupiter.

So that Plantage to the Moon is right, and alludes to the common opinion of the influence the Moon has over what is planted or sown, which was therefore done in the increase.

Rite Latææ plantarum canentes,
Rite crescentum facit noctilucam,
Prosperant fugam——

Hor. L. 4. Od. 6.

WARBURTON.

Plantage is not, I believe, a general term, but the herb which we now call plantain, in Latin, plantago, which was, I suppose, imagined to be under the peculiar influence of the Moon.
As Sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to th' center,
Yet after all comparisons of truth,
^ As truth's authentick author to be cited
As true as Troilus, shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind Oblivion swallow'd Cities up,
And mighty States characterless are grated
To dusty Nothing; yet let Memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they've said, as false
As air, as water, as wind, as sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made. Seal it, seal it, I'll be
the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here my cou-
fin's. If ever you prove false to one another, since I
have taken such pains to bring you together, let all
pitol Goers-between be call'd to the world's end after
my name; call them all Pandars. Let all * inconstant
men be Troilus's, all false women Cressida's, and all
brokers between Pandars. Say, Amen.

^ As truth's authentick author to be cited.] This
line is absolute nonsense. We should read,

As truth authentick, ever to be cited,

i. e. when all comparisons of truth are exhausted, they shall be
then subdued in this great one, this authentick truth ever to
be cited, as true as Troilus.

Warburton.

Here again the commentator finds nonsense, where I cannot
find it. Troilus, says he, shall crown the verse, as a man to be
cited as the authentick author of truth; as one whose proclamations
were true to a proverb.

* inconstant men] So Hanmer. In the copies it is constant.

Troil.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 477

Troi. Amen!

Cre. Amen!

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a bed-chamber; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death. Away. And Cupid grant all tongue-ty’d maidens here, Bed, chamber, and Pandar to provide this Geer!

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Grecian Camp.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. NOW, Princes, for the service I have done you, Th’ advantage of the time prompts me aloud To call for recompence. Appear it to your mind That,

---appear it to you,
That, through the fight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon’d Troy."

This reasoning perplexes Mr. Theobald. He foreknew his country was undone; he ran over to the Greeks; and this he makes a mer-
it of, says the Editor. I own (continues he) the motives of his oratory seem to me somewhat fer-
nerfe and unnatural. Nor do I know how to reconcile it, unless our poet purposefully intended to make Calchas act the part of a true priest, and so from motives of self-interest infinitesimal the merit of service. The Editor did not know how to reconcile this. Nor I neither. For I don’t know what he means by the motives of his oratory, or, from motives of self-interest to infinitesimal merit. But if he would infinitesimal, that it was the poet’s design to make his priest self-interested, and to re-
represent to the Greek that what he did for his own preservation was done for their service, he is mis-
taken. Shakespeare thought of nothing so silly, as it would be to draw his priest a knave, in order to make him talk like a fool. Tho’ that be the fate which gen-
erally attends their abusers. But Shakespeare was no such; and confe-
consequently wanted not this cover for dulness. The perverseness is all the Editor's own, who interprets,
—through the fight I have in things to come
I have abandoned Troy—
To signify, by my power of preference finding my country must be ruined, I have therefore abandoned it to seek refuge with you; whereas the true sense is, Be it known unto you, that on account of a gift or faculty I have of seeing things to come, which faculty I suppose would be esteemed by you as acceptable and useful, I have abandoned Troy my native Country.
That he could not mean what the Editor supposes, appears from these considerations, First, If he had represented himself as running from a falling city, he could never have said,
I have—extos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniencies,
To doubtful fortunes—
Secondly, The absolute knowledge of the fall of Troy was a secret hid from the inferior Gods themselves; as appears from the poetical history of that war. It depended on many contingencies whose existence they did not foresee. All that they knew was, that if such and such things happened Troy would fall. And this secret they communicated to Caffandra only, but along with it, the fate not to be believed. Several others knew each a several part of the secret; one, that Troy could not be taken unless Achilles went to the war; another, that it could not fall while it had the Palladium; and so on. But the secret, that it was absolutely to fall, was known to none.
The sense here given will admit of no dispute amongst those who know how acceptable a Steer was amongst the Greeks. So that this Calchas, like a true priest, if it must needs be so, went where he could exercise his profession with most advantage. For it being much less common amongst the Greeks than the Asiatics, there would be there a greater demand for it. Warburton.

I am afraid, that after all the learned commentator's efforts to clear the argument of Calchas, it will still appear liable to objection; nor do I discover more to be urged in his defence, than that though his skill in divination determined him to leave Troy, yet that he joined himself to Agamemnon and his army by unconstrained good-will; and though he came as a fugitive escaping from destruction, yet his services after his reception being voluntary and important, deserved reward. This argument is not regularly and distinctly deduced, but this is, I think, the best explication that it will yet admit.

6—through the fight I bear in things, to Jove] This page
Incur'd a traitor's name, expos'd myself,
From certain and possess't conveniences,
To doubt'ful fortunes; sequestring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature,
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted.
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many registred in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took. Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you, often have you thanks therefore,
Defir'd my Cressida in right-great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still deny'd; but this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage, and they will almost
Give us a Prince o' th' blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him. Let him be sent, great Princes,
And he shall buy my daughter, and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,

In most accepted pain.

fage in all the modern editions is
silently depraved, and printed
thus:

—through the sight I bear in
things to come.

The word is so printed that no-
thing but the fence can determine
whether it be love or Jove. I
believe that the editors read it as
love, and therefore made the al-
teration to obtain some meaning.

7 In most accepted pain.] Sir
T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton
after him, read,

In most accepted pain.

They do not seem to understand
the construction of the passage.
Her presence, says Calchas, shall
strike off; or recompense the ser-
vices I have done, even in these
labours which were most accepted.

Aga.
Aga. Let Diomedes bear him,  
And bring us Creôsid hither; Calchas shall have  
What he requests of us. Good Diomedes,  
Furnish you fairly for this enterchange;  
Witthall, bring word, if Héctor will to-morrow  
Be answer'd in his challenge. Ajax is ready.  
Dio. This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burden  
Which I am proud to bear.

SCENE VII.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their Tent.

Uly. Achilles stands 'th' entrance of his Tent,  
Please it our General to pass strangely by him,  
As if he were forgot; and, Princes all,  
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him.  
I will come last; 'tis like, he'll question me,  
Why such unpleasive eyes are bent, why turn'd on  
him;  
If so, I have derision medicinable  
To use between your strangenes and his pride,  
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;  
It may do good; Pride hath no other glass  
To shew itself, but pride; for supple knees  
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpose, and put on  
A form of strangenes as we pals along;  
So do each Lord; and either greet him not,  
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more  
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achill. What, comes the General to speak with me?  
You know my mind. I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Aga. What says Achilles? Would he aught with us?

---derision medicinable] All the modern editions have accipi n. The old copies are apparently right. The folio in this place agrees with the quarto, so that the corruption was at first merely accidental.
Neæs. Would you, my Lord, aught with the General?

Achil. No.

Neæs. Nothing, my Lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good-morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [Exeunt.

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely. They were us’d to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles,

To come as humbly as they us’d to creep

To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

’Tis certain, Greatness, once fall’n out with fortune,

Must fall out with men too; what the declin’d is,

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,

As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,

Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer,

And not a man, for being simply man,

Hath any honour, but honour by those honours

That are without him, as place, riches, favour,

Prizes of accident as oft as merit,

Which, when they fall, (as being flipp’ry standers)

The love that lean’d on them, as flipp’ry too,

Doth one pluck down another, and together

Die in the Fall. But ’tis not so with me;

Fortune and I are friends, I do enjoy

At ample point all that I did possess,

Save these men’s looks! who do, methink, find out

Vol. VII. I i

Something
Something in me not worth that rich beholding,
As they have often giv'n. Here is Ulysses.
I'll interrupt his reading.—How now, Ulysses?

_Uly._ Now, great Thetis' son!

_Ach._ What are you reading?

_Uly._ A strange fellow here

Writs me, that man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in Having, or without, or in,
Cannot make Boalt to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

_Ach._ This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself.
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself
Not going from itself; but eyes oppos'd
Salute each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may see its self. This is not strange at all.

_Uly._ I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar, but the author's drift;
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves
That no man is the Lord of any thing,
Tho' in, and of, him there be much consisting,

---how dearly ever parted,---
i.e. how exquisitely forever his
virtues be divided and balanced
in him. So in Romeo and Juliet,
Sweet, as they say with honourable parts, proportioned as one's
toughs would with a man.

_Warburton._
I do not think, that in the
word parted is included any idea
of division; it means, however
excellently endowed, with however
dear or precious parts enriched
or adorned.

---To others' eyes, &c.
That most pure spirit, &c.]
These two lines are totally omit-
ted in all the editions but the first
quarto.

_Pope._

---in his circumstance.—] In
the detail or circumduction of his
argument.

'Till
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 483

'Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
'Till he behold them form'd in their applause
Where they're extended, who, like an arch, reverberate
The voice again; or like, a gate of steel.
Fronting the Sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately

3 The unknown Ajax;
Heav'ns! what a man is there? a very horse,
That has he knows not what. Nature! what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and clear in use?
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth? Now shall we see to-morrow
An act, that very Chance doth throw upon him.
Ajax renown'd! Oh heav'ns, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!

4 How some men creep in skittish Fortune's Hall,
While others play the ideots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonnefs!
To see these Grecian Lords! why ev'n already

3 The unknown Ajax—] Ajax, who has abilities which were never brought into view or use.

4 How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall.] This is said with design that Achilles should apply it to himself and Ajax. But as creep is to be applied to Achilles, it conveys a wrong idea, as representing one who is timorous and afraid to achieve great acts: whereas it should represent one entirely negligent in achieving them. For this was then Achilles's case. So that we should read,

How some men sleep in skittish

Fortune's hall.

For he was the first favourite of fortune; yet when he got into her presence instead of pushing his way, he became entirely negligent and unconcerned for her favours.

Warburton.

To creep is to keep out of sight from whatever motive. Some men keep out of notice in the hall of Fortune, while others, though they but play the ideot, are always in her eye, in the way of distinction.

5—feasting—] Folio. The quarto has fasting. Either word may bear a good sense:
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,  
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,  
And great Troy shrinking.

Act III. I do believe it;

For they pass'd by me, as misers do by beggars,  
Neither gave to me good word, nor good look.

What! are my deeds forgot!

Ulysses. Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back,  
Wherewith he puts alms for Oblivion.

A great siz'd monster, of ingratitude,  
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd  
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon.  
As done: Perseverance keeps Honour bright:  
To have done, is to hang quite out of fashion,  
Like rusty nail in monumental mockery.

For honour travels in a straight so narrow,  
Where one but goes abreast? keep then the path;  
For Emulation hath a thousand sons,  
That one by one pursue; if you give way,  
Or hedge aside from the direct forth-right,  
Like to an entr'd tide, they all rush by,  
And leave you hindermost; and there you lie,  
Like to a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,  
For pavement to the abject rear, o'er-run  
And trampled on: Then what they do in present,  
Tho' less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours.

---

6 Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back.] This speech is printed in all the modern editions with such deviations from the old copy, as exceed the lawful power of an editor.

7 Perseverance, dear my Lord, keeps Honour bright: To have done, is to hang quite out of fashion, like a rusty nail.

In monumental mockery. Take the infant way, For honour, &c.

---

8 —and there you lie.] These words are not in the folio.

9 —to the abject rear,—] So Hanmer. All the editors before him read, —to the abject, near.

1 —o'er-run, &c.] The quarto wholly omits the simile of the horse, and reads thus: And leave you hindermost, then what they do in present, The folio seems to have some omission, for the simile begins, Or like a gallant horse—
For Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand;
But with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer. For Welcome ever smiles,
And Farewel goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;

*For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all, with one consent, praise new-born Gawds,
Tho' they are made and moulded of things past;

And shew to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object;
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not flirs. The Cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldest not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,

--- For beauty, wit, &c --- The
folio and quartino,
--- For beauty, wit, High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service, Love, charity ---
I do not deny but the changes produce a more easy lapse of numbers, but they do not exhibit the work of Sh. kepere.

*And go to dust, that is a little gilt, More laud than gilt o'er-dusted ---

In this mangled condition do we find this truly fine observation transmitted, in the old folio's.
Mr. Pope saw it was corrupt, and therefore, as I presume, threw it out of the text; because he would not indulge his private sense in attempting to make sense of it. I owe the foundation of the amendment, which I have given to the text, to the sagacity of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. I read,

And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than they will give to gold o'er dusted.

Theobald.

This emendation has been received by the succeeding editors, but receedes too far from the copy.
Made emulous millions ’mongst the Gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. ’Gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical.
’Tis known, Achil, that you are in love
With one of Priam’s daughters.

Achil. Ha! known!

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence, that’s in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Pluto’s Gold;
Finds bottom in th’ uncomprehensive Deep;
Keeps place with thought; and almost, like the Gods,
Dares thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles,
There is a mystery, with which relation
Durst never meddle, in the Soul of State;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to.
All the commerce that you have had with Troy
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena.
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When Fame shall in our islands found her trump;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,
Great Hector’s sister did Achilles win;

4 Made emulous missions—[Missions, for divisions, i.e. goings out, on one side and the other.

Warburton.
The meaning of mission seems to be attieth of the gods from heaven, about mortal business, such as often happened at the siege of Troy.

5 Knows almost, &c.] For this elegant line the quarto has only, Knows almost every thing.

6 Keeps place with thought;—[i.e. there is in the providence of a state, as in the providence of the universe, a kind of ubiquity. The expression is exquisitely fine. Yet the Oxford Editor alters it to keeps pace, and so destroys all its beauty.

Warburton.

7—with which relation

Durst never meddle,—] There is a secret administration of affairs, which no history was ever able to discover.

But
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.

Farewel, my Lord. I, as your lover, speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice, that you should break.

[Exit.

SCENE VIII.

Patr. To this effect, Achiles, have I mov'd you;
A woman, impudent and mannish grown,
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of act.—I stand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus.
Sweet, roufe yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his am'rous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector!

Patr. Ay, and, perhaps, receive much honour by
him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O then beware:
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves.

Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a Commission to a Blank of Danger,
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then, when we sit idly in the Sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither. sweet Patroclus;
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan Lords, after the Combat,
To see us here unarm'd. I have a woman's ton;
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Heélor in the Weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,

SCENE IX.

Enter Thersites.

Ev'n to my full of view.—A labour fav'd!

Ther. A wonder!

Achill. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Ajax. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Heélor,
and is so prophetically proud of an heroic cudgelling,
that he raves in saying nothing.

Achill. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,
a stride and a stand; ruminates like an hoistie's
thath no arithemetick but her brain, to set down her
reckoning: bites his lip' with a politick regard, as
who should say, there were wit in this head, if twou'd
out; and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire
in a flint, which will not shew without knocking.
The man's undone for ever; for if Heélor break not
his neck i'th' combat, he'll break't himself in vain-
glory. He knows not me. I said, Good-morrow,
Ajax; and he replies, Thanks, Agamemnon. What
think you of this man, that takes me for the General?
He's grown a very land-fish, language-les, a monster.
A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both
sides, like a leather Jerkin.

Achill. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thers-
ites.

Ther. Who, I?—why, he'll answer no body; he

[exit: a politick regard,] With a By look.
Troilus and Cressida. 489

proffes not answering; speaking is for, beggars. He wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make his demands to me, you shall see the Pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus. Tell him, I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent, and to procure safe Conduct for his Person of the magnanimous and most illustrious, six or seven times honour'd, captain-general, of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!
Ther. Hum—

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles.
Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his Tent.
Ther. Hum—

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon!—

Patr. Ay, my Lord.
Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?
Ther. God be wi'you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.
Ther. If to morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.
Ther. Fare ye we'll, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?
Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What musick will be in him, when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his finesews to make Catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straignt.

Ther.
Tber. Let me carry another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achl. My mind is troubled like a fountain stirr'd, And I myself see not the bottom of it. [Exit. Tber. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in TROY.

Enter at one door Æneas, with a torch; at another, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes, the Grecian, with torches.

PARIS.

SSEE, ho! who is that there?

dei. It is the Lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the Prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long, As you, Prince Paris, nought but heav'nly business Should rob my bed-mate of my company.


Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand. Witness the process of your speech, wherein You told, how Diomede a whole week, by days, Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir,
During all question of the gentle Truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and th' other Diomede embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and, so long, Health;
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion that will fly
With his face backward. In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy. Now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! by Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a fort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize.—Jove, let Æneas live

2 During all question of the
gentle Truce:] Question, for
force, virtue. Warburton.

How question should mean force
or virtue, I cannot find. If such
latitude of exposition be allowed,
what can be difficult? I once
thought to read,

During all quiet of the gentle
Truce:
But I think question means inter-
course, interchange of conver-

tion.

3 And thou shalt hunt a lion that
will fly
With his face back in humane
gentleness:] Thus Mr. Pope
in his great sagacity pointed this
passage in his first edition, not
deviating from the error of the old
copies. What conception he had
to himself of a lion flying in hu-
mane gentleness, I wont pretend
to affirm: I suppose, he had the
idea of as gently as a lamb, or as
what our vulgar call an Eflex lion,
a calf. If any other lion fly with
his face turn'd backward, it is,
fighting all the way as he retreats:
and in this manner it is, Æneas
professes that he shall fly when
he's hunted. But where then are
the symptoms of humane gentle-
lness? My correction of the point-
ing restores good sense, and a
proper behaviour in Æneas. As
soon as ever he has return'd Dio-
medes' Brave, he stops short and
corrects himself for expressing so
much fury in a time of truce;
from the fierce soldier becomes
the courtier at once; and, re-
membering his enemy to be a guest
and an ambassadour, welcomes him
as such to the Trojan camp.—

Theobald.

4 — by Venus' hand I swear:] This oath was used to infiminate
his repentment for Ædmedes
wounding his mother in the hand.

Warburton.
If to my sword his Fate be not the Glory,
A thousand complete courses of the Sun:
But in mine emulous honour let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow.

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despightful, gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.

What business, Lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you; 'twas, to bring this Greek

To Calchas' house, and there to render him

For the en Freed Antenor, the fair Cre Lid.

Let's have your company; or, if you please,

Haste there before. I constantly do think,

Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge,

My brother Troilus lodges there to night.

Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,

With the whole quality whereof; I fear,

We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you.

Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,

Than Cre Lid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;

The bitter disposition of the time

Will have it so. On, Lord, we'll follow you.

Æne. Good-morrow all. [Exit.

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed, tell me true,

Ev'n in the soul of good found fellowship,

Who in your thoughts merits fair Helen most?

Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike.

5 His purpose meets you; — I bring you his meaning and his orders.
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her failure,
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends.
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors.
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor more,
But he as he, which heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your Country-woman.
Dio. She's bitter to her Country. Hear me, Paris,
For ev'ry false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could speak,
She hath not giv'n so many good words breath,
As, for her, Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomede, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well;
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.

Here lies our way.

[Exeunt.

SCENE

---a flat tamed piece;] i.e.
a piece of wine out of which the
spirit is all flown. Warburt.

---But he as he, which heavier for a whore.] I read,
But be as he, each heavier for a whore.
Heavy is taken both for weighty,
and for sad or miserable. The
quarto reads,
But be as he, the heavier for a whore.

is not that of a wager. It must
then be read thus,
But he as he. Which heavier for a whore?
That is, for a whore flaked down,
which is the heavier?

---We'll not commend what we intend to sell.] But this is
not talking like a chapman: for
if it be the custom for the buyer
to dispraise, it is the custom too
for the feller to commend. Therefore,
if Paris had an intention to sell Helen, he should, by this
rule, have commended her. But the
SCENE II.

Changes to Pandarus's House.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cre. Then, sweet my Lord, I'll call my uncle down; He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not.

To bed, to bed. 9 Sleep kill those pretty eyes, And give as soft attachment to thy fenses, As infants empty of all thought!

Cre. Good-morrow then.

Tro. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cre. Are you a weary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day, Wak'd by the lark, has rouz'd the ribald crows, And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer, I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Befrew the witch! with venomous wights the flays,
† As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love, With wings more momentary-swift than thought: You will catch cold, and curb me.

Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry—you men will never tarry.

The truth was, he had no such intention, and therefore did prudently not to commend her: which views Shakspeare wrote, We'll not commett what we intend not still.

i. e. what we intend not to sell. The Oxford Editor has thought fit to honour this paraphrase by making it the text. Would I believe the meaning is only this: though you pradlife the buyer's art, we will not pradlife the seller's. We intend to sell Helen dear, yet will not commend her.

9—Sleep kill—] So the old copies. The moderns have, Sleep seal—
† As tediously—] The folio has, As hideously as hell.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 495

0 foolish Cressida! I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark, there's one
up.

Pan. [within.] What's all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking.
I shall have such a life——

Pan. How now, how now? How go maiden-heads?
Hear you! Maid! Where's my cousin Cressida?

Cre. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle:
You bring me to do——and then you flout me too.

What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come, beswore your heart; you'll never
be good; nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha! ha! alas, poor wretch; 'a poor Capoc-
ebia,—ha' not slept to-night? Would he not a
naughty man let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

[One knocks.

Cre. Did not I tell you?—'would, he were knock'd
o' th' head! — Who's that at door? — Good uncle, go
and see! — My Lord, come you again into my cham-
ber.—You smile and mock me, as if I meant naugh-
tly.

Tro. Ha, ha——

Cre. Come, you are deceived, I think of no such
thing.

A poor Chipochio.] This word, I am afraid, has suffer'd
under the ignorance of the editors; for it is a word in no living
language that I can find. Pandar-
us lays it to his niece, in a jeer-
ing sort of tendernefs. He would
say, I think, in English—Poor in-
ocent! Poor fool! ha' s not slept
to night? These appellations are
very well answer'd by the Italian
word capocchio: for capocchio sig-
nifies the thick head of a club; and thence metaphorically, a
head of not much brain, a fort,
dullard, heavy gull. Theobald.
How earnestly they knock—Pray you, come in, [Knock.
I would not for half Troy have you seen here. [Exeunt.
Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

S C E N E III.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good-morrow, Lord, good-morrow.
Pan. Who's there? my Lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not; what news with you so early?
Æne. Is not Prince Troilus here?
Pan. Here! what should he do here?
Æne. Come, he is here, my Lord, do not deny him. It doth import him much to speak with me.
Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn. For my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?
Æne. Whoo!—nay, then.—Come, come, you'll do him wrong, ere you're aware; you'll be so true to him, to be false to him. Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither. Go.

[As Pandarus is going out.

Enter Troilus.

Troil. How now? what's the matter?
Æne. My Lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash. There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,

2 Matter is so rash.—] My busi-

3 Deliver'd to us, &c] So the

We
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Troi. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By Priam, and the general State of Troy.

They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them; and (my Lord Æneas)
We met by chance, you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my Lord; the secrets of
neighbour Pandar
Have not more gift in taciturnity. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Cressida to Pandarus.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The De-
vil take Antenor! the young Prince will go mad. A
plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke's neck,

Cre. How now? What's the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cre. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my
Lord? gone? Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would, I were as deep under the earth, as I
am above!

4 — the secrets of nature.] Have not more gift in taciturni-

ty.] This is the reading of
both the elder folio's: but the first
verse manifestly halts, and betrays
its being defective. Mr. Pope
substitutes

The secrets of neighbour Pandar.

if this be a reading ex fide codicum
(as he professes all his various
readings to be) it is founded on
the credit of such copies, as it has
not been my fortune to meet

with. I have ventur'd to make
out the verse thus;

The secret'th things of nature,
&c.

i.e. the arcana naturae, the mys-
teries of nature, of occult philo-
sophy, or of religious ceremo-
nies. Our poet has allusions of
this sort in several other passa-
eges.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Pope's reading is in the
old quarto. So great is the ne-
cessity of collation,
Cre. O the Gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Prythee, get thee in; 'would, thou hadst ne'er been born. I knew, thou wouldst be his death. O poor gent.eman! a plague upon Antenor!——

Cre. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone, thou art chang'd for Antenor; thou must go to thy father, and be gone from Troilus. 'Twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal Gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not, uncle. I've forgot my father, I know no touch of Consanguinity:
No kin, no love, no blood, no foul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus. O you Gods divine!
Make Cre'fid's name the very Crown of falshood,
If ever she leave Troilus. Time, Force, and Death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong Bafè and Building of my Love
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go and weep,—

P.m. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With founding Troilus. I'll not go from Troy.

[Exeunt.

SCENE
SCENE V.

Before Pandarus's House.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefixed
Of her Delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon us; good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the Lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Troil. Walk into her house.

I'll bring her to the Grecian presently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart.

Par. I know, what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help.
—Please you, walk in, my Lords. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

An Apartment in Pandarus's House.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?

The grief is fine, full, perfect that I taste,
And in its sense is no less strong, than that

[The grief, &c.] The folio reads,

The grief is fine, full perfect,
that I taste,
And no less in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it.—
The quarto otherwise,

The grief is fine, full, perfect,

that I taste,

And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it.—

Violenteth is a word with which I
am not acquainted, yet perhaps
it may be right. The reading of
the text is without authority.

Which
Which causeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying drofs.

Enter Troilus.

No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes,—ah sweet duck!—
Cre. O Troilus, Troilus!
Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! let me embrace too:

Ob heart, (as the goodly saying is!)
O heart, O heavy heart,
Why figh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again;

Because thou can'st not ease thy smart,
By friendship nor by speaking.

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse.
We see it, we see it. How now, lambs?

Troi. Cressid, I love thee in so ftrain'd a purity,
That the blest Gods, as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion, which
Cold lips blow to their Deities, take thee from me.

Cre. Have the Gods envy?
Pan. Ay, ay, 'tis too plain a case.
Cre. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?
Troi. A hateful truth!
Cre. What, and from Troilus too?
Troi. From Troy, and Troilus.
Cre. Is it possible?

Troi. And suddenly: where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by

—ftrain'd— Sc the quarto. The folio and all the moderns have strange.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraces, strangles our dear vows,
Ev'n in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious Time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thiev'ry up, he knows not how.
As many farewels as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up all in one loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Diftasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æneas within.] My Lord, is the lady ready?
Troi. Hark! you are call'd. Some say the Genius of Cries, come! to him that instantly must die.
—Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,
or my heart will be blown up by the root. [Exit Pan.

Cre. I must then to the Grecians?
Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful Cressid, mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?
Troi. Hear me, my love; be thou but true of heart—

Cre. I true! how now? what wicked Ææm is this?
Troi. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly;
For it is parting from us:—
I speak not, be thou true, as fearing thee:
? For I will throw my Glove to Death himself;
That there's no maculation in thy heart;
But, be thou true, say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation. Be thou true,

7 For I will throw my glove to Death—]
That is, I will challenge Death himself in de-

...
And I will see thee.

_Cre._ O, you shall be expos'd, my Lord, to dangers
As infinite, as imminent. But, I'll be true:
_Troi._ And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this
sleeve.

_Cre._ And you this glove. When shall I see you?
_Troi._ I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet be true.

_Cre._ O heav'ns! be true, again?
_Troi._ Hear, why I speak it, love.
The Grecian youths are full of subtle quality,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature
Flowing, and swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelties may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy,
Which, I be'eech you, call a virtuous sin,
Makes me afraid.

_Cre._ O heav'ns, you love me not!
_Troi._ Die I a villain then!
In this, I do not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit. I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high la Volt; nor sweeten talk;
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant.
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-dificoursive Devil,
That tempts most cunningly. But be not tempted.

_Cre._ Do you think, I will?
_Troi._ No.

But something may be done, that we will not;
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

_Aeneas within._ Nay, good my lord,
_Troi._ Come, kifs, and let us part.
_Paris within._ Brother Troilus,

_Troi._
Troil. Good brother, come you hither,
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.
Cre. My Lord, will you be true?
Troil. Who’s? alas, it is my Vice, my fault,
While others fish, with craft, for great opinion;
I, with great truth, catch mere simplicity.
While some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is plain and true, there’s all the reach of it.

SCENE VII.

Enter Æneas, Paris, and Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir Diomedes; here is the lady,
Whom for Antenor we deliver you.
At the Port (Lord) I’ll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and by my soul, fair Greek,
If e’er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Prian is in Ilium.

Dio. Fair Lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this Prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heav’n in your check,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomedes
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troil. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,

8 —catch meer simplicity.] The meaning, I think, is, “while others,
by their art, gain high estimation,
I, by honesty, obtain a plain simple approbation.
9 —the moral of my wit
Is plain and true,—] That is, the governing principle of my unders"
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her. I tell thee, Lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my Charge:
For by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Tho' the great bulk Achilles be thy guard
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. Oh, be not mov'd, prince Troilus.
Let me be privilég'd by my place and message,
To be a Speaker free, when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lift; and know, my Lord,
I'll nothing do on Charge; to her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say, be't so;
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour—no.

Tro. Come—To the Port—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand—and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[Sound trumpet.

Par. Hark, Hector's trumpet!

Æne. How have we spent this morning?
The Prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault. Come, come, to field
with him.

Dio. Let us make ready strait.

2 To shame the zeal of my petition towards thee,

By praising her.—] To shame the zeal of a petition is nonsense. Shakespeare wrote,

To shame the zeal—
and the sense is this: Grecian, you use me discourteously; you see, I am a passionate lover, by my petition to you; and therefore you should not shame the zeal of it, by promising to do what I require of you, for the sake of her beauty: when, if you had good manners, or a sense of a lover's delicacy, you would have promised to do it, in compassion to his pangs and suffering.

Warburton.

3 —my lift;—] This I think is right, though both the old copies read lift.

Let
SCENE VIII.

Changes to the Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax armed, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Neftor, &c.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy Trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax, that th' appalled air
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou Trumpet, there's my purfe;
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered 5 bias cheek
Out-swell the cholicke of puff Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy cheft, and let thy eyes spout blood:
Thou blow'st for Heftor.

Ulys. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early day.

Aga. Is not yond' Diomedes with Calchbas' daughter?

Ulys. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rifes on his toe; that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomedes, with Creffida.

Aga. Is this the lady Creffida?

Di. Ev'n she.

Aga. Molt dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Neft. Our General doth salute you with a kifs.

4Æneas.] These few lines are not in the quarto, being probably added at the revision.

5—bias cheek] Swelling out like the bias of a bowl.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindnes but particular;
'Twere better, she were kifs'd in general.
Nest. And very courtly counsel. I'll begin.
So much for Nestor.

Achilles. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady.

Men. I had good argument for kifing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kifing now:

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,

[Stepping between Men. and Cress.

And parted, thus, you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns,

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns!

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kifs—this mine—

Patroclus kifles you.

Men. O, this is trim.

Patr. Paris and I kif evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kifs, Sir. Lady, by your leave,—

Cre. In kifing do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cre. I'll make my match to live.

The kifs you take is better than you give;

Therefore no kifs.—

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cre. You are an odd man, give ev'n, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cre. No, Paris is not; for you know, 'tis true,

That you are odd, and he is ev'n with you.

Men. You fillip me o'th' head.

Cre. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against hish orn.

May I, sweet lady, beg a kifs of you?

Cre. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

[ I'll make my match to live.] m's profit, therefore will not take
I will make such bargains as I may live by, f:ch as may bring

Cre.
Cre. 7 Why, beg then.
Uly. Why then, for Venus’ sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his—
Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when ’tis due.
Uly. 8 Never’s my day, and then a kiss of you.
Dio. Lady, a word—I’ll bring you to your Father.
    [Diomedes leads out Cressida.

Nest. A woman of quick sense!
Uly. Fy, fy, upon her!
There’s language in her eyes; her cheek, her lip:
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint, and motive of her body.
Oh, these Encounters! So glib of tongue,
They give a coaling welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclap the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader; set them down
For fluttish Spoils of Opportunity,
And Daughters of the Game. [Trumpet within.

Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Aeneas, Helenus, and Attendants.

All. The Trojans’ trumpet!
Ag. Yonder comes the troop.

7 Why, beg then.] For the sake of rhyme, we should read,
    Why, beg two.
If you think kisses worth begging, beg more than one.

8 Uly, Never’s my day, and then a kiss of you.] I once gave
    both these lines to Cressida.
She bids Ulysses beg a kiss; he asks that he may have it.

When Helen is a maid again,—
She tells him that then he shall have it.

When Helen is a maid again,—
Cre. I am your debtor, claim it
when ’tis due,
Never’s my day, and then a kiss
for you.
But I rather think that Ulysses
means to slight her, and that the
present reading is right.

9 motive of her body.] Motion,
    for part that contributes to
    motion.

—coasting—] An
amorous address; courtship.

—fluttish spoils of opportunity,] Corrupt wenches, of
whole chastity every opportunity
may make a prey.

Æne.
Aene. Hail, all the State of Greece! what shall be done.
To him that Victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A Victor shall be known? will you, the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall be divided
By any voice, or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Aga. Which way would Hector have it?
Aene. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Aga. 'Tis done like Hector, but securely done;
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The Knight oppos'd.

Aene. If not Achilles, Sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Aene. Therefore, Achilles; but whate'er, know this;
In the extremity of great and little
* Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;

Great Man in this point. Theo.
As the old copies agree, I have made no change.

* 'Tis done like Hector, but securely done.*] In the sense of
the Latin, securus—securus admodum de bello, animi securi homo.
A negligent security arising from a contempt of the object opposed.

Warburton.
Agam. 'Tis done like Hector,
but securely done.*] It seems absurd to me, that Agamemnon
should make a remark to the disparagement of Hector for pride,
and that Aeneas should immediately say, *If not Achilles, Sir,
what is your name?* To Achilles I have ventur'd to place it; and
consulting Mr. Dryden's alteration of this play, I was not a little
pleas'd to find, that I had but
secounded the opinion of that

2 *Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector.*] It is an high absurdity to say, that
any thing can excel in the extremity of little; which little too,
is as blank as nothing. Without doubt Shakespeare wrote,

Valour and pride parcel themselves in Hector;

* i.e. divide themselves in Heel*.

in such a manner, that the one is almost infinite; the other almost
nothing. For the use of this word we may see *Richard III.*

—*their quarrel are parcelled.*

Warburton.

I would not petulantly object, that
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 509

The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing; weigh him well;
And that, which looks like pride, is courtely.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood,
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector, come to seek
This blended Knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

Re-enter Diomedes.

Aga. Here is Sir Diomedes. Go, gentle Knight,
Stand by our Ajax; as you and Lord Aeneas
Consent upon the order of the fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath. The Combatants being kin
Half flints their strive before their strokes begin.
Ulyx. They are opposed already.
Aga. What Trojan is that same, that looks so heavy?
Ulyx. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not scorn provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shews;
Yet gives he not, 'till judgment guide his bounty;
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:

that excellence may as well be little as absurdity be high, but to
direct the reader's attention rather to sense than words; Shakespeare's thought is not exactly
deduced. Nicety of expression is not his character. The
meaning is plain, Valour, says
Aeneas, is in Hector greater, than
Valour in other men, and pride in
Hector is less than pride in other
men. So that Hector is distinguished
by the excellence of having pride less
than other pride, and valour more
than other valour.

5—an impair thought—] A
thought unsuitable to the dignity
of his character. This word I
should have changed to impure,
were I not over-powered by the
unanimity of the editors, and
concurrence of the old copies.

Ma
Manly as HECTOR, but more dangerous,
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects; but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him Troilus, and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says AEneas, one that knows the youth
Ev'n to his inches, and with private soul,
Did in great Phen thus translate him to me.

[Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.

SCENE IX.

Agg. They are in action.
Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own.
Trio. Hector, thou sleepest, awake thee.
Agg. His blows are well dispos'd.—There, Ajax.

[Trumpets cease.

Did. You must no more.
AEne. Princes, enough, so please you.
Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Did. As Hector pleases.
Hest. Why then, will I no more.
Thou art, great Lord, my father's sister's son;
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed:
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation twixt us twain.
Were thy commixture Greek and Trojan so,
That thou couldst say, this hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan; the finewss of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's: by Jove multipotent,

6—Hector—subscribes To tender objects;— That Thus explain his character.
7—thus translate him to me.] That yields, gives way.
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: But the just Gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lofty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus.—
Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector!
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man.
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.
Hector. 8 Not Neoptolemus so mirable,
On whose bright crest, Fame, with her loud'nt O yes,
Cries,

8 Not Neoptolemus so mirable,
[On whose bright crest, Fame, with her loud'nt O yes,
Cries, this is he;] could promise to himself, &c.] That is to say, You, an old veteran warrior, threaten to kill me, when not the young son of Achilles (who is yet to serve his apprenticeship in war, under the Grecian generals, and on that account called Neoptolemus) dare himself entertain such a thought. But Shakespeare meant another sort of man, as is evident from,
On whose bright crest, &c.
Which characterizes one who goes foremost and alone: and can therefore suit only one, which one was Achilles; as Shakespeare himself has drawn him,
The great Achilles, whom oft-nion crowns
The finew and the forehead of our Hes,

And again,
Whose glorious deeds but in these fields of late
Made em'lyious missions 'mongst the Gods themselves,
And drew great Mars to faction.

And indeed the sense and spirit of Hes's speech requires that the most celebrated of his adversaries should be picked out to be defied; and this was Achilles, with whom Hector had his final affair. We must conclude then that Shakespeare wrote,
Not Neoptolemus's sire irascible
On whose bright crest—
Irascible is an old school term, and is an epithet suiting his character, and the circumstances he was then in.
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilitis, acer.
But our editor Mr. Trosealed, by his obscure diligence, had found out
Cries, this is he; could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector!
Aene.: There is expostulation here from both the sides,
What further you will do.
Hec.: We'll answer it.
The issue is embracement. Ajax, farewell.
Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
As said I have the chance, I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.
Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's will; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarmed the valiant Hector.
Hec.: Aces, call my brother Troilus to me,

out that Wycher de Werde, in the
old chronicle of The three destruc-
tions of Troy, introduces one Ne-
optolemus into the ten years quar-
rel, a person distinct from the son
of Achilles, and therefore will
have it, that Shakespeare here
means no other than the Nepto-
lemus of this worthy chronicler.
He was told, to no purpose, that
this fancy was absurd. For first,
Wycher's Neoptolemus is a com-
mon-rate warrior, and so de-
scribed as not to fit the character
here given. Secondly, It is not
to be imagined that the poet
should on this occasion make He-
ter refer to a character not in
the play, and never so much as men-
tioned on any other occasion.
Thirdly, Wycher's Neoptolemus is
a warrior on the Trojan side, and
slain by Achilles. But Hector must
needs mean by one who could pro-
mise a thought of added honour torn
from him, a warrior amongst his
enemies on the Grecian side.

Warburton.

After all this contention it is
difficult to imagine that the cri-
tick believes mirable to have been
changed to irascible. I should
sooner read,

Not Neoptolemus is admirable;
as I know not whether mirable
can be found in any other place.
The correction which the learn-
ed commentator gave to Homer,
Not Neoptolemus's fire is mir-
able,

as it was modester than this, was
preferable to it. But nothing is
more remote from justness of sen-
timent, than for Hector to cha-
рактизовать Achilles as the father of
Neoptolemus, a youth that had not
yet appeared in arms, and whose
name was therefore much less
known than his father's. My
opinion is, that by Neoptolemus
the author meant Achilles him-
self, and remembering that the
son was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, con-
sidered Neoptolemus as the name
genitiliam, and thought the father
was likewise Achilles Neoptolemus.

9 We'll answer it.] That is,
answer the expostulation.
And signify this loving interview
To the expectors of our Trojan part;
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my Cousin,
I will go eat with thee, and see your Knights.

Agamemnon and the rest of the Greeks come forward.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Heæt. The worthieth of them tell me, name by name;
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Aga. Worthy of arms! as welcome, as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of Oblivion,
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Heætor, welcome.

Heæt. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Aga. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no less to you.

[To Troilus.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's Greeting.
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Heæt. Whom must we answer?
Æne. The noble Menelaus.

Heæt. O—you, my Lord—by Mars his gauntlet,
thanks.

'l Mock not that I affect th' untraded oath;
Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove;
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, Sir, she's a deadly theme.

Worthy of arms!—] Folio.

Worthy all arms!—

Quarto. The quarto has only the two first and the last line of this salutation; the intermediate verses seem added on a revision.

Mock not thy affect, the untraded earth.

Mock not, &c.] The quarto has here a strange corruption.
Hec. O, pardon—I offend.
Neæ. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth; and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
And seen thee scornful forfeits and subdumens,
When thou haft hung thy advance'd sword i' th' air,
Not letting it decline on the derlin'd:
That I have said unto my Flanders-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a Ring of Greeks have hemmed thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling. This I've seen:
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw 'till now. I knew thy Grand sire,
And once fought with him; he was a soldier good;
But by great Mars, the Captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.
Æne. 'Tis the old Neætor.
Hec. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That haft so long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Wilt reverend Neætor, I am glad to clasp thee.
Neæ. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.
Hec. I would, they could.
Neæ. By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome; I have seen the time—
Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here the base and pillar by us.
Hec. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomede

3 And seen thee scornful for
feit.—Folio. The quar
to has,

4 This line is not in the quar
to.
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.
Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue;
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that perty front your town,
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hecat. I must not believe you;
There they stand yet; and, modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood; the end crowns all;
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hecutor, welcome;
After the General, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my Tent.

Achilles. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses;—thou!
Now, Hecutor, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus’d thee, Hecutor,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hecat. Is this Achilles?
Achilles. I am Achilles.

Hecat. Stand fair, I pr’ythee. Let me look on thee.
Achilles. Behold thy fill.

Hecat. Nay, I have done already.
Achilles. Thou art too brief. I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.

Hecat. O, like a book of sport thou’lt read me o’er:
But there’s more in me, than thou understandst.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achilles. Tell me, you heav’n’s, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there,
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hecutor’s great spirit flew. Answer me, heav’n’s!

Hecat. It would discredit the blest Gods, proud man,
To answer such a question. Stand again.

L 1 2 Think’st
Think'ft thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate, in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

_Achill._ I tell thee, yea.

_Hec.?_ Wert thou the Oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that flithied _Mars_ his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.
You wisest _Grecians_, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never——

_Ajax._ Do not chafe thee, cousin;
And you, _Achill_, let these threats alone,
'Till accident or purpose bring you to't.
You may have ev'ry day enough of _Hec.?_,
If you have stomach. The general State, I fear,
Can scarce intreat you to be odd with him.

_Hec.?_ I pray you, let us see you in the fields:
We have had pelting wars since you refus'd
The _Grecians_’ cause.

_Achill._ Do'ft thou intreat me, _Hec.?_?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

_Hec.?_ Thy hand upon that match.

_Ag._ First, all you Peers of _Greece_, go to my Tent,
There in the full convive we; afterwards,
As _Hec.?_'s leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally intreat him.

5 Beat loud the tabourins; let the trumpets blow;
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[ _Exeunt._

_5 Beat loud the tabourins._ — _The reading which I have given
For this the quarto and the latter
editions have,
To sign your bounties._ — _The revision, to avoid the repetition
of the word bounties._

S C E N E
SCENE X.

Manent Troilus and Ulysses.

Troi. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' Tent, most princely Troilus;
There Diomede doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heav'n, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of am'rous view
On the fair Cressida.

Troi. Shall I, sweet Lord, be bound to thee so much,
After you part from Agamemnon's Tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, Sir.
As gently tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy; had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?

Troi. O Sir, to such as boast'ing shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my Lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth;
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

Exeunt.
ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Achilles's Tent, in the Grecian Camp.

Ever Achilles and Patroclus.

ACHILLES.

I'll heat his blood with Grecian wine to-night,

Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.

Patroclus, let us hast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Therites.

Enter Therites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?

Thou cruelty batch of Nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou see'st, and

idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity; and what need these

tricks?

Ther. Prythee, be silent, boy, I profit not by thy

talk. Thou art thought to be Achilles's male-varlet.

Patr. Male-varlet, you rogue? what's that?

6 Thou cruelty batch of Nature,—Batch is changed by

Thosby to look, and the change is justified by a pompous

note, which discovers that he did not know the word but a. What

is more strange, Farmer has followed him. Batch is any thing

baked.

7 To surgeon's box.] In this answer Therites only quibbles

upon the word tent. Håxmer.

8 Male-varlet.] Farmer reads male-barist, plausible enough, ex-

cept that it seems too plain to re-

quire the explanation which Pa-

troclus demands.

Ther.
Troilus. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, guts-gripping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads of gravel in the back, lethargies, cold palsy, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciatica's, lime-kilns in the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-fimple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries.

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whoreson indistinguishable cur.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial feline of they'd flik, thou green farce-net flap for a fore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou. Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such water flies, diminutives of Nature.

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to morrow's battle.

9 cold palsy, &c.] This catalogue of loathsome maladies ends in the folio at cold palsy. This passage, as it stands, is in the quarto; the reenchantment was in my opinion judicious.

It may be remarked, though it proves nothing, that, of the few alterations made by Milton in the second edition of his wonderful poem, one was, an enlargement of the enumeration of diseases.

1 you ruinous, &c.] Patroclus reproaches Therites with deformity, with having one part crowded into another.

2 they idle immaterial feline of they'd flik.] All the terms used by Therites of Patroclus, are emblematically expressive of flexibility, compliance, and mean officiousness.

3 Out, gall!] Hanmer reads Nut-gall, which answers well enough to fiacb egg; it has already appeared, that our Author thought the nut-gall the bitter gall. He is called nut, from the conglomeration of his form; but both the copies read, Out, gall!

4 Finch egg!] Of this reproof I do not know the exact meaning. I suppose he means to call him a finging bird, as implying an uncle's favourite, and yet more, something more worthless, a finging bird in the egg, or generally, a slight thing easily crushed.
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba,

5 A token from her daughter, my fair love,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it;
Fall Greeks, fall fame, honour, or go, or stay,
My major vow lies here; this I'll obey.
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent,
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, Patroclus.  [Exeunt.

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain,
these two may run mad; but if with too much brain,
and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough,
and one that loves quails, but he hath not so much
brain as ear-wax; 6 and the goodly transformation of
Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, the primitive statue,

5 A token from her daughter, &c.] This is a circumstance taken from the story book of the three destructions of Troy.

Oxford Editor.

6 And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, the primitive statue, and obelisque memorial of cuckold.] He calls Menelaus the transformation of Jupiter, that is, as himself explains it, the bull, on account of his horns, which he had as a cuckold. This cuckold he calls the primitive statue of cuckold; i.e. his story had made him so famous, that he stood as the great archetype of this character. But how was he an obelique memorial of cuckolds? can any thing be a more nice memorial of cuckolds, than a cuckold? and so the foregoing character of his being the primitive statue of them plainly implies. To reconcile these two contradictory epithets therefore we should read,

—and obelisque memorial of cuckold.

He is represented as one who would remain an eternal monument of his wife's infidelity. And how could this be better done than by calling him an obelisque memorial? of all human edifices the most durable. And the sentence rises gradually, and properly from a statue to an obelisque. To this the editor-Mr. Tindal replies, that the bull is called the primitive statue: by which he only giveth us to understand, that he knoweth not the difference between the English articles a and this. But by the bull is meant Menelaus; which title Thersites gives him again afterwards—The cuckold and the cuckold.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 521

tue, and obelisque memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty
shooing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg;
to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with
malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him? To
an ass were nothing, he is both as and ox. To an
ox were nothing, he is both ox and as. To be a dog,
a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a
puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care;
but to be a Menelaus—I would conspire against Def-
tiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not
Teerstis; for I care not, to be the louse of a lazar,
so I were not Menelaus.
Hey-day, spirits and fires!

SCENE II.

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses,
Nestor, and Diomedes, with lights.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis; there, where we see the
light.

Hec. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Achill. Welcome, brave Hector. Welcome, Princes all.

Aga. So, now fair Prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the Guard to tend on you.

cuckold-maker are at it—the bull has the same—but the
Oxford Editor makes quicker work with the term oblique, and
alters it to antique, and so all the difficulty's evaded.

Warr. I forced, with wit, 8 stuffed with wit. A term of cookery.

In this speech I do not well understand what is meant by low-
ing quails.

8—spirits and fires! This
Thersites [speaks upon the first light of the distant lights.

Hec. 
Heð. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks’ General.

Men. Good night, my Lord.

Heð. Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.


Sweet fewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to those

That go or tarry.

Aṣa. Good night.

Achil. Old Neʃtor tarries, and you too, Diomedes,
Keep Heʃtor company an hour or two.

Dis. I cannot, Lord, I have important business,
The tide whereof is now. Good night, great Heʃtor.

Heʃ. Give me your hand.

Ulys. Follow his torch, he goes to Calchas’ tent.

I’ll keep you company. [To Troilus.

Tre. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Heʃ. And so, good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. [Exeunt.

Ther. That fame Diomed’s a false-hearted rogue, a
moʃt unjust knave. I will no more trust him when
he teers, than I will a serpent when he hisses. He
will spend his mouth and promise, like Brabler the
hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretel
it; it is prodigious, there will come some change:
the Sun borrows of the Moon, when Diomed keeps
his word. I will rather leave to see Heʃtor, than not
dog him; they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and
uses the traitor Calchas his tent. I’ll after—Nothing
but letchery; all incontinent varlets. [Exeunt.
SCENE III.

Changes to Calchas's Tent.

Enter Diomedes.


Cal. Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas I think. Where is your daughter?

Cal. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Ulysses, [undiscovered by Diomede,]
after them Therites, [unseen by Troilus and Ulysses.]

Ulyf. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

Troi. Cressid come forth to him?

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now, my sweet guardian? Hark, a word with you. [Whispers.

Troi. Yea, so familiar?

Ulyf. She will fling any man at first sight.

Tber. And any man may fling her, if he can take her cliff— She's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

T'r. What should she remember?

Ulyf. Lift.——

Cre. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Tber. Roguery——

Dio. Nay, then——

Cre. I'll tell you what.

9 her cliff.] That is, her key. Cles, French. Dio.
 Dio. Pho! pho! Come. Tell a pin. You are a forsworn—
 Cre. In faith, I can't. What would you have me do?
 Ther. A jugling trick, to be secretly open.
 Dio. What did you swear you would beftow on me?
 Cre. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
 Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.
 Dio. Good night.
 Troi. Hold, patience.
 Ulys. How now, Trojan?
 Cre. Diomede.—
 Dio. No, no, good night. I'll be your fool no more.
 Troi. Thy better muft.
 Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.
 Troi. O plague, and madness!
 Ulys. You are mov'd, Prince. Let us depart, I pray you,
 Left your displeasure should enlarge itself
 To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous;
 The time right deadly. I beseech you, go.
 Troi. Behold, I pray you—
 Ulys. Good my Lord, go off.
 You flew to great distraction. Come, my Lord.
 Troi. I pr'ythee, stay.
 Ulys. You have not patience. Come.
 Troi. I pray you, stay. By hell, and by hell's torments,
 I will not speak a word.
 Dio. And so, good night.
 Cre. Nay, but you part in anger?
 Troi. Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!
 Ulys. Why, now, Lord?

1 You flew to great distraction.—) So the moderns.
 The folio has, I read.
 You flew to great destruction— You flew to great destruction.
 You show too great distraction.
 Troi.
TROIUS AND CRESSIDA. 525

Troi. By Jove, I will be patient.
Ulyf. You shake, my Lord, at something. Will you go?
You will break out.
Troi. She strokes his cheek.
Ulyf. Come, come.
Troi. Nay, stay. By Jove, I will not speak a word.
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience. Stay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury with his fat rump and
potatoo finger tickles these together! Fry, lechery,
iry!
Dio. But will you then?
Cre. In faith, I will, lo; never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cre. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.
Ulyf. You have sworn patience.
Troi. Fear me not, sweet Lord.
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel. I am all patience.

SCENE IV.
Re-enter Cressid,

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now.
Cre. Here, Diomedé, keep this sleeve.
Troi. O beauty! where's thy faith?
Ulyf. My Lord,—
Troi. I will be patient. Outwardly, I will.
Cre. You look upon that sleeve. Behold it well.—
He lov'd me.—O sacle wench!—Giv't me again.
Dio. Whose was't?
Cre. It is no matter, now I hav't again.

I will
I will not meet with you to-morrow night.
I pr'ythee, Diomedé, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens. Well said, whetstone;
Dio. I shall have it.
Cre. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cre. O, all ye gods!—O pretty, pretty pledge;
Thy matter now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and fights, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it:
As I kiss thee.—[Diomedé snatches the sleeve.
Nay, do not snatch it from me:
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Troi. I did swear patience.
Cre. You shall not have it, Diomedé; 'faith, you
shall not,
I'll give you something else.
Dio. I will have this. Whose was it?
Cre. 'Tis no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whose it was?
Cre. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will,
But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cre. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.
Troi. Wert thou the Devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challenge'd.

* In old editions.
− As I kiss thee.
Dio. Nay, do not snatch it from
Cre. He that takes that, must
take my heart withal.
Dr. Thirskly thinks, this should be
all plac'd to Crežida. She had the
sleeve, and was kissing it raptu-
rously: and Diomedé snatches it
back from her.

Theobald.

3 By all Diana's waiting wo-
men yonder; i.e. the stars
which the points took.

Warburton.

Cre.
Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not.
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewell.
Thou never shalt mock Diomede again.
Cre. You shall not go.—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by Pluto. But that that likes not you,
pleases me best.
Dio. What, shall I come? The hour?
Cre. Ay, come:—O Jove!—Do. Come.—
I shall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewel 'till then. [Exit.
Cre. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.
Troylus, farewell; one eye yet looks on thee,
*But with my heart the other eye doth see.—
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads, must err; O then conclude,
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

Ther. ⁵ A proof of strength she could not publish
more;
Unles she say, my mind is now turn'd whore.
Ulyf. All's done, my Lord.
Troi. It is.
Ulyf. Why stay we then?
Troi. To make a recollection to my soul,
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lye in publishing a truth?

⁴ But with my heart, &c.] I think it should be read thus,
But my heart with the other eye doth see.

⁵ A proof of strength she could not publish more.] She could not publish a stronger proof.

Sith
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,

6 That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptive functions,
Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

Ulysses. I cannot conjure, Trojan.
Troy. She was not, sire.
Ulysses. Most sure, she was.
Troy. Why my negation hath no taste of madness.
Ulysses. Nor mine, my Lord. Cressid was here but now,
Troy. Let it not be belief'd, for woman-hood!

Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn criticks, apt, without a theme
For depravation, to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule. Rather think this not Cressid.

Ulysses. What hath she done, Prince, that can soil our
mothers?
Troy. Nothing at all, unless that this was she.
Thers. Will he swagger himself out of his own eyes?
Troy. This she? no, this is Diomedes's Cressida.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she:
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the God's delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse!

6 That doth invert that tell of eyes and ears.] What tell? Troilus had been particularizing none in his foregoing words, to govern or require the relation here. I rather think, the words are to be thus split;

That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears.

i. e. That turns the very testimony of seeing and hearing against themselves, Theobald. This is the reading of the quarto.

7 I cannot conjure Trojan.] That is, I cannot raise spirits in the form of Cressida.

8 If there be rule in unity itself.] I do not well understand what is meant by rule in unity. By rule our authour, in this place as in others, intends virtuous
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 529

That cause set it up with and against thysel\'f!
* Bi-fold authority! 3 where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and los\'s assume all reason
Without revolt. This is, and is not, Cressid.
Within my soul there doth commence a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparable
Divides far wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As flight Arachne\'s broken woof to enter.
Instince, O instance, strong as Pluto\'s gates!
Cressid\'s mine, tied with the bonds of heav\'ns;
Instince, O instance, strong as heav\'n itself!
The bonds of heav\'n are slip\'d, dissolv\'d and loos\'d:
And with another 4 knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

By foul authority!—— There is madness in that disqui-
tion in which a man reasons at
once for and against himself upon
authority which he knows not to
be valid. The quarto is right.

A miserable expression of a quaint
thought, that to be unreasonable
in love is reasonable; and to be
reasonable, unreasonable. Perdi-
tion and los\'s are both used in the
very same sense, and that an odd
one, to signify unreasonable.

Warburton.

The words los\'s and perdition
are used in their common sense,
but they mean the los, or perdi-
tion of respons.

4 knot five-finger-tied,] A
knot tied by giving her hand to
Dism. d.

VOL. VII. M m The
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy relics, of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomede.

Ulysses. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd With what which here his passion doth express?

Troilus. Ay, Greek, and that shall be divulged well In characters, as red as Mars his heart Inflam'd with Venus. Ne'er did young man fancy With so eternal; and so fix'd a soul. Hark, Greek, as much as I do Cressid love, So much by weight hate I her Diomede. That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear in his helm; Were it a cask compos'd by Vulcan's skill, My sword should bite it; nor the dreadful spout, Which ship-men do the hurricane call, Constring'd in masts by the almighty Sun, Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear In his decent, than shall my prompted sword Falling on Diomede.

Iliad. He'll tickle it for his concupiscent.

Troilus. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false! Let all untruths stand by thy stained name, And they'll seem glorious.

Ulysses. O, contain yourself; Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æneas. I have been seeking you this hour, my Lord, Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy. Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Troilus. Have with you, Prince. My courteous Lord, adieu.

Farewel, revolted Fair. And, Diomede,

---

5 O’er-eaten faith.—] Vows which she has already swallowed once over. We still say of a faithless man, that he has eaten his words.

6 May worthy Troilus.—] Can Troilus really feel on this occasion half of what he utters? A question suitable to the calm Ulysses.
Stand fast; and wear a casque on thy head!

_Uly._ I'll bring you to the gates.

_Tro._ Accept distracted thanks.

_[Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses._

_Thr._ Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed, I would creak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore; the parrot will do no more for an almoner, than he for a commodious drab. Letchery, letchery, still wars and letchery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them!  

_[Exit._

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Palace of Troy.

_Enter Hector and Andromache._

_And._ When was my Lord so much ungently temper'd
To stop his ears against admonishment?

_Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to day._

_Hec._ You train me to offend you. Get you gone.

_By all the everlasting Gods, I'll go._

_And._ My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-day.

_Hec._ No more, I say._

_Enter Cassiandra._

_Cas._ Where is my brother _Hecular_?

_And._ Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.

_Confort with me in loud and dear petition;_  
_Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt_  
_Of bloody turbulence and this whole night_  
_Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter._

_Cas._ O, 'tis true.

_Hec._ Ho! bid my trumpet sound.

_Mm_
Cas. No notes of sally for the heav'n, sweet brother.

Hec. Be gone, I say: the Gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The Gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows; They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuad'd, do not count it holy To hurt by being just; it were as lawful
7 For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts, And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow; But vows to every purpose must not hold.

Unarm, sweet HECTOR.

Hec. Hold you still, I say.

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate; Life every man holds dear, but the 9 dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man; mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. CASSANDRA, call my father to persuade.

[Exit Cassandra.

Hec. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth;

7 For us to count—] This is so oddly confused in the folio, that I transcribe it as a specimen of incorrectnes;
—Do not count it holy,
To hurt by being just; it were as lawful
For we would count give much to as violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.
8 It is the purpose—] The mad Prophet speaks here with all the coolness and judgment of a skilful caullt. The essence of a lawful vow, is a lawful purpose, and the vow of which the end is wrong must not be regarded as cogent.
9—dear man] Valuable man.

The modern editions read,
—brave man.

The repetition of the word is in our author's manner.
I am to-day i' th' vein of chivalry.
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee; go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Troil. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a lion, than a man.

He&. What vice is that? good Troilus, chide me for it.

Troil. * When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Ev'n in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

He&. O, 'tis fair play.
Troil. Fool's play, by Heaven, He&tor.

He&. How now? how now?
Troil. For love of all the Gods,
Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mothers,
And when we have our armoure buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to rueful work, rein them from ruth.

He&. Fy, savage, fy!

Troil. He&tor, thus 'tis in wars.

He&. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Troil. Who shoud with-hold me?

No fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncleon my retire;

* Which better fits a lion,—

The traditions and stories of the
darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generosity.
Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, Troilus reasons not improperly, that
to spare against reason, by mere

instinct of pity, became rather a
generous beast than a wife man

* When many times the captive Grecians fall, This
reading supposes He&tor insulting over his captives, which is not Troilus's meaning: who is here speaking of He&tor's actions in the field. Without doubt Shakespeare wrote,

When many times the caitiff
Grecians fall, i.e. daftardly Grecians; a character natural for the speaker to give them, and justified by his account of them Warburton.

I see no hint of insult in the present reading.
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

SCENE VII.

Enter Priam and Cassandra.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast,
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. Come, Hector, come, go back;
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am, like a prophet, suddenly enrapt
To tell thee, that this day is ominous.
Therefore come back.

Hec. Aeneas is a-field,
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Ev'n in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Priam. But thou shalt not go.

Hec. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful, therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, Royal Priam.

Cas. O, Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hec. Andromache, I am offended with you.

\[i. e. tears that continue to course one ano her down the face.\]
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Upon the love you bear me, get you in. [Exit Andromache.

Troil. This foolish, dreaming, superfluous girl
Makes all these bodements.
Caf. O farewell, dear Hecdot,
Look, how thou dost; look, how thy eyes turn pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars; how Hecuba cries out;
How poor Andromache thrills her dolorous heart!
Behold, distraction, frenzy and amazement,
Like witless ants, one another meet;
And all cry, Hecdot, Hecdot’s dead! O Hecdot!

Troil. Away!——Away!——

Caf. Farewell. Yes. Soft. Hecdot, I take my leave;
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [Exit.

Hecdot. You are amaz’d, my liege, at her exclam.
Go in and cheer the town; we’ll forth and fight,
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.


[Alarm.

Troil. They’re at it; hark. Proud Diomed, believe——
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my Lord? do you hear?
Troil. What now?
Pan. Here’s a letter come from yond poor girl.
Troil. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptifick, a whoreson rascally ptifick
do troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this girl,
and what one thing and what another, that I shall leave
you on this day; and I have a rheum in mine
eyes
eyes too, and such an ach in my bones that unless a man were curst, I cannot tell what to think on't. What says she, there?

Troi. Words, words, mere words; no matter from the heart.

Th' effect doth operate another way.

[Tearing the letter.]

Go, wind to wind; there turn and change together. My love with words, and errors still she feeds; But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you——


SCENE IX.

Changes to the Field between Troy and the Camp.

[Alarm] Enter Thersites.

Thers. NOW they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomedes, has got that same feury, doating, foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy, there, in his helm; I would fain see them meet; that, that

* Hence, brothel, lacquey!—] then betwixt the two words.

In this, and the repetition of it, towards the close of the play, Treliss is made absurdly to call Panteros—bawdy-house; for brothel signifies nothing else that I know of; but he meant to call him an attendant on a bawdy-house, a messenger of obscene errands: a sense which I have retrieved only by clapping an by-

THEOBALD. I have retained the note, but believe the emendation wholly unnecessary. For brothel, the folio reads brother, erroneously for broker, as it stands at the end of the play where the lines are repeated. Of brother the following editors made brothel.
fame young Trojan as, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore, masterly villain with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. 5 O’th’ other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals, that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese Nestor, and that same dog-fox Ulysses, is not prov’d worth a black-berry —— They set me up in policy that mungrill cur Ajax, against that dog or as bad a kind, Achilles. And now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day: whereupon the Grecians begin 6 to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomedes and Troilus.

Soft—here comes sleeve, and t’other.  
Troi. Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx, I would swim after.  
Dio. Thou dost miscall Retire.  
I do not fly; but advantageous care  
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.  
Have at thee! [They go off, fighting.  
Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian. Now for thy whore, Trojan. Now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

5 O’th’ other side, the policy of those crafty swearing r. s. d., &c.]  
But in what sense are Nestor and Ulysses accus’d of being swearing rascals? What, or to whom, did they swear? I am positive, that swearing is the true reading. They had colloqued with Ajax, and trim’d him up with insincere praises, only in order to have fir’d Achilles’s emulation. In this, they were the true swearers; betraying the first, to gain their ends on the latter by that artifice.  
Theobald.  
6 To proclaim barbarism. To set up the authority of ignorance to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer.

SCENE
SCENE X.

Enter Hector.

Hec. What art thou, Greek! art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood and honour?
Tber. No, no. I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.
Hec. I do believe thee. Live. [Exit.
Tber. God a mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, letchery eats itself. I'll seek them. [Exit.

Enter Diomedes and Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse, Present the fair Steed to my lady Cressid: Fellow, commend my service to her beauty: Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan, And am her knight by proof.
Serv. I go, my Lord.

SCENE XI.

Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew. The fierce Polydamus Hath beat down Menon; 7 bastard Margarelon. 7 — bastard Margarelon ]
The introducing a bastard son of Priam, under the name of Margareton, is one of the circumstan-
ces taken from the story book of The three Destructions of Troy.

Theobald.

Hath
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands Coelus wife, waving his beam
Upon the pashed coarses of the Kings,
Epistropus and Odus. Polyxenus is slain;
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or slain, and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers. Haste we, Diomede,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax-arm for shame;
There are a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now, here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there a-foot,
And there they fly or die, like scaled shoals
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the straying Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath;
Here, there, and ev'ry where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite
That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

8 —the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers:—] “Be-
9 — Galathe his horse.

8 "a bowe: This Bess made the
Grekes fire afreke, and flewe
many of them with his Bowe.”
The three Destructions of Troy,
printed by Caxton.

9 —in Galathe his horse.] From the same book is taken this
name given to Hector's horse.

Mr. Theobald.

Mr. Theobald.

— the straying Greeks,—] In
the folio it is,
— the straying Greeks.
Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Oh, courage, courage, Princes; great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus' wounds have rouz'd his drousy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That nboseless, handlest, hackt and chipt, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax has lost a friend,
And foams at mouth; and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantasstick execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck in very spite of cunning
Bad him win all.

Scene XII.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus? [Exit.
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Nest. So, so, we draw together. [Exeunt.

Enter Achilles.

Achilles. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew me thy face:
Know, what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! Where's Hector? I will none but Hector. [Exit.

Re-enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, shew thy head!
Re-enter Diomedes.

dio. Troilus, I say, where's Troilus?
ajax. What wouldst thou?
dio. I would correct him.
ajax. Were I the General, thou shouldst have my Office,
Ere that correction. Troilus, I say, what! Troilus?

Enter Troilus.

troi. Oh, traitor Diomedes! turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life, thou owest me for my horse.
dio. Ha, art thou there?
ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomedes.
dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.
troi. Come both, you cogging Greeks, have at you both.
'[Exeunt, fighting.]

Enter Hector.

hect. Yea, Troilus? O well fought! my youngest brother.

Enter Achilles.

achil. Now do I see thee! have at thee, Hector.
hect. Pause, if thou wilt. [Fight.
achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy that my arms are out of use,
My Rest and Negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shall hear of me again:
Till when, go seek thy fortune.
hect. Fare thee well;
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother?

—-you cogging Greeks,— author had heard of Cracia
This epithet has no particular Niendax.
propriety in this place, but the

Enter
Enter Troilus,

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas. Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heav'n,
He shall not carry him. I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I say;
I reck not, though thou end my life to-day. [Exit.

Enter One in armour.

Heð. Stand, stand, thou Greek, thou art a goodly mark:
Now? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
I'll frust it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it. Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [Exit.

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons,
Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel;
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me, Sirs, and my Proceeding eye:
It is decreed, Hector the great must die. [Exeunt.

3 I'll frust it,—] The word nor understand it. Hamner ex-
frast I never found elsewhere, plains it, to break or bruise.
SCENE XIII.

Enter Therites, Menelaus and Paris.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold maker are at it. Now bull, now dog. 'Loo, Paris, 'loo. My double-hen'd sparrow. 'Loo, Paris, 'loo. The bull has the game; 'ware horns, ho.

[Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Turn, slave, and fight.
Ther. What art thou?
Bast. A bastard son of Priam's.
Ther. I am a bastard too, I love bastards. I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One Bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: If the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment. Farewel, bastard.

Bast. The devil take thee, coward. [Exeunt.

SCENE XIV.

Enter Hector.

Hec. Most putrid core, so fair without! Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life. Now is my day's work done; I'll take my breath. Rest, sword, thou haft thy fill of blood and death.

[He puts up his sword.

Enter
Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

* Achill. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set,
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels;
* Ev’n with the veil and darkness of the Sun,
To close the day up, Hector’s life is done.

Hec. I am unarmed. Forego this vantage, Greek.

* Achill. Strike, fellows, strike, this is the man I seek.
[They fall upon Hector, and kill him.

So, Lion, fall thou next. Now, Troy, sink down:
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews and thy bone.
On, Myrmidons, and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.
Hark, a retreat upon our Grecian part.

* Myr. The Trojan trumpets found the like, my Lord.

* Achill. The dragon wing of night o’erponds the earth;
And, flicker-like, the armies separates.
My half-fupf sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas’d with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.
Come, tie his body to my horse’s tail:
Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

[Exeunt.

[Sound retreat. Shout.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Neptor, Diomedes,
and the rest marching.

* Aga. Hark, hark, what shout is that?

* Nept. Peace, drums.

* Sol. Achilles! Achilles! Hector’s slain! Achilles!

* Ev’n with the veil—] The veil is, I think, the sinking of the sun; not veil or veil.

* Strike fellows, strike,—] This particular of Achill’s over-
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA: 545

Dio. The bruit is, Hector’s slain, and by Achilles.
Ajax. If it is so, yet braglegs let it be:
Great Hector was as good a man as he.
Aga. March hastily along; let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our Tent.
If in his death the Gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
[Exeunt.

SCENE XV.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor and Deiphobus,

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field;
Never go home, here starve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Tro. Hector is slain.
All. Hector!—the Gods forbid!
Tro. He’s dead, and at the murderer’s horse’s tail
In beastly fort drag’d through the shameful field.
Frown on, you heav’n’s, effect your rage with speed;
Sit, Gods, upon your Thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once, let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on.
Æne. My Lord, you do discomfort all the Host.
Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence, that Gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so? or Hecuba?
Let him that will a shriek owl ay be call’d,
Go into Troy, and say there, Hector’s dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives;
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,

* This line is in the quarto given to Troilus.
Scare Troy out of itself: But march away,  
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.  
Stay yet.—You vile abominable Tents,  
Thus proudly plight upon our Phrygian plains,  
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,  
I'll through and through you. And thou, great-fiz'd  
coward!  
No space of earth shall funder our two hates;  
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,  
That mouldeth Goblins swift as Frenzy's thoughts.  
—Strike a free March to Troy! With comfort go;  
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you?  
Trei. Hence, 'broker lacquey; ignominy, shame  
[Strikes him.  
Pursue thy life, and live ay with thy name!  
[Exeunt.  
Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aking bones! Oh  
world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despis'd:  
Oh, traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a  
work, and how ill requited? why should our endeav'our be so * lov'd, and the performance so loath'd?  
what verse for it? what instance for it?—let me see—  
Full merrily the humble bee doth sing,  
'Til he hath lost his honey and his sting;  
But being once subdued in armed tail,  
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.  
Good traders in the flesh, let this in your painted  
cloths—

As many as be here of Pandar's Hall,  
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's Fall;  
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,  
Though not for me, yet for your aking bones.

* So the quarto. The folio has Brother.
* Lowed, quarto; defred, folio.

Brethren
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made;
It should be now; but that my fear is this,
Some galled goose of Winchester would his:
'Till then, I'll sweat, and seek about for eales;
And at that time bequeath you my diseales. [Exit.

5 Some galled goose of Winchest—[
chester—] The public
flews were anciently under the
jurisdiction of the bishop of Win-
chester.

The lues venerea was called a
Winchefer goose. Dr. Gray.

6 —sweat.] Quarto; sweat,
folio.

THIS play is more correctly
written than most of Shakespeare's
compositions, but it is not one of
those in which either the extent
of his views or elevation of his
fancy is fully displayed. As the
story abounded with materials,
he has exerted little invention;
but he has diversified his charac-
ters with great variety, and pre-
served them with great exact-
ness. His vicious characters some-
times disgust, but cannot cor-
rupt; for both Cressida and Pan-
darus are detested and contemned.
The comick characters seem to
have been the favourites of the
writer, they are of the superficial
kind, and exhibit more of man-
ners than nature, but they are
copiously filled and powerfully
impressed.

Shakespeare has in his story
followed for the greater part the
old book of Caxton, which was
then very popular; but the cha-
acter of Thersites, of which it
makes no mention, is a proof
that this play was written after
Chapman had published his ver-
sion of Homer.

The End of the Seventh Volume.