



T H E  
P L A Y S  
O F

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the SEVENTH,

CONTAINING,

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

CYMBELINE.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

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L O N D O N:

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J U L I U S

C Æ S A R.

VOL. VII.

B

## Dramatis Personæ.

### JULIUS CÆSAR.

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

Cicero.

Brutus,

Cassius,

Casca,

Trebonius,

Ligarius,

Decius Brutus,

Metellus Cimber,

Cinna,

Popilius Læna,

Publius,

Flavius,

Marullus,

Messala,

Titinius, i

Artemidorus, a *Sophist of Cnidos.*

*A Soothsayer.*

*Young Cato.*

*Cinna, a Poet.*

*Another Poet.*

Lucilius,

Dardanius,

Volumnius,

Varro,

Clitus,

Claudius,

Strato,

Lucius,

Pindarus, *Servant of Cassius.*

*Ghost of Julius Cæsar.*

*Cobler.*

*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 CÆSAR.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Street in Rome.*

*Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.*

FLAVIUS.

**H**ENCE; 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?

*Car.* Why, Sir, a carpenter.

*Mar.* 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 cobbler.

*Mar.* But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

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

<sup>1</sup> *Murellus,*] I have, upon the authority of *Plutarch*, &c. given to this tribune, his right name. *Marullus.* THEOBALD.

4 JULIUS CÆSAR.

*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 cobbler, 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 surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

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

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

*Mar.* Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to *Rome*,  
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?  
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O you hard hearts! you cruel men of *Rome*!  
Knew you not *Pompey*? many a time and oft  
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,  
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,  
Your infants in your arms, and there have fate

*Mar.* What mean'st thou by that? ] As the *Cobbler*, in the preceding speech, replies to *Flavius*, not to *Marullus*; 'tis plain, I think, this speech must be given to *Flavius*. THEOBALD. might properly enough reply to a faucy sentence directed to his colleague, and to whom the speech was probably given, that he might not stand too long unemployed upon the stage.

I have replaced *Marullus*, who

The

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 cull 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'ards the Capitol,

This way will I. Disrobe the images,

If you do find them<sup>3</sup> deck'd with ceremonies.

*Mar.* May we do so?

You know, it is the feast of *Lupercal*.

*Flav.* It is no matter. Let no images

Be hung with *Cæsar's* trophies. I'll about,

And drive away the vulgar from the streets;

<sup>3</sup> —*deck'd with ceremonies.*] *Ceremonies*, for religious ornaments. Thus afterwards he explains them by *Cæsar's trophies*; i. e. such as he had dedicated to the Gods.

# JULIUS CÆSAR.

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.*]

## S C E N E II.

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

*Cæs.* *Calphurnia*——

*Casca.* Peace, ho! *Cæsar* speaks.

*Cæs.* *Calphurnia*——

*Calp.* Here, my Lord.

*Cæs.* Stand you directly in *Antonius's* way,  
 When he doth run his Course——*Antonius*——

*Ant.* *Cæsar.* My Lord.

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

*Ant.* I shall remember.

When *Cæsar* says, *do this*; it is perform'd.

*Cæs.* Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

*Sooth.* *Cæsar,*——

*Cæs.* Ha! who calls?

*Casca.* Bid every noise be still. Peace! Yet again.

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

*Sooth.* Beware the Ides of *March.*

*Cæs.* What man is that?

*Bru.* A sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of  
*March.*

*Cæs.*



J U L I U S C Æ S A R.

*Cæs.* Set him before me ; let me see his face.

*Casca.* Fellow, come from the throng. Look upon  
*Cæsar.*

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

*Sooth.* Beware the Ides of *Mārch.*

*Cæs.* He is a dreamer ; let us leave him. Pass.

[<sup>4</sup> *Sennet.* *Exeunt Cæsar and Train.*

S C E N E III.

*Manent Brutus and Cassius.*

*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, *Cassius*, your desires ;  
I'll leave you.

*Cæs.* *Brutus*, I do observe you now of late ;  
I have not from your eyes that gentleness  
And shew of love, as I was wont to have.  
You bear too stubborn and too <sup>5</sup> strange a hand  
Over your friend that loves you.

*Bru.* *Cassius*,  
Be not deceiv'd : if I have veil'd my look,  
I turn the trouble of my countenance  
Meerly upon myself. Vexed I am,  
Of late, with <sup>6</sup> passions of some difference,  
Conceptions only proper to myself,

<sup>4</sup> I have here inserted the word *Sennet*, from the original edition, that I may have an opportunity of retracting a hasty conjecture in one of the marginal directions in *Henry VIII.* - *Sennet* appears to be a particular tune or mode

of martial musick.

<sup>5</sup> — *strange a hand*] *Strange*, is alien, unfamiliar, such as might become a stranger.

<sup>6</sup> — *passions of some difference,*] With a fluctuation of discordant opinions and desires.

§ JULIUS CÆSAR:

Which give some foil, perhaps, to my behaviours;  
 But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,  
 Among which number, *Cassius*, be you one,  
 Nor construe any further my neglect,  
 Than that poor *Brutus*, with himself at war,  
 Forgets the shews of love to other men.

*Cas.* Then, *Brutus*, I have much mistook your passion;  
 By means whereof, this breast of mine hath 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 worthiness into your eye,  
 That you might see your shadow. I have heard,  
 Where many of the best respect in *Rome*,  
 Except immortal *Cæsar*, speaking of *Brutus*,  
 And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
 Have wish'd, that noble *Brutus* had his eyes——

*Bru.* Into what dangers would you lead me, *Cassius*,  
 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 glass,  
 Will modestly discover to yourself  
 That of yourself, which yet you know not of.  
 And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus*:  
 Were I a common laughèr, or did use  
 To stait with ordinary oaths my love  
 To every new-protestor; if you know,  
 That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,

<sup>7</sup> To stait with ordinary oaths my love, &c.] To invite every new protestor to my affection by the stait or allurement of 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 *Cæsar* for their King.

*Cas.* Ay, do you fear it ?

Then must I think, you would not have it so.

*Bru.* I would not, *Cassius* ; yet I love him well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?

What is it, that you would impart to me ?

If it be aught toward the general good,

Set Honour in one eye, and Death i' th' other,

<sup>8</sup> 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,

<sup>8</sup> *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 soldier 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

*oppos'd.* But the use of the word does not demand it ; nor does *Shakespeare* always apply it so. In the present passage it signifies *neglectingly* ; 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 deterr'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 sets *honour* above *life*. Is not this natural ?

I had



I had as lief not be, as live to be  
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
 I was born free as *Cæsar*, so were you ;  
 We both have fed as well ; and we can both  
 Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.  
 For once upon a raw and gusty day,  
 The troubled *Tyber* chafing with his shores,  
*Cæsar* says to me, “ dar’st thou, *Cassius*, now  
 “ Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
 “ And swim to yonder point ? ”—Upon the word,  
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,  
 And 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,  
*Cæsar* cry’d, “ Help me, *Cassius*, or I sink.”  
 I, as *Æneas*, our great Ancestor,  
 Did from the flames of *Troy* upon his shoulder  
 The old *Anchises* bear, so, from the waves of *Tyber*  
 Did I the tired *Cæsar* ; and this man  
 Is now become a God ; and *Cassius* is  
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,  
 If *Cæsar* carelessly but nod on him.  
 He had a fever when he was in *Spain*,  
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark  
 How he did shake ; ’tis true, this God did shake ;  
 9 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 ex-

pression 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 *Cæsar*.

*Cæs.* 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 *Cæsar*! what should be in that *Cæsar*?

Why should that name be founded, 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 *Cæsar*.

Now in the names of all the Gods at once,  
Upon what meat does this our *Cæsar* feed,  
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;  
*Rome*, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.

When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?

When could they say, till now, that talk'd of *Rome*,  
That her wide walls incompass'd but one man?

Now is it *Rome*, indeed; and room enough,

<sup>1</sup> —get the start of the majestick world, &c.] This image is extremely noble: it is taken from the olympic games. *The majestick world* is a fine periphrasis for the *Roman empire*: their citizens set themselves on a footing with *Kings*, and they called

their dominion *Orbis Romanus*. But the particular allusion seems to be to the known story of *Cæsar's* great pattern *Alexander*, who being asked, Whether he would run the course at the *Olympic* games, replied, *Yes, if the racers were Kings.* 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.  
<sup>2</sup>Till then, my noble friend, <sup>3</sup>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.

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

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Cæsar and his Train.*

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

*Cas.* As they pass by, pluck *Casca* by the sleeve,  
And he will, after his sour 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*

<sup>2</sup> —*eternal devil*—] I should think that our authour wrote rather, *infernal devil*.

<sup>3</sup> —*chew upon this* ;] Consider this at leisure ; *ruminate* on this.

Looks

Looks with such <sup>4</sup> ferret, and such fiery eyes,  
As we have seen him in the Capitol,  
Being crost in conf'rence by some Senators.

*Cæs.* *Casca* will tell us what the matter is.

*Cæs.* *Antonius*,——

*Ant.* *Cæsar*?

*Cæs.* [*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, *Cæsar*, he's not dangerous;  
He is a noble *Roman*, and well given.

*Cæs.* <sup>5</sup>Would he were fatter. But I fear him not;  
Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should avoid,  
So soon as that spare *Cassius*. He reads much;  
He is a great observer; and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,  
As thou dost, *Antony*; he hears no musick;  
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,  
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.  
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,  
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 *Cæsar*.  
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,  
And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.*]

<sup>4</sup> —ferret,—] A ferret has red eyes.

<sup>5</sup> Would he were fatter;——] *Johnson*, 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 V.

*Manent Brutus and Cassius: Casca to them.*

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

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

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

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

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

*Bru.* What was the second noise for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Cas.* They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too,

*Bru.* Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

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

*Cas.* Who offer'd him the crown?

*Casca.* Why, *Antony*.

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

*Casca.* I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it. It was meer foolery, I did not mark it. I saw *Mark Antony* offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again: then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very 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 stinking breath, because *Cæsar* refus'd the crown, that it had almost choaked *Cæsar*; for he swooned, and fell down at it; and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

*Cas.* But, soft, I pray you. What? Did *Cæsar* swoon?

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

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

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

*Casca.* I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, *Cæsar* fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they 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 <sup>6</sup> 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 desir'd their Worships to think it was his infirmity.* Three or four wenches where I stood, cry'd, *alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæsar* had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

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

*Casca.* Ay.

<sup>6</sup> a man of any occupation,] Had Plebeians to whom he offered his I been a mechanick, 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'll 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 remember it.

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

*Casca.* No, I am promis'd forth.

*Cas.* Will you dine with me to-morrow?

*Casca.* Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner 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,  
Thy honourable Metal may be wrought

7 *Thy honourable Metal may be wrought*  
From what it is dispos'd;—] The best *metal* or *temper* may be  
worked into qualities contrary to  
its original constitution.

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*;  
<sup>8</sup> 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* seat him sure;  
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [Exit.]

S C E N E VI.

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

*Cic.* Good even, *Casca*. <sup>9</sup> Brought you *Cæsar* home?  
 Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

*Casca.* Are not you mov'd, when all the <sup>1</sup>sway of  
 earth  
 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

<sup>8</sup> *If I were Brutus now, and he 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 cajole me as I do him.* To humour signifies here to turn and wind him, by inflaming his passions. The *Oxford Editor* alters the last line to

*Cæsar should not love me.*  
 What he means by it, is not worth inquiring. WARB.  
 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.*  
<sup>9</sup> —*Brought you Cæsar home?*]  
 Did you attend *Cæsar* home?  
<sup>1</sup> —*sway of earth*] The whole weight or momentum of this globe.

Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,  
 To be exalted with the threatning 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 unscorch'd.  
 Besides, 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 *Cæsar* to the Capitol to-morrow ?

*Casca.* He doth : for he did bid *Antoni*  
 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.*]

<sup>2</sup> *Who glar'd upon me, —*] The  
 first edition reads,

*Who glaz'd upon me, —*  
 Perhaps, *Who gaz'd upon me.*



SCENE VII.

*Enter Cassius.*

*Cas.* Who's there?

*Casca.* A Roman.

*Cas.* *Casca*, by your voice.

*Casca.* Your ear is good. *Cassius*, what night is this!

*Cas.* A very pleasing night to honest men.

*Casca.* Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

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

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

*Casca.* 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.

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

<sup>3</sup> *Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind, ]* That is, Why they deviate from quality and nature. This line might perhaps be more properly placed

after the next line.

*Why birds and beasts; from quality and kind,*

*Why all these things change from their ordinance.*

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 infus'd them with these spirits,  
 To make them instruments of fear and warning  
 Unto some monstrous state.

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

*Casca*. 'Tis *Cæsar* that you mean ; is it not, *Cassius* ?

*Cas*. Let it be who it is : for *Romans* now  
 Have thewes 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.

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

*Cas*. I know, where I will wear this dagger then.  
*Cassius* from bondage will deliver *Cassius*.  
 Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong ;  
 Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat ;  
 Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit :

† — and children calculate ;]  
*Calculate* here signifies to foretel  
 or prophesy : For the custom of  
 foretelling fortunes by judicial  
 Astrology (which was at that  
 time much in vogue) being per-  
 formed by a long tedious calcu-

lation, *Shakespeare*, with his usual  
 liberty, employs the *species* [cal-  
 culate] for the *genus* [foretel.]

WARBURTON.

*Shakespeare* found the liberty  
 established. *To calculate a nati-*  
*vity*, 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.

*Casca.* So can I:

So every bondman in his own hand bears  
 The power to cancel his captivity.

*Cas.* And why should *Cæsar* be a tyrant then?  
 Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,  
 But that he sees, the *Romans* are but sheep;  
 He were no lion, were not *Romans* hinds.  
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,  
 Begin it with weak straws. What trash is *Rome*,  
 What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves  
 For the base matter to illuminate  
 So vile a thing as *Cæsar*? But, oh grief!  
 Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this  
 Before a willing bondman: then I know,  
<sup>5</sup> My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,  
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

*Casca.* You speak to *Casca*, and to such a man,  
 That is no flaring tell-tale. <sup>6</sup> Hold my hand;  
<sup>7</sup> Be factious for redress of all these griefs,  
 And I will set this foot of mine as far,  
 As who goes farthest.

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

<sup>5</sup> *My answer must be made.*—] same as, *here's my hand.*  
 I shall be called to account, and <sup>7</sup> *Be factious for redress*—]  
 must answer as for seditious *Factious* seems here to mean ac-  
 words. tive.

<sup>6</sup> —*Hold my hand:*] Is the



In *Pompey's* Porch. For now, this fearful night,  
 There is no stir, or walking in the streets;  
 And the complexion of the element  
<sup>3</sup> 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 haste you so?

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

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

*Cin.* I'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 *Prætor's* chair,  
 Where *Brutus* may but find it; and throw this  
 In at his window; set this up with wax  
 Upon old *Brutus's* Statue. All this done,  
 Repair to *Pompey's* porch, where you shall find us.  
 Is *Decius Brutus*, and *Trebonius* there?

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

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

[*Exit Cinna.*]

<sup>3</sup> *Is fervours, like the work—*  
 The old edition reads,  
 It favours, like the work——  
 I think we should read,  
 In favour's, like the work we

have in hand;  
 Most bloody, fiery, and most ter-  
 rible.  
 Favour is look, countenance, ap-  
 pearance.

Come,

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

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

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

## ACT II. SCENE I.

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?

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

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

*Bru.* It must be by his death; and, for my part,  
I know no personal cause to spurn at him;  
But for the general. He would be crown'd;  
How that might change his nature, there's the ques-  
tion.

It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;  
And that craves wary walking: Crown him—that—  
And then I grant we put a sting in him,  
That at his will he may do danger with.  
Th' abuse of Greatness is, when it disjoins  
<sup>9</sup> 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 <sup>1</sup> common proof,  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto 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 <sup>2</sup> base degrees  
By which he did ascend. So *Cæsar* may:  
Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel  
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,  
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, <sup>3</sup> as his kind, grow mis-  
chievous;  
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,

<sup>9</sup> Remorse from Power:—] <sup>2</sup> —base degrees] Low steps.  
*Remor-f*, for mercy. WARB. <sup>3</sup> —as his kind,—] According  
<sup>1</sup> —common proof.] Common to his nature.  
experiment.

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

[Gives him the letter.]

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

<sup>4</sup> Is not to-morrow, boy, the Ides of *March*?

*Luc.* I know not, Sir.

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

*Luc.* I will, Sir.

[Exit.]

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

[Opens the letter, and reads.]

Brutus, *thou sleep'st* ; awake, and see thyself :

Shall Rome,—*—speak, strike, redress.*

Brutus, *thou sleep'st* : awake.

Such instigations have been often 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 call'd a King.”

*Speak, strike, redress*,—am I entreated

To speak, and strike? O *Rome*! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st

Thy full petition at the hand of *Brutus*!

<sup>4</sup> *Is not to-morrow, boy, the FIRST of March?* ] We should read IDES: For we can never suppose the speaker to have lost fourteen days in his account. He is here plainly ruminating on what the soothsayer told *Cæsar* [Act I. Scene 2.] in his presence. [—*Beware the Ides of March.*]

The boy comes back and says, Sir, *March is wasted fourteen days.* So that the *morrow* was the *Ides of March*, as he supposed. For *March, May, July, and October,* had six *nones* each, so that the fifteenth of *March* was the *Ides* of that month. —WARB.

*Enter*



*Enter Lucius.*

*Luc.* <sup>5</sup> Sir, *March* is wasted fourteen days.

[*knocks within.*

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

[*Exit Lucius.*

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

<sup>6</sup> Between the acting of a dreadful thing,  
And the first motion, all the interim is

Like

<sup>5</sup> 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.

<sup>6</sup> *Between the acting of a dreadful thing,*

*And the first motion, &c.]* That nice critic, *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*, complains, that, of all kind of beauties, those great strokes, which he calls the *terrible graces*, and which are so frequent in *Homer*, are the rarest to be found in the following writers. Amongst our countrymen it seems to be as much confined to the *British Homer*. This description of the condition of conspirators, before the execution of their design, has a pomp and terror in it that perfectly astonishes. The excellent Mr. *Addison*, whose modesty made him sometimes diffident 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 *Ci-*

*cero*) has paraphrased this fine description; but we are no longer to expect those terrible graces which animate his original.

*O think, what anxious moments pass between*

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

*Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,*

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

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

*The Genius, and the Mortal Instruments*

*Are then in Council——*

For *Kingdoms*, in the *Pagan Theology*, besides their *good*, had their *evil Genius's*, likewise, represented here, with the most daring stretch of fancy, as sitting



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 desertion of *Syphax* and *Sempronius*. The other thing observable is, that Mr. *Addison* was so struck and affected with these terrible *graces* in his original, that instead of imitating his author's sentiments, he hath, before he was aware, given us only the copy of his own impressions made by them. For,

*Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,*

*Fill'd up with Horror all, and big with death,*

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

— *All the Int'rim is Like a Phantasma, or a hideous Dream.*

— *the State of Man, Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then*

*The Nature of an insurrection.*

Comparing the troubled mind of a conspirator to a state of Anarchy, is just and beautiful ; but the *int'rim*, or interval, to an *hideous vision*, or a frightful *dream*, holds something so won-

derfully of truth, and lays the soul so open, that one can hardly think it possible for any man, who had not some time or other been engaged in a conspiracy, to give such force of colouring to Nature.

WARBURTON.

The *δεινον* of the Greek critics does not, I think, mean sentiments which *raise fear*, more than *wonder*, or any other of the tumultuous passions ; τὸ *δεινον* is that which *strikes*, which *astorishes*, 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 passes in a single bosom, the *insurrection* which a conspirator feels agitating the *little kingdom* of his own mind ; when the *Genius*, or power that watches for his protection, and the *mortal instruments*, the passions, which excite him to a deed of honour and danger, are in council and debate ; when the desire of action and the care 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 <sup>7</sup> of favour.

*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 visage? Seek none, Conspi-  
racy;

Hide it in Smiles and Affability;

<sup>8</sup> For if thou path, thy native semblance on,

Not *Erebus* itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

## S C E N E 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*.

<sup>7</sup> ———of favour.] Any distinction of countenance.

<sup>8</sup> For if thou path, thy native semblance on,] If thou walk in thy true form.

*Bru.*

*Bru.* He is welcome too.

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

*Bru.* They are all welcome.  
What watchful cares do interpose themselves  
Betwixt your eyes and night?

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

*Dec.* Here lies the East: doth not the day break  
here?

*Casca.* No.

*Cin.* O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,  
That fret the Clouds, are messengers of day.

*Casca.* You shall confess, that you are both de-  
ceiv'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.* <sup>9</sup> No, not an oath. If not the face of men,  
The

<sup>9</sup> *No, not an oath; if that the*  
FACE of men, &c.] The  
conspirators propose an *oath* as  
the sanction of their mutual faith.  
This, *Brutus*, very much in cha-  
racter, 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 argu-  
ment 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 commise-  
ration 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 liber-  
ty 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 gran-  
deur of his speech: Besides, it  
is foreign to the turn and argu-  
ment 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-fighted tyranny range on,  
 'Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,  
 As I am sure they do, bear fire enough  
 To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour  
 The melting spirits of women ; then, countrymen,  
 What need we any spur, but our own cause,  
 To prick us to redress ? What other bond,  
 Than secret *Romans*, that have spoke the word,  
 And will not palter ? and what other oath,  
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,  
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?  
 ' Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,  
 Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls  
 That welcome wrongs : unto bad causes, swear  
 Such creatures as men doubt ; but do not stain  
 The even virtue of our enterprize,  
 Nor th' insuppressive 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 confederated.* These motives he enumerates ; 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 fate of their Republick.  
 And this was the principal mo-  
 tive which engaged the God-like  
 Brutus in the undertaking.*

WAREURTON.

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 reputation* ; or, *the face of men* may mean, the dejected look of the people.

He reads, with the other modern editions,

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

' 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 past 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 *Cæsar*?

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

*Bru.* Our course will seem too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,  
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,  
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:  
For *Antony* is but a limb of *Cæsar*.  
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, *Caius*;  
We all stand up against the spirit of *Cæsar*,  
And in the spirit of man there is no blood:  
O, that we then cou'd come by *Cæsar*'s spirit,  
And not dismember *Cæsar*! but alas!  
*Cæsar* must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,  
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

Let's

Let's carve him as a dish 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.

*Cas.* 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 ; <sup>2</sup> 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.

*Cas.* The clock hath stricken three.

*Treb.* <sup>3</sup> 'Tis time to part.

*Cas.* But it is doubtful yet,  
 If *Cæsar* will come forth to-day, or no :  
<sup>3</sup> For he is superstitious grown of late,  
 Quite from the main opinion he held once  
 Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies :

It

<sup>2</sup> —take thought,—] That is, *then* melancholy.

<sup>3</sup> For he is superstitious grown of late, Quite from the main opinion he held once Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies. :] *Cæsar*, as well as *Cassius*, was an *Epicurean*. By

main opinion *Cassius* intends a compliment to his sect, and means solid, fundamental opinion grounded in truth and nature : As by *fantasy* is meant ominous forebodings ; and by *ceremonies*, atonements of the Gods by means of religious rites and sacrifices. A little after, where *Calpurnia*



It may be, these apparent prodigies,  
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,  
And the persuasion of his augurers,  
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

*Dec.* Never fear that; if he be so resolv'd,  
I can o'erfway him; \* for he loves to hear,  
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,  
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.  
But when I tell him, he hates flatterers,  
He says, he does; being then most flattered.  
Let me work;  
For I can give his humour the true bent,  
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

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

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

*Cin.* Be that the uttermost; and fail not then.

*Met.* *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Cæsar* 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*.

*Calpurnia* says,

*Cæsar*, I never stood on cere-  
monies,

Yet now they fright me:—

The poet uses *Ceremonies* in a  
quite different sense, namely, the  
turning accidents to omens, a prin-  
cipal superstition of antiquity.

WARBURTON.

Main opinion, is nothing more

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than leading, fixed, predominant  
opinion.

\* —for he loves to hear, &c.]

It was finely imagined by the  
poet, to make *Cæsar* delight in  
this sort of conversation. The  
Author of *St. Evremund's* life  
tells us, that the great Prince of  
*Conde* took much pleasure in re-  
marking on the foible and ridi-  
cule of characters. WARB.

D

*Bru.*

*Bru.* Good Gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;  
 5 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.*]

*Marcellus* 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.

S C E N E 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 star'd upon me with ungentle looks ;  
 I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,  
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :  
 Yet I insist'd ; 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 *show* 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.

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

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

*Bru.* Why, so I do. Good *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.

*Bru.* 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, consort 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,  
<sup>6</sup> 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.

<sup>6</sup> *A woman well reputed; Cato's daughter.*] This false pointing should be corrected thus,  
*A woman well reputed Cato's daughter.*

*i. e.* worthy of my birth, and the relation I bear to *Cato*. This indeed was a good reason why she should be intrusted with the secret. But the false pointing, which gives a sense only implying that she was a woman of a good character, and that she was

*Cato's* daughter, gives no good reason: For she might be *Cato's* daughter, and yet not inherit his firmness; and she might be a woman well reputed, and yet not the best at a secret. But if she *was well reputed Cato's daughter*, that is, worthy of her birth, she could neither want her father's love to her country, nor his resolution to engage in its defence.

All my engagements I will construe 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 were not sick!

*Cai.* I am not sick, if *Bruus* 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.

*Bru.* Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Changes to Cæsar's Palace.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar.*

*Cæs.* **N**OR heav'n, nor earth, have been at peace  
to-night ;  
Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her sleep cry'd out,  
" Help, ho ! they murder *Cæsar.*" Who's within ?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My Lord ? ———

*Cæs.* Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,  
And bring me their opinions of success.

*Serv.* I will, my Lord.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Calphurnia.*

*Cal.* What mean you, *Cæsar* ? think you to walk  
forth ?

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

*Cæs.* *Cæsar* shall forth. The things, that threatned  
me,

Ne'er lookt but on my back, when they shall see  
The face of *Cæsar*, they are vanished.

*Cal.* *Cæsar*, I never stood 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 lions hath whelped in the streets,  
And Graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead ;  
Fierce



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 hurtled in the air ;  
 Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan ;  
 And Ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.  
 O *Cæsar* ! these things are beyond all use,  
 And I do fear them.

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

*Cal.* When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;  
 The heav'ns themselves blaze forth the death of  
 Princes.

*Cæf.* 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 <sup>7</sup> 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.*

*Cæf.* The Gods do this <sup>8</sup> in shame of cowardise :  
*Cæsar* should be a beast without a heart,  
 If he should stay at home to-day for fear.

<sup>7</sup> — death, a necessary end, &c ] in the mouth of *Cæsar*.  
 This is a sentence derived from <sup>8</sup> — in shame of cowardise : ]  
 the Stoical doctrine of predestina- The ancients did not place cou-  
 tion, and is therefore improper rage but wisdom in the heart.

No, *Cæsar* shall not ; Danger knows full well,  
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he ;  
9 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.

## S C E N E 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, falser ;  
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, *Decius*.

♦ *Cal.* Say, he is sick.

9 In old editions,  
*We heard two lions*——] The  
first folio,

———*We heare*———

The copies have been all corrupt,  
and the passage, of course, unin-  
telligible. But the slight altera-  
tion, I have made, restores sense

to the whole ; and the sentiment  
will neither be unworthy of  
*Shakespeare*, nor the boast too ex-  
travagant for *Cæsar* in a vein of  
vanity to utter : that he and Dan-  
ger were two twin-whelps of a  
lion, and he the elder, and more  
terrible of the two. THEOB.

*Cæs.*

*Cæs.* Shall *Cæsar* fend a lye?

Have I in conquest stretcht mine arm so far,  
To be afraid to tell Grey-beards the truth?

*Decius*, go tell them, *Cæsar* will not come.

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

*Cæs.* The cause is in my will, I will not come;  
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.

But for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know.

*Calpurnia* 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  
Hath 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 suck  
Reviving blood; and that Great Men shall press  
For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognifance.  
This by *Calpurnia's* Dream is signify'd.

*Cæs.*

<sup>2</sup> —and that Great Men shall  
press  
For tinctures, stains, relicks,  
and cognifance.] That this  
dream of the statue's spouting  
blood should signify, the increase  
of power and empire to *Rome*  
from the influence of *Cæsar's*  
arts and arms, and wealth and  
honour to the noble *Romans*  
through his beneficence, expressed  
by the words, *From you, great*  
*Rome shall suck reviving blood,*

is intelligible enough. But how  
these great men should literally  
press for tinctures, stains, relicks,  
and cognifance, 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 ano-  
ther. This line therefore,

*For tinctures, stains, relicks, and*  
*cognifance,*

must needs be in way of simili-  
tude



*Cæs.* And this way have you well expounded it.

*Dec.* I have, when you have heard what I can say ;  
And know it now, the Senate have concluded  
To give this day a Crown to mighty *Cæsar*.

If you shall send them word you will not come,  
Their minds may change. Besides it were a mock  
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,

“ Break up the Senate ’till another time,

“ When *Cæsar*’s Wife shall meet with better Dreams.”

If *Cæsar* hide himself, shall they not whisper,

“ Lo, *Cæsar* is afraid ! ”

Pardon me, *Cæsar* ; for my dear, dear, love

To your proceeding bids me tell you this :

<sup>2</sup> And reason to my love is liable.

*Cæs.* How foolish do your Fears seem now, *Calpurnia* ?

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 between this and the preceding ; which want shou’d, for the future, be marked with asterisks. The sense of them is not difficult to recover, and, with it, the propriety of the line in question. The speaker had said, the Statue signified, that by *Cæsar*’s influence *Rome* should flourish and increase in empire, and that great men should press to him to partake of his *good fortune*, just as men run with handkerchiefs, &c. to dip them in the blood of martyrs, that they may partake of their *merit*. It is true, the thought is from the Christian History ; but so small an anachronism is nothing with our poet. Besides, it is not my interpretation which introduces it, it was there before :

For the line in question can bear no other sense than as an allusion to the blood of the Martyrs, and the superstition of some Churches with regard to it. WARB.

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 *tinctures*, and new marks of *cognifance* ; the other to martyrs, whose reliques are preserved with veneration. The *Romans*, says *Brutus*, all come to you as to a saint, for reliques, as to a prince, for honours.

<sup>2</sup> *And reason, &c.* ] And reason, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love.

S C E N E

## S C E N E VI.

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

Where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

*Pub.* Good-morrow, *Cæsar*.

*Cæs.* Welcome, *Publius*.

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

Good-morrow, *Casca*. *Caius Ligarius*,

*Cæsar* was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same Ague which hath made you lean.

What is 't o' clock?

*Bru.* *Cæsar*, 'tis 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 *Cæsar*.

*Cæs.* Bid them prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, *Cinna*; now *Metellus*. What *Trebonius*!

I have an hour's talk in store for you,

Remember, that you call on me to-day;

Be near me, that I may remember you.

*Treb.* *Cæsar*, I will.—And so near will I be,

[*Aside.*

That your best Friends shall wish I had been further.

*Cæs.* Good Friends, go in, and taste some wine with  
me.

And we, like Friends, will straightway go together.

*Bru.* That every like is not the same, O *Cæsar*,

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

S C E N E

## 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 Casca; 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 be'st not immortal, look about thee; security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty Gods 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 shouldst 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?

<sup>3</sup> — *the fates with Traitors do contrive.*] The fates join with traitors in contriving thy destruction.

*Luc.*



*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 *Cæsar* doth, what suitors press to him.  
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

*Luc.* I hear none, Madam.

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

*Luc.* Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter 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 *Cæsar* 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 *Cæsar*, hast thou not?

*Art.* That I have, Lady. If it will please *Cæsar*  
To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to hear me,  
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

*Por.* Why, know'st thou any harm intended tow'rds  
him?

*Art.* None that I know will be, much that I fear;  
Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:  
The throng, that follows *Cæsar* at the heels,  
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Suitors,  
Will crowd a feeble Man almost to death;  
I'll get me to a place more void, and there  
Speak to great *Cæsar* as he comes along.

[*Exit.*  
*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 *Cæsar* will not grant.—O, I grow faint:  
Run, *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord;  
Say, I am merry; come to me again,  
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

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

*The Street before the Capitol; and the Capitol open.*

*Flourish.* Enter *Cæsar*, *Brutus*, *Cassius*, *Casca*, *Decius*, *Metellus*, *Trebonius*, *Cinna*, *Antony*, *Lepidus*, *Artemidorus*, *Popilius*, *Publius*, and the *Sooth-sayer*.

CÆSAR.

THE Ides of *Marcò* are come.

*Soo'b.* Ay, *Cæsar*, but not gone.

*Art.* Hail, *Cæsar*. Read this schedule.

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

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

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

*Art.* Delay not *Cæsar*, read it instantly.

*Cæs.* What, is the fellow mad?

*Pub.* Sirrah, give place.

*Cæs.*

*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 *Cæsar*. Mark him.

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

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

*Cassius*, or *Cæsar*, never shall turn back;

For I will slay myself.

*Bru.* *Cassius*, be constant.

*Popilius Lena* speaks not of our purpose;

For, look, he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.

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

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

*Bru.* He is addrest; 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 *Cæsar* and his Senate must redress?

*Met.* Most high, most mighty, and most puissant  
*Cæsar*,

*Metellus Cimber* throws before thy seat [Kneeling.  
An humble heart.

*Cas.* I must prevent thee, *Cimber*.

These couchings and these lowly curtesies  
+ Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

+ *Might fire the blood of ordinary men,* ] It is plain we  
should read,

—*stir the blood*—

Submission does not *fire* the blood.  
but melt it to compassion; or, as  
he says just after, *thaw* it. So

afterwards in this play he says,

*The power of speech to stir  
mens bloods.* WARB.

This is plausible, but not so  
necessary as that it should be ad-  
mitted into the text.

And



5 And turn pre-ordinance and first decree  
 6 Into the lane of children. Be not fond,  
 To think that *Cæsar* bears such rebel blood,  
 That will be thaw'd from the true quality  
 With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words;  
 Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel-fawning.  
 Thy brother by decree is banished;  
 If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,  
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.  
 Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong; nor without cause  
 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 unnumber'd sparks,  
 They are all fire, and every one doth shine;  
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place.  
 So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,

5 *And turn pre-ordinance—*] *It was, change pre-ordinance and*  
*Pre-ordinance, for ordinance al-* *decree into the law of children;*  
*ready established.* WARD. *into such slight determinations as*

6 *Into the lane of children.—*] *every flart of will would alter.*  
*I do not well understand what is* *Lane and lane in some manu-*  
*meant by the lane of children. I* *scripts are not easily distinguished.*  
*should read, the law of children.*

And

And men are flesh and blood, and <sup>7</sup> apprehensive ;  
 Yet, in the number, I do know <sup>8</sup> but one  
 That unassailable <sup>9</sup> 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.

*Cim.* O *Cæsar*——

*Cæs.* Hence ! Wilt thou lift up *Olympus* ?

*Dec.* Great *Cæsar*——

*Cæs.* <sup>1</sup> Doth not *Brutus* bootless kneel ?

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

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

*Cin.* Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead——

Run hence, proclaim. Cry it about the streets.

*Cæs.* Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out,  
 Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement.

*Bru.* People, and Senators ! be not affrighted ;  
 Fly not, stand still. Ambition's debt is paid.

*Casca.* Go to the Pulpit, *Brutus*.

*Dec.* And *Cassius* too.

*Bru.* Where's *Publius* ?

*Cin.* Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

*Met.* Stand fast together, lest 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*, lest that the people,  
 Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

<sup>7</sup> ——*apprehensive* ;] Suscep-  
 tible of fear, or other passions.

<sup>8</sup> ——*but one*] One, and on-  
 ly one.

<sup>9</sup> ——*holds on his rank,*] Per-  
 haps, *holds on his race* ; continue :

his course. We commonly say,  
 To hold a rank, and, To hold on  
 a course or way.

<sup>1</sup> *Doth not Brutus bootless  
 kneel ?*] I would read,  
 Do not *Brutus bootless kneel* !

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

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Trebonius.*

*Cæs.* 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.

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

*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit:  
So are we *Cæsar's* friends, that have abridg'd  
His time of fearing death. <sup>2</sup> Stoop, *Romans*, stoop;  
And let us bathe our hands in *Cæsar's* blood

<sup>2</sup> 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 *Cæsar*: because, he thinks, nothing is more inconsistent with *Brutus's* mild and philosophical character. I have made bold to restore the speech to its right owner. *Brutus* esteem'd the death of *Cæsar* a

sacrifice to liberty: and, as such, gloried in his heading the enterprise. Besides, our poet is strictly copying a fact in history. *Plutarch*, in the life of *Cæsar*, says, “*Brutus* and his followers, being yet hot with the murder, march'd in a body from the senate-house to the *Capitol*, with their drawn swords, with an air of confidence and assurance.” And, in the life of *Brutus*,— “*Brutus* and his party betook themselves to the *Capitol*, and in their way shewing their hands all bloody, and their naked swords, proclaim'd liberty to the people.” 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* Basis 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 deserv'd to lie in death :  
*Mark Antony* shall not love *Cæsar* dead,  
So well as *Brutus* living ; but will follow  
The fortunes and affairs of noble *Brutus*,  
Thorough the hazards of this untrod State,  
With all true faith. So says my master *Antony*.

*Bru.* Thy master is a wise and valiant *Roman* ;

I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,  
He shall be satisfied ; and by my honour,  
Depart untouch'd.

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

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

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

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Antony.*

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

*Ant.* O mighty *Cæsar* ! dost thou lie so low ?  
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
Shrunk to this little measure ?—fare thee well.  
I know not, Gentlemen, what you intend,  
Who else must be let blood, <sup>3</sup> who else is rank ;  
If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
As *Cæsar*'s death's hour ; nor no instrument  
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich  
With the most noble blood of all this world.  
I do beseech ye, if 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 *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Bru.* O *Antony* ! beg not your death of us :  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
As, by our hands, and this our present act,  
You see, we do ; yet see you but our hands,

<sup>3</sup> —*who else is rank ;* ] Who overtopped his equals, and grown  
else 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 *Cæsar*. 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.

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

*Bru.* Only be patient, 'till we have appeas'd  
 The multitude, beside themselves with fear ;  
 And then we will deliver you the cause,  
 Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I 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 *Casca*, 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 conceit me,  
 Either a coward or a flatterer.  
 That I did love thee, *Cæsar*, 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 hast wounds,

\* *Our arms exempt from malice,—*] This is the reading perhaps the true reading. The old copy has,  
 only of the modern edition, yet *Our arms in strength of malice.*



Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,  
It would become me better, than to close  
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, *Julius*—here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;  
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand  
Sign'd in thy spoil, and <sup>s</sup> crimson'd in thy Lethe.  
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart,  
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.  
How like a deer, stricken by many Princes,  
Do'st thou here lie?

*Cas. mark Antony*——

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

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

*Ant.* Therefore I took your hands; but was, in-  
deed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on *Cæsar*.  
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.

*Bru.* 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.

<sup>s</sup> —crimson'd in thy Lethe }  
Mr. Theobald says, The dictiona-  
ries acknowledge no such word as  
Lethe; yet he is not without sus-  
picion, that Shakespear coin'd the  
word; and yet for all that, the

L. might be a D. imperfectly writt,  
therefore he will have death in-  
stead of it. After all this pother,  
Lethe was a common French  
word, signifying death or destruc-  
tion, from the Latin *lethum* WAR.

*Bru.*

*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 *Cæsar's* death.

What *Antony* shall speak, I will protest

He speaks by leave, and by permission;

And that we are contented, *Cæsar* shall

Have all 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 *Cæsar's* body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,

But speak all good you can devise of *Cæsar*,

And say, you do't by our permission,

Else shall you not have any hand at all

About his funeral. And you shall speak

In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,

After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so;

I do desire no more.

*Bru.* Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Conspirators.*]

## S C E N E 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 <sup>6</sup> in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand, that shed this costly blood!

<sup>6</sup> —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;  
 Domestic fury, 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 infants quarter'd with the hands of war:  
 All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds;  
 And *Cæsar's* spirit, ranging for revenge,  
 With *Até* 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.

*Hanmer* reads,

——kind of men.

I rather think it should be,

——the lives of men.

unless we read,

——these hymms of men.

That is. *these bloodbonds* of men.

The uncommonness of the word *hymm* easily made the change.

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

In a tract intitled, *The Office of the Constable & Marshal in the Tyme of Warre*, con-

tained in the Black Book of the Admiralty, there is the following chapter:

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

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

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

*Enter*



*Enter Octavius's Servant.*

You serve *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not?

*Serv.* I do, *Mark Antony*.

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

*Serv.* He did receive his letters, and is coming;

And bid me say to you by word of mouth —

O *Cæsar*! [Seeing the Body.]

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

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

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

Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,

No *Rome* of safety for *Octavius* yet;

Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while;

Thou shalt not back, 'till I have borne this corse

Into the market-place: there shall I try

In my Oration, how the people take

The cruel issue of these bloody men;

According to the which, thou shalt discourse

To young *Octavius* of the state of things.

—Lend me your hand. [Exeunt with Cæsar's body.]

S C E N E V.

*Changes to the Forum.*

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

*Pleb.* WE will be satisfied. Let us be satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me  
audience, friends.

*Cassius,* go you into the other street,

And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;

Those,

Those, that will follow *Cassius*, go with him,  
And publick reasons shall be rendered  
Of *Cæsar's* death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear *Brutus* speak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear *Cassius*, and compare their rea-  
sons,

When sev'rally we hear them rendered.

[Exit *Cassius*, with some of the Plebeians.

3 *Pleb.* The noble *Brutus* is ascended: silence!

*Bru.* Be patient 'till the last.

*Romans,* <sup>9</sup> 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  
*Cæsar's*, to him I say, that *Brutus's* love to *Cæsar* was  
no less than his. If then that friend demand, why  
*Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my Answer: Not  
that I lov'd *Cæsar* less, but that I lov'd *Rome* more.  
Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and dye all slaves;  
than that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all free men? As  
*Cæsar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate,  
I rejoyce at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but  
as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for  
his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour,  
and death for his ambition.

[<sup>9</sup> *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 antithe-  
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 stile of declaiming,  
that fits as ill upon *Brutus* as our  
author's trowsers or collar-band  
would have done. WARB.

Who

Who is here so base, that would be a bond-man?

If any, speak; for him have I offended.

Who is here so rude, that would not be a *Roman*?

If any, speak; for him have I offended.

Who is here so vile, that will not love his Country?

If any, speak; for him have I offended.

I pause for a Reply.

*All.* None, *Brutus*, none.

*Bru.* Then none have I offended.

I have done no more to *Cæsar*, than you shall do to

*Brutus*. The question of his death is 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 slew my best lover for the good of *Rome*; I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my Country to need my death.

*All.* Live, *Brutus*, live! live!

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

2 *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his Ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæsar*.

4 *Pleb.* *Cæsar's* better Parts

Shall be 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, stay 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.*]

S C E N E 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

Did this in *Cæsar* seem ambitious?  
 When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæsar* hath wept;  
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff,  
 Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;  
 And *Brutus* is an honourable man.  
 You all did see, that, on the *Lupercal*,  
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?  
 Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;  
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
 I speak not, to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,  
 But here I am to speak what I do know.  
 You all did love him once, not without cause;  
 What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him?  
 O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
 And men have lost their reason. Bear with me,  
 My heart is in the coffin there with *Cæsar*,  
 And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reason in his say-  
 ings.

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

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

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

1 *Cæsar has had great wrong.*]

3 *Pleb.* *Cæsar had never wrong  
 but with just cause.* If ever there  
 was such a line written by *Shake-  
 speare*, I should fancy it might  
 have its place here, and very hu-  
 mourously in the character of a  
*Plebeian*. One might believe *Ben  
 Johnson's* remark was made upon  
 no better credit than some blun-  
 der of an actor in speaking that  
 verse near the beginning of the  
 third act,

*Know, Cæsar doth not wrong;  
 nor without cause*

*Will he be satisfied.*——

But the verse, as cited by *Ben  
 Johnson*, does not connect with,  
*Will he 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 inserted this note, be-  
 cause it is *Pope's*, -for it is other-  
 wise 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 *John-  
 son's* time.

Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

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

2 *Pleb.* Poor foul! 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 *Cæsar* might  
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,

<sup>2</sup> 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 chuse

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you;

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of *Cæsar*,

I found it in his closet, 'tis his Will;

Let but the Commons hear this Testament,

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,

And they would go and kiss dead *Cæsar's* wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And dying, mention it within their Wills,

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy

Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the Will, read it, *Mark Antony*.

*All.* The Will, the Will. We will hear *Cæsar's*  
Will.

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

It is not meet you know how *Cæsar* lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men,

And, being men, hearing the will of *Cæsar*,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

<sup>2</sup> *And none so poor*—] The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to *Cæsar*.



'Tis good you know not, that you are his heirs;  
For if you should, O what would come of it?

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

*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 *Cæsar*. I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors. Honourable men!

*All.* The Will! the Testament!

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers. The Will!  
read the Will!

*Ant.* You will compel me then to read the Will?  
Then make a ring about the corps of *Cæsar*,

And let me shew you him, that made the Will.

Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

*All.* Come down.

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

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring; stand round.

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

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

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

*All.* Stand back! room! bear back!

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
You all do know this mantle; I remember,  
The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on,  
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,  
That day he overcame the *Nervii*.

Look! in this place, ran *Cassius* dagger through;

See, what a Rent the envious *Casca* made;

Through this, the well-beloved *Brutus* stabb'd;

And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark, how the blood of *Cæsar* follow'd it!

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd,

If *Brutus* so unkindly knock'd, or no.

For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsar's* angel,

Judge, oh you Gods! how dearly *Cæsar* lov'd him;

This

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

3 *Pleb.* O woful day !

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains !

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody fight !

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd : revenge : about—  
 seek — burn — fire — kill — slay ! let not a traitor live.

*Ant.* Stay, Countrymen——

3 *And, in his mantle, &c.* ]  
 Read the lines thus,

*And, in his mantle muffling up  
 his face,*

*Which all the while ran blood,  
 great Cæsar fell,*

*E-v'n at the Base of Pompey's  
 Statue.*

*Plutarch* tells us, that *Cæsar* received many wounds in the face on this occasion; so that it might be said to run blood. But, instead of that, the Statue; in this reading, and not the face, is said to do so; it is plain 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. WARB.

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

*O what a fall was there—*

follows better after

———*great Cæsar fell,*

than with a line interposed.

1 *Pleb.*

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

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

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

To such a sudden flood of mutiny :

They, that have done this deed, are honourable.

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

That made them do it; they are wise and 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 utt'rance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood; I only speak right on.

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;

Shew you sweet *Cæsar's* wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths!

And bid them speak for me. But were I *Brutus*,

And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of *Cæsar*, that should move

The stones of *Rome* to rise and mutiny.

*All.* We'll mutiny——

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

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

*Ant.* Yet hear me, Countrymen; yet hear me speak.

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

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

Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not. I must tell you then.

+ For I have neither wit,——]

words,——

The old copy reads,

which may mean, I have no pen-

For I have neither wit, nor

ned and premeditated oration.



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'nty-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,  
<sup>5</sup> 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.

[*Exeunt Plebeians with the body.*]

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

<sup>5</sup> On this *side* *Tiber*;] The scene is here in the *Forum* near the *Capitol*, and in the most frequented part of the city; but *Cæsar's* gardens were very remote from that quarter.

Trans *Tiberim longe cubat is,*  
*prope Cæsar's hortos,*  
says *Herace*: 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 *Janiculum*. Our Author therefore certainly wrote;

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

*Enter*

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* *Octavius* is already come to *Rome*.

*Ant.* Where is he?

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

*Ant.* And thither will I straight, to visit him.

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,  
And in this mood will give us any thing.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

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

*Cin.* I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with *Cæsar*,  
And things unluckily charge my fantasy,  
I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

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

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man, directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

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

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

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to say, they are fools

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

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

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

*Cin.* As a friend.

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

*4 Pleb.* For your dwelling. Briefly.

*Cin.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

*3 Pleb.* Your name, Sir. Truly.

*Cin.* Truly, my name is *Cinna*.

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

*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.*]

A C T



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

<sup>6</sup> *A small Island near Mutina.*

*Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.*

ANTONY.

THESE many then shall die. Their names are  
prickt.

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

*Lep.* I do consent.

*Octa.* Prick him down, *Antony.*

*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 *Cæsar's* house;  
Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine  
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

*Lep.* What, shall I find you here?

*Octa.* Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*

*Ant.* This is a slight, unmeritable, man,  
Meet to be sent on errands. Is it fit,  
The three-fold world divided, he should stand  
One of the three to share it?

<sup>6</sup> *A small Island*] Mr. *Rowe*,  
and Mr. *Pope* after him, have  
mark'd the scene here to be at  
*Rome*. The old copies say no-  
thing 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 par-  
ticular, says, lay near *Mutina*,  
upon the river *Lavinius*. THEOB.  
A small Island in the little ri-  
ver *Rhenus*, near *Bononia*.

HANMER.

F 3

*Octa.*

*Oſia.* So you thought him ;  
And took his voice who ſhould be prick'd to die,  
In our black ſentence and proſcription.

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

*Oſia.* You may do your will ;  
But he's a try'd and valiant ſoldier.

*Ant.* So is my horſe, *Octavius* : and, for that,  
I do appoint him ſtore of provender.  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to ſtop, to run directly on ;  
His corporal motion govern'd by my ſpirit.  
And, in ſome taſte, is *Lepidus* but ſo ;  
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth ;  
7 A barren-ſpirited fellow, one that feeds  
On abject Orts, and imitations ;  
Which, out of uſe, and ſtal'd by other men,  
Begin his faſhion. Do not talk of him,  
But as a property. And now, *Octavius,*  
Liſten great things——*Brutus* and *Cassius*

7 In the old editions.

*A barren-ſpirited fellow, one  
that feeds*

*On objects, arts, and imita-  
tions, &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 ;

*ſtale and obſolete 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 levying powers ; we must straight make head.  
 Therefore let our alliance be combin'd ;  
 Our best friends made, our best means stretcht ;  
 And let us presently go sit in council,  
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
 And open perils surest answered.

*Oita.* 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.]

## S C E N E 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

<sup>3</sup> *In his own change, or by ill officers,]* The sense of which is this, *Either your master, by the change of his virtuous nature, or by his officers abusing the power he had intrusted to them, hath done some things I could wish undone.* This implies a doubt which of the two was the case. Yet, immediately after, on *Pindarus's* saying, *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 immediate 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 the



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 quar-  
ter'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-  
fices.*

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

March

March gently on to meet him.

*Cas.* Stand, ho!

*Bru.* Stand, ho! Speak, the word along.

*Within.* Stand!

*Within.* Stand!

*Within.* Stand!

*Cas.* Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

*Bru.* Judge me, you Gods! Wrong I mine enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

*Cas.* *Brutus*, this sober form of yours hides wrongs,  
And when you do them——

*Bru.* *Cassius*, be content,  
Speak your griefs softly.—I do know you well.—  
Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
Which should perceive nothing, but love, from us,  
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;  
Then in my Tent, *Cassius*, enlarge your griefs,  
And I will give you audience.

*Cas.* *Pindarus*,  
Bid our commanders lead their charges off  
A little from this ground.

*Bru.* *Lucilius*, do the like; and let no man  
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.  
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our door. [Exeunt.

### S C E N E III.

*Changes to the Inside of Brutus's Tent.*

*Re-enter Brutus and Cassius.*

*Cas.* **T**HAT 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 <sup>9</sup> ev'ry nice offence should bear its comment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, *Cassius*, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;  
To sell, and mart your offices for gold,  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm?  
You know, that you are *Brutus*, that speak this;  
Or, by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of *Cassius* honours this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

*Cas.* Chastisement! ———

*Bru.* Remember *March*, the Ides of *March* re-  
member!

Did not great *Julius* bleed for justice sake?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world,  
But for supporting robbers; shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?  
And sell the mighty space of our large honours  
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus? ———  
<sup>1</sup> I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a *Roman*.

*Cas.* *Brutus*, bait not me,

<sup>9</sup> —*ev'ry* nice offence—] *i. e.* small trifling offence. WARB.

<sup>1</sup> *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 *Cæsar's* glory which set *Cassius* on conspiring against him; and ancient history seems to countenance such a charge. *Cassius* understood him in this sense, and with much conscious pride retorts the charge by a like insinuation,

—*Brutus, bay not me.* WARB.





I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cæs.* Is it come to this?

*Bru.* You say, you are a better foldier;  
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.

*Cæs.* You wrong me every way——you wrong me,  
*Brutus*;

I said, an elder foldier; not a better.

Did I say, better?——

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cæs.* When *Cæsar* liv'd, he durst not thus have  
mov'd me.

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

*Cæs.* I durst not!——

*Bru.* No.

*Cæs.* What? durst not tempt him?

*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

*Cæs.* Do not presume too much upon my love;  
I may do that, I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that, you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, *Cassius*, in your threats;  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;  
For I can raise no money by vile means;  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachma's, <sup>s</sup> than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,

By

<sup>s</sup> ——than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants  
their vile trash,] This is a  
noble sentiment, altogether in  
character, and expressed in a  
manner inimitably happy. For  
to wring, implies both to get 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* grows so covetous,  
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
 Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
 Dash him to pieces.

*Cas.* I deny'd you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* 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.

<sup>6</sup> *Bru.* I do not, 'till you practise them on me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.* A flatt'rer's would not, tho' they do appear  
 As huge as high *Olympus*.

*Cas.* 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 un-*  
*willingness* to quit his hold.

WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *Bru.* *I do not, TILL you prac-*  
*tise them on me.* ] But was  
 this talking like *Brutus*? *Cassius*  
 complained that his friend made  
 his infirmities greater than they  
 were. To which *Brutus* replies,  
 not *till* those infirmities were in-  
 juriously turned upon me. But  
 was this any excuse for *aggra-*  
*vating* 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 practise*  
*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 practising 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 ;  
 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 ;

*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  
*Roman*. But this is so poor, and  
 so little to the purpose, that the  
 reading may be justly suspected.  
 The occasion of this quarrel was  
*Cassius's* refusal to supply the ne-  
 cessities of his friend, who charges  
 it on him as a dishonour and  
 crime, with great asperity of lan-  
 guage. *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 re-  
 proaches, he upbraids him with  
 the severity of his temper, that  
 would pardon nothing, but al-  
 ways aimed at the life of the of-  
 fender ; and delighted in his  
 blood, though a *Roman*. and at-

tached to him by the strongest  
 bonds of alliance ; hereby ob-  
 liquely insinuating the case 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 *Ro-*  
*man's* death can satisfy the unre-  
 lenting severity of your temper,  
 take my life as you did *Cæsar's* ;  
 WARBURTON.

I am not satisfied with the  
 change proposed, yet cannot de-  
 ny, that the words, as they now  
 stand, require some interpreta-  
 tion. 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 hasty spark,  
 And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath *Cassius* liv'd  
 To be but mirth and laughter to his *Brutus*,  
 When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much ? give me your hand.

*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.

## S C E N E 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 loss !  
Upon what sickness ?

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence ;  
And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*  
Have made themselves so strong, (for with her death  
That tidings came) With this she fell distract,  
And, her Attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

*Cas.* And dy'd so ?

*Bru.* Even so.

*Cas.* O ye immortal Gods !

*Enter*



*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.]

*Cas.* My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.

Fill, *Lucius*, 'till the wine o'er-swell the cup;

I cannot drink too much of *Brutus*' love.

*Bru.* Come in, *Titinius*.—Welcome, good *Messala*.

S C E N E V.

*Enter Titinius, and Messala,*

Now sit we close about this taper here,  
And call in question our necessities.

*Cas.* 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 tow'rd *Philippi*.

*Mes.* Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

*Bru.* With what addition?

*Mes.* That by Proscription and bills of Outlawry,

*Octavius*, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*

Have put to death 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.

*Cas.* *Cicero* one?——

*Mes.* *Cicero* is dead;

And by that order of proscription.

Had you your letters from your wife, my Lord?

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G

*Bru.*

*Bru.* No, *Messala*.

*Mes.* Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

*Bru.* Nothing, *Messala*.

*Mes.* That, methinks, is strange.

*Bru.* Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

*Mes.* No, my Lord.

*Bru.* Now, as you are a *Roman*, tell me true.

*Mes.* Then like a *Roman* bear the truth I tell.

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

*Bru.* Why, farewell, *Porcia*. We must die, *Messala*.

With meditating that she must die once,  
I have the patience to endure it now.

*Mes.* 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 off,  
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,

These

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. Farewel, good *Messala*,  
Good night, *Titinius*. Noble, noble *Cassius*,  
Good night, and good repose.

*Cas.* O my dear brother !  
This was an ill beginning of the night ;  
Never come such division 'tween our souls,  
Let it not, *Brutus* !

*Enter Lucius with the Gown.*

*Bru.* Ev'ry thing is well.

*Tit. Mes.* Good night, Lord *Brutus*.

G 2

*Bru.*



*Bru.* Farewel, every one.

[*Exeunt.*

Give me the Gown. Where is thy instrument?

*Luc.* Here, in the Tent.

*Bru.* What, thou speak'st drowfily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.

Call *Claudius*, and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my Tent.

*Luc.* *Varro*, and *Claudius*!—

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Varro and Claudius.*

*Var.* Calls my Lord?

*Bru.* I pray you, Sirs, lie in my Tent, and sleep;  
It may be, I shall raise you by and by,  
On business to my brother *Cassius*.

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

*Bru.* I will not have it so; lie down, good Sirs:  
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.  
Look, *Lucius*, here's the book I fought for so;  
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

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

*Bru.* Bear with me, good boy, I am much for-  
getful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,  
And touch thy instrument, a strain or two?

*Luc.* Ay, my Lord, an't please you.

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

*Luc.* It is my duty, Sir.

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

*Luc.* I have slept, my Lord, already.

*Bru.* It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;

I will not hold thee long. If I do live,  
 I will be good to thee. [*Musick and a Song.*  
 This is a sleepy tune——O murd'rous slumber!  
 Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,  
 That plays thee musick?—Gentle knave, good night.  
 I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.  
 If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument,  
 I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.  
 —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.*

## S C E N E 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!  
 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.]

<sup>s</sup> 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



## 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 <sup>9</sup> 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.*

*Mes.* Prepare you, Generals;  
 The enemy comes on in gallant shew,  
 Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,  
 And something to be done immediately.

*Ant.* *Octavius*, lead your battle softly on,  
 Upon the left hand of the even field.

*Octa.* Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

<sup>9</sup> —warn us—] To warn, to alarm. *Hanmer* reads,  
 seems to mean here the same as *They mean to wage us.*

*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent?

*Octa.* I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*]

S C E N E II.

*Drum.* Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army.

*Bru.* They stand, and would have parley.

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

*Octa.* *Mark Antony*, shall we give sign of battle?

*Ant.* No, *Cæsar*, we will answer on their charge.  
Make forth, the Generals would have some words.

*Octa.* Stir not until the signal.

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

*Octa.* Not that we love words better, as you do.

*Bru.* Good words are better than bad strokes, *Octavius*.

*Ant.* In your bad strokes, *Brutus*, you give good words.

Witness the hole you made in *Cæsar*'s heart,  
Crying, "Long live! hail, *Cæsar*!"

*Cas. Antony,*

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;  
But for your words, they rob the *Hybla* bees,  
And leave them honeyless.

*Ant.* Not stingless too.

*Bru.* O yes, and foundless too:

For you have stol'n their buzzing, *Antony*;  
And very wisely threat, before you sting.

*Ant.* Villains! you did not so, when your vile daggers  
Hack'd one another in the sides of *Cæsar*.

You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,  
And bow'd like bond-men, kissing *Cæsar*'s feet;  
Whilst damned <sup>1</sup> *Cæsa*, like a cur behind,

<sup>1</sup> —*Cæsa*.—] *Cæsa* struck *Cæsar* on the neck, coming like a degenerate cur behind him.

# JULIUS CÆSAR.

Struck *Cæsar* 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.

*Octa.* 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 *Cæsar*'s<sup>2</sup> three and twenty wounds  
Be well aveng'd; or till another *Cæsar*  
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

*Bru.* *Cæsar*, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,  
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

*Octa.* So I hope  
I was not born to die on *Brutus*' sword.

*Bru.* O, if thou wert the noblest of thy Strain,  
Young man, thou 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! ———

*Octa.* Come *Antony*. Away;  
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.  
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;  
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and army.*]

<sup>2</sup> —three and thirty wounds] *pian, Plutarch, and Suetonius:*  
Thus all the editions implicitly; And, I am persuaded, the error  
but I have ventur'd to reduce was not from the poet but his  
this number to *three and twenty* transcribers. THEOBALD.  
from the joint authorities of *Ap-*

S C E N E



## S C E N E III.

*Cæs.* 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. [*Bruitus speaks apart to Lucilius.*

*Cæs.* *Messala.*

*Mes.* What says my General?

*Cæs.* *Messala.*

This is my birth-day; as this very day  
Was *Cassius* born. Give me thy hand, *Messala*;  
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,  
As *Pompey* was, am I compell'd to 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 conformed us;  
This morning are they fled away and gone,  
And, in their steads, do ravens, crows and kites  
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,  
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem  
A canopy most fatal, under which  
Our army lies ready to give up the ghost.

*Mes.* Believe not so.

*Cæs.* I but believe it partly;  
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd  
To meet all peril very constantly.

*Bru.* Even so, *Lucilius*.

*Cæs.* Now, most noble *Bruitus*,

The

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  
<sup>3</sup> 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 ;) <sup>4</sup> arming myself with patience,  
To stay the providence of some high powers,  
That govern us below.

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

*Bru.* No, *Cassius*, no ; think not, thou noble *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.

<sup>3</sup> *The very last time we sha'll 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.

<sup>4</sup> *—arming myself with patience, &c.]* It is evident, that, between these words and the foregoing, a sentence is dropped out to this effect [*on the contrary, true courage is seen in the arming myself with patience, &c.* As the text stands at present, the

two different sentiments of *dislike* and *approbation* are run together, as parts related to one another. 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 according to that philosophy which directed me to blame the suicide of *Cato*, arming myself with patience.

For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Cassius* !  
 If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;  
 If not, why, then this parting was well made.

*Cas.* For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Brutus* !  
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;  
 If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

*Bru.* Why then, lead on. O, that a man might  
 know

The end of this day's business ere it come !

But it sufficeth, that the day will end ;

And then the end is known. Come, ho. Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### S C E N E 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 slew the coward, and did take it from him.

*Tit.* O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early,

Who, having some advantage on *Octavius*,

Took it too eagerly ; his soldiers fell to spoil,

Whilst we by *Antony* 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.

*Cas.* This hill is far enough. Look, look, *Titinius*.

Are those my Tents, where I perceive the fire?

*Tit.* They are, my Lord.

*Cas.* *Titinius*, if thou lov'st me,  
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,  
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,  
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,  
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

*Tit.* I will be here again, ev'n with a thought.

[*Exit.*

*Cas.* Go, *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill.  
My fight 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!

*Cas.* 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.*

*Cas.* 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, firrah.

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 *Cæsar'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. *Cæsar*, 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.*]

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Titinius, and Messala.*

*Mes.* It is but change, *Titinius* ; for *Octavius*  
Is overthrown by noble *Brutus'* power,  
As *Cassius'* legions are by *Antony*.

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort *Cassius*.

*Mes.* Where did you leave him ?

*Tit.* All disconsolate,  
With *Pindarus* his bondman, on this hill.

*Mes.* Is not that he, that lies upon the ground ?

*Tit.* He lies not like the living. Oh my heart !

*Mes.* 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.

*Mes.* 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*?

*Mes.* Seek him, *Titinius*; whilst I go to meet  
The noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report  
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;  
For piercing steel, and darts 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 *Mes.*  
Why didst thou send me forth, brave *Cassius*!  
Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they  
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,  
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their  
shouts?

Alas, thou hast 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.

[Stabs himself.  
Come, *Cassius's* sword, and find *Titinius's* 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 Cæsar*, 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 last 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, <sup>s</sup> and to *Thassos* send his body:  
His funeral shall not be in our Camp,  
Lest it discomfort us. *Lucilius*, come;  
And come, young *Cato*; let us to the field.  
*Labeo*, and *Flavius*, set our battles on.  
<sup>s</sup>Tis three o'clock; and, *Romans*, yet ere night  
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.]

<sup>s</sup> ——— and to *Tharsus* send his body:] Thus all the editions hitherto, very ignorantly. But the whole tenor of history warrants us to write, as I have restored the text, *Thassos*. THEOB.

SCENE VII.

*Alarm.* Enter Brutus, Meffala, 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, <sup>6</sup> being *Cato's* Son.

*Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

<sup>7</sup> *Luc.* Only I yield to die; There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;

[*Offering money.*

Kill

<sup>6</sup> ———being *Cato's* Son.] *i. e.* worthy of him. WARB.

<sup>7</sup> *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, is wanting; which circumstances may lead us too to the discovery of what that reply was; and reciprocally by that reply to the recovery of the sense of this unintelligible line. I think then it appears probable, that when *Lucilius* had said, Only I yield to die; the soldier, by a very natural curiosity, pertinent-

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.

1 *Sold.* I'll teil 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 *Octavius'* 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 *Lucilius*, who had a mind to die, as pertinently answer'd,

*There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;*

*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 *lacunæ*, or passages broken by omission, throughout this play. I think he has been always mistaken. The soldier here says, *Yield, or thou diest.* *Lucilius* replies, I yield only on this condition, that I may die; here is so much gold as thou seest in my hand, which I offer thee as a reward for speedy death. What now is there wanting?

<sup>s</sup> *I'll tell the news.*—] The old copy reads,

*I'll tell thee news.*—

S C E N E



## SCENE VIII.

*Changes to another part of the Field.*

*Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius,*

*Bru.* COME, poor Remains of friends; rest on this rock.

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

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

*[Whispering.]*

*Cli.* What I, my Lord? No, not for all the world.

*Bru.* Peace then, no words.

*Cli.* I'll rather kill myself.

*Bru.* Hark thee, *Dardanius*!

*Dar.* 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 Vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.

*Bru.* Come hither, good *Volumnius*; list a word.

*Vol.* What says my Lord?

*Bru.* Why, this, *Volumnius*;  
The Ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me  
Two several times by night; at *Sardis*, once;  
And, this last night, here in *Philippi*'s fields.  
I know, my hour is come.

*Vol.* Not so, my Lord.

*Bru.* Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.  
Thou see'st the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes;  
Our enemies have beat us to the pit,

*[Alarm.]*

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,  
Than tarry, 'till they push us. Good *Volumnius*,  
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;  
Even for that, our love of old, I 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.*

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

*Bru.* Farewel to you, and you, and you, *Volum-*  
*nus.*

*Strato*, thou hast been all this while asleep;  
Farewel to thee too, *Strato*.——Countrymen,  
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,  
I found no man, but he was true to me.

I shall have Glory by this losing day,  
More than *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,  
By this vile Conquest shall attain unto.

So, fare you well at once; for *Brutus'* tongue  
Hath almost ended his life's History.

Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,  
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarm. Cry within. Fly, fly, fly.*

*Cli.* 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 smatch of honour in't.  
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,  
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato*?

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

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

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

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

SCENE

## SCENE IX.

*Alarm. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucilius, and the army.*

*Ota.* What man is that?

*Mes.* My Master's Man. *Strato*, where is thy Master?

*Stra.* 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.

*Ota.* All that serv'd *Brutus*, I will entertain them.

—Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

*Stra.* Ay, if *Messala* will prefer me to you.

*Ota.* Do so, good *Messala*.

*Mes.* How died my Lord, *Strato*?

*Stra.* I held the sword, and he did run on it.

*Mes.* *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee  
That did the latest service to my Master.

*Ant.* This was the noblest *Roman* of them all:  
All the Conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great *Cæsar*,  
He, only, in a general honest thought,  
And common Good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world; *This was a Man!*

*Ota.* According to his virtue, let us use him;  
With all respect, and rites of burial.  
Within my Tent his bones to-night shall lie,  
Most like a Soldier, order'd honourably.



So call the field to Rest ; and let's away,  
To part the Glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconcilment of *Brutus* and *Cassius* is universally celebrated ; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat

cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of *Shakespeare's* plays ; his adherence to the real story, and to *Roman* manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius.

ANTONY

A N T O N Y

A N D

C L E O P A T R A.

H 4

# Dramatis Personæ.

M. ANTONY.

Octavius Cæsar.

Æmilius Lepidus.

Sex. Pompeius.

Domitius Enobarbus,

Ventidius,

Canidius,

Eros,

Scarus,

Dercetas,

Demetrius,

Philo,

Mecænas,

Agrippa,

Dolabella,

Proculeius,

Thyreus,

Gallus,

Menas,

Menecrates,

Varrus,

Silius, *an Officer in Ventidius's Army.*

Taurus, *Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.*

Alexas,

Mardian,

Diomedes,

*A Soothsayer.*

*Clown.*

Cleopatra, *Queen of Ægypt.*

Octavia, *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.



A N T O N Y

A N D

C L E O P A T R A.

---

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

*The Palace at Alexandria in Ægypt.*

*Enter Demetrius and Philo.*

P H I L O.

NAY, but this dotage of our General  
O'erflows the measure; those his goodly  
eyes,  
That o'er the files and musters of the war  
Have glow'd like plated *Mars*, now bend, now turn,  
The office and devotion of their view  
Upon a tawny front. His Captain's heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst  
The buckles on his breast, <sup>1</sup>reneges all temper;

<sup>1</sup> —reneges—] Renounces.

POPE.

And

= And is become the bellows, and the fan,  
To cool a <sup>3</sup> Gypsy's lust. 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  
<sup>4</sup> 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 rec-  
kon'd.

*Cleo.* I'll set a <sup>5</sup> bourn how far to be belov'd.

*Ant.* <sup>6</sup> Then must thou needs find out new heav'n,  
new earth.

= *And is become the bellows,  
and the fan.*

*To cool a Gypsy's lust.*—] In this  
passage something seems to be  
wanting. The *bellows* and *fan*  
being commonly used for contra-  
ry purposes, were probably op-  
posed by the author, who might  
perhaps have written,

—*is become the bellows, and the  
fan,*

To kindle and to cool a Gypsy's  
lust.

<sup>3</sup> —*Gypsy's lust.*—] *Gypsy* is  
here used, both in the original  
meaning for an *Egyptian*, and in  
its accidental sense, for a *bad wo-  
man*.

<sup>4</sup> *The triple pillar*—] *Triple*  
is here used improperly for *third*,  
or *one of three*. One of the *Tri-  
umvirs*, one of the three masters  
of the world.

*The triple pillar of the world  
transform'd*

*Into a Strumpet's FOOL.*—] 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 etymo-  
logy of the latter word, which  
comes from *Στόλος*, *columna*.

WARBURTON.

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

<sup>5</sup> —*bourn*—] Bound or limit.

POPE.

<sup>6</sup> *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*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* News, my good Lord, from *Rome*.

*Ant.* Grates me. <sup>7</sup> The sum.

*Cleo.* Nay, hear it, *Antony*.

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

*Ant.* Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt, <sup>8</sup> 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,

<sup>7</sup> — [*The ſum*.] Be brief, ſum  
thy buſineſs in a few words.

<sup>8</sup> — and the wide arch

Of the rang'd Empire fall!—]  
Taken from the *Roman* cuſtom  
of raiſing triumphal arches to  
perpetuate their victories. Ex-  
tremely noble. WARB.

I am in doubt whether *Shake-  
ſpeare* had any idea but of a fa-  
brick 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 opportu-  
nity of inserting a *French* word,  
by reading,

—— and the wide arch

Of derang'd empire fall!——

Which, if *deranged* were an *Eng-  
liſh* word, would be preferable  
both to *raiſed* and *rang'd*.



On pain of punishment, the world <sup>9</sup> to weet,  
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. <sup>1</sup> *Antony*  
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 *Cæsar* with *Antonius* priz'd so slight?

*Phi.* 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.*]

<sup>9</sup> — *to weet,*] To know.

POPE.

<sup>1</sup> — *Antony*  
*Will be himself.*

*Ant.* [*But stirr'd by Cleopatra.*]  
*But,* in this passage, seems to

have the old *Saxon* signification  
of *without, unless, except.* *Antony*, says the Queen, *will recollect his thoughts, unless kept,* he replies, *in commotion by Cleopatra.*

## S C E N E 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 Sooth-sayer that you prais'd so to th' Queen? Oh! that I knew this husband, which you say, must<sup>2</sup> 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 loving, than beloved.

<sup>2</sup> change his horns with garlands.] This is corrupt; the true reading evidently is, must CHARGE his horns with garlands, i. e. make him a rich and honourable cuckold, having his horns hung about with garlands.

WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, not improbably, change for horns his garlands. I am in doubt, whether to change, is not merely to dress, or to dress with changes of garlands.

*Char.*

<sup>3</sup> *Char.* I had rather heat 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 Cæsar*, and companion me with my mistress.

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

<sup>4</sup> *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.* <sup>5</sup> Then, belike, my children shall have no names;

<sup>3</sup> *I had rather heat 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.

<sup>4</sup> *Char. Oh, excel'ent! I love long life better than figs.*] Here *Shakespeare* has copied ancient manners with as much beauty as propriety: This being one of those *ominous* speeches, in which the ancients were so superstitious: For the aspicks, by which *Charman* died, and after her mistress, were conveyed in a basket of *figs*. *Omens* (a superstition which *Pythagoras* first taught the *Greeks*) were the undesigned 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 Æmilius*, 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*. *Itaque rebus divinis quæ publicè fierent, ut faverent linguis, imperabatur.* Cicero de *Divin.* l. 1.

WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> *Then, belike, my children shall have no names;*] *i. e.* be of no note, a *Greek* mode of expression; in which language, *διε-vυυος* signifies both *double-named* and *famous*, because anciently famous men had an agnomen taken from their exploits. *WARB.*

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 best 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. III.

Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

*Sooth.* ' If every of your wishes had a womb, and foretel every wish, a million.

*Char.* Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

*Alex.* You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

*Char.* Nay, come. Tell *Iras* hers.—

*Alex.* We'll know all our fortunes.

*Eno.* Mine, and most of our fortunes to-night, shall be to go drunk to bed.

*Iras.* There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

*Char.* Ev'n as the o'erflowing *Nilus* presageth famine.

*Iras.* Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

*Char.* Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Pr'ythee, tell her but a workyday 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.

<sup>6</sup> *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 acuteness; yet the original reading may, I think, stand. *If you had as many wombs as you will have wishes, and I should foretel all these wishes, I should foretel a million of children.* It is an ellipsis very frequent in conversation; *I should shame you, and tel all;* that is, *and if I should tell all.* *And* is for *and if*, which was anciently, and is still provincially used for *if*.

*Char.*



7 *Char.* Our worser thoughts heav'ns mend! *Alexas*,  
 —Come, *bis* fortune; *bis* fortune.—O, let him  
 marry a Woman that cannot go, sweet *Isis*, I beseech  
 thee; and let her die too, and give him a worse; and  
 let worse follow 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 Goddess, 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, *bis* fortune, *bis*  
*fortune.* O, let him marry a wo-  
 man, &c.] Whose fortune does  
*Alexas* 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 slipt the obser-  
 vation of all the editors; especi-  
 ally, of the sagacious Mr. Pope,  
 who has made this declaration,  
*That if, throughout the plays, had*  
*all the speeches been printed with-*  
*out the very names of the persons,*  
*he believes one might have applied*  
*them with certainty to every*  
*speaker.* But in how many in-  
 stances has Mr. Pope's want of  
 judgment falsified this opinion?  
 The fact is evidently this; *Alexas*

brings a fortune-teller to *Iras*  
 and *Charmian*, and says himself,  
*We'll know all our fortunes.* Well;  
 the soothsayer begins with the  
 women; and some jokes pass  
 upon the subject of husbands and  
 chastity: After which, the wo-  
 men hoping for the satisfaction  
 of having something to laugh at  
 in *Alexas's* fortune, call him to  
 hold out his hand, and wish hear-  
 tily 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 *Alexas* im-  
 mediately subjoins on their wishes  
 and zeal to hear him abused.

THEOBALD.

SCENE

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Cleopatra.*

*Eno.* Hush! here comes *Antony*.

*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 *Alexas*?

*Alex.* Here at your service. My Lord approaches.

*Enter Antony with a Messenger, and Attendants.*

*Cleo.* We will not look upon him. Go with us.  
[*Exeunt.*

*Mes.* *Fulvia* thy Wife 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.

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I

*Mes.*

*Mes. Labienus* (this is stiff news)

Hath, with his *Partbian* force, <sup>8</sup> extended *Asia*;  
From *Euphrates* his conquering banner shook,  
From *Syria* to *Lydia*, and *Ionia*;  
Whilst——

*Ant. Antony*, thou wouldst say——

*Mes.* Oh, my Lord!

*Ant.* Speak to me home, mince not the gen'ral  
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,

<sup>9</sup> When our quick winds lie still; and our ill, told  
us,

Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

*Mes.* At your noble pleasure.

*Ant.* From *Sicyon*, how the news? Speak there.

*Mes.* The Man from *Sicyon*.—Is there such an one?

[*Exit first Messenger.*]

*Attend.* He stays upon your will.

*Ant.* Let him appear.

These strong *Ægyptian* fetters I must break,

<sup>8</sup> ——extended *Asia*]; *i. e.* widened or extended the bounds of the lesser *Asia*. WARB.

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

<sup>9</sup> *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 fruits: But the laying before us our ill condition plainly and honestly is, as it were, the first culture of the mind, which gives hopes of a future harvest.* This he says to encourage the messenger to hide nothing from him. WARB.

This emendation is ingenious, but doubtful. The sense may be, that man, not agitated by censure, like soil 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 Sicyon.*

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 shov'd her on:

I must from this enchanting Queen break off.

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch. How now, *Enobarbus*?

*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-

<sup>1</sup> ——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 lowering, or setting in the west, becomes the opposite of itself. WARB.

This is an obscure passage.

The explanation which Dr. War-

burton has offered is such, that

I can add nothing to it; yet

perhaps *Shak-speare*, who was

less learned than his commenta-

tor, meant only, that our plea-

tures, 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<sup>2</sup> 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 *Jove*.

*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,<sup>3</sup> it shews to man the tailors of the earth, comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the case were to be lamented; this grief is crown'd with consolation, your old smock brings forth a new

<sup>2</sup> poorer moment;] For less reason; upon meaner motives.

<sup>3</sup> it shews to man the tailors of the earth, comforting therein, &c.] I have printed this after the original, which, though harsh and obscure, I know not how to amend. Sir Tho. Hanmer reads,

They shew to man the tailors of the earth comforting him therein.

I think the passage, with somewhat less alteration, for alteration is always dangerous, may stand thus; *It shews to men the tailors of the earth, comforting them, &c.*

petticoat. And, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

*Ant.* The business, she hath broached in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

*Eno.* And the business, you have broach'd here, cannot be without you; especially that of *Cleopatra's*, which wholly depends on your abode.

*Ant.* No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break  
<sup>4</sup> The cause of our expedience to the Queen,  
 And get her leave to part. For not alone  
 The death of *Fulvia*, with <sup>5</sup> more urgent touches,  
 Do strongly speak t' us; but the letters too  
 Of many our contriving friends in *Rome*  
<sup>6</sup> Petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius*  
 Hath giv'n the dare to *Cæsar*, and commands  
 The Empire of the Sea. Our slipp'ry people,  
 Whose love is never link'd to the deserfer,  
 'Till his deserts are past, begin to throw  
*Pompey* the Great and all his Dignities  
 Upon his son; who high in name and 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 <sup>7</sup> the courser's hair, hath yet but life,  
 And not a serpent's poison. <sup>8</sup> Say our pleasure  
 To such whose places under us, require  
 Our quick remove from hence.

*Eno.* I'll do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

<sup>4</sup> *The cause of our expedience*—] *Expedience*, for expedition.      WARB.

<sup>5</sup> ————*more urgent touches*, ] Things that touch me more sensibly, more pressing motives.

<sup>6</sup> *Petition us at home*.———] Wish us at home; call for us to reside at home.

<sup>7</sup> ————*the courser's hair*, &c.] Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horse, dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal.      POPE.

<sup>8</sup> ————*Say, our pleasure*,  
*To such whose places under us*,  
*require*  
*Our quick remove from hence.*]



## S C E N E 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.—

<sup>9</sup> 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 no-  
thing.

*Cleo.* Thou teachest, like a fool, the way to lose  
him.

*Char.* Tempt him not so, too far. I wish for-  
bear;  
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 w<sup>h</sup>ose 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.

<sup>9</sup> *I did not send you.*—] You  
must go as if you came without  
my order or knowledge.

*Ant.*

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

*Cleo.* Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I shall fall ;  
It cannot be thus long, the 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,

<sup>1</sup> —a race of heav'n.—] *i. e.* by Dr. Warburton ; the race of  
had a smack or flavour of heaven. wine is the taste of the foil. Sir

WARBURTON. *T. Hanmer*, not understanding  
This word is well explained the word, reads, *ray*.

Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,  
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

*Ant.* How now, lady?

*Cleo.* I would I had thy inches, thou should'st  
know,

There were a heart in *Ægypt*.

*Ant.* Hear me, Queen;

The strong necessity of time commands

Our services a-while; but my full heart

<sup>2</sup> 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. <sup>3</sup> My more particular,

And that which most with you should <sup>9</sup> save my  
going,

Is *Fulvia's* death.

*Cleo.*

<sup>2</sup> *Remains in use*——] The poet seems to allude to the legal distinction between the *use* and *absolute possession*.

<sup>3</sup> —— *My more particular, And that which most with you should save my going,*

*Is Fulvia's death*] Thus all the more modern editions; the first and second *folio's* read, *safe*: All corruptedly. *Antony* is giving several reasons to *Cleopatra*, which make his departure from *Ægypt* necessary; most of them,

reasons of state; but the death of *Fulvia*, his wife, was a particular and private call. *Cleopatra* is jealous of *Antony*, and suspicious that he is seeking colours for his going. *Antony* replies to her doubts, with the reasons that obliged him to be absent for a time; and tells her, that, as his wife *Fulvia* is dead, and so she has no rival to be jealous of, that circumstance should be his best plea and excuse, and have the greatest weight with her for his going.



*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 garboyls 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's* slime, I go from hence  
Thy foldier, 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 <sup>s</sup> to *Egypt*. Good now, play one Scene  
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look  
Like perfect honour.

going. Who does not see now,  
that it ought to be read,

—*should* salve my going.

THEOBALD.

Mr. *Upton* reads, I think  
rightly,

—*safe* 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.

<sup>s</sup> —*to Egypt.—]* To me,  
the queen of *Egypt*.

*Ant.*

*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 :

<sup>6</sup> Oh, my oblivion is a very *Antony*,  
And I am all forgotten.

*Ant.* <sup>7</sup> But that your royalty  
Holds Idleness your subject, I should take you

For

<sup>6</sup> *O*, my oblivion is a very  
Antony,

*And I am all forgotten.*] The plain meaning is, *My forgetfulness makes me forget m: self.* But she expresses it by calling *forgetfulness*, *Antony*; because *forgetfulness* had forgot her, as *Antony* had done. For want of apprehending this quaintness of expression, the *Oxford Editor* is forced to tell us news, *That all forgotten is an old way of speaking, for apt to forget every thing.* 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 irrevocably left me.

*And I am all forgotten.*

If this reading stand, I think the explanation of *Homer* must be received. But I will venture another change, by reading,

*And I am all forgone.*

I am all deserted and undone.

If any regard can be had to exactness of versification, the measure authorises my reading.

<sup>7</sup> *But that your royalty  
Holds Idleness your subject, I  
should take you*

For

For Idleness itself.

*Cleo.* 'Tis sweating labour,  
To bear such idleness so near the heart;  
*As Cleopatra, this.* But, Sir, forgive me;  
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not  
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence,  
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,  
And all the Gods go with you! On your sword  
Sit laurell'd victory, and smooth success  
Be strew'd before your feet!

*Ant.* Let us go; come,  
Our separation so abides and flies,  
That thou, residing here, goest yet with me,  
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.  
Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

*Changes to Cæsar's Palace in Rome.*

*Enter Octavius Cæsar reading a letter, Lepidus, and attendants.*

*Cæs.* YOU may see, *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,  
It is not *Cæsar's* natural vice to hate  
<sup>8</sup> One great competitor. From *Alexandria*  
This is the news; he fishes, drinks, and wastes  
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manly  
Than *Cleopatra*; nor the Queen of *Ptolemy*

*For Idleness itself.] i. e. But that your charms hold me, who am the greatest fool on earth in chains, I should have adjudged you to be the greatest. That this is the sense, is shewn by her answer, 'Tis sweating labour*

*To bear such Idleness so near the heart,*

*As Cleopatra, this.——*

WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> 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 th' 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 <sup>9</sup> as the spots of heav'n,  
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,  
Rather than <sup>1</sup> purchas'd; what he cannot change,  
Than what he chuses.

*Cæs.* You're too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not  
Amis to tumble on the bed of *Ptolemy*,  
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit  
And keep the turn of tipling with a slave,  
To reel the streets at noon; and stand the buffet  
With knaves that smell of sweat; <sup>2</sup> 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  
<sup>3</sup> So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd  
His vacancy with his voluptuousness;

<sup>9</sup> —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.

<sup>1</sup> —purchas'd;—] Procured  
by his own fault or endeavour.

<sup>2</sup> —say, this becomes him;

As his composure must be rare,  
indeed,

Whom these things cannot blemish;——] This seems  
inconsequent. I read,

And his composure, &c.

Grant that this becomes him, and  
if it can become him, he must have  
in him something very uncommon;  
yet, &c.

<sup>3</sup> So great weight in his lightness.—] The word *light* is  
one of *Shakespeare's* favourite  
play-things. The sense is, His  
trifling levity throws so much  
burden upon us.

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 <sup>5</sup> boys, who, being mature in knowledge,  
 Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,  
 And so rebel to judgment.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Lep.* Here's more news.

*Mes.* Thy biddings have been done; and every  
 hour,

Most noble *Cæsar*, shalt thou have report  
 How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is strong at Sea,  
 And, it appears, he is belov'd of those  
<sup>6</sup> That only have fear'd *Cæsar*: to the ports  
 The Discontents repair, and mens reports  
 Give him much wrong'd.

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

<sup>4</sup> *Call on him for't.*—] *Call on him*, is, *visit him*. Says *Cæsar*, *If Antony followed his debaucheries at a time of leisure, I should leave him to be punished by their natural consequences, by surfeits and dry bones.*

<sup>5</sup> —*boys, who, being mature in knowledge,*] For this *Hanmer*, who thought the *maturity* of a boy an inconsistent idea, has put, —*wh*, *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.*

<sup>6</sup> *That only have fear'd Cæsar:*] Those whom not *love* but *fear* made adherents to *Cæsar*, now shew their affection for *Pompey*.

<sup>7</sup> — *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

<sup>2</sup> Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,  
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
<sup>3</sup> Goes to, and back, lacquing the varying tide,  
To rot itself with motion.

*Mef. Cæſar*, I bring thee word,  
*Menecrates* and *Menas*, famous pirates,  
Make the ſea ſerve them; <sup>9</sup> which they ear and wound  
With keels of every kind. Many hot inrodes  
They make in *Italy*, the borders maritime  
<sup>1</sup> Lack blood to think on't, and ſuſh youth revolt:  
No veſſel can peep forth, but 'tis as ſoon  
Taken as ſeen: for *Pompey's* name ſtrikes more,  
Than could his war reſiſted.

*Cæſ. Antony*,  
Leave thy laſcivious waſſails. When thou once

in plain proſe. *The earlieſt hiſto-*  
*ries inform us, that the man in ſu-*  
*preme command was always wiſh'd*  
*to gain that command, till he had*  
*obtain'd it. And he, whom the*  
*multitude has contentedly ſeen in a*  
*low condition, when he begins to*  
*be wanted by them, becomes to be*  
*fear'd by them.* But do the mul-  
titude 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 re-  
quires this reading; for it was  
not fear, but love, that made  
the people flock to young *Pom-*  
*pey*, and what occaſion'd this re-  
flexion. So in *Coriolanus*,

*I ſhall be lov'd, when I am*  
*lack'd.* WARB.

<sup>8</sup> *Goes to, and back, laſhing*  
*the varying tide,*

*To rot itſelf with motion.]*

How can a flag, or ruſh, floating  
upon a ſtream, and that has no  
motion but what the fluctuation  
of the water gives it, be ſaid to  
laſh the tide? This is making a  
ſcourge of a weak ineffective  
thing, and giving it an active vi-  
olence in its own power. All the  
old editions read *lacking*. 'Tis  
true, there is no ſenſe in that  
reading; but the addition of a  
ſingle letter will not only give us  
good ſenſe, but the genuine word  
of our author into the bargain.

———*Lacquing the varying*  
*tide,*

*i. e.* floating backwards and for-  
wards with the variation of the  
tide, like a page, or *lacquey*, at  
his maſter's heels. THEOB.

<sup>9</sup> —— *which they ear* — ] To  
*ear*, is to plow; a common me-  
taphor.

<sup>1</sup> *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 shames 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 stirs abroad,  
 I shall beseech you, let me be partaker.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

## S C E N E VI.

*Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.*

*Cleo.* **C***harmian,*—

*Char.* Madam?

*Cleo.* Ha, ha—give me to drink a *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 unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts  
May not fly forth of *Ægypt*. 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*!

<sup>a</sup> —Mandragora.] A plant, of which the infusion was supposed to procure sleep. *Shakspeare* mentions it in *Otbello*:

*Not poppy,<sup>a</sup> nor Mandragora,  
Can ever med'cine thee to that  
sweet sleep.*

Do bravely, horse; for, wot'st thou, whom thou mov'st?

The demy *Atlas* of this earth, the arm  
And burgonet of man. He's speaking now,  
Or murmuring, "*where's my serpent of old Nile?*"—  
(For so he calls me;) Now I feed myself  
With most delicious poison. Think on me,  
That am with *Phæbus'* amorous pinches black,  
And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted *Cæsar*,  
When thou wast here above the ground, I was  
A morsel for a monarch; and great *Pompey*  
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;  
There would he anchor his aspect, and die  
With looking on his life.

*Enter Alexas.*

*Alex.* Sov'reign of *Ægypt*, hail!

*Cleo.* How much art thou unlike *Mark Antony*?  
Yet coming from him, <sup>3</sup> that great med'cine hath  
With his tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave *Mark Antony*?

*Alex.* Last thing he did, dear Queen,  
He kist, the last of many doubled kisses,  
This orient pearl.—His speech sticks in my heart.

*Cleo.* Mine ear must pluck it thence.

*Alex.* Good friend, quoth he,  
Say, the firm Roman to great *Ægypt* sends  
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,  
To mend the petty present, I will piece  
Her opulent throne with Kingdoms. All the east,  
Say thou, shall call her mistress. So, he nodded;

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



And soberly did mount an <sup>4</sup> arm-gaunt steed,  
 Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke,  
<sup>5</sup> Was beastly dumb by him.

Cleo.

<sup>4</sup> —arm-gaunt *steed*,] *i. e.* his steed worn lean and thin by much service in war. So *Farefax*,

*His stall-worn steed the champion stout bestrode.* WARB.

On this note Mr. *Edwards* has been very lavish of his pleasantries, and indeed has justly censured the misquotation of *stall-worn* for *stall-worth*, which means *strong*, but makes no attempt to explain the word in the play. Mr. *Seward*, in his preface to *Beaumont*, has very elaborately endeavoured to prove, that an *armgaunt* steed is a steed with *lean shoulders*. *Arm* is the Teutonick word for *want*, or *poverty*. *Arm-gaunt* may be therefore an old word, signifying, *lean for want*, ill fed. *Edwards's* observation, that a worn-out horse is not proper for *Atlas* to mount in battle, is impertinent; the horse here mentioned seems to be a post-horse, rather than a war-horse. Yet as *armgaunt* seems not intended to imply any defect, it perhaps means, a horse so slender that a man might clasp him, and therefore formed for expedition. *Hanmer* reads,

—arm-girt *steed*.

<sup>5</sup> *Was beastly DUMB by him*] Mr. *Theobald* 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 po-

liteness of one of *Cleopatra's* courtiers. *Shakespeare* wrote,

*Was beastly DONE by him.*

*i. e.* the sense 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 recommended a message to him to his mistress. *Alexas* then had no more to do but make his compliments: But in that instant *Antony* mounted his war-horse, long accustomed to bear him, who no sooner felt his master's weight, but, as is usual for horses of service, neighed in a very sprightly manner. This circumstance (such a one as poets and romancers when they speak of their heroes' adventures, never fail to improve) *Alexas* is made to turn to a compliment on *Antony*, which could not but please *Cleopatra*. *I was going*, says he, *to pay my farewell compliments to Antony, to predict his future successes, and to salute him with the usual appellations of victory, when the horse got the start of me; and by his neighing so high and sprightly, shew'd him to be sensible that he had a hero on his back whom he was bearing to conquest*. But we are not to suppose that *Alexas* after this did not make his speech, but let the hero's horse do it for him. This was only a small interruption to his compliments, which, as a flattering circumstance, he mentions

*Cleo.* What, was he sad or merry?

*Alex.* Like to the time o' th' year, between th' extremes

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 *Ægypt* with his joy; but between both.

Oh heav'nly mingle! Be'st thou sad, or merry,  
The violence of either thee becomes,  
So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?

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

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

*Char.* Oh, that brave *Cæsar*!

*Cleo.* Be choak'd with such another emphasis!  
Say, the brave *Antony*.

*Char.* The valiant *Cæsar*.

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

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

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 *sprightly*.

WARBURTON.

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

*Cleo.* <sup>6</sup> 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 <sup>7</sup> unpeople *Ægypt*. [Exeunt.]

<sup>6</sup> *My fallad days:*  
*When I was green in judgment,*  
*cold in blood!*  
*To say, as I said then,—* ]  
 This puzzles the late editor, Mr. Theobald. He says, Cleopatra may speak very naturally here with contempt of her judgment at that period: But how truly with regard to the coldness of her blood may admit some question: And then employs his learning to prove, that at this cold season of her blood, she had seen twenty good years. But yet he thinks his author may be justified, because *Plutarch* calls *Cleopatra* at those years, *Κόρη*, which by ill luck proves just the contrary; for that state which the *Greeks* de-

signed by *Κόρη*, was the very height of blood. But *Shakespeare's* best justification is restoring his own sense, which is done merely by a different pointing.

*My fallad days;*  
*When I was green in judgment.*  
*Cold in blood!*

*To say as I said then.*  
*Cold in blood,* is an upbraiding expostulation to her maid. *These,* says she, were my fallad days, when I was green in judgment; but your blood is as cold as my judgment, if you have the same opinion of things now as I had then.

WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— unpeople *Ægypt*.] By sending out messengers.



## ACT II. SCENE I.

## SICILY.

Enter <sup>8</sup> Pompey, Menecrates, 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.* <sup>9</sup> While we are suitors to their Throne, de-  
cays  
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.

<sup>8</sup> The persons are so named in the first edition ; but I know not why *Menecrates* appears ; *Menas* can do all without him.

<sup>9</sup> 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.

*Menecrates* had said, *The Gods do not deny that which they delay.*

The other turns his words to a different meaning, and replies,

*Delay is the very thing we beg of them, i. e. the delay of our ene-*

mies in making preparation against us ; which he explains afterwards, by saying *Mark Antony* was tied up by lust in *Ægypt* ; *Cæsar*, by avarice at *Rome* ; and *Lepidus* employed in keeping well with both. WARB.

It is not always prudent to be too hasty in exclamation ; the reading which *Dr. Warburton* rejects as *nonsense*, is in my opinion right ; if *delay* be what they sue for, they have it, and the consolation offered becomes superfluous. The meaning is, *While we are praying, the thing for which we pray is losing its value.*

*Pomp.* I shall do well :

The people love me, and the sea is mine ;

<sup>1</sup> My pow'r's a crescent, and my auguring hope  
Says, it will come to th' full. *Mark Antony*

In *Ægypt* sits at dinner, and will make

No wars without doors. *Cæsar* gets mony, where

He loses hearts ; *Lepidus* flatters both,

Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,

Nor either cares for him.

*Men.* *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,  
A mighty strength they carry.

*Pomp.* Where have you this ? 'tis false.

*Men.* From *Silvius*, Sir.

*Pomp.* He dreams ; I know, they are in *Rome* to-  
gether,

Looking for *Antony* ; but all the charms of love,  
Salt *Cleopatra*, soften <sup>2</sup> 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 cloyless sawce his appetite ;

That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,

Even 'till a *Lethe'd* dulness ———

<sup>1</sup> In old editions,

*My powers are crescent, and my  
auguring hope*

*Says, it will come to th' full. ]*

What does the relative *it* belong  
to ? It cannot in *sense* relate to  
*hope*, nor in *concord* to *powers*.

The Poet's allusion is to the  
*moon* ; and *Pompey* would say, he

is yet but a half-moon, or *cres-*  
*cent* ; but his hopes tell him, that  
crescent will come to a *full orb*.

THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *thy wan lip ! ]* In the  
old edition it is

————— *thy wand lip !*

Perhaps, for *fond lip*, or *warm*  
lip.

*Enter*

*Enter Varius.*

How now, *Varius*?

*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. <sup>3</sup> But let us rear  
The higher our opinion, that our stirring  
Can from the lap of *Ægypt's* widow pluck  
The ne'er-lust-wearied *Antony*.

*Men.* I cannot 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*.

<sup>3</sup> ———— *But let us rear  
The higher our opinion, that our  
stirring  
Can from the lap of Ægypt's  
widow pluck  
The near lust-wearied Antony* ]  
*Sextus Pompeius*, upon hearing  
that *Antony* is every hour expect-  
ed in *Rome*, does not much relish  
the news. He is twice the sol-  
dier, (*says he*) that *Octavius*  
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 expe-  
dition, because it awak'd *Antony*

to arms, who was *near* weary, al-  
most surfeited, of lascivious plea-  
sures? Indolent and stupid edi-  
tors, that can dispense with  
words without ever weighing the  
reason of them! How easy is the  
change to the true reading!

*The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.*  
If *Antony*, though *never* tir'd of  
luxury, yet mov'd from that  
charm, upon *Pompey's* stirring, it  
was a reason for *Pompey* to pride  
himself upon being of such con-  
sequence. THEOBALD.

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



*Pomp.* I know not, *Menas*,  
 How lesser enmities may give way to greater.  
 Wer't not that we stand up against them all,  
 'Twere pregnant, they should <sup>4</sup> square between them-  
 selves,

For they have entertained cause enough  
 To draw their swords; but how the fear of us  
 May cement their divisions, and bind up  
 The petty difference, we yet not know.

Be't, as our Gods will have 't! it only stands  
<sup>5</sup> Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.

Come, *Menas*.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to Rome.*

*Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.*

*Lep.* **G**OOD *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,  
 And shall become you well, t' entreat your  
 Captain

To soft and gentle speech.

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

<sup>4</sup> —square—] That is, *quarrel*.

<sup>5</sup> *Our lives upon,*] This play is not divided into acts by the authour or first editors, and therefore the present division may be altered at pleasure. I think the first act may be commodiously continued to this place, and the

second act opened with the interview of the chief persons, and a change of the state of action. Yet it must be confessed, that it is of small importance, where these unconnected and desultory scenes are interrupted.

Were

6 Were I the wearer of *Antonio's* beard,  
I would not shav't to-day.

*Lep.* 'Tis not a time for private stomaching.

*Eno.* Every time

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

*Lep.* But small to greater matters must give way:

*Eno.* Not, if the small come first.

*Lep.* Your speech is passion ;

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes  
The noble *Antony*.

*Enter Antony and Ventidius.*

*Eno.* And yonder, *Cæsar*.

*Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, and Agrippa.*

*Ant.* If we compose well here, to *Parthia*.

—Hark, *Ventidius*.

*Cæs.* I do not know ; *Mecænas*, ask *Agrippa*.

*Lep.* Noble friends,

That which combin'd us was most great, and let not  
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,  
May it be gently heard. When we debate  
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit  
Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,  
The rather, for I earnestly beseech,  
Touch you the sowrest 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.*] Alluding to the phrase, *I will beard him.*

WARBURTON.

I believe he means, *I would*

*meet him undressed, without shew of respect.*

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

I should do thus.

[*Flourish.*]

*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 sound  
Your name it not concern'd me.

*Ant.* My being in *Ægypt*, *Cæsar*, what was't to  
you?

*Cæs.* No more than my residing here at *Rome*  
Might be to you in *Ægypt*; yet, if you there  
Did practise on my state, your being in *Ægypt*  
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 <sup>s</sup> their contestation  
Was theam for you, you were the word of war.

*Ant.*

<sup>s</sup> —*their contestation*

*Was theam for you, you were  
the word of war.*] The on-  
ly 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 di-  
rectly contrary to the context,  
which shews, *Antony* did neither  
encourage them to it, nor second

them in it. We cannot doubt  
then, but the poet wrote;

—————*and their contestation  
Was theam'd for you.*

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

I am neither satisfied with the  
reading nor the emendation;  
*theam'd* is, I think, a word un-  
authorised,



*Ant.* You do mistake your business : <sup>9</sup> 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,  
<sup>1</sup> Having alike your cause ? Of this, my letters  
 Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,  
<sup>2</sup> As matter whole you've not to make it with,  
 It must not be with this.

*Cæs.* You praise yourself,  
 By laying defects of Judgment to me, but  
 You patch 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,

authorised, and very harsh. Perhaps we may read,

———*their contestation*

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 contestation*

You were *theme* for, you were  
 the word.

<sup>9</sup> ———*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.

<sup>1</sup> *Having alike your cause?—*] The meaning seems to be, *having the same cause as you to be offended with me.* But why, be-

cause 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?*

<sup>2</sup> *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 authour's works have necessarily taken.

Which

Which <sup>3</sup> 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 missive out of audience.

*Ant.* Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted; then  
Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want  
Of what I was i' th' morning; but, next day,  
<sup>4</sup> 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;  
<sup>5</sup> The Honour's sacred which he talks on now,

Supposing

<sup>3</sup> —fronted— ] That is, *op-  
pressed*.

<sup>4</sup> I told him of myself;—] *i. e.*  
told him the condition I was in,  
when he had his last audience.

WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> The Honour's sacred—] *Sa-  
cred*, for unbroken, unviolated.

WARBURTON.

*Dr. Warburton* seems to un-  
derstand 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, *Cæsar*.

The article of my oath——

*Cæs.* To lend me arms and aid, when I requir'd them,

The which you both deny'd.

*Ant.* Neglected, rather;

And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up  
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,  
I'll play the Penitent to you; but mine honesty  
Shall not make poor my Greatness; nor my Power  
Work without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,  
To have me out of *Ægypt*, made wars here;  
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do  
So far ask pardon, as befits mine Honour  
To stoop in such a case.

*Lep.* 'Tis nobly spoken,

*Mec.* If it might please you, to enforce no further  
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite  
Were to remember that the present Need  
Speaks to atone you.

*Lep.* Worthily spoken, *Mecænas*.

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

*Ant.* Thou art a Soldier only; speak no more.

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

*Ant.* You wrong this Presence, therefore speak no  
more.

*Eno.* Go to then: <sup>6</sup> your considerate stone.——

*Cæs.*

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.*

<sup>6</sup> —— 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 hast a Sister by the Mother's side,  
Admir'd *Octavia* ! great *Mark Antony*  
Is now a Widower.

*Cæs.* Say not so, *Agrippa* ;  
If *Cleopatra* heard you, ' your Reproof  
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

tors, as if they understood it, and believed it universally intelligible. I cannot find in it any very obvious, and hardly any possible meaning. I would therefore read,

*Go to then, you considerate ones. You, who dislike my frankness and temerity of speech, and are so considerate and discreet, go to, do your own business.*

*I do not much dislike the matter, but*

*The manner of his speech :—]*  
What, not dislike the matter of it ? when he says presently after, that he would do every thing to prevent the evil *Enobarbus* predicted. Besides, are we to suppose that common civility would suffer him to take the same liberty with *Antony's* lieutenant, that *Antony* himself did ? *Shakespeare* wrote,

*I do not much dislike the manner, but*

*The matter of his speech :—*  
*i. e.* 'tis not his liberty of speech,

but the mischiefs he speaks of, which I dislike. This agrees with what follows, and is said with much urbanity, and show 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 endeavour it.* The consideration of the ceremony due from *Cæsar* to the Lieutenant of *Antony*, is a criticism of the lowest rate, unworthy of confutation.

<sup>s</sup> ———your Reproof

*Were well deserv'd—]* In the old edition,

—————your proof

*Were well deserv'd—*

Which *Mr. Theobald*, with his usual triumph, changes to *ap-proof*, which he explains, *allow-ance*. *Dr. Warburton* inserted *re-proof* very properly into *Hanmer's* edition, but forgot it in his own.

*Ant.*

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

*Agr.* To hold you in perpetual Amity,  
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts  
With an unslipping knot, take *Antony*  
*Octavia* to his Wife, whose Beauty claims  
No worse a Husband than the best of men;  
Whose Virtue, and whose general Graces speak  
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,  
All little jealousies, which now seem great,  
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,  
Would then be nothing. Truths would be but tales,  
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both  
Would each to other, and all loves to both  
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,  
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,  
By duty ruminated.

*Ant.* Will *Cæsar* speak?

*Cæs.* Not 'till he hears, how *Antony* is touch'd  
With what is spoke already.

*Ant.* What Power is in *Agrippa*  
If I would say, *Agrippa*, be it so,  
To make this good?

*Cæs.* The Power of *Cæsar*, and  
His Power unto *Octavia*.

*Ant.* May I never  
To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,  
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand;  
Further this act of grace, and, from this hour,  
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,  
And sway our great designs!

*Cæs.* There is my hand:  
A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother  
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live  
To join our kingdoms, and our Hearts, and never  
Fly off our loves again!

*Lep.* Happily, amen.

*Ant.*

*Ant.* I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst  
*Pompey,*

For he hath laid strange courtesies and great  
Of late upon me. I must thank him only,  
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;  
At heel of that, defy him.

*Lep.* Time calls upon's :  
Of us must *Pompey* presently be fought,  
Or else he seeks out us.

*Ant.* Where lies he ?

*Cæs.* About the Mount *Misenus.*

*Ant.* What is his strength by Land ?

*Cæs.* Great, and increasing ; but by Sea  
He is an absolute Master.

*Ant.* So is the fame.

'Would, we had spoke together ! haste we for it ;  
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we  
The business we have talk'd of.

*Cæs.* With most gladness ;  
And do invite you to my Sister's view,  
Whither straight I will lead you.

*Ant.* Let us, *Lepidus*, not lack your company.

*Lep.* Noble *Antony*, not sickness should detain me.  
[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

### S C E N E III.

*Manent* *Enobarbus*, *Agrippa*, *Mecænas*.

*Mec.* Welcome from *Ægypt*, Sir.

*Eno.* Half the heart of *Cæsar*, worthy *Mecænas* !  
My honourable friend, *Agrippa* !—

*Agr.* Good *Enobarbus* !

<sup>9</sup> *Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ;* ] *Lest* I be thought too willing to forget benefits, I must barely return him thanks, and then I will defy him.

*Mec.*



*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 worthily 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*!

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

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> And what they undid, did.] It might be read less harshly, And what they did, undid.

*Eno.* Her Gentlewomen, like the *Nereids*,  
 So many Mermaids, <sup>3</sup> tended her i' th' eyes,  
<sup>4</sup> 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 invifible perfume hits the fenfe  
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The City caft  
 Her People out upon her; and *Antony*,  
 Enthron'd i' th' Market-place, did fit alone,  
 Whiffling to th' air; <sup>5</sup> which, but for vacancy,  
 Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,  
 And made a gap in Nature.

*Agr.* Rare *Ægyptian*!

*Eno.* Upon her landing, *Antony* fent to her,  
 Invited her to fupper: 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!

<sup>3</sup> —tended her i' th' eyes,] Perhaps tended her by th' eyes, diſcovered her will by her eyes.

<sup>4</sup> And made their Bends ADORNINGS.—] This is ſenſe indeed, and may be underſtood thus, her maids bowed with ſo good an air, that it added new graces to them. But this is not what *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 ADORNINGS.

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

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

She made great *Cæsar* lay his sword to bed ;  
He plough'd her, and she cropt.

*Eno.* I saw her once  
Hop forty paces through the publick street :  
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,  
That she did make defect, perfection,  
And breathless power breathe forth.

*Mec.* Now *Antony* must leave her utterly.

*Eno.* Never, he will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety ; other women cloy  
The appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry,  
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things  
Become themselves in her, that the holy Priests  
Bless her, when she is riggish.

*Mec.* If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle  
The heart of *Antony*, *Octavia* is  
A blessed Lottery to him.

*Agr.* Let us go.

Good *Enobarbus*, make yourself my guest,  
Whilst you abide here.

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

*Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia between them.*

*Ant.* The world, and my great office, will some-  
times

Divide me from your bosom.

*Octa.* All which time,  
Before the Gods my knee shall bow in 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.

*Octa.* Good night, Sir.

*Cæs.* Good night. [Exeunt *Cæsar* and *Octavia*.



## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Soothsayer.*

*Ant.* Now, firrah! you do wish yourself in *Ægypt*?

*Sooth.* 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!

*Ant.* If you can, your reason?

*Sooth.* <sup>6</sup> 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 *Dæmon*, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,

Where *Cæsar's* is not. But, near him, thy angel <sup>7</sup> 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,

<sup>6</sup> *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, *Shakespeare* 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.

*I see it in my motion,—— ]* *i. e.* the divinitory agitation. WARR.

<sup>7</sup> *Becomes a Fear,—— ]* *i. e.* a fearful thing. The abstract for the concrete. WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton reads,

*Becomes afeard,——*

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 *Parthia*.—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 <sup>8</sup> his quails ever  
Beat mine, <sup>9</sup> inhoop'd, at odds. I will to *Ægypt* ;  
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

*Enter* *Ventidius*.

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

*Enter* *Lepidus*, *Mecænas*, and *Agrippa*.

*Lep.* Trouble yourselves no farther. Pray you,  
hasten  
Your Generals after.

*Agr.* Sir, *Mark Antony*  
Will e'en but kiss *Octavia*, and we'll follow.

*Lep.* 'Till I shall see you in your Soldiers' dress  
Which will become you both, farewell.

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

<sup>8</sup> ———his quails—] The  
ancients used to match quails as  
we match cocks.

the old copy. *Inhoop'd* is in-  
closed, confined, that they may  
fight. The modern editions read,

<sup>9</sup> —inhoop'd, at odds.—] Thus

*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.* Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

*Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, and Alexas.*

*Cleo.* GIVE me some musick; <sup>1</sup> musick, moody  
food  
Of us that trade in love——

*Omnes.* The musick, hoa!

*Enter Mardian the Eunuch.*

*Cleo.* Let it alone, let's to billiards: come, *Char-*  
*mion.*

*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 musick playing far off, I will betray

<sup>2</sup> Tawny-finn'd fish; my bended hook shall pierce

<sup>1</sup> —*musick, moody food*] The *mood*, is the *mind*, or *mental disposition*. *Van Haaren's* panegyrick on the *English* begins, *Groot-moedig Volk*, [*great-minded Nation*.] Perhaps here is a poor

jest intended between *mood* the *mind* and *moods* of musick.

<sup>2</sup> *Tawny-finn'd fish*;—] The first copy reads, *Tawney fine fish*.——



Their slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,  
I'll think them every one an *Antony*,  
And say, *ah, ha ! 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 laugh him out of patience, and that night  
I laugh him into patience ; and next morn  
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed :  
Then put my tires and mantles on him, <sup>3</sup> 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 kill'st thy mistress ;  
But well and free,  
If so thou yield him, there is gold, and here  
My bluest veins to kiss ; a hand, that Kings  
Have lipt, and trembled kissing.

<sup>3</sup> ——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* after-  
wards, 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 Cas-  
sius ; &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 denominated from that il-  
lustrious battle, in the same man-  
ner as modern heroes in romance  
are made to give their swords  
pompous names. THEOBALD.

L 4

*Mes:*

*Mes.* First, Madam, he is well.

*Cleo.* Why, there's more gold. But, firrah, mark,  
we use

To say, the dead are well; bring it to that,  
The gold, I give thee, will I melt and pour  
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

*Mes.* Good Madam, hear me.

*Cleo.* Well, go to, I will:

But there's no goodness in thy face. If *Antony*  
Be free and healthful; why so tart a favour  
To trumpet such good tidings? if not well,  
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,  
+ Not like a formal man.

*Mes.* Will't please you hear me?

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

*Mes.* Madam, he's well.

*Cleo.* Well said.

*Mes.* And friends with *Cæsar*.

*Cleo.* Thou'rt an honest man.

*Mes.* *Cæsar*, and he, are greater friends than ever.

*Cleo.* Make thee a fortune from me.

+ *Not like a formal man.*] *Forma'*, for ordinary. WARR.

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 hand*

*Showers on her Kings barbaric pearl and gold.*

In the life of *Timur-bec* or *Tamerlane*, written by a Persian contemporary author, are the following words, as translated by *Monsieur Petit de la Croix*, in the account there given of his coronation, Book ii. chap. 1. *Les Princes du sang royal & les Emirs repandirent à pleines mains sur sa tête quantité d'or & de pierreries selon la coûtume.* WARR.

*Mef.* 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 monstrous Malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together. He's friends with *Cæsar* ;

In state of health, thou say'st ; and thou say'st, free.

*Mef.* Free, Madam ! no : I made no such report.

He's bound unto *Octavia*.

*Cleo.* For what good turn ?

*Mef.* For the best turn i' th' bed.

*Cleo.* I am pale, *Charmion*.

*Mef.* Madam, he's married to *Octavia*.

*Cleo.* The most infectious pestilence upon thee !

[*Strikes him down.*]

*Mef.* Good Madam, patience.

*Cleo.* What say you ?

[*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 stew'd in brine,

Smarting in lingring pickle.

*Mef.* Gracious Madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

*Cleo.* Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,

And make thy fortunes proud ; the blow, thou hadst,

Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage,

And I will boot thee with what gift beside

Thy modesty can beg.

*Mef.* He's married, Madam.

*Cleo.* Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a Knife.*]

*Mef.* Nay, then I'll run :

What mean you, Madam ? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*]

*Char.* Good Madam, keep yourself within yourself,

The



The man is innocent.

*Cleo.* Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt—  
Melt *Ægypt* 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.

*Mes.* I have done my duty.

*Cleo.* Is he married?

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

*Mes.* He's married, Madam.

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

*Mes.* Should I lye, Madam?

*Cleo.* Oh, I would, thou didst;  
So half my *Ægypt* 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?—

*Mes.* I crave your Highness' pardon.

*Cleo.* He is married?—

*Mes.* Take no offence, that I would not offend you;  
To punish me for what you make me do,  
Seems much unequal. He's married to *Octavia*.

*Cleo.* Oh, that his fault should make a knave of  
thee,

That

<sup>6</sup> 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 *Cæsar*.

*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—

<sup>7</sup> 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.]

<sup>6</sup> *That art not what thou'rt  
sure of!—*] For this, which  
is not easily understood, *Sir Tho.  
Hanmer* has given,  
*That say'st but what thou'rt  
sure of!—*

I am not satisfied with the change,  
which, though it affords sense,  
exhibits little spirit. I fancy the  
line consists only of abrupt starts.

*Oh, that his fault should make  
a knave of thee,*

*That art—not what?—Thou'rt*

*sure on't.—Get thee hence.  
That his fault should make a  
knave of thee that art—*but  
*what shall I say thou art not?—*  
*Thou art then sure of this mar-  
riage.—Get thee hence.*

*Dr. Warburton* has received  
*Sir T. Hanmer's* emendation.

<sup>7</sup> *Let him for ever go.—*] She  
is now talking in broken sen-  
tences, not of the Messenger, but  
*Antony*.

SCENE

## S C E N E 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 conspire? and what  
Made thee, all honour'd, honest *Roman*, *Brutus*,  
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,  
To drench the Capitol, but that they would  
Have one man, but a man? And that is it,  
Hath made me rig my Navy: At whose burden  
The anger'd Ocean foams, with which I meant  
To scourge th' ingratitude that despightful *Rome*  
Cast on my noble Father.

*Cæs.* Take your time.

*Ant:*



*Ant.*<sup>8</sup> 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.  
<sup>9</sup> But since the cuckow builds not for himself,  
Remain in't, as thou may'st.

*Lep.* Be pleas'd to tell us,  
For this is from the present, how you take  
The offers we have sent you.

*Cæs.* There's the point.

*Ant.* Which do not be intreated to, but weigh  
What it is worth embrac'd.

*Cæs.* And what may follow  
To try a larger fortune.

*Pomp.* You'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 *Cæsar* 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.

<sup>8</sup> *Thou canst not fear us,——]*  
Thou canst not affright us with  
thy numerous navy.

<sup>9</sup> *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.*

*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.

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

*Pomp.* Well, I know not,  
What counts hard fortune casts 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.

*Cæs.* 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, *Pompey.*

*Pomp.* No, *Antony*, take the lot :  
But, first or last, your fine *Ægyptian* cookery  
Shall have the fame. I've heard, that *Julius Cæsar*  
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 *Cæsar* in a mattress.

*Pomp.* I know thee now. How far'st thou, Soldier.

*Eno.* Well ;

And well am like to do ; for, I perceive,

? *What counts hard fortune* making marks or lines in casting  
casts, &c:] Metaphor from accounts in arithmetick. WARB.

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.

*Pomp.* Come. [*Exeunt. Manent Enob. and Menas.*]

*Men.* [*Aside.*] Thy Father, *Pompey*, would ne'er  
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.* <sup>2</sup> 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.

<sup>2</sup> I will praise any man that will praise me,] The poet's art in delivering this humorous sentiment (which gives us so very true and natural a picture of the commerce of the world) can never be sufficiently admired. The confession could come from none

but a frank and rough character like the speaker's : and the moral lesson insinuated under it, that flattery can make its way through the most stubborn manners, deserves our serious reflexion.

WARBURTON.

*Men.*



*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 fortune.

*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.* *Cæsar's* Sister is called *Octavia*.

*Men.* True, Sir, she was the Wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

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

*Men.* Pray ye, Sir?

*Eno.* 'Tis true.

*Men.* Then is *Cæsar* and he for ever knit together.

*Eno.* If I were bound to divine of this Unity, I would not prophesy so.

*Men.* I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

*Eno.* I think so too. But you shall find, the band, that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity. *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

*Men.* Who would not have his Wife so?

*Eno.* Not he, that himself is not so; which is *Mark Antony*. He will to his *Ægyptian* Dish again; then shall the sighs of *Octavia* blow the fire up in *Cæsar*, and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. *Antony* will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

*Men.* And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

*Eno.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 161

*Eno.* I shall take it, Sir. We have us'd our throats  
in *Ægypt*.

*Men.* Come, let's away. [Exeunt]

S C E N E VII.

*On board Pompey's Galley.*

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

*1 Serv.* **H**ERE they'll be, man: <sup>3</sup> 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.* <sup>4</sup> They have made him drink alms-drink.

*2 Serv.* <sup>5</sup> As they pinch one another by the dispo-  
sition, 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 <sup>6</sup> a Partizan I could not heave.

*1 Serv.* <sup>7</sup> To be call'd into a huge spherē, and not  
to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes  
should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks:

*Trumpets.*

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

<sup>4</sup> *They have made him drink  
alms-drink.*] A phrase, amongst  
good-fellows, to signify that li-  
quor of another's share which his  
companion drinks to ease him.  
But it satirically alludes to *Cæsar*  
and *Antony's* admitting him into

the triumvirate, in order to take  
off from themselves the load of  
envy.

WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> *As they pinch one another by  
the disposition.*] A phrase equiva-  
lent to that now in use, of *Touch-  
ing one in a sore place.* WARB.

<sup>6</sup> *a Partizan*] A pike.

<sup>7</sup> *To be call'd into a huge spherē,  
and not to be seen to move in't, are  
the holes where eyes should be,*

N

which

*Trumpets.* Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, 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 foizon, follow ; the higher *Nilus* swells,  
The more it promises. As it ebbs, the Seedsman  
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,  
And shortly comes to harvest.

*Lep.* You've strange serpents there.

*Ant.* Ay, *Lepidus.*

*Lep.* Your serpent of *Ægypt* is bred now of your mud by the operation of your Sun ; so is your 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 'till you have slept ; I fear me, you'll be in, 'till then.

*Lep.* Nay, certainly, I have heard, the *Ptolemey's* Pyramis is 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 disaster the cheeks.]*  
This speech seems to be mutilated ; to supply the deficiencies is impossible, but perhaps the sense was originally approaching to this:

*To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it, is a very ignominious state ; great offices are the holes where eyes should be, which, if eyes be wanting, pitifully disaster the cheeks.*

And



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.

*Cæs.* Will this description satisfy him?

*Ant.* With the health that *Pompey* gives him, else he is a very *Epicure*.

*Pomp.* [*To Menas aside.*] Go hang, Sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you. Where's the Cup I call'd for?

*Men.* If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool.

*Pomp.* [*Rises and walks aside.*] I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?

*Men.* I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

*Pomp.* [*To Menas.*] Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What's 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'st thou?

*Men.* Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world? that's twice.

*Pomp.* How shall that be?

*Men.* But entertain it,

And though you think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.

*Pomp.* Hast thou drunk well?

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 shouldst 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 <sup>s</sup> 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!  
See'st not.

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

<sup>s</sup> —*thy pall'd fortunes*—— ] that has lost its original spriteliness.  
*Palled*, is *vapid*, past its time of excellence; *palled* wine, is wine

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; ' strike the vessels, ho.  
Here is to *Cæsar*.

*Cæs.* I could well forbear it;  
It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain,  
And it grows fouler.

*Ant.* Be a child o' th' time.

*Cæs.* Possess it,  
I will make answer; but I had rather fast  
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

*Eno.* Ha, my brave Emperor,  
Shall we dance now the *Ægyptian* Bacchanals,  
And celebrate our Drink?

*Pomp.* Let's ha't, good Soldier.

*Ant.* Come, let's all take hands;  
'Till that the conquering wine hath steep't our sense  
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 S O N G.

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

<sup>9</sup> —*strike the vessels,*— ] Try whether the casks found as empty.

<sup>1</sup> In old editions,  
[*The Holding ev'ry man shall beat*]  
The company are to join in the burden, which the poet stiles, 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 sing as loud and forcibly as a man

can.

THEOBALD.



*In thy vats our cares be drown'd :  
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd !  
Cup us, 'till the world go round ;  
Cup us, 'till the world go round.*

*Cæs.* What would you more ? *Pompey*, good night,  
Good Brother,

Let me request you off ; our graver business  
Frowns at this levity. Gentle Lords, let's part ;  
You see, we have burnt our cheeks. Strong *Enobar-*  
*bus*

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—These  
drums !—These trumpets, flutes ! what !

Let *Neptune* hear, we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows. Sound, and be hang'd, sound  
out. [Sound a flourish, with drums.

*Eno.* Hoo, says 'a ! There's my cap.

*Men.* Hoa !—noble Captain, come. [Exeunt.

° Ob, *Antony*, you have my father's house. ] The historian *Paterculus* says, *Cum Pompeio quoque circa Misenum pax inita : Qui haud absurdè cum in navi Cæsaremque et Antonium cæna exiret, dixit : In Carinis suis se cœnam dare : referens hoc dictum ad loci nomen, in quo paterna domus ab Antonio possidebatur.* Our author, though he lost the joke, yet seems willing to commemorate the story. WARBURTON.

A C T

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Camp in a Part of Syria.*

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

V E N T I D I U S.

NOW, 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 Host; thy *Pacorus, Orodes*,  
 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 fame, when he, we serve, 's away.  
*Cæsar* and *Antony* have ever won  
 More in their officer, than person. *Soffius*,  
 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,

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*,<sup>3</sup> 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 Horse of *Parthia*  
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 ; ——— pass  
along. [ *Exeunt*,

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to Rome.*

*Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.*

*Agr.* **W**HAT, are the brothers parted ?

*Eno.* They have dispatch'd with *Pompey* ; he is gone.

The other three are sealing. *Octavia* weeps,

<sup>3</sup> —that, without the which  
A soldier and his sword grant  
scarce distinction : ] Grant,  
for afford. It is badly and ob-  
scurely 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. You*  
*would both be equally cutting and*  
*senseless. This was wisdom or*  
*knowledge of the world. Ven-*  
*tidius 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.*



To part from *Rome* : *Cæsar* is sad : and *Lepidus*,  
Since *Pompey*'s feast, as *Menas* says, is troubled  
With the green sickness.

*Agr.* 'Tis a noble *Lepidus*.

*Eno.* A very fine one ; oh, how he loves *Cæsar* !

*Agr.* Nay, but how dearly he adores *Mark Antony* !

*Eno.* *Cæsar* ? why he's the *Jupiter* of men.

*Agr.* What's *Antony* ? the God of *Jupiter*.

*Eno.* Speak you of *Cæsar* ? how ? the non-pareil !

*Agr.* Oh *Antony*, oh thou <sup>4</sup> *Arabian* bird !

*Eno.* Would you praise *Cæsar*, say, — *Cæsar* ; go no  
further.

*Agr.* Indeed, he plied them both with excellent  
praises.

*Eno.* But he loves *Cæsar* best, yet he loves *Antony* :  
Ho ! hearts, tongues, figure, scribes, <sup>5</sup> bards, poets,  
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho !

His love to *Antony*. But as for *Cæsar*,

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 Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.*

*Ant.* No further, Sir.

*Cæs.* You take from me a great part of myself :  
Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife  
As my thoughts make thee, and <sup>6</sup> as my furthest bond

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Arabian bird!*] The  
Phoenix.

<sup>5</sup> — *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.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *as my furthest bond*] As  
I will venture the greatest pledge  
of security on the trial of thy  
conduct.

Shall

Shall pass on thy approval. Most noble *Antony*,  
 Let not the piece of virtue, which is set  
 Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,  
 To keep it builded, be the Ram to batter  
 The Fortrefs of it: for better might we  
 Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts  
 This be not cherisht.

*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;  
 The elements be kind to thee, and make  
 Thy spirits all of comfort! Fare thee well.

*Oſta.* My noble brother!

*Ant.* The *April's* in her eyes: it is love's Spring,  
 And these the showers to bring it on. Be chearful.

*Oſta.* Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

*Cæs.* What, *Oſtavia*?

*Oſta.* I'll tell you in your ear.

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can  
 Her heart inform her tongue; the swan's down-  
 feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,  
 And neither way inclines.

*Eno.* Will *Cæsar* weep?

*Agr.* He has a cloud in's face.

*Eno.* He were the worse for that, were he a horse;  
 So is he, being a man,

[The elements be kind, &c.] of the body, or principles of life,  
 This is obscure. It seems to maintain such proportion and har-  
 mean, *Ma*, the different elements mony as may keep you cheerful.

*Agr.*

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*Agr.* Why, *Enobarbus*?

When *Antony* found *Julius Cæsar* dead,  
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept,  
When at *Philippi* he found *Brutus* slain.

*Eno.* That year, indeed, he was troubled with a  
rheum;

What willingly he did confound, he wail'd;  
Believe't, 'till I wept too.

*Cæs.* No, sweet *Octavia*,  
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not  
Out-go my thinking on you.

*Ant.* Come, Sir, come,  
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love.  
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,  
And give you to the Gods.

*Cæs.* Adieu; be happy!

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

*Cæs.* Farewel, farewell!

[Kisses *Octavia*.

*Ant.* Farewel!

[Trumpets sound. *Exeunt*.

## S C E N E 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.

<sup>8</sup> *Believe't, 'till I weep too.*] authority of all the copies. There  
I have ventur'd to alter the tense was no sense in it, I think, as it  
of the verb here, against the au- stood before. THEOBALD.

*Enter*



*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  
*Octavia*?

*Mes.* Ay, dread Queen.

*Cleo.* Where?

*Mes.* In *Rome*, Madam.

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-tongu'd,  
or low?

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

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

*Char.* 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.

*Char.* Three in *Ægypt*  
Cannot make better note.

*Cleo.*

*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.

*Cleo.* Widow? *Charmion*, hark.

*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? *Isis* 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

## S C E N E IV.

*Changes to Athens.**Enter Antony and Octavia.*

*Ant.* **N**AY, 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;  
When the best hint was giv'n him, he not took't,  
Or did it from his teeth.

*Octa.* 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 extreams 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, he o'erlook'd,* *Thirlby* advis'd the emendation which I have inserted in the text. THEOBALD.  
*Or did it from his teeth.]* The first folio reads, *not look'd.* Dr.

I lose



I lose myself; better I were not yours,  
 Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,  
 Yourself shall go between's; <sup>1</sup> 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.

*Ota.* Thanks to my Lord.

The *Jove* of Power make me, most weak, most weak,  
 Your reconciler! <sup>2</sup> wars 'twixt you 'twain would be  
 As if the world should cleave, and that slain men  
 Should solder 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

<sup>1</sup> —the mean time, lady,  
 I'll raise the preparation of a  
 war,  
 Shall stain your brother;—]

Thus the printed copies. But, sure, *Antony*, whose business here is to mollify *Octavia*, does it with a very ill grace: and 'tis a very odd way of satisfying her, to tell her, the war, he raises, shall stain, i. e. cast an odium upon her brother. I have no doubt, but we must read, with the addition only of a single letter,

Shall strain your brother.—  
 i. e. Shall lay him under constraints; shall put him to such shifts, that he shall neither be able to make a progress against, or to prejudice me. *Plutarch* says; that *Octavius*, understanding the sudden and wonderful preparations of *Antony*, was astonish'd at it; for he himself was in many wants; and the people were sorely oppressed with grievous exactions.

THEOB.

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

<sup>2</sup> —wars 'twixt you 'twain would be, &c.] The thought is wonderfully sublime. It is taken from *Curtius's* leaping into the gulf in the Forum, in order 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 solder up the chasm. The expression is exact. For as metal is soldered by metal more pure and noble, so the globe was to be soldered 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

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.* *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* have made war upon *Pompey*.

*Eno.* This is old; what is the success?

*Eros.* *Cæsar*, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst *Pompey*, presently denied him ' 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 'would 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 threatens the throat of that his Officer, That murder'd *Pompey*.

*Eno.* Our great Navy's rigg'd.

<sup>3</sup> rivalry;] Equal rank.

<sup>4</sup> Upon his own appeal,] To appeal, in *Shakespeare*, is to accuse; *Cæsar* seized *Lepidus* without any other proof than *Cæsar's* accusation.

<sup>5</sup> Then 'would 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?*

*Cæsar* and *Antony* will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey upon between them.

*Eros.* For *Italy* and *Cæsar*. <sup>6</sup> *More*; *Domitius*.  
My Lord desires you presently. My news  
I might have told hereafter.

*Eno.* 'Twill be naught; but let it be. Bring me to  
*Antony*.

*Eros.* Come, Sir. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

*Changes to Rome.*

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas.*

*Cæs.* **C**ontemning *Rome*, he has done all this, and  
more,

In *Alexandria*; here's the manner of it:  
I' th' market-place on a Tribunal silver'd,  
*Cleopatra* and himself in chairs of gold  
Were publickly enthron'd; at the feet, sat  
*Cæsario*, whom they call my father's son;  
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust  
Since then hath made between them. Unto her  
He gave the 'stablishment of *Ægypt*, made her  
Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, <sup>7</sup> *Lybia*,  
Absolute Queen.

*Mæc.* This in the publick eye?

*Cæs.* I' th' 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

<sup>6</sup> —*More, Domitius.*] I have quires your presence:  
something more to tell you, which <sup>7</sup> For *Lydia* Mr. *Upton*, from  
I might have told at first, and *Plutarch*, has restored *Lybia*.  
delayed my news. *Antony* re-



*Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia.* She  
In the habiliments of the Goddess *Isis*  
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,  
As 'tis reported, so.

*Mec.* Let *Rome* be thus inform'd.

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

*Cæs.* The people know it, and have now receiv'd  
His accusations.

*Agr.* Whom does he accuse?

*Cæs.* *Cæsar*; 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 unrestor'd. Lastly, he frets,  
That *Lepidus* of the Triumvirate  
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain  
All his revenue.

*Agr.* Sir, this should be answer'd.

*Cæs.* 'Tis done already, and 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-  
quer'd,

I grant him part; but then, in his *Armenia*,  
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I  
Demand the like.

*Mec.* He'll never yield to that.

*Cæs.* Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

*Enter Octavia, with her Train.*

*Octa.* Hail, *Cæsar*, and my Lord! hail, most dear  
*Cæsar!*

*Cæs.* That ever I should call thee Cast-away!

*Octa.* You have not call'd me so, nor have you  
cause.

*Cæs.*

*Cæs.* Why have you stol'n upon us thus? you come not

Like *Cæsar's* sifter; 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 unshewn, Is often left unlov'd; we should have met you By sea and land, supplying every stage With an augmented greeting.

*Octa.* Good my Lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it On my free will. My Lord, *Mark Antony*, Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted My grieving ear withal; whereon I begg'd His pardon for return.

*Cæs.* <sup>8</sup> Which soon he granted, Being an Obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

*Octa.* Do not say so, my Lord.

*Cæs.* I have eyes upon him, And his affairs come to me on the wind. Where is he now?

*Octa.* My Lord, in *Athens*.

*Cæs.* No, my most wronged sifter. *Cleopatra*

<sup>8</sup> Which soon he granted, Being an Abstract 'tween his lust and him. ] *Antony* very soon comply'd to let *Octavia* go at her request, says *Cæsar*; and why? Because she was an abstract between his inordinate passion and him; this is absurd. We

must read, Being an Obstruct 'tween his lust and him. i. e. his wife being an obstruction, a bar to the prosecution of his wanton pleasures with *Cleopatra*. WARBURTON.

Hath nodded 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 *Paphlagonia*; the *Thracian* King *Adullas*,  
 King *Malchus* of *Arabia*, King of *Pent*,  
*Hierod* of *Jewry*, *Mithridates* King  
 Of *Comagene*, *Polemon* and *Amintas*,  
 The King of *Mede*, and *Lycaonia*,  
 With a more larger list of scepters.

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

*Cæs.* Welcome hither;  
 Your letters did with-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 unbewail'd their way. Welcome to *Rome*.  
 Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd  
 Beyond the mark of thought; and the high Gods,  
 To do you justice, make their ministers  
 Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort,  
 And ever welcome to us.

*Ag.* 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 wish to be accurate.



And gives his <sup>1</sup> potent regiment to a trull,  
That noises it against us.

*Octa.* Is it so, Sir?

*Cæs.* It is most certain. Sister, welcome. Pray you,  
Be ever known to patience, my dear'st sister!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E 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 <sup>2</sup> forespoke my being in these wars;  
And say'st, it is not fit.

*Eno.* Well; is it, is it?

*Cleo.* Is't not denounc'd against us? Why should  
not we be there in person?

*Eno.* [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply; if we should  
serve with horse and mares together, the horse were  
merely lost; the mares would bear a soldier and his  
horse.

*Cleo.* What is't you say?

*Eno.* Your presence needs must puzzle *Antony*;  
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's  
time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is already  
Traduc'd for levity, and 'tis said in *Rome*,

<sup>1</sup> —*potent regiment*—] *Re-*  
*giment*, is *goverment*, *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 authour's time, a  
term of mere infamy, but a word

of slight contempt, as *wench* is  
now.

<sup>2</sup> —*forespoke my being*—] To  
*forespeak*, is to *contradict*, to *speak*  
*against*, as *forbid* is to order ne-  
gatively.

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 *Pharsalia*,  
Where *Cæsar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers,  
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;  
And so should you.

*Eno.* Your ships are not well mann'd,  
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people  
Ingross'd by swift impress. In *Cæsar'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.

*Eno.*

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

*Ant.* I'll fight at sea.

*Cleo.* I have sixty sails, *Cæsar* none better.

*Ant.* Our overplus of shipping will we burn,  
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from th' head of  
*Ætium*

Beat the approaching *Cæsar*. 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 descry'd;  
*Cæsar* has taken *Toryne*.

*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 *Ægyptians*  
And the *Phœnicians* go a ducking: we  
Have us'd to conquer standing on the earth,  
And fighting foot to foot.

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

N 4

*Sold.*



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*Sold.* <sup>3</sup> 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 Jureius*,  
*Publicola*, and *Cælius*, are for sea:  
But we keep whole by land. This speed of *Cæsar's*  
Carries beyond belief.

*Sold.* While he was yet in *Rome*,  
His power went out in such <sup>4</sup> distractions as  
Beguil'd all spies.

*Can.* Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

*Sold.* They say, one *Taurus*.

*Can.* Well; I know the man.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* The Emperor calls *Canidius*.

*Can.* With news the time's 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.*]

<sup>3</sup> By *Hercules*, I think, I am  
i' th' right.

*Can.* Soldier, thou art; but  
his whole action grows

Not in the power on't:—]

That is, his whole conduct be-  
comes ungovern'd by the right,  
or by reason.

<sup>4</sup> ————*distractions*———] De-  
tachments; separate bodies.

*Enter*

*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.*

S C E N E 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 ;  
<sup>5</sup> Th' *Antonias*, the *Ægyptian* admiral,  
With all their fixty, fly, and turn the rudder ;  
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter Scarus.*

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

*Eno.* What's thy passion ?

*Scar.* <sup>6</sup> The greater cantle of the world is lost  
With very ignorance ; we have kiss'd away  
Kingdoms and Provinces.

*Eno.* How appears the fight ?

*Scar.* On our side like the <sup>7</sup> token'd pestilence,

<sup>5</sup> *Th' Antonias, &c.*] Which *Putarch* says, was the name of *Cleopatra's* ship.

POPE.

<sup>6</sup> *The greater cantle*—] A piece or lump.

POPE.

*Cantle* is rather a corner. *Cæsar*

in this play mentions the *three-neck'd world*. Of this triangular world every *Triumvir* had a corner.

<sup>7</sup> ————*token'd*—] Spotted.

Where

Where death is sure. Yon<sup>s</sup> ribauld nag of *Ægypt*,  
 9 Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' th' midst o' th' fight,  
 When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd  
 Both as the same, or rather ours the elder;  
 ' The brieze upon her, like a cow in *June*,  
 Hoists sails, and flies.

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

*Scar.* She onçe being looft,  
 The noble ruin of her magick, *Antony*,  
 Claps on his sea-wing, like a doating mallard,  
 Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:  
 I never saw an action of such shame;  
 Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before  
 Did violate so itself.

*Eno.* Alack, alack.

*Enter Canidius.*

*Can.* Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,  
 And sinks most lamentably. Had our General  
 Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:  
 Oh, he has given example for our flight,  
 Most grossly by his own.

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

*Can.* Towards *Peloponnesus* are they fled.

*S. ar.* '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  
*ribauded*, which I do not un-  
 derstand, but mention it, in  
 hopes others may raise some hap-  
 py conjecture.

9 *It bôm leprosy o'ertake!*—] *Leprosy*, an epidemical distemper

of the *Ægyptians*; to which *il-  
 race* probably alludes in the con-  
 troverted line,

*Contaminato cum grege turpium  
 Morbo virorum.*

' *The brieze upon her,*—] The  
*brieze* is the *gad-fly*, which in  
 summer stings the cows, and  
 drives them violently about.

*Can.*



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

*Eno.* I'll yet follow

<sup>2</sup> 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 <sup>3</sup> so lated in the world, that I  
Have lost my way for ever. I've a ship  
Laden with gold, take that, divide it; fly,  
And make your peace with *Cæsar*.

*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 lothness; take the hint,  
Which my despair proclaims. Let them be left,  
Which leave themselves. To the sea-side. Straight-  
way

<sup>2</sup> *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 wound-

ed and chased, whom all other deer avoid. *I will, says Enobarbus, follow Antony, though chased and wounded.*

The common reading however may very well stand.

<sup>3</sup> *— so lated in the world, —*] Alluding to a benighted traveller.

I will

I will possess you of that ship and treasure.

Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now——

Nay, do so; for, indeed, <sup>4</sup> 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.

Eros. Nay, gentle Madam, to him. Comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear Queen.

Char. Do? why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down; oh Juno!

Ant. 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.—<sup>5</sup> He at *Philippi* kept  
His sword e'en like a dancer, while I strook  
The lean and wrinkled *Cassius*; <sup>6</sup> and 'twas I,  
That the mad *Brutus* ended; <sup>7</sup> 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——

<sup>4</sup> —[I've lost command.] I am not master of my own emotions.

<sup>5</sup> —[He at *Philippi* kept

His sword e'en like a dancer,—]

In the *Merisec*, and perhaps anciently in the *Fyrre* k dance, the dancers held swords in their hands with the points upward.

<sup>6</sup> —[and 'twas I,

That the MAD *Brutus* ended;—]

Nothing can be more in character, than for an infamous de-

bauched tyrant to cail the heroic love of one's country and public liberty, *madness*. WARB.

<sup>7</sup> —[he alone

Dealt on lieutenantry,—] I know not whether the meaning is, that *Cæsar* only acted as lieutenant at *Philippi*, or that he made his attempts only on lieutenants, and left the Generals to *Antony*.

Iras.

*Iras.* Go to him; Madam, speak to him,  
He is unqualified with very shame.

*Cleo.* Well then, sustain me; oh!

*Eros.* Most noble Sir, arise, the Queen approaches;  
Her head's declin'd, and <sup>s</sup> death will seize her, but  
Your comfort makes the rescue.

*Ant.* I have offended reputation;  
A most unnoble swerving——

*Eros.* Sir, the Queen.

*Ant.* O whither hast thou led me, *Ægypt*? see,  
<sup>2</sup> How I convey my shame out of thine eyes;  
By looking back on what I've left behind,  
<sup>3</sup> Stroy'd in dishonour.

*Cleo.* Oh, my Lord, my Lord;  
Forgive my fearful fails; I little thought,  
You would have follow'd.

*Ant.* *Ægypt*, thou knew'st too well,  
My heart was to thy rudder 'ty'd by th' string,  
And thou shouldst towe me after. O'er my spirit  
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that  
Thy beck might from the bidding of the Gods  
Command me.

*Cleo.* Oh, my pardon.

*Ant.* Now I must  
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge  
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who,  
With half the bulk o' 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.

<sup>s</sup> —death will seize her, but  
Your comfort, &c.] But has  
here, as once before in this play,  
the force of *except*, or *unless*.

How, by looking another way,  
I withdraw my ignominy from  
your sight.

<sup>1</sup> —ty'd by th' string,] That  
is, by the heart string.

<sup>2</sup> How I convey my shame—]

*Ant.*



*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.*]

## S C E N E VIII.

*Changes to Cæsar's Camp.*

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thyreus, with  
others.*

*Cæs.* LET him appear, that's come from *Antony*.  
L Know you him ?

*Dol. Cæsar,* '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.*

*Cæs.* Approach and speak.

*Amb.* Such as I am, I come from *Antony* :  
I was of late as petty to his ends,  
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf  
To the grand sea.

*Cæs.* Be't so. Declare thine office.

*Amb.* Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and  
Requires to live in *Ægypt* ; which not granted,  
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues  
To let him breathe between the heav'ns and earth  
A private man in *Athens*. This for him.

Next,

Next, *Cleopatra* does confess thy greatness ;  
 Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves  
 \* The circle of the *Ptolemies* for her heirs,  
 Now hazarded to thy grace.

*Cæs.* For *Antony*,  
 I have no ears to his request. The Queen  
 Of audience, nor desire, shall fail ; so she  
 From *Ægypt* drive her all-disgraced friend,  
 Or take his life there. This if she perform,  
 She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

*Amb.* Fortune pursue thee !

*Cæs.* Bring him through the bands :

[*Exit Ambassador.*

To try thy eloquence now 'tis time ; dispatch,  
 From *Antony* win *Cleopatra* ; promise, [*To Thyreus.*  
 And in our name, 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, <sup>3</sup> 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 roy-  
 alty.

<sup>3</sup> ———how *Antony* becomes his  
 flaw ; ] That is, how *An-*  
*tony* conforms himself to this  
 breach of his fortune.

SCENE

## S C E N E IX.

*Changes to Alexandria.**Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmion, and Iras.*

*Cleo.* **W**HAT 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, <sup>5</sup> 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.* Pr'ythee, 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 liv'd 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.

<sup>5</sup> ——— he being

*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. *Mere* is indeed a *boundary*, and the *meered question*, if it can mean any thing, may, with some violence of language, mean, the *disputed boundary*.

*Enter*



*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 grizled 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 <sup>6</sup> 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 staged to th' shew  
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are  
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward  
Do draw the inward quality after them,  
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,  
Knowing all measures, the full *Cæsar* will  
Answer his emptiness!—*Cæsar*, thou hast subdu'd  
His judgment too.

<sup>6</sup> —his gay comparisons apart, comparison of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but  
*And answer me declin'd,—*] I require of *Cæsar* not to depend to answer me man to man, in this  
on that superiority which the decline of my age or power.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* A messenger from *Cæsar*.

*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.

*Eno.* 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 Thyreus.*

*Cleo.* *Cæsar's* will?

*Thyr.* Hear it apart.

*Cleo.* None but friends. Say boldly.

*Thyr.* So, haply, are they friends to *Antony*.

*Eno.* He needs as many, Sir, as *Cæsar* has,  
Or needs not us. If *Cæsar* please, our master  
Will leap to be his friend; for us you know,  
Whose he is, we are, and that's *Cæsar's*.

[The loyalty, well held to  
fools, &c.] After *Enobarbus*  
has said, that his honesty and he  
begin to quarrel, he immediate-  
ly falls into this generous reflec-  
tion: "Tho' loyalty, stubborn-  
ly preserv'd to a master in his  
declin'd fortunes, seems folly  
in the eyes of fools; yet he,  
who can be so obstinately loy-  
al, will make as great a figure  
on record, as the conqueror."  
I therefore read,

Though loyalty, well held, to  
fools does make  
Our faith meer folly —

THEOBALD.

I have preserved the old read-  
ing: *Enobarbus* is deliberating  
upon desertion, and finding it is  
more prudent to forsake a fool,  
and more reputable to be faith-  
ful to him, makes no positive  
conclusion. Sir T. Hammer fol-  
lows *Theobald*; Dr. Warburton  
retains the old reading.

*Thyr.*

*Thyr.* So.

Thus then, thou most renown'd, <sup>8</sup> *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.* <sup>9</sup> Most kind messenger,  
Say to great *Cæsar* this; in deputation

I kiss

<sup>8</sup> — *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-*  
*tures, you wou'd consider he is*

*Cæsar:* That is, generous and  
forgiving, able and willing to  
restore them. WARB.

<sup>9</sup> *Most kind messenger;*  
*Say to great Cæsar this in DIS-*  
*PUTATION.*

*I kiss his conqu'ring hand:—]*



I kiss his conqu'ring hand : tell him, I'm prompt  
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel.  
<sup>1</sup> Tell him, that from his all-obeying breath I hear  
The doom of *Ægypt*.

*Thyr.* 'Tis your noblest course :  
Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
If that the former dare but what it can,  
No chance may shake it. <sup>2</sup> Give me grace to lay  
My duty on your hand.

*Cleo.* Your *Cæsar's* father oft,  
When he hath mus'd of taking Kingdoms in,  
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,  
As it rain'd kisses.

## S C E N E X.

*Enter Antony, and Enobarbus:*

*Ant.* Favours ! by *Jove*, that thunders.—

[*Seeing Thyreus kiss her hand.*

What art thou, fellow ?

*Thyr.* One that but performs  
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest  
To have command obey'd.

*Eno.* You will be whipp'd.

*Ant.* Approach there—ah, you kite !—Now, Gods  
and Devils !

Authority melts from me. Of late when I cry'd,  
ho !

The poet certainly wrote,  
*Most kind messenger,*  
*Say to great Cæsar this ; in*  
DEPUTATION

*I kiss his conqu'ring hand :—*  
i. e. by *Proxy* ; I *depute* you to  
pay him that duty in my name.

WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> *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.*

<sup>2</sup> —*Give me grace— ]* Grant  
me the favour.

Like

<sup>3</sup> Like boys unto a mufs, 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 Tributa-  
ries

That do acknowledge *Cæsar*, 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 *Cæsar'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 unprest in *Rome*,  
Forborn the getting of a lawful race,  
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd  
<sup>4</sup> By one that looks on feeders?

*Cleo.* Good my Lord,—

*Ant.* You have been a boggler ever.  
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,  
Oh misery on't! the wise 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.

<sup>3</sup> Like boys unto a mufs,—] i. e.  
a scramble.

<sup>4</sup> By one that looks on feeders?] *POPE.* 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 *Cæsar's* trencher: nay, you were a fragment  
Of *Cneius Pompey's*; besides what hotter hours,  
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have  
Luxuriously pickt 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 *Basan*, to out-roar  
s 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 *Cæsar* in his triumph, since  
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him. Hence-  
forth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee,  
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to *Cæsar*,  
Tell him thy entertainment; look, thou say,  
He makes me angry with him: For he seems

s *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 abyſm 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, <sup>6</sup> 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 *Cæſar*, would you mingle eyes  
 With one that ties his points?

*Cleo.* Not know me yet?

*Ant.* Cold-hearted toward me!

*Cleo.* Ah, dear, if I be ſo,  
 From my cold heart let heav'n ingender hail,  
 And poiſon't in the ſource, and the firſt ſtone  
 Drop in my neck ; as it determines, ſo  
 Diſſolve my life ! the next *Cæſario* ſmite !  
 'Till by degrees the memory of my womb,  
 Together with my brave *Ægyptians* all,  
 ' By the diſcandying of this pelleted ſtorm,  
 Lie graveleſs ; 'till the flies and gnats of *Nile*  
 Have buried them for prey !

*Ant.* I'm ſatisfied :  
*Cæſar* ſits down in *Alexandria*, where

<sup>6</sup> —to quit me.—] To repay very faithfully fall'n into it. The  
 me this inſult ; to requite me. old *folio's* read, *dſ. andering* :

<sup>7</sup> *By the diſcattering of this pelleted ſtorm,*] This read-  
 ing we owe firſt, I preſume, to *Thirlby* and I ſaw, we muſt re-  
 Mr. *Rowe* : and Mr. *Pope* has reform'd the text. THEOBALD.

I will oppose his fate. Our force by land  
 Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too  
 Have knit again, <sup>8</sup> 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-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,  
 And fight maliciously: for when my hours  
<sup>9</sup> 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.]

*Eno.* Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be fu-  
 rious,

<sup>8</sup> —and float,—] This is a modern emendation, perhaps right. The old reading is,

—and fleet,—

<sup>9</sup> *Were nice and lucky,—*] *Nice*, for delicate, courtly, flowing in

peace.

WARB.

*Nice* rather seems to be, *just fit for my purpose, agreeable to my wish*. So we vulgarly say of any thing that is done better than was expected, it is *nice*.

Is to be frightened out of fear; and, in that mood,  
The dove will peck the estridge; and, I see still,  
A diminution in our captain's brain  
Restores his heart. When valour preys on reason,  
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek  
Some way to leave him.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*Cæsar's Camp.*

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mecænas, with their  
army. Cæsar reading a Letter.*

C Æ S A R.

**H**E calls me boy; and chides, as he had power  
To beat me out of *Ægypt*. My messenger  
He hath whipt with rods, dares me to personal combat,  
*Cæsar to Antony*. Let the old ruffian know,  
He hath many other ways to die: mean time,  
Laugh at his challenge.

*Mec.* *Cæsar* must think,  
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted

<sup>1</sup> 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 poyanty, and the very repartee of Cæ-

*sar*. Let's hear *Plutarch*. After this, *Antony* sent a challenge to *Cæsar*, to fight him hand to hand, and received for answer, that he might find several other ways to end his life. UPTON.

I think this emendation deserves to be received. It had, before Mr. *Upton's* book appeared, been made by Sir *T. Hanmer*.

Even



Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now  
 Make boot of his distraction : never anger  
 Made good guard for itself.

*Cæs.* Let our best heads  
 Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles  
 We mean to fight. Within our files there are  
 Of those that serv'd *Mark Antony* but late,  
 Enough to fetch him in. See, it be done ;  
 And feast the army ; we have store to do't,  
 And they have earn'd the waste. Poor *Antony* !  
[*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E II.

*The Palace 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 for-  
 tune,

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. Woo't thou fight well ?

*Eno.* I'll strike, and cry, " 3 take all."

*Ant.* Well said. Come on.

Call forth my household servants, let's to-night

<sup>2</sup> *Make boot of*—] Take ad-  
 vantage of.

<sup>3</sup> ————*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 <sup>4</sup> one of those odd tricks, which  
sorrow shoots

Out of the mind.

*Ant.* And thou art honest too:

I wish, I could be made so many men;

And all of you clapt up together in

An *Antony*; that I might do you service,

So good as you have done.

*Omnes.* The Gods forbid!

*Ant.* Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night;  
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me,  
As when mine Empire was your fellow too,  
And suffer'd my command.

*Cleo.* What does he mean?

*Eno.* To make his followers weep.

*Ant.* Tend me to-night;

May be, it is the period of your duty;

Haply, you shall not see me more; <sup>5</sup> 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:

<sup>4</sup> —one of these 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*.

<sup>5</sup> ———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 afs, am <sup>6</sup> onion-ey'd. For shame,  
Transform us not to women.

*Ant.* Ho, ho, ho!  
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!  
Grace grow, where those drops fall! My hearty friends,  
You take me in too dolorous a sence;  
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 <sup>7</sup> death and honour. Let's to supper, come,  
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

### S C E N E III.

*A Court of Guard before the Palace.*

*Enter a company of Soldiers.*

*1 Sold.* **B** Rother, good night: to-morrow is the day.  
*2 Sold.* It will determine one way. Fare  
you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

*1 Sold.* Nothing. What news?

*2 Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour. Good-night to  
you.

*1 Sold.* Well, 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.]*

<sup>6</sup> — onion-ey'd — ] I have my eyes as full of tears as if they had been fretted by onions.      <sup>7</sup> — death and honour.— ] That is, an honourable death.



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 signes 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.*]

*Omnes.* 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.

*Omnes.* Content. 'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Changes to Cleopatra's Palace.*

*Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with Charmion and others.*

*Ant.* **E**ROS, mine armour, *Eros*.

*Cleo.* Sleep a little.

*Ant.* No, my chuck. *Eros*, come. Mine armour,  
*Eros*.

1

*Enter*

*Enter Eros.*

Come, my good fellow, put <sup>s</sup> thine iron on:  
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is  
Because we brave her. Come.

*Cleo.* <sup>9</sup> 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;  
Seest thou, my good fellow? Go, put on thy defences.

*Eros.* <sup>1</sup> 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. Despatch. 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.*]

<sup>s</sup> ———*thine iron*———] I think it other editions are only one, and  
should be rather, given to *Cleopatra*; were happily  
———*mine iron*——— disentangled by Sir T. Hanmer.

<sup>9</sup> *Nay, I'll help too.*] These <sup>1</sup> *Briefly, Sir.*] That is, quickly,  
three little speeches, which in the ly, 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 kiss: 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. [*Exeunt.*]

*Char.* Please you retire to your chamber?

*Cleo.* Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and *Cæsar* might  
Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, *Antony*,—But now.—Well!—On. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

*Changes to a Camp.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter Antony, and Eros; a Soldier meeting them.*

<sup>2</sup> *Sold.* **T**HE Gods make this a happy day to *Antony*!

*Ant.* 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd

<sup>2</sup> *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'st thou?

*Sold.* Sir,

He is with *Cæsar*.

*Eros.* Sir, his chests and treasure  
He has not with him.

*Ant.* Is he gone?

*Sold.* Most certain.

*Ant.* Go, *Eros*, send his treasure after; do it,  
Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him,  
I will subscribe, gentle adieus, and greetings.  
Say, that I wish he never find more cause  
To change a master. Oh, my fortunes have  
Corrupted honest men! <sup>3</sup> Dispatch, my *Eros*. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E VI.

*Changes to Cæsar's Camp.*

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Enobarbus, and Dolabella.*

*Cæs.* GO forth, *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:  
**G** <sup>4</sup> Our will is, *Antony* be took alive;  
Make it so known.

*Agr.*

<sup>3</sup> —*Dispatch, my Eros.*] The old edition reads,

——*Dispatch Enobarbus.*

Perhaps, it should be,

—*Dispatch! To Enobarbus!*

<sup>4</sup> *Our will is, Antony be took alive;*] It is observable with what judgment *Shakespeare* draws the

*Agr. Cæsar, I shall.*

*Cæs.* The time of universal Peace is near.

Prove this a prosp'rous 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.

[*Exeunt*]

*Eno.* *Alexas* did revolt, and went to *Jeremy* on  
 Affairs of *Antony*; there did <sup>6</sup> 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*. *Antony* was his Hero; so the other was not to shine: yet being an historical character, there was a necessity to draw him like. But the ancient historians his flatterers, had delivered him down so fair, that he seems ready cut and dried for a Hero. Amidst these difficulties *Shakespeare* has extricated himself with great address. He has admitted all those great

strokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-spirited, narrow-minded, proud and revengeful.

WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> *Shall bear the olive freely.*]  
<sup>2. e.</sup> shall spring up every where spontaneously and without culture.

WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *persuade*] The old copy has *dissuade*, perhaps rightly.

Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now  
Unloading of his mules.

*Eno.* I give it you.

*Sold.* Mock not, *Enobarbus*.

I tell you true. Best, you safed the bringer  
Out of the host, I must attend mine office,  
Or would have done 't myself. Your Emperor  
Continues still a *Jove*. [Exit.]

*Eno.* I am alone the villain of the earth,  
And feel, I am so most. O *Antony*,  
Thou Mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid  
My better service, when my turpitude  
Thou dost so crown with gold! <sup>7</sup> 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. [Exit.]

## S C E N E VII.

*Before the Walls of Alexandria.*

*Alarm. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.*

*Agr.* **R**Etire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:  
**R***Cæsar* himself has work, <sup>8</sup> and our oppres-  
sion

<sup>7</sup> —*This blows my heart;*] All *heart*, so that it will quickly  
the latter editions have, *break, if thought break it not, a*

—*This bows my heart;* *swifter mean.*

I have given the original word a- <sup>8</sup> —*and our oppression*] *Op-*  
gain the place from which I think *pression*, for *opposition*. *WARB.*

it unjustly excluded. *This genero-* *Sir T. Hanmer* has received *op-*  
*sity*, says *Enobarbus*, swells my *position*. Perhaps rightly.



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 droven them home With clouts about their heads.

*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.

*Scar.* I had a wound here that was like a T, But now 'tis made an H.

*Ant.* They do retire.

*Scar.* We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet Room for six scotches more.

*Enter Eros.*

*Eros.* They'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; ' run one before; And let the Queen know of our Guests. To-morrow, Before

' ———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 gestæ*; 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 *Hectors*,  
 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 bless 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'st 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 <sup>2</sup> get goal for goal of youth. Behold this  
 man,

glorious actions. A term then  
 in common use. WARB.

This passage needs neither cor-  
 rection 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.

<sup>1</sup> *To this great fairy—*] Mr.  
*Upton* has well observed, that

*fairy*, which Dr. *Warburton* and  
 Sir *T. Hanmer* explain by *Inchan-*  
*triss*, comprises the idea of power  
 and beauty.

<sup>2</sup> *—get goal for goal of youth.—*]  
 At all plays of barriers, the  
 boundary is called a *goal*; to *win*  
 a *goal*, is to be superiour 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 deserv'd it; were it carbuncled  
Like holy *Phæbus'* Car.——Give me thy hand;  
Through *Alexandria* make a jolly march;  
<sup>3</sup> 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 carowfes 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.]

S C E N E VIII.

*Changes to Cæsar's Camp.*

*Enter a Sentry, and his Company. Enobarbus follows.*

*Sent.* IF we be not reliev'd within this hour,  
I 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?

<sup>3</sup> *Bear our hackt targets, like the men that owe them.] i. e.,* hackt as much as the men are, whom they belong. *WARB.* Why not rather, *Bear our hack'd targets* with spirit and exaltation, such as becomes the brave warriors *that own them.*



1 *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*?

3 *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. <sup>4</sup> Throw my heart  
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,  
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,  
And finish all foul thoughts. O *Antony*,  
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,  
Forgive me in thine own particular;  
But let the world rank me in register  
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:

Oh *Antony*! oh *Antony*!

[*Dies*,

1 *Watch*. Let's speak to him.

*Sent*. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks  
May concern *Cæsar*.

2 *Watch*. Let's do so, but he sleeps.

*Sent*. Swoons rather, for so bad a prayer as his  
Was never yet for sleep.

1 *Watch*. Go we to him.

2 *Watch*. Awake, Sir, awake, speak to us.

1 *Watch*. Hear you, Sir?

*Sent*. The hand of death has caught him.

[*Drums afar off*.

<sup>5</sup> Hark, how the drums demurely wake the sleepers:  
Let's bear him to the Court of Guard; he is of note.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Throw my heart*] The pathetic of *Shakespeare* too often ends in the ridiculous. It is painful to find the gloomy dignity of this noble scene destroyed by the intrusion of a conceit so far-fetched and unaffecting.

<sup>5</sup> *Hark, how the drums demurely*——] *Demurely*, for solemnly. WARBURTON.

Our hour is fully out.

*2 Watch.* Come on then, he may recover yet.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

*Between the two Camps.*

*Enter Antony, and Scarus, with their Army.*

*Ant.* **T**HEIR 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;

<sup>6</sup> They have put forth the haven.

<sup>7</sup> Where their appointment we may best discover,  
And look on their endeavour.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Cæsar, and his Army.*

*Cæs.* <sup>8</sup> 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,

<sup>6</sup> They have put forth the haven. Further on, ] These words, *further on*, though not necessary, have been inserted in the later editions, and are not in the first.

<sup>7</sup> 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.

<sup>8</sup> 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.*

## S C E N E X.

*Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.*

*Enter Antony.*

*Ant.* ALL's lost! this foul *Ægyptian* 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. <sup>?</sup> Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis  
 thou  
 Hast sold me to this Novice, and my heart  
 Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly:

<sup>?</sup> —*Triple-turn'd whore!*— ]  
 She was first for *Antony*, then was  
 supposed by him to have turned  
 to *Cæsar*, when he found his mes-  
 senger kissing her hand, then she  
 turned again to *Antony*, and now  
 has turned to *Cæsar*. Shall I men-  
 tion what has dropped into my

imagination, that our authour  
 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



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,  
<sup>1</sup> That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave  
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets  
 On blossoming *Cæsar* : and this pine is bark'd,  
 That over-topt them all. Betray'd I am.  
 Oh, this false soul of *Ægypt* ! <sup>2</sup> 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 <sup>3</sup> to the very heart of loss.  
 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 *Cæsar*'s Triumph. Let him take thee,  
 And hoist thee up to the shouting *Plebeians* ;

<sup>1</sup> *That spaniel'd me at heels,—*] All the editions read,

*That pannell'd me at heels,—* Sir T. Hanmer substituted *spaniel'd* by an emendation, with which it was reasonable to expect that even rival commentators would be satisfied ; yet Dr. Warburton proposes *pantler'd*, in a note, of which he is not injured by the suppression, and Mr. Upton having in his first edition proposed 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.

<sup>2</sup> *—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 majestick beauty*.

<sup>3</sup> *—to the very heart of loss.]* To the utmost loss 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 visage up  
 With her prepared nails. 'Tis well, thou'rt gone;  
 [Exit Cleopatra.]

If it be well to live. But better 'twere,  
 Thou fell'st into my fury; for one death  
 Might have prevented many. *Eros*, ho!  
 The shirt of *Nessus* is upon me; teach me,  
*Alcides*, thou mine ancestor, thy rage.  
 Let me lodge *Lichas* on the horns o' th' Moon,  
 And with those hands that graspt 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*, ho! [Exit.]

*Re-enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, and Mardian.*

*Cleo.* Help me, my women! oh, he is more mad  
 Than *Telamon* for his shield; the boar of *Thessaly*  
 Was never so imboast.

*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 poorest diminutives,  
 must mean for the least piece of  
 money; we must therefore read  
 the next word,

for DOLTS, *i. e.* farthings.  
 which shews what he means by  
 poorest diminutives. WARB.

5 With her prepared nails.—]  
*i. e.* with nails which she suffered  
 to grow for this purpose. WARB.

6 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 suc-  
 cessor 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.

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.*

S C E N E XI.

*Re-enter Antony, and Eros.*

*Ant.* *Eros*, thou yet behold'st 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'st 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 dissimms, 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



7 Pack'd cards with *Cæsar*, 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 intirely.

*Ant.* Hence, faucy 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 discharg'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,

7 Pack'd cards with *Cæsar*,  
and false play'd my Glory  
Unto an enemy's triumph.—]  
*Shakespeare* has here, as usual,  
taken his metaphor from a low  
trivial subject; but has enobled  
it with much art, by so contriving  
that the principal term in the  
subject from whence the meta-  
phor was taken, should belong to,  
and suit the dignity of the sub-  
ject to which the metaphor is

transferred: thereby providing at  
once for the integrity of the fi-  
gure, and the nobleness of the  
thought. And this by the word  
TRIUMPH, which either signifies  
*Octavius's* conquests, or what we  
now call, contractedly, the *trump*.  
at cards, then called the *triumph*  
or the *triumphing sort*. WARB.

This explanation is very just,  
the thought did not deserve so  
good an annotation.

Does

Doès 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 sides!  
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 seal then, and all is done.  
*Eros*!—I come, my Queen—*Eros*!—Stay for me,  
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,  
And with our sprightly port make the Ghosts gaze;  
*Dido* and her *Æneas* shall want troops,  
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, *Eros*, *Eros*!

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 —*seal 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, alters it to —*sleep then.*— WARB.

I believe the reading is,

—*seal then, and all is done.*

To *seal 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,*—*seal then, and all is done.*

Close thine eyes for ever, and be quiet.

Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword  
 Quarter'd the world, and o'er green *Neptune's* back,  
 With ships, made cities, condemn myself, to lack  
 The courage of a woman; less noble-minded  
 Than she, which, by her death, our *Cæsar* 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 *Cæsar* 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 master thus with <sup>1</sup>pleacht arms, bending down  
 His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd  
 To penetrative shame: whilst the wheel'd seat  
 Of fortunate *Cæsar*, drawn before him, branded  
<sup>2</sup> 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;

<sup>1</sup> ———pleacht arms, ——— ]  
 Arms folded in each other.

<sup>2</sup> His baseness that ensued?  
 The poor conquer'd wretch that  
 followed.



Wherein <sup>3</sup> 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, *farewel.*

*Ant.* 'Tis said, man,——and farewel.

*Eros.* Farewel, 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.

S C E N E 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.

<sup>3</sup> ——the worship of the whole world——] The *worship*, is the  
dignity, the authority. \*

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period!

*All.* Alas, and wee!

*Ant.* Let him, that loves me, strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one.

[*Exeunt.*

*Der.* Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.  
This sword but shewn to *Cæsar*, with this tidings,  
Shall enter me with him.

*Enter* Diomedes.

*Dio.* Where's *Antony*?

*Der.* There, *Diomed*, there.

*Dio.* Lives he? Wilt thou not answer, man?

*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 *Cæsar*; 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, ho! the Emperor's Guard. The  
Guard, what, ho!

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.* Most 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.]*

### S C E N E XIII.

*Changes to a magnificent Monument.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, and Iras above.*

*Cleo.* O H *Charmion*, I will never go from hence.

*Char.* Be comforted, dear Madam.

*Cleo.* No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,  
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,  
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great  
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.



*Enter Antony, borne by the Guard.*

*Cleo.* \* O thou Sun,  
Burn the great Sphere thou mov'st 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 *Cæsar's* valour hath o'erthrown *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, *Ægypt*, dying; only yet  
I here importune death a while, untill  
Of many thousand kisses the poor last  
I lay upon thy lips,——

*Cleo.* I dare not, dear,  
Dear, my Lord, pardon, I dare not,

Lest

\* O thou Sun,

BURN the great Sphere thou  
mov'st in!—darkling stand

The varying shore o' th' world!]

—The varying shore o' th' world!

*i. e.* of the *Earth*, where light  
and darkness make an incessant  
*variation*. But then, if the Sun  
should set on fire the whole  
Sphere, in which he was supposed  
to move, how could the Earth  
stand darkling? On the contra-  
ry it would be in perpetual light.  
Therefore, if we will allow *Cleo-  
patra* not to be quite mad, we  
must believe she said,

TURN FROM th' great Sphere  
*i. e.* forsake it, fly off from it:  
and then indeed the consequence  
would be, that the varying shore

would become *invariably dark*.

WARBURTON.

She desires the Sun to burn his  
own orb, the vehicle of light,  
and then the earth will be dark.

5 I here importune death——]  
I sollicit death to delay; or, I  
trouble death by keeping him  
waiting.

I here importune death a while,  
untill

Of many thousand kisses the poor  
last

I lay upon thy lips.——Come  
down.

*Cleo.* I dare not,

Dear, dear my Lord, your par-  
don; that I dare not,

Lest I be taken!—] What cu-  
rious hobbling versification do we  
encounter

Lest 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 <sup>6</sup> still conclusion, shall acquire no honour  
 Demuring upon me. But come, come, *Antony*.  
 Help me, my women. We must draw thee up—  
 Assist, good friends.

*Ant.* Oh, quick, or I am gone.

*Cleo.* <sup>7</sup> 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 hast 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 monument: Notwithstanding *Cleopatra* would not open the gates, but came to the high windows, and cast out certain chains and

“ropes, &c.”—So that *Antony* might very reasonably desire her to come down; and she as reasonably excuse herself, for fear of being insnared by *Cæsar*.

THEOBALD.

Mr. *Theobald's* emendation is received by the succeeding editors; but it seems not necessary that a dialogue so distressful should be nicely regular. I have therefore preserved the original reading in the text, and the emendation below.

<sup>6</sup> —still conclusion,——] Se-  
 date determination; silent cool-  
 ness of resolution.

<sup>7</sup> Here's sport, indeed!——]  
 I suppose the meaning of these  
 strange words is, here's trifling,  
 you do not work in earnest.

<sup>8</sup> Quicken with kissing. 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 false <sup>9</sup> 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* trust, but *Proculeius*.

*Cleo.* My resolution and my hands I'll trust;  
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?  
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a stye? O see, my women!  
The crown o' th' earth doth melt—my Lord!  
Oh, wither'd is the garland of the war,  
<sup>1</sup> The soldier's pole is fall'n; young boys and girls  
Are level now with men; the odds is gone;

<sup>8</sup> *Quicken with kissing.*] That is, *Revive by my kiss.*

<sup>9</sup> *—huswife Fortune—*] This despicable line has occurred before.

<sup>1</sup> *The soldier's pole—*] He at whom the soldiers pointed, as at a pageant held high for observation.



And there is nothing left remarkable,  
Beneath the visiting moon.

[*She faints.*]

*Char.* Oh, quietness, Lady!

*Iras.* She's dead too; our sovereign.

*Char.* Lady!

*Iras.* Madam!

*Char.* Oh Madam, Madam, Madam ———

*Iras.* Royal *Ægypt*! Empress! —

*Char.* <sup>2</sup> Peace, Peace, *Iras.*

*Cleo.*

<sup>2</sup> The common copies,

*Peace, peace, Iras.*

*Cleo.* *No more but a meer wo-*  
*man, ——— ]* *Cleopatra* is

fallen into a swoon; her maids endeavour to recover her by invoking her by her several titles. At length, *Charmion* 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 several titles, to see which best pleased her; and this was highly in character: the Ancients thought, that not only Men, but Gods too, had some names which, above others, they much delighted in, and would soonest answer to; as we may see by the hymns of *Orpheus*, *Homer*, and *Callimachus*. The Poet, conforming to this notion, makes the maids say, *Sovereign Lady, Madam, Royal Ægypt, Empress.* And now we come to the place in question: *Charmion*, when she saw none of these titles had their effect, invokes her by a still more flatter-

ing one;

*Peace, peace, Isis!*

for so it should be read and pointed: *i. e.* peace, we can never move her by these titles: Let us give her her favourite name of the Goddess *ISIS*. And now *Cleopatra's* answer becomes pertinent and fine;

*No more but a mere woman;*  
*and commanded*

*By such poor passion as the maid*  
*that milks.*

*i. e.* I now see the folly of assuming to myself those flattering titles of divinity. My misfortunes, and my impotence in bearing them, convince me I am a mere woman, and subject to all the passions of the meanest of my species. Here the Poet has followed History exactly, and what is more, his author *Plutarch in Antonio*; who says, that *Cleopatra* assumed the habit and attributes of that Goddess, and gave judgments or rather oracles to her people under the quality of the

NEW ISIS Κλεοπάτρα μὲν γὰρ καὶ τὸτε καὶ τὸν ἄλλον χρόνον εἰς πλήθος ἐξῆσα, στολήν ἑτέραν ἱερὰν ΙΣΙΔΟΣ ἐλάβανε, καὶ ΝΕΑ ΙΣΙΣ ἐχημάτιζε. WARB.

Of this note it may be truly 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 sottish, 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 case of that huge spirit now is cold.  
 Ah, women, women! come, we have no friend  
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt, bearing off Antony's body.*]

said, that it at least deserves to be right, nor can he, that shall question the justness of the emendation, refuse his esteem to the ingenuity and learning with which it is proposed.

*Hammer* had proposed another emendation, not injudiciously. He reads thus,

*Iras.* Royal Ægypt! *Empress!*

*Cleo.* Peace, peace, *Iras.*

*No more but a meer woman, &c.*  
 That is, *no more an Empress, but a meer woman.*

It is somewhat unfortunate that the words, *meer woman*, which so much strengthen the opposition to either *Empress* or *Iras*, are not in the original edition, which stands thus,

*No more but in a woman.*

*Meer woman* was probably the arbitrary reading of *Rewe*. I sup-

pose however that we may justly change the ancient copy thus,

*No more, but e'en a woman—*  
 which will well enough accommodate either of the editors.

I am inclined to think that she speaks abruptly, not answering her woman, but discoursing with her own thoughts.

*No more—but e'en a woman.*  
*I have no more of my wonted greatness, but am even a woman, on the level with other women; were I what I once was,*

—It were for me  
 To throw my scepter, &c.  
 If this simple explanation be admitted, how much labour has been thrown away. *Peace, peace, IRAS*, is said by *Charmion*, when she sees the Queen recovering, and thinks speech troublesome.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp.

<sup>3</sup> Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mécænas,  
Gallus, and Train.

CÆSAR.

GO to him, *Dolabella*, bid him yield;  
Being so frustrate, tell him,  
He mocks the pauses that he makes.

<sup>4</sup> *Dol.* Cæsar, I shall. [Exit Dolabella.]

<sup>3</sup> Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, and MENAS.] But *Menas* and *Menecrates*, we may remember, were the two famous pirates link'd with *Sextus Pompeius*, and who assisted him to infest the *Italian* coast. We nowhere 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, M.E.C. so that, as Dr. *Tbirlby* sagaciously conjectur'd, we must cashier *Menas*, and substitute *Mécænas* in his room. *Menas*, indeed, deserted to *Cæsar* 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:

<sup>4</sup> *Dol.* Cæsar, 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 *Cæsar's* command; so that the speeches, placed to him in the sequel of this scene, must be transferr'd to *Agrippa*, or he is introduced as a mute. Besides, that *Dolabella* should be gone out, appears from this, that when *Cæsar* asks for him, he recollects that he had sent him on business.

THEOBALD.

Q 4

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. <sup>s</sup> 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.

<sup>s</sup> ——— *The round world should have shook* this: *The round world should have shook*, and this great alteration of

*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 *li-ns into streets, and citizens into dens.* There is sense still, but it is harsh and violent.

*Cæs.*

*Cæs.* Look you sad, friends :—  
The Gods rebuke me, <sup>6</sup> but it is tidings  
To wash the eyes of Kings!

*Agr.* And strange it is,  
That nature must compel us to lament  
Our most persisted deeds.

*Mec.* His taints and honours  
<sup>7</sup> Waged equal in him.

*Agr.* A rarer spirit never  
Did steer humanity ; but you Gods will give us  
Some faults to make us men. *Cæsar* is touch'd.

*Mec.* When such a spacious mirror's set before him,  
He needs must see himself.

*Cæs.* O *Antony* !  
I'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 stall 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,  
Unreconcilable, <sup>8</sup> should have divided  
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,—  
But I will tell you at some meeter season,

<sup>6</sup> —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.

<sup>7</sup> Waged equal in him.] For

waged, the modern editions have weigh'd.

<sup>8</sup> —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.* <sup>3</sup> A poor Ægyptian yet; the Queen my  
mistress,  
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,  
Of thy intents desires instruction;  
That she preparedly may frame herself  
To th' way she's forc'd to.

*Cæs.* Bid her have good heart;  
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,  
How honourably and how kindly we  
Determine for her. For *Cæsar* cannot live,  
To be ungentle.

*Ægypt.* So the Gods preserve thee! [Exit.

*Cæs.* Come hither, *Proculeius*; go, and say,  
We purpose her no shame; give her what comforts  
The quality of her passion shall require;  
Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke  
She do defeat us: for <sup>1</sup> her life in *Rome*  
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,  
And with your speediest bring us what she says,  
And how you find of her.

*Pro. Cæsar*, I shall. [Exit Proculeius.

*Cæs.* *Gallus*, go you along.—Where's *Dolabella*,  
To second *Proculeius*? [Exit Gallus.

*All.* *Dolabella*!

*Cæs.* Let him alone; for I remember now,

<sup>3</sup> A poor Ægyptian yet; the Queen my mistress, &c.] If this punctuation be right, the man means to say, that he is yet an Ægyptian; that is, yet a servant of the Queen of Ægypt; though soon to become a subject of *Rome*.

<sup>1</sup> —her life in *Rome* *Would be eternal in our triumph.*] *Hammer* reads judiciously enough, but without necessity, *Would be eternalling our triumph.* The sense is, *If she dies here, she will be forgotten, but if I send her in triumph at Rome, her memory and my glory will be eternal.*

How



How he's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.  
 Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see  
 How hardly I was drawn into this war;  
 How calm and gentle I proceeded still  
 In all my writings. Go with me, and see  
 What I can shew in this.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Changes to the Monument.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, Mardian, and Seleucus, above.*

Cleo. **M**Y desolation does begin to make  
 A better life; 'tis paltry to be *Cæsar*:  
 Not being fortune, he's but <sup>2</sup> fortune's knave,  
 A minister of her Will, <sup>3</sup> 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 *Cæsar's*.—

*Enter*

<sup>2</sup> ——— *Fortune's knave,*] The servant of fortune.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *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 Cæsar's* ] The action of Suicide is here said, to shackle accidents; to bolt up change; to be the beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's. So far the description is intelligible. But when it is said, that *it sleeps and never palates more the Dung*, we find neither sense nor propriety; which

is occasioned by the loss of a whole line between the third and fourth, and the corrupt reading of the last word in the fourth. We should read the passage thus,

————— *and it is great To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;*

*Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;*

[Lulls wearied nature to a sound repose]

*(Which sleeps, and never palates more the DUNG:)*

*The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's,*

That this line in hooks was the substance of that lost, is evident from its making sense of all the rest:

*Enter Proculeius.*

*Pro.* Cæsar sends Greeting to the Queen of *Ægypt*,  
And bids thee study on what fair demands  
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

*Cleo.* What's thy name?

*Pro.* My name is *Proculeius*.

*Cleo.* *Antony*

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you, but  
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,  
That have no use for trusting. If your master  
Would have a Queen his beggar, you must tell him,  
That Majesty, to keep *decorum*, must  
No less beg than a Kingdom; if he please.  
To give me conquer'd *Ægypt* for my Son,  
He gives me so much of mine own, as I  
Will kneel to him with thanks.

*Pro.* Be of good cheer.

You're fall'n into a princely hand. Fear nothing;  
Make your full ref'ence 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, lulls our over-wearied nature to repose, (which now sleeps, and has no more appetite for worldly enjoyments,) and is equally the nurse of Cæsar and the beggar.* WARB.

I cannot perceive the loss of a line, or the need of an emendation. The commentator seems to have entangled his own ideas; his supposition that *suicide* is called *the beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's*, and his concession that the position is *intelligible*, shew, I think, a mind not intent upon the business before it. The diffi-

culty of the passage, if any difficulty there be, arises only from this, that the act of suicide, and the state which is the effect of suicide, are confounded. Voluntary death, says she, is an act which bolts up change; it produces a state,

*Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,*

*The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.* Which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sustenance, in the use of which *Cæsar* and the beggar are on a level.

The speech is abrupt, but perturbation in such a state is surely natural.

On

On all that need. Let me report to him  
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find  
A Conqu'ror <sup>4</sup> 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 <sup>5</sup> 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.*] <sup>6</sup> You see, how easily she may be surpriz'd.

*Here Gallus, and Guard, ascend the Monument by  
a Ladder, and enter at a Back-Window.*

Guard her, 'till Cæsar come.

*Iras:*

<sup>4</sup> —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.*

<sup>5</sup> —send him

*The Greatness he has got.*—]  
I allow him to be my conqueror;  
I own his superiority with com-  
plete submission.

<sup>6</sup> Char. You see, how easily she  
may be surpriz'd,] Here  
*Charmion*, 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 Cæ-  
sar's messengers. But this blun-  
der is for want of knowing, or  
observing, the historical fact.  
When Cæsar sent *Proculeius* to  
the Queen, he sent *Gallus* after

him with new instructions: and  
while one amused *Cleopatra* with  
propositions from Cæsar, through  
crannies of the monument; the  
other scaled it by a ladder, en-  
tered 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 *Charmion*, but to  
*Proculeius*; and to him it certain-  
ly 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, seizes her, and *Pro-  
culeius*,



*Iras.* O Royal Queen!

*Cbar.* Oh *Cleopatra*! thou art taken, Queen.—

*Cleo.* Quick, quick, good hands.

[Drawing a Dagger.

*The Monument is open'd; Porculeius rushes in, and disarms the Queen.*

*Pro.* Hold, worthy lady, hold;  
Do not yourself such wrong, <sup>7</sup> who are in this  
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

*Cleo.* What, of death too, that rids our dogs of  
<sup>8</sup> 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  
<sup>9</sup> Worth many babes and beggars.

*Pro.* Oh, temperance, lady!

*Cleo.* Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, Sir:  
<sup>1</sup> If idle talk will once be necessary,

I'll

*caleius*, interrupting the civility  
of his answer,

—————your plight is pity'd  
Of him that caus'd it.

Cries out,

Guard her, 'till Cæsar comes.

7 —————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 *re-*  
*liev'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,  
she alludes to her being before  
*bereav'd* of *Antony*. And thus  
his speech becomes correct, and  
her reply pertinent. WARB.

I do not think the emendation  
necessary, since the sense is not  
made better by it, and the ab-  
ruptness of *Cleopatra's* answer is  
more forcible in the old reading.

<sup>8</sup> For *languish*, I think we  
may read, *anguish*.

<sup>9</sup> *Worth many babes and beg-*  
*gars.*] Why death wilt  
thou not rather seize a Queen,  
than employ thy force upon *babes*  
and *beggars*.

<sup>1</sup> *If idle TALK will once be ne-*  
*cessary,*] This nonsense  
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 *Octavia*. 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 III.

*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 ne-*  
*cessary.*

*i. e.* if repose be necessary to che-  
 rish life, I will not sleep. *WARB.*

I do not see that the nonsense  
 is made sense by the change. *Sir*  
*T. Hanmer* reads,

*If idle talk will once be acces-*  
*sary;*

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

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 stuck  
2 A Sun and Moon, which kept their course, and  
lighted

The little O o' th' Earth.

*Dol.* Most sovereign creature;——

*Cleo.* His legs bestrid the ocean, his rear'd arm  
Crested the world, his voice was propertied  
As all the tuned Spheres, when that to friends;  
But when he meant to quail, and shake the Orb,  
He was as rattling thunder. 3 For his bounty,  
There was no winter in 't: An Autumn 'twas,  
That grew the more by reaping. His delights

Were

2 *A Sun and Moon, which kept their course, and lighted*

*The little o' th' Earth.*

*Dol.* Most sovereign creature!] What a blessed limping verse these ben'sticks give us! Had none of the editors an ear to find the hitch in its pace? There is but a syllable wanting, and that, I believe verily, was but of a single letter. I restore,

*The little O o' th' Earth.*

i. e. the little orb or circle. Our

poet in other passages chuses to express himself thus. THEOP.

3 —— *For his bounty,*

*There was no winter in't: an Antony it was,*

*That grew the more by reaping.]*

There was certainly a contrast, both in the thought and terms, design'd here, which is lost in an accidental corruption. How could an *Antony* grow the more by reaping? I'll venture, by a very easy change, to restore an exquisite



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 islands were  
As plates dropt 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.

——— *For his bounty,*

*There was no Winter in't : an  
Autumn 'twas,*

*That grew the more by reaping.*

I ought to take notice, that the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* likewise started this very emendation, and had mark'd it in the margin of his book.

THEOBALD.

\* ——— *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 becomes unintelligible. Though when set right, obscure enough to deserve a comment. *Shakespeare* wrote,

——— *yet t' imagine*

*An Antony, were Nature's  
PRIZE 'gainst Fancy,*

*Condemning shadows quite.*

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The sense of which is this, *Nature, in general, has not materials enough to furnish out real forms, for every model that the boundless power of the imagination can sketch out : [Nature wants matter to vie strange forms with Fancy.] But though this be true in general, that nature is more poor, narrow, and confined than fancy, yet it must be owned, that when nature presents an Antony to us, she then gets the better of fancy, and makes even the imagination appear poor and narrow : Or, in our author's phrase, [condemns shadows quite]* The word PRIZE, which I have restored, is very pretty, as figuring a contention between *nature* and *imagination* about the larger extent of their powers ; and *nature* gaining the PRIZE by producing *Antony*. WARB.

In this passage I cannot discover any temptation to critical experiments. The word *piece*, is

R

a term

*Dol.* Hear me, good Madam.

Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it,  
As answer'ing 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 shoots  
My very heart at root.

*Cleo.* I thank you, Sir.

Know you, what *Cæsar* 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——*Cæsar.*

#### S C E N E IV.

*Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Mæcenas, Proculeius, and Attendants.*

*Cæs.* Which is the Queen of *Ægypt*?

*Dol.* It is the Emperor, Madam. [*Cleo. kneels.*]

*Cæs.* Arise, you shall not kneel.

I pray you, rise. Rise, *Ægypt*.

*Cleo.* Sir, the Gods

Will have it thus; my master and my Lord  
I must obey.

*Cæs.* Take to you no hard thoughts.

The record of what injuries you did us,  
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember  
As things but done by chance.

*Cleo.* Sole Sir o' 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 preference. *Antony* was in reality *post 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 inforce.  
If you apply yourself to our intents,  
Which tow'rd's 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 ; <sup>6</sup> 'tis exactly valued,  
Not petty things admitted. Where's *Seleucus*?

*Sel.*

<sup>5</sup> I cannot project mine own  
cause so well] Project signi-  
fies 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 white-wash,  
varnish, 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.

<sup>6</sup> ——— '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 reserv'd  
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, *Seleucus*.

*Sel.* Madam, I had rather <sup>7</sup> 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.

*Cæs.* Nay, blush not, *Cleopatra*; I approve  
Your wisdom in the deed.

*Cleo.* See, *Cæsar*! 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 hir'd—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!

*Cæs.* Good Queen, let us intreat you.

*Cleo.* O *Cæsar*, 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  
<sup>6</sup> Parcel the sum of my disgraces by  
Addition of his envy! Say, good *Cæsar*,

creted certain trifles. Who does  
not see, that we ought to read,

*Not petty things omitted?*

For this declaration lays open her  
falseness; 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 af-

terwards, that she is accused of  
having reserved more than petty  
things. Dr. *Warburton* and Sir  
*T. Hanmer* follow *Theobald*.

<sup>7</sup> —feel my lips, ] Sew up my  
mouth.

<sup>8</sup> Parcel the sum—] The word  
*parcel*, in this place, I suspect of  
being wrong, but know not what  
to substitute.

That

That I some lady-trifles have reserv'd,  
 Immoment toys, things of such Dignity  
 As we greet modern friends withal; and say,  
 Some nobler token I have kept apart  
 For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce  
 Their mediation, must I be unfolded  
 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.*

<sup>9</sup> *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.

<sup>1</sup> *Be't known, that we the Greatest are misthought For things that others do; and when we fall, We answer others' merits, in our names*

*Are therefore to be pitied.]* This false pointing has rendered the sentiment, which was not very easy at best, altogether unintelligible. The lines should be pointed thus,

*Be't known, that we, the Greatest, are misthought For things that others do. And*

*when we fall*

*We answer. Others' merits, in our names*

*Are therefore to be pitied.*

i. e. *We monarchs, while in power, are accused and blamed for the misarrriages of our ministers; and when any misfortune hath subjected us to the power of our enemies, we are sure to be punished for those faults. As this is the case, it is but reasonable that we should have the merit of our ministers' good actions, as well as bear the blame of their bad. But she softens the word merit into pity. The reason of her making the reflexion was this: Her former conduct was liable to much censure from *Octavius*, which she would hereby artfully insinuate was owing to her evil ministers. And as her present conduct, in concealing her treasure, 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 sold. Therefore, be cheer'd:  
² 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 act, she being detected by her minister; she begs, that as she now answers for her former minister's miscarriages, so her present minister's merit in this discovery, might likewise be placed to her account: Which she thinks but reasonable. The *Oxford Editor* is here again at his old work of altering what he did not understand, and so transforms the passage thus,

———*and when we fall,*  
*We pander 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 explained thus;

We suffer at our highest state of elevation in the thoughts of mankind for that which others do,

*and when we fall,* those that contented themselves only to think ill before, call us to *answer in our own names for the merits of others.* We are therefore to be pitied. *Merits* is in this place taken in an ill sense, for actions *meriting* censure.

If any alteration be necessary, I should only propose,

*Be't known, that we at greatest, &c.*

² *Make not your thoughts your prisons;——*] I once wished to read,

*Make not your thoughts your*  
*poison;———*

Do not destroy yourself by musing on your misfortune. Yet I would change nothing, as the old reading presents a very proper sense. *Be not a prisoner in imagination, when in reality you are free.*

S C E N E



S C E N E 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 haste.

*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 : *Cæsar* 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 *Cæsar*. [Exit.

*Cleo.* Farewel, and thanks. Now, *Iras*, what  
think'st thou ?

Thou, an *Ægyptian* puppet, shalt be shewn  
In *Rome* as well as I: mechanick slaves  
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall  
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,  
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,

And forc'd to drink their vapour.

*Iras.* The Gods forbid!

*Cleo.* Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras*; saucy lictors  
Will catch at us like trumpets, and 'scall'd rhimers  
Ballad us out-o'-tune. The ' quick Comedians  
Extemp'rally will stage us, and present  
Our *Alexandrian* revels: *Antony*  
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see  
Some squeaking *Cleopatra*'s boy my Greatness,  
I' th' posture 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 *Cydnus*,  
To meet *Mark Antony*. Sirrah, *Iras*, go——  
Now, noble *Charmion*, we'll dispatch indeed——

<sup>3</sup> —— *scall'd rhimers*] Sir  
*T. Hanmer* reads,

—— *scall'd rhimers*.

*Scall'd* was a word of contempt,  
implying poverty, disease, and  
filth.

<sup>4</sup> —— *quick Comedians*] The  
gay inventive players.

<sup>5</sup> —— *boy my Greatness*.] The  
parts of women were acted on  
the stage by boys. *HANMER*.

<sup>6</sup> *Their most absurd intents*.—]  
Why should *Cleopatra* call *Cæ-*  
*sar'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 assur'd intents*.—

i. e. the purposes, which they  
make themselves most sure of ac-  
complishing. *THEOBALD*.

I have preserved 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

And when thou'ft done this chare, I'll give thee leave  
To play till dooms-day. Bring our Crown, and all.  
Wherefore this noife? *[A noife within.]*

*Enter a Guardsman.*

*Guards.* Here is a rural fellow,  
That will not be deny'd your Highness' prefence;  
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: <sup>7</sup> now the fleeting moon  
No planet is of mine.

*Enter Guardsman, and Clown with a basket.*

*Guards.* This is the man.

*Cleo.* Avoid, and leave him. *[Exit Guardsman.]*  
Hast thou <sup>8</sup> 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

<sup>7</sup> ——— now the fleeting moon  
No planet is of mine.] Alluding  
to the *Aegyptian* devotion paid to  
the moon under the name of  
*Iſis*. WARBURTON.  
<sup>8</sup> — the pretty worm of *Nilus*--]  
*Worm* is the Teutonick 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*.

shou'd



should not do, but in the way of honesty. How she dy'd of the biting of it, what pain she felt! truly, she makes a very good report o' th' worm: <sup>9</sup> 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.* Farewel.

*Clown.* You must think this, look you, that the worm <sup>1</sup> 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 dress her not. But, truly, these same whore-son devils do the Gods great harm in their women! for, in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

*Cleo.* Well, get thee gone, farewell.

*Clown.* Yes, forsooth, I wish you joy o' th' worm.

[Exit.]

<sup>9</sup> 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 sly satire. It is plain this must be read the con-

trary way, and *all and half* change places. WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> will do his kind. ] The serpent will act according to his nature.

SCENE

## S C E N E 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 rouse himself  
To praise my noble act. I hear him mock  
The luck of *Cæsar*, which the Gods give men  
T'excuse their after-wrath. Husband, I come;  
Now to that name my courage prove my title!  
I am fire, and air; my other elements  
I give to baser life. So——have you done?  
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.  
Farewel, kind *Charmion*. *Iras*, long farewel.

[*Applying the asp.*  
Have I the aspick in my lips? dost 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. Dost thou lie still?  
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world,  
It is not worth leave-taking. [Iras dies.

*Char.* Dissolve, thick Cloud, and rain, that I may  
say,  
The Gods themselves do weep.

*Cleo.* This proves me base——  
If she first meet the curled *Antony*,  
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kifs,  
Which is my heav'n to have. Come, mortal wretch,  
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate

[To the serpent.  
Of life at once untie; poor venomous fool,  
Be angry, and dispatch. Oh, couldst thou speak,

<sup>2</sup> He'll make demand of her,—] ing me, and kifs her for giving  
He will enquire of her concern- him intelligence.

That

That I might hear thee call great *Cæsar* aſs,  
Unpolicied!

*Char.* Oh eastern ſtar!

*Cleo.* Peace, peace!

Dost thou not ſee my baby at my breaſt,  
That fucks 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——

[*Dies.*

*Char.* In this wild world? ſo, fare thee well.  
Now, boaſt thee, Death; in thy poſſeſſion lies  
A laſs unparallel'd. Downy windows, cloſe;  
And golden *Phæbus* never be beheld  
Of eyes again ſo royal! † Your Crown's awry;  
I'll mend it, and then play——

*Enter the Guard, ruſhing in.*

1 *Guard.* Where is the Queen?

*Char.* Speak ſoftly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* *Cæſar* hath ſent——

*Char.* Too ſlow a meſſenger.

[*Charmion applies the aſp.*

Oh, come. Apace, diſpatch. I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! all's not well. *Cæſar's*  
beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's *Dolabella* ſent from *Cæſar*. Call  
him.

3 O *Antony*! nay, I will take  
thee too.] As there has been  
hitherto no break in this verſe,  
nor any marginal direction, *thee*  
neceſſarily muſt ſeem to refer to  
*Antony*. But *Cleopatra* is here  
deſigned to apply one aſpick to  
her arm, as ſhe had before 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.* THEOB.  
4 ——*Your Crown's awry;*]  
This is well amended by the edi-  
tors. The old editions had,  
——*Your Crown's away.*

1 *Guard.*



1 *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?

2 *Guard.* All dead!

*Dol.* *Cæsar*, thy thoughts Touch their effects in this; thyself art coming To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou So fought'st to hinder.

*Enter Cæsar and Attendants.*

*All.* Make way there, make way for *Cæsar*.

*Dol.* Oh, Sir, you are too sure an augurer; That, you did fear, is done.

*Cæs.* 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?

1 *Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought her figs:

This was his basket.

*Cæs.* Poison'd then!

1 *Guard.* Oh *Cæsar*!

This *Charmion* liv'd but now, she stood and spake: I found her trimming up the diadem On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood, And on the sudden dropt.

*Cæs.* 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 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*.

*Cæs.* 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. [*Exeunt omnes.*

<sup>s</sup> — *something blown ;*] The  
flesh is somewhat *puffed* or  
*swoln*.

THIS Play keeps curiosity  
always busy, and the passions al-  
ways 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 inter-  
mission from the first Act to the  
last. But the power of delight-  
ing 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 discri-  
minated. *Upton*, who did not  
easily miss what he desired to  
find, has discovered that the  
language of *Antony* is, with great  
skill and learning, made pompous  
and superb, according to his real  
practice. But I think his diction  
not distinguishable from that of  
others : the most tumid speech in  
the Play is that which *Cæsar*  
makes to *Octavia*.

The events, of which the prin-  
cipal are described according to  
history, are produced without  
any art of connection or care of  
disposition.

C Y M B E.

CYMBELINE.

A

TRAGEDY.



# Dramatis Personæ.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*

Cloten, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*

Leonatus Posthumus, *a Gentleman married to the Princess.*

Belarius, *a banish'd 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.

POPE.

Of this Play there is no edition before that of 1623. Folio.

# CYMBELINE.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Cymbeline's Palace in Britain.*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

I 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) influ-  
enced 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 affec-  
tion is discovered not by change

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of colour, but by change of coun-  
tenance. 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 pre-  
ceding 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*

S

Of

1 *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 referr'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.

2 *Gent.* None but the King?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the  
Queen,

That most desir'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.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'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 e-v'n than  
our courtiers;*

But by venturing too far, at a second 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, *Hanmer'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 press.

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 authour too frequently require, will make emendation unnecessary. *We do not meet a man but frowns; our bloods—our countenances, which, in popular speech, are said to be regulated by the temper of the blood,—no more obey the laws of heav'n,—which direct us to appear what we really are,—than our Courtiers;—that is, than the bloods of our Courtiers; but our bloods, like theirs;—still seem, as doth the King's.*

Too



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 far.

1 *Gent.* <sup>2</sup> 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 *Cassibelan* ;  
But had his titles by *Tenantius*, whom  
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success ;  
So gain'd the sur-addition, *Leonatus*.  
And had, besides this gentleman in question,

<sup>2</sup> I DO EXTEND *him*, Sir,  
within *himself* ;

*Crush him together*,——] Thus  
the late editor, Mr. *Theobald*,  
has given the passage, and ex-  
plained it in this manner, *I ex-*  
*tend him within the lists and com-*  
*pass of his merit* : Which is just  
as proper as to say, *I go out with-*  
*in doors*. To *extend* a thing *with-*  
*in* itself is the most insufferable  
nonsense : because the very ety-  
mology of the word shews, that  
it signifies the drawing out any  
thing BEYOND its *lists and com-*  
*pass*. Besides, a common atten-  
tion 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 de-  
grees of the same thing. We  
should read and point the pas-  
sage 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 toge-  
ther. WARBURTON.

I am not able to perceive that  
the old reading is *insufferable*. I  
extend him within himself : My  
praise, however *extensive*, is *with-*  
*in* his merit. What is there in  
this which common language  
and common sense will not ad-  
mit ?

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 theam, deceas'd,  
 As he was born. The King, he takes the babe  
 To his protection, calls him *Posthumus*,  
 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 ministred,  
 And in 's spring became a harvest : <sup>3</sup> 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,  
<sup>4</sup> A glafs 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 she esteem'd him and his virtue.  
 By her election may be truly read,  
 What kind of man he is.

<sup>3</sup> — *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*.

<sup>4</sup> *A glafs that featur'd them ; ]*  
 Such is the reading in all the  
 modern editions, I know not by  
 whom first substituted, for

*A glafs 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.  
*Mirrou* 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 look-  
 ing in a glafs. When Don *Bel-  
 liarus* is stiled the mirrou of  
 knighthood, the idea given is  
 not that of a glafs in which every  
 knight may behold his own re-  
 semblance, but an example to be  
 viewed by knights as often as a  
 glafs is looked upon by girls,  
 to be viewed, that they may  
 know, not what they are, but  
 what they ought to be. Such  
 a glafs may *fear the more ma-  
 ture*, as displaying excellencies  
 which they have arrived at matu-  
 rity 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 she 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 con-  
 vey'd,  
 So slackly guarded, and the search so slow  
 That could not trace them——

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'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 Gentle-  
 man,  
 The Queen, and Princess. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

*Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, and attendants.*

*Queen.* No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,  
 daughter,  
 After the slander 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.* Dissembling courtesy! how fine this tyrant  
Can tickle, where she wounds! My dearest husband,  
I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing,  
° Always reserv'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, lest 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  
[*Aside.*]

° *Always reserv'd my holy duty,——*] I say I do not  
fear my father, so far as I may  
say it without breach of duty.

*Shakespeare*, even in this poor  
conceit, has confounded the ve-  
getable *galls* used in ink, with  
the animal *gall*, supposed to be  
bitter.

To

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 embracements 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?

### S C E N E 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  
7 A year's age on me.

*Imo.* I beseech you, Sir,  
Harm not yourself with your Vexation;  
I'm senseless of your wrath; 8 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 9 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 yare 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. *Ham-*  
*mer's* reading is better, but rather  
too far from the original copy,

—*Thou beapest many*

*A year's age on me.*

I read,

——*thou heap'st*

*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 propior luctusque*  
*domesticus angit.* OVID,  
Shall we try again,

——*a touch more rear.*

*Crudum vulnus.* But of this I  
know not any example.

There is yet another interpre-  
tation, which perhaps will re-  
move the difficulty. *A touch more*  
*rare*, may mean, *a nobler passion.*

9 —*a puttock.*] A kite.

*Imo.*



*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?

*Pis.* 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't pleas'd you to employ me.

*Queen.* This hath been  
Your faithful servant; I dare lay mine honour,  
He will remain so.

*Pis.* 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.*]

## S C E N E 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. [Aside.]

Clot. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No, but he fled *forward* still, toward your face. [Aside.]

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, puppies! [Aside.]

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. [Aside.]

Clot. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me! —

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she's damn'd. [Aside.]

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, <sup>1</sup> her beauty and her brain go not together. <sup>2</sup> She's a good Sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [Aside.]

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 ass, which is no great hurt. [Aside.]

<sup>1</sup> her beauty and her brain, &c.] I believe the Lord means to speak a sentence. Sir, as I told you always, beauty and brain go not together.

<sup>2</sup> She's a good Sign,] If *sign* be the true reading, the poet means by it *constellation*, and by *reflection* is meant *influence*. But I rather think, from the answer, that

he wrote *shine*. So in his *Venus* and *Adonis*,

*As if, from thence, they borrowed 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.*]

S C E N E V.

*Imogen's Apartments.*

*Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.*

*Imo.* **I** Would, thou grew'st unto the shores o' th'  
haven,

And question'dst every sail: if he should write,  
And I not have it, <sup>3</sup> 'twere a paper lost  
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last  
That he spake with thee?

*Pis.* 'Twas, "His Queen, his Queen!"

*Imo.* Then wav'd his handkerchief?

*Pis.* And kiss'd it, Madam.

*Imo.* Senseless linen, happier therein than I!  
And that was all?

*Pis.* No, Madam; <sup>4</sup> for so long

<sup>3</sup> ——— 'twere 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.

<sup>4</sup> ——— for so long  
As he could make me with his  
eye, or ear,

*Distinguish him from others.* — ]

But how could *Posthumus* 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 *δεικτικῶς*, 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 read-  
ing was, that *Pisanio* describes no  
address made to the ear.

A3

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 starts of's mind  
Could best express how slow his soul sail'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.

*Pis.* Madam, so I did.

*Imo.* I would have broke mine eye-strings; crackt  
'em, but  
To look upon him; <sup>5</sup> 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 *Pisano*,  
When shall we hear from him?

*Pis.* Be assur'd, Madam,  
With his <sup>6</sup> 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  
swear,  
The She's of *Italy* should not betray

<sup>5</sup> ———'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'S 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.*

<sup>6</sup> ———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 Orisons; for then  
 I am in heaven for him; <sup>7</sup> or ere I could  
 Give him that parting kiss, which I had set  
 Betwixt two charming words, <sup>8</sup> comes in my Father;  
 And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,  
 Shakes all our buds from growing.

*Enter*

<sup>7</sup> ——— 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 *douceurs*, 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,

ADIEU, POSTHUMUS.

The one Religion made so: and the other, Love.      WAR B.

*Edwards* 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.

<sup>8</sup> ——— 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 shaking 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 passed, 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 his

his



*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.* The Queen, Madam,  
Desires your Highness' company.

*Imo.* Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,

I will attend the Queen.

*Pis.* Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E 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 look'd on him, without 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 <sup>9</sup> makes him both without and within.

his using the word *blowing* here, was the reason why in the foregoing 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.

WARB.

So many words to prove so

little! A bud, without any distinct idea, whether of flower or fruit, is a natural representation of any thing incipient or immature; and the buds of flowers, if flowers must be meant, *grow* to flowers, as the buds of fruits *grow* to fruits.

<sup>9</sup> makes him] In the sense in which we say, This will *make* or *mar* you.

*French.*

*French.* I have seen him in *France*; we had very many there, could behold the sun 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, <sup>1</sup> 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 <sup>2</sup> 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.

<sup>1</sup> words him—a great deal from the truth.  
<sup>2</sup> under her colours, ] Under her banner; by her influence.

*French.*

*French.* Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness. I was glad I did attone 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; <sup>3</sup> 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 say, it is mended, my quarrel was not altogether slight.

*French.* Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; 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, <sup>4</sup> 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, wise, 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

<sup>3</sup> rather shun'd to go even with what I heard, &c. ] This is expressed with a kind of fantastical perplexity. He means, I was then willing to take for my direction the experience of others,

more than such intelligence as I had gathered myself.

<sup>4</sup> which may, without contradiction, ] Which, undoubtedly, may be publicly told.



would abate her nothing; 'tho' I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

*Iach.* 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*.<sup>6</sup> 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.

*Iach.* What do you esteem it at?

*Post.* More than the world enjoys.

*Iach.* Either your unparagon'd Mistress 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.

*Iach.* Which the Gods have given you.—

*Post.* Which, by their graces, I will keep.

*Iach.* You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stol'n too; so, of your brace of un-prizeable 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

<sup>5</sup> *tho' I profess, &c.*] Though I have not the common obligations of a lover to his mistress, and regard her not with the fondness of a friend, but the reverence of an adorer.

<sup>6</sup> *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? Nonsense. We must strike out the negative, and the sense will be this, *I can easily believe your mistress 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.* WARB.

Courtier

Courtier<sup>7</sup> 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 store of thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

*Phil.* Let us leave here, Gentlemen.

*Post.* 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.

*Post.* 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.

*Post.* You are a great deal<sup>8</sup> 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?

*Post.* 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 th'<sup>9</sup> approbation of what I have spoke.

*Post.* 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

<sup>7</sup> to convince the honour of my mistress;]. Convince, for overcome.

WARBURTON.

So in *Macheth*,

— their malady convinces

The great *essia*. of art.

<sup>8</sup> abus'd] *De it ed.*

<sup>9</sup> approbation] Proof.

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.

*Post.* I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

<sup>1</sup> *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.

*Post.* 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.

*Post.* Will you? I shall but lend my diamond 'till your Return; let there be covenants drawn between us. My Mistress 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. <sup>2</sup> If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours, so is your diamond too; if I come off, and  
leave

<sup>1</sup> *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 *Post*'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 re-

ligious fidelity.

<sup>2</sup> *Iach.* — If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, 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, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours, &c.

*Post.* I embrace these conditions, &c.] This was a wager between the two speakers. *Iachimo* declares the conditions of it; and *Posthumus* embraces them: as well

he



leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she 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 uneduc'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*; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

*Post.* Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*

*French.* Will this hold, think you?

*Phil.* Signior *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 preserved her honour he should win: concerning the other, in case she preserved 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 dia-*

*mond 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.

## S C E N E VII.

*Changes to Cymbeline's Palace in Britain.*

*Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius with a Phial.*

*Queen.* **W**HILE yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers :

Make haste.—Who has the note of them ?

*1 Lady.* I, Madam.

*Queen.* Dispatch.

*[Exeunt Ladies.]*

Now, master Doctor, you have brought those drugs ?

*Cor.* Pleaseth 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 ask'st me such a question ; have I not been  
Thy pupil long ? hast 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,  
Unless 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 sev'ral virtues and effects.

<sup>3</sup> *Other conclusions ?—*] Other — *Walton, an angler that tries con-*  
*experiments. I commend, says* clusions, and improves his art.

*Cor.* <sup>4</sup> 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 flatt'ring rascal, upon him [*Aside.*  
Will I first work ; he's for his master,  
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.* [*Solus.*] <sup>5</sup> 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 stupify 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,

<sup>4</sup> *Your Highness*  
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 authour lived  
to be shocked with such experi-  
ments as have been published in  
later times, by a race of men that  
have practised tortures without  
pity, and related them without

shame, and are yet suffered to  
erect their heads among human  
beings.

*Cape saxa manu, cape robora,  
pastor.*

<sup>5</sup> *I do not like her.*——] This  
soliloquy is very inartificial. The  
speaker is under no strong pres-  
sure of thought ; he is neither  
resolving, repenting, suspecting,  
nor deliberating, and yet makes  
a long speech, to tell himself  
what himself knows,



More than the locking up the spirits a time,  
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd  
With a most 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'st thou? dost thou  
think, in time

She will not quench, and let instructions enter  
Where folly now possesses? do thou work;  
When thou shalt bring me word she 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: <sup>6</sup> 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 <sup>7</sup> that leans?  
Who cannot be new built, and has no friends,  
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up

[*Pisanio takes up the Phial.*

Thou know'st 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't, as from thyself:  
Think, what a change thou chancest on; but think;—  
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son;  
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the King

<sup>6</sup> ———to shift his being,] To  
change his abode.

<sup>7</sup> ———that leans?] That  
inclines towards its fall.

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 sly 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.*

*Pis.* 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,

## S C E N E VIII.

[*Changes to Imogen's Apartments.*

*Enter Imogen alone.*

*Imo.* **A** Father cruel, and a Stepdame 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

<sup>8</sup> *Of leigers for her sweet;—*] resides at a foreign court, to promote his master's interest.  
A leiger ambassador, is one that

**Vexations**

Vexations of it—Had I been thief-stoll'n,  
 As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable  
 Is the desire, that's glorious. Bles'd be those,  
 How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,  
 Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? fy!

*Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.*

*Pis.* 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, most rich!  
 If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, [*Aside.*]

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 stoln as her  
 brothers were, but now she is mi-  
 serable, as all those are who have  
 a sense of worth and honour su-  
 perior to the vulgar, which occa-  
 sions them infinite vexations from  
 the envious and worthless part of  
 mankind. Had she not so refined  
 a taste as to be content only with  
 the superior merit of *Posthumus*,  
 but could have taken up with  
*Cloten*, she might have escaped  
 these persecutions. This elegance  
 of taste, 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. it's glorious.* WARB.

1 ———Bles'd be those,  
 How mean soe'er, 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-  
 sire. 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:

——Bles'd be those,  
 How mean soe'er, that have  
 their honest wills,  
 With reason's comfort.—  
 Who gratify their innocent wishes  
 with reasonable enjoyments.

She



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 notes, to whose kindnesses 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' rest, 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 [Aside.

To see this vaulted arch, <sup>2</sup> and the rich cope  
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt  
The fiery orbs above, <sup>3</sup> and the twinn'd stones  
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not

Partition

<sup>2</sup> — 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.

<sup>3</sup> — 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 Metamorphoses*;

(*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?

*Iach.* 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 wisely 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?

*Iach.* The cloyed 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?

*Iach.* Thanks, Madam, well——'Beseech you, Sir,  
[To Pisanio.

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*. *Twinn'd stones*, I do not understand. *Twinn'd shells*, or *pairs of shells*, are very common. For *twinn'd*, we might read, *twin'd*; that is, *twisted*, *convoluted*: But this sense is more applicable to shells than to stones.

Should make desire vomit emptiness,

*Not so allur'd to feed.*] i. e. that appetite, which is not allured 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. *Iachimo*, in this

counterfeited rapture, has shewn how the *eyes* and the *judgment* would determine in favour of *Imogen*, comparing her with the present mistress of *Posthumus*, and proceeds to say, that appetite too would give the same suffrage. *Desire*, says he, when it approach'd *sluttery*, and considered it in comparison with *such neat excellence*, would not only be not so allured to feed, but, seized with a fit of loathing, would vomit emptiness, would feel the convulsions of disgust, though, being un-fed, it had nothing to eject.

He's strange, and peevish.] He's a foreigner, and easily fretted.

Pis.

*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 gamefome; 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 sighs from him; whiles 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 tow'rd's 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.*



*Iach.* Two creatures heartily.

*Imo.* Am I one, Sir?

You look on me; what wreck discern you in me,  
Deserves your pity?

*Iach.* 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 openess your answers  
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

*Iach.* 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 <sup>6</sup> timely knowing,  
The remedy's then born; discover to me  
<sup>7</sup> What both you spur and stop.

*Iach.* 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; <sup>8</sup> join gripes with hands

<sup>6</sup> —— *timely knowing,*] Rather timely known.

<sup>7</sup> *What both you spur and stop*] What it is that at once incites you to speak, and restrains you from it.

<sup>8</sup> —— *join gripes with hands, &c.*] The old edition reads,

—— *join gripes with hands*  
*Made hard with hourly falsehood,*  
(*falsehood as*

*With labour*) then by *peeping* in an eye, &c.

I read,

—— *then lye peeping* ——

The authour 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 hard with hourly falshood, as with labour ;  
 Then glad myself by peeping in an eye,  
 Base and unlustrous 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,  
 Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce  
 The beggary of his change ; but 'tis your graces,  
 That from my muteſt 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 faſten'd to an empery,  
 Would make the great'ſt King double ! to be partner'd  
 With tomboys, <sup>9</sup> 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 ſtock.

*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 haſte abuſe ; if it be true,  
 How ſhall I be reveng'd ?

*Iach.* Should he make me  
 Live like *Diana's* Prieſt, betwixt cold ſheets ?  
 Whiles 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 ;

<sup>9</sup> —hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition] *Groß ſtrumpets*, hired with the very penſion which you allow your husband.

And

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  
Solicit'st here a Lady, that disdains  
Thee, and the Devil alike. What ho, *Pisanio!*—  
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* stew, 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 assur'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 enchants societies into him;  
Half all men's hearts are his.

*Imo.* You make amends.

*Iach.* He sits 'mong men, like a descended God;

<sup>1</sup> *As in a Romish stew,——]* is one of many instances in which  
The stews of Rome are deservedly *Shakespeare* has mingled the man-  
censured by the reformed. This ners of distant ages in this play.



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 fums  
 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 int'rest 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*,

I cross 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.*]

## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter Cloten, and two Lords.*

C L O T E N.

**W**AS 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. <sup>2</sup> No, my Lord ; nor crop the ears of them.

[*Aside.*

Clot. Whoreson dog ! I give him satisfaction ?  
<sup>3</sup> would, he had been one of my rank.

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool.— [ *Aside.*

Clot. I am not vext 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 fight-  
ing, 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  
crow, cock, <sup>3</sup> with your comb on. [ *Aside.*

Clot. Say'st thou ?

1 Lord. It is not fit your Lordship should undertake  
<sup>4</sup> every companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that ; but it is fit I should com-  
mit 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 ?

<sup>2</sup> No, my Lord, &c.] This, I believe, should stand thus :

1 Lord. No, my Lord.

2 Lord. Nor crop the ears of  
them.

<sup>3</sup> with your comb on.] The al-

lusion is to a fool's cap, which  
had a *comb* like a cock's.

<sup>4</sup> 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 issues 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,  
Should yield the world this ass!—a woman, that  
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son  
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,  
And leave eighteen.—Alas, poor Princess,  
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st!  
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<sup>s</sup> he'd make.—The heav'ns hold firm  
The walls of thy dear Honour; keep unshak'd  
That Temple, thy fair Mind; that thou may'st stand  
T' enjoy thy banish'd Lord, and this great land!

[*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to a magnificent Bed-chamber; in one part of it,  
a large trunk.*

*Imogen is discovered reading in her bed, a Lady attending.*

*Imo.* WHO's there? my woman *Helen*?

*Lady.* Please you, Madam—

<sup>s</sup> ———be'd make.—] In the  
old editions,

—he'd make.—

*Hammer,*

—hell made.—

In which he is followed by Dr.  
*Warburton.*

*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.*

[*Iachimo rises from the trunk.*

*Iach.* The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd  
fense

Repairs itself by rest: <sup>6</sup> our *Tarquin* thus

<sup>7</sup> 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 kiss, one kiss—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: <sup>8</sup> white and azure! lac'd

With blue of heav'n's own tinct.—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—

<sup>6</sup> —our *Tarquin*—] The speaker is an *Italian*.

<sup>7</sup> *Did softly press the rushes,*—] It was the custom in the time of our authour, to strew chambers with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets. The practice is mentioned in *Caius de E-*

*phemera Britannica.*

<sup>8</sup> —white AND azure, lac'd WITH blue of heav'n's own tinct.—] We should read,

—white with azure lac'd, THE blue of heav'n's own tinct.

*i. e.* the white skin laced with blue veins. WAREBURTON.

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 *Tereus*; 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! <sup>9</sup> that  
 dawning

<sup>9</sup> ———that dawning

*May* bear the raven's eye:— ]  
 Some copies read, *bare*, or make  
 bare; others, *ope*. 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-  
 lour of the raven's eye, which is  
*grey*. Hence it is so commonly  
 called the *grey-ey'd morning*. And  
*Romeo and Juliet*,

*I'll say you grey, is not the morn-  
 ing's eye.*

Had *Shakespeare* meant to *bare* or

*open* the eye, that is, to awake,  
 he had instanced rather in the lark  
 than raven, as the earlier riser.  
 Beside, whether the morning  
*bared* or *opened* the raven's eye  
 was of no advantage to the  
 speaker, but it was of much ad-  
 vantage 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*  
 emendation.

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.*

### S C E N E III.

*Changes to another part of the Palace, facing Imogen's Apartments.*

*Enter Cloten, and Lords.*

1 *Lord.* **Y**OUR 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 fu-  
rious, 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 musick would come : I am ad-  
vis'd to give her musick 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 wonder-  
ful sweet air with admirable rich words to it ; and then  
let her consider.

U 4

S O N G.

## S O N G.

Hark, hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings,  
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,  
 His steeds to water at those springs  
 On chalic'd flowers that lies:  
 And winking Mary-buds begin  
 To ope their golden eyes;  
 With every thing that 's pretty bin,  
 My lady sweet, arise:  
 Arise, arise.

So, get you gone——if this penetrate, I will consider your musick 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 reason 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 daughter?

Will she not forth?

1 *His steeds to water at those springs*

*On chalic'd flowers that lies: ]*

*i. e.* the morning sun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers.

WARBURTON.

*Hanmer* reads,

Each *chalic'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*.

2 ———*pretty bin*] is very properly restored by *Hanmer*, for *pretty is*; but he too grammatically reads,

*With all the things that pretty bin.*

*Clot.*

*Clot.* I have assail'd 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 sollicit; 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 dismissal 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 sencer; And towards himself, <sup>3</sup> his goodness forespent on us, We must extend our notice.—Our dear son, When you have giv'n good morning to your mistress, Attend the Queen and us; we shall have need T' employ you towards this *Roman*. Come, our  
Queen, [Exeunt.]

<sup>3</sup> —his goodness fore-spent fices done by him to us hereto-  
on us, ] i. e. the good of fore. WARBURTON.

SCENE



## S C E N E IV.

*Clot.* If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,  
Let her lie still, and dream. By your leave, ho!

[Knocks.

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 deer to th' stand o' th' stealer: and 'tis gold,  
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves 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.——

[Knocks.

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.* Who's there, that knocks?

*Clot.* A Gentleman.

*Lady.* No more?

*Clot.* Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

*Lady.* That's more

Than some, whose taylor's are as dear as yours,  
Can justly boast of. What's your Lordship's pleasure?

*Clot.* Your lady's person. Is she ready?

*Lady.* Ay, to keep her chamber.

*Clot.* There is gold for you; sell me your good re-  
port.

*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 recompence is still  
That I regard it not.

*Clot.* This is no answer.

*Imo.* But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me—'faith  
I shall unfold equal discourtesy  
To your best kindness: <sup>4</sup> one of your great knowing  
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

*Clot.*

<sup>4</sup> ——— one of your great knowing wrote,

Should learn (being TAUGHT) forbearance.] But sure, whoever is taught, necessarily learns. Learning is not the fit and reasonable consequence of being taught, but is the thing itself. As it is superfluous in the expression, so (which is the common condition of nonsense) it is deficient 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,

———one of your great knowing Should learn (being TORT) forbearance.

*i. e.* one of your wisdom should learn (from a sense of your pursuing a forbidden object) forbearance: which gives us a good and pertinent meaning in a correct 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 *Etymologicon* of the judicious *Skinner*. *WARB. Edwards* has sufficiently sported with

*Clot.* <sup>5</sup> To leave you in your madnefs, '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 forry, Sir,  
You put me to forget a lady's manners  
By being <sup>6</sup> fo 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 fo near the lack of charity  
T' accuse myself, I hate you : which I had rath  
You felt, than make my boast.

*Clot.* You fin againft  
Obedience, which you owe your father ; for

with the emendation. The plain  
fence is, That a man *who is*  
*taught forbearance should learn*  
*it.*

<sup>5</sup> To leave you in your Madnefs,  
'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 ſhe really call him fool?  
The acutest critic would be puz-  
zled to find it out, as the text  
ſtands. The reasoning is per-  
plexed 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 ſhe,  
why ſhould you ſtay? A fool

never cur'd madnefs. 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 madnefs; ſo a double  
cure will be effected, of your  
folly, and my ſuppos'd frenzy.

WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> —*ſo verbal:—*] Is, *ſo ver-  
boſe*, ſo full of talk,



7 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, <sup>8</sup> 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 stil'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

7 *The contract, &c.* ] Here  
*Shakespeare* has not preserved,  
 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 twen-  
 ty, 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.

<sup>8</sup> —in SELF-FIGUR'D knot ;]  
 This is nonsense. 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-  
 siderations. *WARBURTON.*

But why nonsense? A *self-  
 figured knot* is a knot formed by  
 yourselves.

In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,  
Were they all made such men. <sup>9</sup> How now, *Pisanio*!

*Enter Pisanio.*

*Clot.* His garment? now, the devil——

*Imo.* To *Dorothy*, my woman, hie thee presently.

*Clot.* His garment?

*Imo.* I am sprighted with a fool,  
Frighted, and angred worse—Go, bid my woman  
Search for <sup>1</sup> a jewel, that too casually  
Hath left mine arm——it was thy master's. <sup>2</sup>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 kiss aught but him.

*Pis.* '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 witness 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. [Exit.

*Clot.* I'll be reveng'd.

His meanest garment?——well. [Exit.

<sup>9</sup> Sir T. Hamner regulates this  
line thus;

——all made such men.

*Clot.* How now?

*Imo.* *Pisano!*

<sup>1</sup> —a jewel, that too casually  
Hath left my arm—] i. e. too  
many chances of losing it have  
arisen from my carelessness.

WARBURTON.

S C E N E 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 wish,  
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'erpays 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,  
Statist 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 Cæsar*  
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage  
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,  
Now<sup>2</sup> mingled with their courages, will make known

<sup>2</sup> —mingled with their courages,—] The old folio has this odd reading:

———Their discipline.  
(Now wing-led with their courages) will make known.



<sup>3</sup> To their approvers, they are people such  
That mend upon the world.

## S C E N E 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 sails,  
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 shortness, which  
Was mine in *Britain*; for the ring is won.

<sup>3</sup> To their approvers,—] *i. e.* to those who try them. WARB.

*Post.* The stone's too hard to come by.

*Iach.* 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.

*Iach.* 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 tasted 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.

*Iach.* 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.

*Iach.* First, her bed-chamber,——  
Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess,  
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

\* *And Cydnus swell'd above  
the banks, or for*  
Vol. VII.

The press of boats, or pride.]  
This is an agreeable ridicule on  
X pcc.ical

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——

*Post.* This is true;  
 And this you might have heard of here, by me,  
 Or by some other.

*Iach.* More Particulars  
 Must justify my knowledge.

*Post.* So they must,  
 Or do your honour injury.

poetical exaggeration, which gives human passions to inanimate things: and particularly, upon what he himself writes in the foregoing play on this very subject,

——— *And made*  
*The water, which they beat, to*  
*follow faster,*

As amorous of their strokes.

But the satire is not only agreeably turned, but very artfully employed; as it is a plain indication, that the speaker is secretly mocking the credulity of his hearer, while he is endeavouring to persuade him of his wife's falsehood. The very same kind of satire we have again, on much the same occasion, in *The two Gentlemen of Verona*, where the false *Proteus* says to his friend, of his friend's mistress,

— *and she hath offer'd to the*  
*doom,*

*Which unrevers'd stands in ef-*  
*fectual force,*

A sea of melting pearl, which  
 some call tears.

A certain gaiety of heart, which the speaker strives to conceal breaking out under a satire, by

which he would insinuate to his friend the trifling worth of woman's tears. *WARBURTON.*

It is easy to fit down, and give our authour meanings which he never had. *Shakespeare* has no great right to censure poetical exaggeration, of which no poet is more frequently guilty. That he intended to ridicule his own lines is very uncertain, when there are no means of knowing which of the two plays was written first. The commentator has contented himself to suppose, that the foregoing play in his book was the play of earlier composition. Nor is the reasoning better than the assertion. If the language of *Iachimo* be such as shews him to be mocking the credibility of his hearer, his language is very improper, when his business was to deceive. But the truth is, that his language is such as a skilful villain would naturally use, a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition. His gaiety shews his seriousness to be without anxiety, and his seriousness proves his gaiety to be without art.

*Iach.*



*Iach.* The chimney  
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,  
Chast *Dian*, bathing; never saw I figures  
5 So likely to report themselves; the cutter  
6 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.

*Iach.* 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.* 7 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.

*i. e.* has worked as exquisitely, nay has exceeded her if you will put motion and breath out of the question. WARBURTON.

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.] *Iachimo* 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 furniture any ways a Princess's honour? It is an *apparatus* suitable to her dignity, but certainly makes no part of her character. It might have been call'd her father's honour, that her allotments were proportion'd to her rank and quality. I am persuaded, the poet intended *Posthumus* 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 authentick." I think there is little question but

Of what is in her chamber nothing saves  
The wager you have laid.

*Jacb.* Then, <sup>8</sup> 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?

*Jacb.* Sir, I thank her, that.  
She stripp'd it from her arm. I see her yet,  
Her pretty action did out-sell 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.

*Jacb.* She writes so to you? Doth she?

*Post.* O, no, no, no. 'Tis true. Here, take this  
too: [*Gives 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. <sup>9</sup> 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!—

*Phil.* Have patience, Sir,  
And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won;

we ought to restore the place as  
I have done.

—What's this t' *her honour*?

THEOBALD.

This emendation has been followed by both the succeeding editors, but I think it must be rejected. The expression is ironical. *Jacchino* 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.

<sup>8</sup> ———if you can

*Be pale,*——] If you can forbear to flush your cheek with rage.

<sup>9</sup> —*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 stol'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.

*Iach.* 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.  
<sup>2</sup>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!

*Phil.* 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.

*Iach.* If you seek

<sup>1</sup> ——— *I'm sure*  
*She could not lose it; her at-*  
*tendants are*  
*All honourable; they induc'd to*  
*steal it!*  
*And, by a stranger!—no,—]*  
The absurd conclusions of jea-  
lousy are here admirably painted  
and exposed. *Posthumus*, 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 strong-  
er 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.

<sup>2</sup> *The cognizance*——] The  
badge; the token; the visible  
proof.



For further satisfying, under her breast,  
 3 Worthy the pressing, lies a mole, right proud  
 Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,  
 I kist 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.

*Jach.* Will you hear more?

*Post.* Spare your arithmetick.  
 Count not the turns: once, and a million!

*Jach.* 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.

*Jach.* 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.

*Jach.* With all my heart. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E VII.

*Re-enter Posthumus.*

*Post.* Is there no way for men to be, but women  
 Must be half-workers? we are bastards all;

<sup>3</sup> *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 stampt. Some coyner 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 unsmn'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;  
 Lust, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;  
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,  
 Nice longings, slanders, 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.*]

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

## Cymbeline's Palace.

*Enter, in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at one door; and at another Caius Lucius and attendants.*

## C Y M B E L I N E.

**N**OW say, what would *Augustus Cæsar* with us?  
*Luc.* When *Julius Cæsar*, 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, *Cassibelian*, thine uncle,  
 Famous in *Cæsar'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 *Cæsars*,  
 Ere such another *Julius*: *Britain* is  
 A world by 't self; 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 nat'ral 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 *Hammer's*. The *With oaks unscalable*,—



With Sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,  
But suck them up to th' top-mast. A kind of Con-  
quest

*Cæsar* 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 *Cassibelan*, who was once at point,  
Oh, giglet fortune! to master *Cæsar's* sword,  
Made *Lud's* town with rejoicing fires bright,  
And *Britons* strut 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 *Cassibelan*; 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  
This 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,

<sup>s</sup> Poor ignorant baubles,] *Ig-* nature of our boisterous seas.  
*norant*, for of no use. *WARB.* \* ————against all colour,—]  
Rather unacquainted with the Without any pretence of right.

Becomes

Becomes a warlike people, which we reckon  
Ourselves to be. We do. Say then to *Cæsar*,  
Our ancestor 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 resisted. 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, perforce  
Behoves me <sup>6</sup> keep at utterance. <sup>7</sup> 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.

*Clot.* His Majesty bids you welcome. Make pas-  
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.

<sup>6</sup> —*keep at utterance.*—] *i. e.* position.  
at extreme distance.      WARB.

More properly, in a state of well informed.

<sup>7</sup> —*I am perfect,*] I am

*Luc.* So, Sir. —

*Cym.* I know your master's pleasure, and he mine :

All the Remain is, Welcome, [Exeunt.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter* Pisanio, *reading a Letter.*

*Pis.* How ? of adultery ? wherefore write you not  
 What monsters her accuse ? *Leonatus* !  
 Oh master, what a strange infection  
 Is fall'n into thy ear ? <sup>8</sup> 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 Goddefs-like, than wife-like, such assaults  
 As would <sup>9</sup> 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 foedarie for this act, and look't  
 So virgin-like without ? Lo, here she comes.

<sup>8</sup> —*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-

cion of *Italian* poisons yet more  
 common.

<sup>9</sup> —*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*.  
 1 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,  
 2 For it doth physick love;—of his content,  
 All but in that. Good wax, thy leave. 3 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 clasp young *Cupid's* tables. Good news, Gods!

1 *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 superstition.

WARBURTON.

2 *For it doth physick love;—]* That is, grief for absence, keeps love in health and vigour.

3 ——— 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 clasp young Cupid's tables.]* Here 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 sealed 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,

*Though forfeitures them cast in prison, yet We clasp young Cupid's tables. You and vm. are, in the old angular hand, much alike.*

[*Read.*]

[Reading:

JUSTICE, and your father's wrath, should he 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 & 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' smoth'ring of the Sense—how far it is  
 To this same blessed *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?

*Pis.* One score 'twixt sun and sun,  
 Madam, 's enough for you: and too much too.

*Imo.* Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,  
 Could never go so slow. I've heard of riding wagers,

& loyal to his vow, and your to his vow and you; increasing in  
 increasing in love;] I read, Loyal love.

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands  
 5 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 costlier than would fit  
 6 A Franklin's housewife.

*Pis.* Madam, you'd best consider.

*Imo.* 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 behalf.*—] This fantastical expression means no more than sand 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 *villain* nor *vassal*.

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 substantive, to which this relative plural, *them*, can possibly have any reference? There is none; and the sense, as well as grammar, is defective. I have ventur'd to restore, against the authority of the printed copies,

—*but have a fog in ken,*

*That I cannot look thro'.*—

*Imogen* would say, “Don't talk of considering, man; I neither see present events, nor consequences; but am in a mist of fortune, and resolv'd

“to proceed on the project determin'd.” *In ken*, means, in prospect, within sight, before my eyes. *THEOBALD.*

*I see before me, man: nor here 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 soever she looks, there is a fog which she cannot see thro'. This nonsense is occasioned by the corrupt reading of, *BUT have a fog*, for, *THAT have a fog*; and then all is plain. I see before me, (says 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 substantive to which the relative plural [THEM] relates. The substantive is *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.



## S C E N E 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'ns; and bows you  
To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs  
Are arch'd so high, that Giants may jet through  
And keep<sup>8</sup> 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,  
<sup>9</sup> 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 passagemay, in my opinion,  
be very easily understood, with-  
out 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 im-  
penetrable fog.* There are objec-  
tions insuperable to all that I can  
propose, and since reason can  
give me no counsel, I will resolve

at once to follow my inclination.

<sup>8</sup> —*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.*

<sup>9</sup> *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 ac-  
ceptance of the act.

But

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, <sup>1</sup> than doing nothing for a bauble ;  
 Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk :  
 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,  
 unfledg'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 stiff age ; but unto us, it is  
 A cell of ign'rance ; travelling a-bed ;  
 A prison, for a debtor that not dares  
<sup>2</sup> To stride a limit.

*Arv.* <sup>3</sup> 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 beastly ; subtle as the fox for prey,

<sup>1</sup> ————*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 censorer knew it not. The old edition reads,

*Richer, than doing nothing for a babe.*

Of *babe*, some corrector made *bauble* ; and *Hammer* thought

himself equally authorised to make *bribe*. I think *babe* cannot be right.

<sup>2</sup> *To stride a limit.*] To overpass his bound.

<sup>3</sup> *What should we speak of,*] This dread of an old age, unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation, is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind.

Like

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 slipp'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'  
 search,

And hath as oft a stand'rous epitaph,  
 As record of fair act; nay, many time,  
 Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse,  
 Must curt'sy 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 theme, 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 demesnes have been my world;  
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; pay'd  
 More pious debts to heaven, than in all



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 Arvir.*]

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,

In

\* *I' th' Cave, &c.*] Mr. Pope reads,

*Here in the Cave, wherein their  
thoughts do hit*

*The roof of Palaces;—*

but the ſentence breaks off im-  
perfectly. 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 Brow,  
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 Brow,  
And ſo the grammar and ſyntax  
of the ſentence is compleat. We  
call the arching of a cavern, or  
overhanging of a hill, metapho-  
rically, the Brow; and in like  
manner the Greeks and Latins uſed  
ἄρξ, and *Supercilium*. THEOB.*

*—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 THEY  
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 antitheliſis. *Belarius* had  
ſpoken before of the lowneſs of  
this cave.

*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*

*beav'ns; and bows you*

*To morning's holy office. WARB.*

*Hanner reads,*

*I' th' Cave, here in this brow.*

I think the reading is this,

*I' th'*

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, "thus 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, *Arviragus*, 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<sup>s</sup> I stole these babes;  
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as  
 Thou rest'st me of my lands. *Euriphile*,  
 Thou wast 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* con-  
 jecture be not better than mine.

<sup>s</sup> —I stole these babes;] *Shake-  
 speare* 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 *Be-  
 larius* should now tell to himself  
 what he could not know better  
 by telling it.

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Pisanio, and Imogen.*

*Imo.* Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,  
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 thyself  
Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere wildness  
Vanquish my staid senses. 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 <sup>6</sup> drug-damn'd *Italy* 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.

*Pis.* Please you, read;  
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing  
The most disdain'd of fortune.

*Imogen reads.*

**T**HY 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

<sup>6</sup> —drug-damn'd—] This is another allusion to *Italian* poisons.



part thou, Pisanio, must act 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.

*Pis.* 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 <sup>7</sup> 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 nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him, And cry myself awake? That's false to 's bed! is't?

*Pis.* Alas, good lady!

*Imo.* I false? thy conscience witness, *Iachimo*,— Thou didst accuse him of incontinency, Thou then look'dst like a villain: now, methinks, Thy favour's good enough. <sup>8</sup> Some Jay of Italy, <sup>9</sup> Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him: Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion; And, for I'm richer than to hang by th' walls,

I must

<sup>7</sup> ——— states,] Persons of highest rank.

<sup>8</sup> —Some Jay of Italy] There is a prettiness in this expression, *Putta*, in Italian, signifying both a Jay and a Whore. I suppose from the gay feathers of that bird.

WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> Whose MOTHER was her painting,—] This puzzles Mr. Theobald much: he thinks it may signify whose mother was a bird of the same feather; or that it should be read, whose mother was her painting. What all this means I know not. In Mr. Row'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.

*Pis.* Good Madam, hear me——

*Imo.* True honest men being heard, like false *Æneas*,  
Were in his time thought false: and *Sinon's* Weeping  
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity  
From most true wretchedness. ' So thou, *Posthumus*,  
Wilt lay the leven 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;

edition the *M* in mother happen-  
ing to be reversed at the press, it  
came out *Wether*. And what  
was very ridiculous, *Gibbon* em-  
ployed himself (properly enough  
indeed) in finding a meaning for  
it. In short, the true word is  
*MEETHER*, a north country word,  
signifying *beauty*. So that the  
sense of, *her meether was her  
painting*, is, that she had only an  
appearance of beauty, for which  
she was beholden to her paint.

WARBURTON.

The word *meether* I never read  
nor heard. The present reading,  
I think, may stand; *some jay of  
Italy*, made by art the creature,  
not of nature, but of painting.  
In this sense *painting* may be not  
improperly termed her *mother*.

—— So thou, *Posthumus*,  
Wilt lay the leven to all proper  
men; ] When *Posthumus*  
thought his wife false, he unjust-

ly scandalized the whole sex. His  
wife here, under the same im-  
pressions of his infidelity, attend-  
ed with more provoking circum-  
stances, acquits 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 supe-  
riority of his understanding to be  
jilted, and therefore flatters his  
vanity into a conceit that the dis-  
grace was inevitable from the ge-  
neral infidelity of the sex. The  
woman, on the contrary, not  
imagining her credit to be at all  
affected in the matter, never seeks  
out for so extravagant a consolati-  
on; but at once eases her *ma-  
lice* and her *grief*, by laying the  
crime and damage at the door of  
some obnoxious coquet. *WARB.*

*Hanmer* reads,

—— lay the level——  
without any necessity.

Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but grief;  
 Thy master 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.

*Pis.* 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—  
<sup>2</sup> 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, *Posthumus*,  
 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 disedg'd by her  
<sup>3</sup> 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.

*Pis.* O gracious Lady!

<sup>2</sup> *Something's afore 't—*] The A hawk is said to *tire* upon that  
 old copy reads, *Something's afoot.* which he pecks; from *tirer*,

<sup>3</sup> *Whom now thou tir'st on,—*] Fre...ch.



Since I receiv'd command to do this business,  
I have not slept one wink.

*Imo.* Do 't, and to bed then.

*Pis.* + 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  
Purpose Return. Why hast thou gone so far,  
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,  
Th' elected deer before thee?

*Pis.* 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 rent to bottom that. But, speak.

*Pis.* Then, Madam,

I thought, you would not back again.

*Imo.* Most like,

Bringing me here to kill me.

*Pis.* 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 cursed injury.

*Imo.* Some Roman Courtezan——

*Pis.* No, on my life.

♦ *I'll wake mine eye-balls first.* *ab*, wherefore. I read,  
*Imo. Wherefore then.*] This is *I'll wake mine eye-balls out first,*  
the old reading. The modern or, *blind* first.  
editions for *wake* read *break*, and  
supply the deficient syllable by *To be unbent,*—] To have thy  
bow unbent, alluding to a hunter.

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 miss'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?

*Pis.* 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.

*Pis.* 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*.

*Pis.* I'm most glad,  
You think of other place: th' Ambassador,  
*Lucius* the Roman, comes to *Milford-Haven*  
To-morrow. <sup>6</sup> Now, if you could wear a mind

<sup>6</sup> —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  
MIEN.

Or according to the *French* or-  
thography, from whence I pre-  
sume arose the corruption;

Now, if you could wear a  
MINE. WARB.

I believe that, when this pas-  
sage is considered, there will be  
found no need of emendation.  
To wear a dark mind, is to car-  
ry a mind impenetrable to the  
search of others. *Darkness* ap-  
plied to the *mind* is *secrecy*, ap-  
plied to the *fortune* is *obscurity*.  
The next lines are obscure. You  
must, says *Pisanio*, disguise that  
greatness, which, to appear here-  
after in its proper form, cannot  
yet appear without great danger  
to itself.

Dark

Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise  
That, which, t' appear itself, must not yet be,  
But by self-danger; you should tread a course  
Pretty, and <sup>7</sup> full of view; yea, haply, near  
The residence of *Posthumus*; so nigh, at least,  
That though his actions were not visible,  
Report should render him hourly to your ear,  
As truly as he moves.

*Imo.* Oh! for such means,  
<sup>8</sup> Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,  
I would adventure.

*Pis.* 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 waggish courage;  
Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and  
As quarrellous as the weazel: <sup>9</sup> nay, you must  
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek;  
Exposing it (but, oh, the harder Heart!  
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch  
Of common-kissing *Titan*; and forget  
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein

<sup>7</sup> —*full of view*; — ] With opportunities of examining your affairs with your own eyes.

<sup>8</sup> *Though peril to my modesty*; — ] I read.

Through *p. ri.* ———  
*I would for such means adventure through peril of my modesty*; I would risk every thing but real dishonour.

<sup>9</sup> — *nay, you must forget that rarest treasure of your cheek*; *Exposing it (but oh the harder Heart, Alack, no remedy)*; — ] Who

does this *harder Heart* relate to? *Posthumus* is not here talk'd of; besides, he knew nothing of her being thus expos'd to the inclemencies of weather: he had enjoin'd a course, which would have secur'd her from these incidental hardships. I think, common sense obliges us to read,

*But, oh, the harder Hap!*  
*i. e.* the more cruel your fortune, that you must be oblig'd to such shifts.                   WARBURTON.

I think it very natural to reflect in this distress on the cruelty of *Posthumus*.

You



You made great *Juno* angry.

*Imo.* Nay, be brief:

I see into thy end, and am almost

A man already.

*Pis.* 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*

Present yourself, desire his service, tell him

Wherein you're happy; <sup>1</sup> which you'll make him  
know,

If that his head have ear in musick; doubtless,

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.

*Imo.* Thou 'rt all the comfort

The Gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away.

There's more to be consider'd; but <sup>2</sup> we'll even

All that good time will give us. <sup>3</sup> This attempt

I'm soldier to, and will abide it with

A Prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

*Pis.* Well, Madam, we must take a short farewell;

Lest, being mis'd, I be suspected of

Your carriage from the Court. My noble Mistress,

Here is a box; I had it from the Queen,

<sup>1</sup> ———which you'll make him  
know,] This is *Hanmer's*  
reading. The common books  
have it,

———which will make him know.  
*Mr. Theobald*, in one of his long  
notes, endeavours to prove, that  
it should be,

———which will make him so.  
He is followed by *Dr. Warbur-*  
*ton*.

<sup>2</sup> ———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.

<sup>3</sup> ———This attempt  
*I'm soldier to,* ———] *i. e.*  
I have enlisted and bound myself  
to it. WARBURTON.

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 !

*Imo. 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.*

*Cym.* **T**HUS 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 cross't the *Severn*. Happiness !

[ *Exit Lucius, &c.*  
*Queen.*

*Queen.* He goes hence frowning ; but it honours us,  
That we have giv'n him cause.

*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 ;

Whereto



When constrain'd by her infirmity,  
 She shew'd that duty leave unpaid to you,  
 Which duty she was bound to proffer; this  
 She wou'd have 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! [Exit.

*Queen.* Son, I say, follow the King.

*Clot.* That man of hers, *Pisanio*, her old servant,  
 I have not seen these two days. [Exit.

*Queen.* Go, look after.

*Pisanio*, that stands so 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 she 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 *British* 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!  
[Exit Queen.

*Clot.* I love, and hate her;—for she's fair and  
 royal,  
 † And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite  
Than

† And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite  
 Than lady Ladies WOMAN  
 from each one

Than lady, ladies, woman; from each one  
 The best she hath, and she of all compounded  
 Outells them all: I love her therefore;—but,  
 Disdaining 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——

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Pisanio.*

Who is here? what! are you packing, firrah?  
 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.*]

*Pis.* Oh, my good Lord!

*Clot.* 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.

*Pis.* Alas, my Lord,  
 How can she be with him? when was she mis'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 courtly 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 suiting the folly of the character. 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 *womankind.* 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?

*Pis.* 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.

*Pis.* 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.

*Pis.* <sup>s</sup> Or this, or perish.  
She's far enough; and what he learns by this, } [*Aside.*  
May prove his travel, not her danger.

*Clot.* Humh.

*Pis.* I'll write to my Lord, she's dead. Oh, } [*Aside.*  
*Imogen,*  
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

*Clot.* Sirrah, is this letter true?

*Pis.* Sir, as I think.

*Clot.* It is *Posthumus'* 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 so'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.

*Pis.* Well, my good Lord.

<sup>s</sup> Or this, or perish—] These  
words, I think, belong to *Clot-*  
*ten*, who, requiring the paper,  
says,

*Let's see't; I will pursue her*

*Even to Augustus' throne. Or  
this, or perish.*

Then *Pisano* giving the paper,  
says to himself,

*She's far enough, &c.*

*Clot.*



*Clot.* Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar *Posthumus*, thou can'st not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

*Pis.* Sir, I will.

*Clot.* Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

*Pis.* I have, my Lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

*Clot.* The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither. Let it be thy first service. Go.

*Pis.* I shall, my Lord. [*Exit.*

*Clot.* 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 Pisanio, with a suit of clothes.*

Be those the garments?

*Pis.* Ay, my noble Lord.

*Clot.* How long is 't since she went to *Milford-Haven*?

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*Pis.*

*Pis.* 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.*]

*Pis.* 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 slowness. Labour be his meed! [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E VII.

*Changes to the Forest and Cave.*

*Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes.*

*Imo.* I See, a man's life is a tedious one:  
I've tir'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 *Pisanio* shew'd thee,  
Thou wast 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 miss 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  
<sup>6</sup> Is sorer, than to lye for need; and falshood  
Is worse in Kings, than Beggars. My dear Lord!  
Thou 'rt one o' th' false ones; now I think on thee,

<sup>6</sup> *Is sorer,* — ] Is a greater, or heavier crime.

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 hardness 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'ns !

[*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.—*] 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' TEND.—*

*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 *Hanmer'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 *civilised* and *peaceable*,  
*take* a price for what I want, or  
*lend* it for a future recompence ;  
if you are *rough inhospitable* in-  
habitants of the mountain, *speak*,  
that I may know my state.



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 savoury; weariness  
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth  
 Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,  
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

*Guid.* I'm thoroughly weary.

*Arr.* I'm weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

*Guid.* There is cold meat i' th' cave, we'll brouze  
 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 divineness  
 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  
 troth,  
 I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I'd  
 found

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.* Money, youth?

*Arr.* 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.* Pr'ythee, 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.

*Arv.* 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.* 'Mong'ft friends?  
If brothers, would it had been so, that they  
Had been my father's sons! 'then had my prize } [*Aside.*  
Been less, and so more equal ballasting }  
To thee, *Posthumus*.

*Bel.* He wrings at some distress.

*Guid.* 'Would I could free 't!

*Arv.* Or I, whate'er it be,

<sup>s</sup> *I'd bid for you, as I'd buy.*] This is *Hanmer's* reading. The other copies,

*I bid for you, as I do buy.*

<sup>9</sup> — then had my prize

Been less, and so more equal ballasting ] *Hanmer* reads

plausibly, but without necessity, *price*, for *prize*, and *balancing*, for *ballasting*. He is followed by *Dr. Warburton*. The meaning is, Had I been a less prize, I should not have been too heavy for *Posthumus*.

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 *Leonaus* 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.*]

<sup>1</sup> *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 defering multitudes,*

i. e. obsequious, paying deference.- Deferer, *Ceder par respect a quelcun, obeir, condescendere,* &c. Deferent, *civil, respectueux,* &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* rabble.

SCENE



## S C E N E VIII.

*Changes to Rome.**Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.*

1 *Sen.* **T**HIS 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 business. He creates  
*Lucius* Pro-consul; <sup>2</sup> and to you, the tribunes,  
For this immediate levy, he commands  
His absolute commission. Long live *Cæsar*!

*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.*

<sup>2</sup> ———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 substitute;

———he 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.

## A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*The Forest in Wales.**Enter Cloten alone.*

I Am near to th' place where they should meet, if *Pisano* have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! why should his mistress, 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 glass to confer; in his own chamber I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not 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 oppositions; yet this <sup>3</sup> ill-perseverant thing loves him in my despiht. What mortality is! *Posthumus*, thy head, which is now growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy mistress enforc'd, thy garments cut to pieces <sup>4</sup> before her face; and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my

<sup>3</sup> *ill-perseverant*] *He never*. The former editions have *imperseverant*.

<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. *Imogen's*, done to despite her, who had said, she esteem'd *Posthumus's* garment above the person of *Cloten*.  
WARBURTON.

commendations,

commendations. My horse is ty'd 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.*]

S C E N E 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;  
<sup>5</sup> 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;  
<sup>6</sup> How much the quantity, the weight as much,

<sup>5</sup> Stick to your journal course; the breach of custom	broken, nothing follows but confusion.
Is breach of all ——— ] Keep your daily course uninterrupted; if the stated plan of life is once	<sup>6</sup> How much the quantity, ——— ] I read, As much the quantity, ———



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 sire 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.

*Imo.* I wish ye sport.

*Arv.* You health——So please you, Sir.

*Imo.* [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what  
lies I've heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:  
Experience, oh, thou disprov'st report.

Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish  
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still, heart-sick——*Pisanio,*

I'll now taste of thy drug. [*Drinks out of the phial.*]

*Guid.* <sup>7</sup> I could not stir him.

He said, he was <sup>8</sup> 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,

<sup>7</sup> *I could not stir him.*] Not  
move him to tell his story.

<sup>8</sup> —gentle, but unfortunate;]  
Gentle, is well-born, of birth  
above the vulgar.

For you must be our housewife.

*Imo.* 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 sauc'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?

### S C E N E 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

<sup>9</sup> *Mingle their spurs together.*] which grow against walls, and  
*Spurs*, an old word for the fibres therefore may be sometimes en-  
of a tree. POPE. tangled with the *Elder*. Perhaps

<sup>1</sup> *—stinking Elder,—*] *Shake-* we should read *untwine from the*  
*speare* had only seen *English vines* *wine*.

*Cloten*, 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.*

*Clot.* Soft! what are you,  
That fly me thus? some villain-mountaineer.  
I've heard of such. What slave art thou?

*Guid.* A thing  
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering  
A slave without a knock.

*Clot.* 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?

*Clot.* Thou villain base,  
Know'st 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.

*Clot.* 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.

*Clot.* Thou injurious thief,  
Hear but my name, and tremble.

*Guid.* What's thy name?

*Clot.* *Cloten*, thou villain.

*Guid.* *Cloten*, then, double villain, be thy name,  
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, spider,  
I  
'Twould



'Twould move me sooner.

*Clot.* 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.

*Clot.* Art not afraid?

*Guid.* Those that I rev'rence, those I fear, the wise;  
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

*Clot.* 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 *Lud's* town set your heads.  
Yield, rustick mountaineer. *[Fight, and exeunt.]*

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Belarius and Arviragus.*

*Bel.* No company's abroad.

*Arv.* None in the world; you did mistake him,  
sure.

*Bel.* I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,  
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour  
Which then he wore; <sup>2</sup> the snatches in his voice,  
And burst of speaking, were as his: I'm absolute  
'Twas very *Cloten*.

*Arv.* In this place we left them;  
I wish my brother make good time with him,  
You say, he is so fell.

<sup>2</sup> —the snatches in his voice,  
And burst of speaking,—] This  
is one of our authour's strokes of  
observation. An abrupt and tu-

multuous utterance very fre-  
quently accompanies a confused  
and cloudy understanding.

*Bel.*

*Bel.* <sup>3</sup> Being scarce made up,  
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension  
Of roaring terrors; for th' 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.* <sup>4</sup> I'm perfect, what; cut off one *Cloten's*  
head,  
Son to the Queen, after his own report;

<sup>3</sup> In the old editions,  
*Being scarce made up,*  
*I mean, to man, he had not ap-*  
*prehension*  
*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 *Arviragus* says of his being so fell. “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 con-

trary. *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 th' effect of judgment  
*Is oft the cause of fear.*

THEOBALD:

*Hammer* reads, with equal justness of sentiment,

—for defect of judgment  
*Is oft the cure of fear.*—

But, I think, the play of effect and cause more resembling the manner of our authour.

+ *I'm perfect, what;—*] I am well informed, what. So in this play,

*I'm perfect, the Pannonians*  
*are in arms.*

Who

Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore  
 With his own single hand, he'd <sup>5</sup> 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 we do fear the law ? What company  
 Discover you abroad ?

*Bel.* No single foul

Can we set eye on ; but, in all safe reason,  
 He must have some attendants. <sup>6</sup> 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

<sup>5</sup> —take us in ; ] To take in, was the phrase in use for to apprehend an out-law, or, to make him amenable to publick justice.

<sup>6</sup> ——— Though his honour Was nothing but mutation, &c.] What has his honour to do here, in his being changeable in this sort ? 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 govern'd by *humour*, not sound sense ; yet not madness itself

“ could make him so hardy to attempt an enterprise of this nature alone, and unseconded.”

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 fashion, which was perpetually changing. A fine stroke of satire, well expressed : yet the *Oxford 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 forefay it; howsoe'er,  
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 reck. [Exit.

*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'st robb'd me of this deed; I would, 8 revenges  
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 hasty *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 ——— revenges

That possible strength might meet]  
Such pursuit of vengeance as fell  
within any possibility of opposi-  
tion.

9 I'd let a parish of such *Clotens* blood,  
And praise myself for charity.

[*Exit.*

*Bel.* O thou Goddess,  
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st  
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 enchas'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  
*Clotens blood,*] This non-  
sense should be corrected thus.

I'd let a MARISH of such *Clotens blood,*

*i. e.* a marsh or lake. So *Smith*,  
in his account of *Virginia*, *Yea*  
*Venice*, at this time the admiration  
of the earth, was at first but  
a marish, inhabited by poor fisher-  
men. 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 nonsense  
very liberally through this play.  
Why this is nonsense, I cannot  
discover. I would, says the young  
Prince, to recover *Fidele*, kill as  
many *Clotens* as would fill a pa-  
*rish.*

*Guid.* Is he at home?

*Bel.* He went hence even now.

*Guid.* What does he mean? Since death of my  
dear'st 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 *Cadwal* mad?

S C E N E 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

<sup>1</sup> *Ob, melancholy!*

*Who ever yet could found thy  
bottom? find*

*The ooze, to shew what coast  
thy sluggish care*

*Might eas'liest harbour in?— ]*

But as plausible as this at first  
sight may seem, all those, who  
know any thing of good writing,  
will agree, that our author must  
have wrote,

————— *to shew what coast thy  
sluggish carrack*

*Might eas'liest harbour in?—*

*Carrack* is a slow, heavy built  
vessel of burden. This restores  
the uniformity of the metaphor,  
compleats the sense, and is a word  
of great propriety and beauty to  
design a melancholic person.

WARBURTON.

Might



Might eas'liest harbour in?—thou blessed thing!  
*Jove* 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 slander,  
 Out-sweeten'd not thy breath. <sup>2</sup> 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;

<sup>2</sup> ——— *The Ruddock would,  
 With charitable bill, bring thee  
 all this;*

*Yea, and furr'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  
 coarse with *moss*? A coarse might

indeed be said to be *winter-*  
*grounded* in good thick clay. But  
 the epithet *furr'd to moss* directs  
 us plainly to another reading,

*To winter-gown thy coarse —*  
*i. e.* the summer habit shall be  
 a light *gown* of *flowers*, thy win-  
 ter habit a good warm *furr'd*  
*gown* of *moss*. WARBURTON.

The *Ruddock* is the *Red-breast*.

Yea, and furr'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 protract with admiration what  
Is now due debt.—To th' grave.

*Arv.* Say, where shall's lay him ?

*Guid.* By good *Euriphile*, our mother.

*Arv.* Be't so :

And let us, *Paladour*, though now our voices  
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to th' ground,  
As, once, our mother ; use like note, and words,  
Save that *Euriphile* 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 less. For  
*Cloten*

Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's son, boys,  
And though he came our enemy, remember,  
<sup>3</sup> He was paid for that : tho' mean and mighty, rotting  
Together, have one dust, yet <sup>4</sup> 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.

<sup>3</sup> He was paid for that :—]  
*Harmer* reads,

He has paid for that :

rather plausibly than rightly.  
*Paid* is for *pun shed*. So *Johnson*,  
*Twenty things more, my friend,*  
*which you know due,*

For which, or pay me quickly,  
or I'll pay you.

<sup>4</sup> ———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'* body is as good as *Ajax*,  
When neither are alive.

*Arv.* If you'll go fetch him,  
We'll say 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.

## S O N G.

*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.* <sup>5</sup> *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, iūning, physick, must*

*All follow this, and come to dust.*

*Guid.* *Fear no more the lightning-flash.*

*Arv.* *Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone.*

*Guid.* <sup>6</sup> *Fear not slander, censure rash.*

*Arv.* *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.*

*Both.* *All lovers young, all lovers must*

<sup>7</sup> *Consign to thee, and come to dust.*

<sup>5</sup> *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*. Τέκνον ἄθλιον ἔκετι διψήσεις, ἔκετι περιήσεις, &c.

WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *Fear not slander, &c.]* Perhaps,

*Fear not slander's consue rash.*

<sup>7</sup> *Consign to thee,—]* Perhaps, *Consign to this.—*

And in the former stanza, for *all follow this*, we might read, *all follow thee.*



Guid. *No excrifer harm thee!*

Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*

Guid. *Ghost, unlaid, forbear thee!*

Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee?*

Both. *Quiet consummation have,  
And renowned be thy Grave!*<sup>s</sup>

## S C E N E 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 fitt'it for Graves.—Upon their faces—  
You were as flow'rs, now wither'd; even so  
These herbelets shall, which we upon you strow.  
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 *Miford-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, soft! no bedfellow,—Oh Gods, and God-  
desses! [*Seeing the body.*

These flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world;  
This bloody man the care on't.—I hope, I dream;

<sup>s</sup> For the obsequies of *Fidèle*, learning and abilities. I shall  
a song was written by my unhap- give it a place at the end in ho-  
py friend, Mr. *William Collins* of nour of his memory.  
*Cbi. bester*, a man of uncommon

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-*  
*sanio!*——

All curses madded *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,  
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou,  
 'Twas thou, conspiring with that devil *Cloten*,  
 Hast 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? *Pisa-*  
*no?*——

'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

<sup>9</sup> 'Twas thou, &c.] The old  
 copy reads thus,  
 —— *thou*  
*Conspir'd with that irregular*

*devil Cloten.*  
 I suppose it should be,  
*Conspir'd with th' irreligious*  
*devil Cloten.*

A a 4

Murd'rous

Murd'rous to th' senses? that confirms it home :  
 This is *Pisanis's* deed, and *Cloten's*. Oh!  
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,  
 That we the horrider may seem to those  
 Which chance to find us. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter Lucius, Captains, and a Soothsayer.*

*Cap.* To them, the legions garrison'd in *Gallia*,  
 After your will, have cross'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*,  
*Syenna'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 num-  
 bers

Be muster'd; bid the Captains look to't. Now, Sir,  
 What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's pur-  
 pose?

*Sooth.* Last night, the very Gods shew'd me a vi-  
 sion.

(I fast,

<sup>1</sup> *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 WAREY Gods—*  
*Warey*



(I fast, and pray'd for their intelligence)  
 I saw *Jove's* bird, the *Roman* eagle, wing'd  
 From the spungy south, to this part of the West,  
 There vanish'd in the sun-beams; which portends,  
 Unless my sins abuse my divination,  
 Success to th' *Roman* Host.

*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 mak'st thy bloody pillow? <sup>2</sup> who was he,  
 That, otherwise than noble Nature did,  
 Hath alter'd that good picture? what's thy interest  
 In

*Warey* here signifying, *animad-  
 verting, forewarning, ready to  
 give notice*; not, as in its more  
 usual meaning, *cautious, reserved*.

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.

<sup>2</sup> ——— who was he,

That, otherwise than noble Na-  
 ture did,

Hath alter'd that good picture?]

The editor, Mr. Theobald, cavils

at this passage. He says, *it is  
 far from being strictly grammati-  
 cal*; 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 sub-joining, *Shakespeare di-  
 signed*

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 Chump.* 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.* *Fidèle,* Sir.

*Luc.* Thou dost approve thyself the very same;  
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.

*signed to say, If the text be genuine, who hath alter'd that good picture from what noble nature at first made it.* Here again he is mistaken; *Shakespeare* meant, like a plain man, just as he *saw*; and as our editor first paraphrased him, who hath *alter'd* that good picture otherwise than nature *alter'd* it? And the solution of the difficulty in this sentiment, which so much perplexed him, is this: The speaker sees a young man without a head, and consequently much *shorten'd* in stature; on which he breaks out into this exclamation, who hath *alter'd* this good form, by making it shorter; so contrary to the practice of nature which by yearly accession of

growth *alters* it by making it taller. No occasion then for the editor to change *DID* into *BID* with an allusion to the command against murder; which then should have been *forbid* instead of *bid*. WARBURTON.

Here are many words upon a very slight debate. The sense is not much cleared by either critic. The question is asked, not about a *body*, but a *picture*, which is not very apt to grow shorter or longer. To *do* a picture, and a picture is well *done*, are standing phrases; the question therefore is, who has altered this picture, so as to make it otherwise than nature *did* it.

Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say  
 Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,  
 No less belov'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 <sup>3</sup> these poor pickaxes can dig; and when  
 With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his  
 Grave,

And on it said a century of pray'rs,  
 Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;  
 And, leaving so 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, <sup>4</sup> arm him. Boy, he is preferr'd  
 By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd  
 As soldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine eyes:  
 Some Falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>3</sup> —these poor pickaxes—] Meaning her fingers.

<sup>4</sup> ————arm him.—] That is, *Take him up in your arms.*

HANMER.

S C E N E



## S C E N E VIII.

<sup>s</sup> *Changes to Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisano.*

*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'ns!  
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.

*Pis.* 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 loyally. For *Cloten,*  
There wants no diligence in seeking him,  
And will no doubt be found.

<sup>s</sup> *Changes to Cymbeline's Pa-* use in the progress of the fable,  
*lace.]* This scene is omitted a- yet it makes a regular prepara-  
gainst all authority by Sir T. tion for the next Act.  
*Hammer.* It is indeed of no great

*Cym.*

*Cym.* The time is troublesome,  
We'll slip you for a season, but <sup>6</sup>our jealousy [*To Pis.*  
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,  
<sup>7</sup>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.*

*Pis.* 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  
Perplext 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 <sup>8</sup>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.*

<sup>6</sup> —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 cause is depending.

forces are able to face such an ar-  
my as we hear the enemy will  
bring against us.

<sup>8</sup> —to the note o' th' King,—]  
I will so distinguish myself, that  
the King shall remark my valour.

<sup>7</sup> Your preparation, &c.] Your

S C E N E

## S C E N E IX.

*Changes to the Forest.*

*Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

*Guid.* **T**H E 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 *Cloten's* death, we being not known, nor muster'd  
Among the bands, may drive us to <sup>9</sup> a Render  
Where we have liv'd, and so extort from us  
That which we've done, <sup>1</sup> 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 <sup>2</sup> 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.

<sup>9</sup> ——— a Render

*Where we have liv'd;—*] An  
account of our place of abode.

This dialogue is a just repre-  
sentation of the superfluous cau-  
tion of an old man.

<sup>1</sup> ——— whose answer—] The

retaliation of the death of *Cloten*  
would be death, &c.

<sup>2</sup> ——— their quarter'd fires,—]

Their fires regularly disposed.



*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 deserv'd my service, nor your loves,  
Who find in my exile the want of breeding;  
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeless  
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 agham'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 bless 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!*

*Arv.* So say I, *Amen.*

*Bel.* No reason I, since of your lives you set  
So slight a valuation, should reserve  
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. [*Aside.*  
*Exeunt.*]

## A C T V. S C E N E I.

*A Field between the British and Roman Camps.*

*Enter Posthumus, with a <sup>3</sup> bloody handkerchief.*

P O S T H U M U S.

<sup>4</sup> Y E A, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee ; for I wisht,  
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

<sup>3</sup> *bloody handkerchief.* ] The bloody token of *Imogen's* death, which *Pisanio* in the foregoing act determined to send.

<sup>4</sup> *Via, 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 sooths 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<sup>5</sup> 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 ill with ill, <sup>6</sup> each elder worse,  
<sup>7</sup> And make them dread it to the doers' thrift.

<sup>5</sup> —to put on,—] Is to incite, to instigate.

<sup>6</sup> —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.

<sup>7</sup> And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.] The Divinity-schools have not furnish'd juster observations on the conduct of providence, than *Posthumus* gives us here in his private reflections. You Gods, says he, act 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' thrift.

Here's a relative without an antecedent substantive ; which is a breach of grammar. We must certainly read,

And make them dreaded, to the doers' thrift.

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i. e. others you permit to aggravate one crime with more ; which enormities not only make them revered and dreaded, but turn in other kinds to their advantage. Dignity, respect, and profit, accrue to them from crimes committed with impunity. THEOB.

This emendation is followed by *Hanmer*. Dr. *Warburton* reads, I know not whether by the printer's negligence,

And make them dread, to the doers' thrift.

There seems to be no very satisfactory sense yet offered. I read, but with hesitation,

And make them deeded, to the doers' thrift.

The word *deeded* I know not indeed where to find ; but *Shakespeare* has, in another sense, *undeeded*, in *Macbeth* :

—My sword

I sheath again undeeded.

I will try again, and read thus,

—others you permit

To second ill with ill, each other worse,

And make them trade it to the doers' thrift.

*Trade* and *thrift* correspond. Our authour plays with *trade*, as it signifies a lucrative vocation, or a frequent practice. So *Isabella* says,

Thy sins not accidental, but a trade.

B b

Bu



But *Imogen's* your own. <sup>s</sup> 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 mistress. Peace!  
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heav'ns,  
 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 guise 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; he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.*

*Iach.* The heaviness, and guilt, within my bosom,  
 Takes off my manhood. I've bely'd a lady,  
 The Princess 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

<sup>s</sup> —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 exeunt.*

*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.

*Iach.* 'Tis their fresh supplies.

*Luc.* It is a day turn'd strangely. Or betimes  
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Another Part of the Field of Battle.*

*Enter Posthumus, and a British Lord.*

*Lord.* **C**Am'st 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 his wings destitute, the army broken,  
 And but the backs of *Britain* seen; all flying  
 Through a strait 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 strait Pass was  
 damm'd

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living  
 To die with lengthen'd shame.

*Lord.* Where was this lane?

*Post.* 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 Base, than to commit such slaughter;  
 With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer  
 Than those <sup>9</sup> 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 shun 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,"

<sup>9</sup> —for preservation cas'd, or  
 shame,] *Shame*, for modesty.

WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hammer reads the pas-  
 sage thus:

*Than some for preservation cas'd.*

For shame,

Make good the passage, cry'd  
 to those that fled,

Our Britain's Harts die flying,  
 &c.

The old reading is right.

Accom-



Accommodated by the place, more charming  
 With their own Noblenefs which could have turn'd  
 A diftaff to a lance, gilded pale looks ;  
 Part fhame, part fpirit renew'd ; that fome, turn'd  
 coward

But by example, (oh, a fin in war,  
 Damn'd in the firft 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' chafer, a retire ; anon,  
 ' A rout, confufion thick. Forthwith they fly  
 Chickens, the way which they ftoop'd eagles ; flaves,  
 The ftrides 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'ns, how they wound  
 Some flain before, fome dying ; fome their friends  
 O'er-borne i' th' former wave ; ten, chac'd by one,  
 Are now each one the fllaughter-man of twenty ;  
 Thofe, that would die or ere refift, are grown  
 The mortal <sup>2</sup> bugs o' th' field.

*Lord.* This was ftrange chance.

A narrow lane ! an old man, and two boys !

*Post.* <sup>3</sup> Nay, do not wonder at it ; you are made

<sup>1</sup> *A rout, confufion thick.*—] This is read as if it was a *thick confufion*, and only another term for *rout* : whereas *confufion-thick* fhould be read thus with an hyphen, and is a very beautiful compound epithet to *rout*. But *Shakespeare's* fine diction is not a little obfcured throughout by thus diffiguring his compound adjectives. WARBURTON.

I do not fee what great addition is made to *fine diction* by this compound. Is it not as natural to enforce the principal event in a ftory by repetition, as to enlarge

the principal figure in a picture ?

<sup>2</sup> ———bugs—] Terrors.

<sup>3</sup> *Nay, do not wonder at it ;* ] Sure, this is mock reasoning with a vengeance. What ! becaufe he was made fitter to wonder at great actions, than to perform any, is he therefore forbid to wonder ? *Not* and *but* are perpetually miftaken for one another in the old editions. THEOBALD.

There is no need of alteration. *Posthumus* firft bids him not wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach, that wonder is all that he was made for.

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,  
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*”

*Lord.* Nay, be not angry, Sir.

*Post.* '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.]

*Post.* 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 sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do 't,  
And yet died too? <sup>4</sup> 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-  
ster,

'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 <sup>5</sup> favourer to the *Roman*,  
No more a *Briton*, I've resum'd again

<sup>4</sup> —I, in mine own woe charm'd,] Alluding to the common superstition 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 superstition, which made *Erasmus*, where, in his *Moriae Encomium*, he gives to each nation its pro-

per characteristic, say, *Germani corporum proceritate & magis cognitione sibi placent*: and *Prior*, in his *Alma*,

*North Britons hence have second fight*:

*And Germans free from gunshot fight.* WARB.

<sup>5</sup> —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*; <sup>6</sup> 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 silly 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.*

<sup>6</sup> —great the answer be] Answer, as once in this play before, is retaliation.

<sup>7</sup> That gave th' affront with them.] That is, that turned their faces to the enemy.



## S C E N E III.

*Changes to a Prison.**Enter Posthumus, and two gaolers.*

1 *Gaol.* <sup>8</sup> **Y**OU 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 wrists ; 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,  
Desir'd, more than constrain'd ; <sup>9</sup> 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,

<sup>8</sup> *You shall not now be stoll'n,]*  
The use of the Gaoler alludes  
to the custom of putting a lock  
on a horse's leg, when he is turn-  
ed to pasture.

<sup>9</sup> ——— to satisfy,  
If of my freedom 'tis the main  
part, take  
No stricter render of me, than

*my all.]* What we can dis-  
cover from the nonsense of these  
lines is, that the speaker, in a fit  
of penitency, compares his cir-  
cumstances with a debtor's, who  
is willing to surrender up all to  
appease his creditor. This being  
the sense in general, I may ven-  
ture 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.

<sup>2</sup> *Solemn musick: Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with musick before them. Then, after other musick, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus 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 stricter 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 atone with,

——— take

No stricter Render of me, than  
 my all.      WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> —cold bonds.— ] This equivocal use of *bonds* is another instance of our authour's infelicity in pathetick speeches.

<sup>2</sup> *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 foisted in afterwards for meer show, and apparently 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, *Jove!* (as men report

Thou orphans' father art)

Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him

From his earth-vexing smart.

*Moth.* *Lucina* lent not me her aid,

But took me in my throes ;

<sup>3</sup> That from me my *Posthumus* ript,

Came crying 'mongst his foes,

A thing of pity! ———

*Sici.* Great Nature, like his ancestry,

Moulded the stuff so fair ;

That he deserv'd the praise o' th' world,

As great *Sicilius'* heir.

<sup>1</sup> *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 ?

*Moth.* With marriage wherefore was he mockt,

To be exil'd, and thrown

From *Leonatus'* seat, and cast

From her his dearest one ?

Sweet *Imogen!* ———

*Sici.* Why did you suffer *Iachimo*,

Slight thing of *Italy*,

To taint his noble heart and brain

With needless jealousy,

<sup>3</sup> *That from me my Posthumus*  
*ript.*] The old copy reads,  
*That from me was Posthumus*  
*ript.*

Perhaps we should read,  
*That from my womb Posthu-*  
*mus ript,*  
*Came crying 'mongst his foes.*



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.*

*Jupit.* 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'd,

No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.  
Whom best I love, I cross; 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 *Jovial* star reign'd at his birth, and in

Our temple was he married. Rise, 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 pleasure his full fortune doth confine;  
And so, away. No farther with your din

Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.

Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*

*Sici.* He came in thunder, his celestial 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 cloy's 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.*

*Post.* [*waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire,  
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 Greatness' 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

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-  
vive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then  
shall Posthumus 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 ?

*Post.* Over-roasted rather ; ready long ago.

*Gaol.* Hanging is the word, Sir ; if you be ready  
for that, you are well cook'd.

\*'Tis still a dream ; or else such  
stuff, as madmen

Tongue, and brain not—do ei-  
ther both, or nothing—

Or senseless speaking, or a  
speaking such

As sense cannot untie.—] The  
obscurity of this passage arises  
from part of it being spoke of the  
prophecy, and part to it. This  
writing on the Tablet (says he)  
is still a dream, or else the raving  
of madness. Do thou, O Tablet,  
either both, or nothing ; either let  
thy words and sense go together,  
or be thy bosom a *rasa tabula*.

As the words now stand they are  
nonsense, or at least involve in  
them a sense which I cannot di-  
velope. 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-  
sciousness, as in a dream, or a  
speech unintelligible, as in mad-  
ness, be it as it is, it is like my  
course of life.* We might per-  
haps read,

Whether both, or nothing—

*Post.*



*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, <sup>5</sup> 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 <sup>6</sup> 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 <sup>7</sup> jump the after-enquiry on your own pe-

<sup>5</sup> 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 *as paid, filied, satiated.*

<sup>6</sup> debtor, and creditor,] For an accounting book.

<sup>7</sup> jump the after-enquiry] That is, a venture at it without thought. So *Macbeth,*

*I'd jump the life to come.*

ril: and how you shall speed in your journey's-end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

*Post.* 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.

*Post.* Thou bring'st good news; I am called to be made free.

*Gaol.* I'll be hang'd then.

*Post.* Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.*]

*Gaol.* Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget 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 defolation of gaolers and gallowses; I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E

## S C E N E IV.

## Cymbeline's Tent.

*Enter* Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus,  
Pisano, *and Lords.*

*Cym.* **S**TAND 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 <sup>s</sup> one that promis'd nought  
But begg'ry and poor Looks.

*Cym.* No tydings of him ?

*Pis.* 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.*

<sup>s</sup> —one that promis'd nought  
But begg'ry and poor Looks.]  
But how can it be said, that one,  
whose *poor Looks* promise *beggary*,  
promised *poor Looks* too ? it was  
not the poor look which was pro-  
mised : 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 pro-  
mis'd nothing but *poor Luck*, and  
yet perform'd all these wonders.

WARBURTON.

To promise *nothing but poor  
looks*, may be, to give no promise  
of courageous behaviour.

By



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,  
Unless I add, we're honest.

*Cym.* Bow your knees.

[*They kneel.*]

Arise 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!

To sour your happiness, I must report  
The Queen is dead.

*Cym.* Whom worse than a physician  
Would this report become? But I consider,  
By med'cine 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 she 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, she 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!

## S C E N E 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 made 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  
threatned

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,  
<sup>9</sup> 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 hast look'd thyself into my grace,

<sup>9</sup> So feat, — ] So ready ; so  
dexterous in waiting.

<sup>1</sup> — 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 perplext?

*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  
vassal,

Am something nearer.

*Cym.* Wherefore eye'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?

*Arr.*

*Arv.* <sup>2</sup> One sand 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; for-  
bear,

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 falshood.—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?

*Iach.* Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that,  
Which to be spoke would torture thee.

*Cym.* How? me?

*Iach.* I'm glad to be constrain'd to utter what

<sup>2</sup> *One sand another*  
*Not more resembles THAT sweet*  
*rosy lad,]* A slight corruption  
has made nonsense of this pas-  
sage. 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 pro-  
perly pointed, needs no altera-  
tion.

Torments me to conceal. By villany  
I got this ring; 'twas *Leonatus*' 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 false 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*, accurs'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 *Posthumus*—  
What should I sa, ? he was too good to be  
Where ill men were; and was the best of all  
Amongst the rar't of good ones—fitting sadly,  
Hearing us praise our Loves of *Italy*  
For Beauty, that made barren the well'd Boast  
Of him that best could speak, <sup>3</sup> for Feature, laming  
The shrine of *Venus*, or straight-pight *Minerva*,  
Postures,

<sup>3</sup> —for feature, laming] *Fea-*  
*ture*, for proportion of parts,  
which Mr. *Theobald* did not under-  
standing, would alter to *nature*.

————— for feature, laming

*The shrine of Venus, or straight-*  
*pight Minerva,*

*Postures, beyond brief nature:—]*  
*i. e.* The ancient statues of *Venus*  
and *Minerva*, which exceeded,

in beauty of exact proportion,  
any living bodies, the work of  
*brief nature*, i. e. of hasty, un-  
elaborate nature. He gives the  
same character of the beauty of  
the Antique in *Antony* and *Cleo-*  
*patra*:

O'er picturing that *Venus* where  
*see*

The fancy out-work nature.



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,

Unless 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 sentimens ont été partagez sur la beauté de l'antique.* Les gens d'esprit qui aiment les beaux arts ont estimé dans tous les tems ces merveilleux ouvrages. *Nous voyons dans les anciens auteurs quantité de passages ou pour louer les beautés vivantes ou les comparoit aux statues.* Ne vous imaginez point (ait Maxime de Tyr) de pouvoir jamais trouver une beauté naturelle, qui le dispute aux statues. Ovid, ou il fait la description de Cyllare, le plus beau de Centaures, dit Qu'il avoit une si grande vivacité dans le visage, que le col, les épaules, les mains, & l'estomac en étoient si beaux qu'on pouvoit assurer qu'en tout ce qu'il avoit de l'homme c'étoit la même beauté que l'on remarque dans les statues les plus parfaites. Et *Philstrate*, parlant de la beauté

de *Neoptolème*, & de la ressemblance qu'il avoit avec son pere *Achilles*, dit, Qu'en beauté son pere avoit autant d'avantage sur lui que les statues en ont sur les beaux hommes. Les auteurs modernes ont suivi ces mêmes sentimens sur la beauté de l'Antique. Je rapporterai seulement celui de Scaliger. Le *Moyen*, dit il, que nous puissions rien voir qui approche de la perfection des belles statues, puisqu'il est permis à l'art de choisir, de retrancher, d'ajouter, de diriger, & qu'au contraire, la nature s'est toujours altérée depuis la creation du premier homme en qui Dieu joignit la beauté de la forme à celle de l'innocence. This last quotation from *Scaliger* well explains what *Shakspeare* meant by

Brief Nature ;

*i. e.* inelaborate, hasty, and careless as to the elegance of form, in respect of *art*, which uses the peculiar address, above explained, to arrive at perfection.

WARBURTON.

His mistress' 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 fots.

*Cym.* Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

*Iach.* Your daughter's chastity—there it begins—  
He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreams,  
And she alone were cold; whereat, I, wretch!  
Made scruple of his praise: and wag'd with him  
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this 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 lesser of her honour confident  
Than I did truly find her, stakes 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*  
Post 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 simular proof enough  
To make the noble *Leonatus* mad,  
By wounding his belief in her renown,  
With tokens thus, and thus; <sup>4</sup> 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,

<sup>4</sup> —*averring notes*] Such marks of the chamber and pictures, as  
averred or confirm'd my report.

I having

I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon——  
Methinks, I see him now——

*Post.* Ay, so thou do'st, [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, send 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 lesser villain than myself,  
A sacrilegious thief, to do 't. The temple  
Of Virtue was she, yea, <sup>5</sup> 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.

*Pis.* Oh, gentlemen, help,  
Mine, and your mistress—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 <sup>6</sup> these staggers on me?

*Pis.* Wake, my mistress!

*Cym.* If this be so, the Gods do mean to strike me  
To death with mortal joy.

*Pis.* How fares my mistress?

<sup>5</sup> —and *She herself*.] That is, She was not only the temple of Virtue, but *Virtue herself*.

<sup>6</sup> —these staggers—] This wild and delirious perturbation. *Staggers* is the horse's apoplexy.



*Imo.* O, get thee from my sight;  
Thou gav'st me poison: dang'rous fellow, hence!  
Breathe not, where Princes are.

*Cym.* The tune of *Imogen!*

*Pis.* 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 poison'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 poisons 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.* Most 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?

? Think, that you are upon a rock, and now  
Throw me again.

? *Think, that you are upon a  
rock.—*] In this speech, or  
in the answer, there is little  
meaning. I suppose, she would

say, Consider such another act as  
equally fatal to me with precipi-  
tation from a rock, and now let  
me see whether you will repeat it.

*Post.*

*Post.* 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. [*Kneeling.*]

*Bel.* Tho' you did love this youth. I blame you not,  
You had a motive for 't. [*To Guiderius, 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 inforc'd from me, away he posts  
With unchaste purpose, and with 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 forefend!  
I would not, thy good deeds should from my lips  
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,  
Deny 't again.

*Guid.* I've spoke it, and I did it.

*Cym.* He was a Prince.

*Guid.*

*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 *Clotens*  
Had ever scar 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?

*Arr.* 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* undo or forfeit his merit by *tasting* or feeling the King's wrath? We should read,

*By HASTING of our wrath?*  
i. e. by hastening, provoking;  
and a: such a provocation is un-

dutiful, the demerit, consequently, undoes or makes void his former worth, and all pretensions to reward. WARBURTON.

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 my own part unfold a dangerous speech,  
Though, haply, well for you.

*Arv.* 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*.

*Cym.* What of him ? a banish'd traitor.

*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 of-  
fence,—*] I think this pas-  
sage may better be read thus,

*Your pleasure was my dear of-  
fence, my punishment  
Itself was all my treason ; that*

*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, *Euriphile*,  
 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'ns  
 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 lost 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 *Guiderius*:  
 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.* *Guiderius* 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.*] *done within my knowledge are more*  
*Thy tears give testimony to the sin-* *incredible than the story which you*  
*cerity of thy relation, and I have* *relate. The King reasons very*  
*the less reason to be incredulous,* *justly.*  
*because the actions which you have*

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'st 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 ;  
<sup>2</sup>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 <sup>3</sup>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?  
<sup>4</sup>Why fled you from the court? and whither? —

These,

And your three motives to the battle, with

<sup>2</sup> *When ye were so, indeed.*] The folio gives,

*When we were so, indeed.*

If this be right, we must read,

*Imo. I, you brothers.*

*Arv. When we were so, indeed.*

<sup>3</sup> — *fierce abridgment*] *Fierce*  
is *vehement, rapid.*

<sup>4</sup> *Why fled you from the court,*  
*and whether these?] 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 sev'rally 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 grac'd  
 The thankings of a King.

*Post.* I am, Sir,  
 The soldier, that did company these three,  
 In poor Beseeming: '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 swore her faith.

*Post.* Kneel not to me:  
 The pow'r, that I have on you, is to spare you,

The

The malice tow'rds 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.]

*W*HEN 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 lopt  
branches, which, being dead many years, shall after re-  
vive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then  
shall Posthumus 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 *Cæsar*,  
And to the *Roman* Empire, promising,  
To pay our wonted 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-shew'd our princely eagle,  
Th' imperial *Cæsar*, 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

<sup>s</sup> *My peace we will begin* —] I think it better to read,  
*By peace we will begin.* —————



A Roman and a British Ensign wave  
 Friendly together; so through Lud'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 and manners of different times, sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expence 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 waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation.

A S O N G, sung by Guiderus and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed to be dead.

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

1.  
 To fair Fidele's grassy tomb  
 Soft maids, and village binds shall bring  
 Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,  
 And rife all the breathing spring.

2.  
 No wailing ghost shall dare appear  
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove:  
 But shepherd lads assemble here,  
 And melting virgins own their love.

3.  
 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.

4.

The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours  
 Shall kindly bend his little aid,  
 With hoary moss, and gather'd flow'rs,  
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

5.

When howling winds, and beating rain,  
 In tempests shake the Sylvan cell:  
 Or midst the chace on ev'ry plain,  
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

6.

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.

TROILOUS

T R O I L U S

A N D

C R E S S I D A .



# PROLOGUE.

**I**N Troy, there lies the scene: from Isthos of Greece  
 The Princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'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 Crowns regal, from th' Athenian bay  
 Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made  
 To ransack Troy; within whose strong Immures,  
 The ravish'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 i' th' City,  
 Dardan, and Thymbria, Ilia, Scæa, Troian,  
 And Antenorides, with massy staples  
 And corresponfive and fulfilling bolts,  
 Sperre up the sons of Troy.————

Now

\* —Priam's six-gated city  
 Dardan and Timbria, Helias,  
 Chetas, Trojan,  
 And Antenonidus, with mossy  
 staples  
 And corresponfive and fulfilling  
 bolts

Stir up the sons of Troy.] This  
 has been a most miserably man-  
 gled passage, through all the edi-  
 tions; 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 reme-  
 died. 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

# P R O L O G U E.

*Now expectation tickling skittish spirits  
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,  
 Sets all on hazard. And hither 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 *spere*, or *spar*, from the old Teutonic word, (*SPPEREN*) sig-

nifies, to *shut up*, defend by *barrs*, &c. THEOBALD.

† *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.

# Dramatis Personæ.

PRIAM,

Hector,

Troilus,

Paris,

Deiphobus,

Helenus,

Æneas,

Pandarus,

Antenor,

TROJANS.

*A bastard Son of Priam.*

Agamemnon,

Achilles,

Ajax,

Menelaus,

Ulysses,

Nestor,

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.*

Boy, *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.  
1. Quarto. 1609. G. Eld. for I have the Folio and first  
R. Boniand and H. Whalley. Quarto. The Folio is the cor-  
2. Quarto. No date. G. Eld. rected and complete copy.



# TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

## A C T I. S C E N E 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 no where 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* knowlege, 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.

*Troi.*

*Troi.* 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, <sup>2</sup> fonder than ignorance;  
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,  
<sup>3</sup> 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.

*Troi.* Have I not tarried?

*Pan.* Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the boulting.

*Troi.* Have I not tarried?

*Pan.* Ay, the boulting; but you must tarry the leav'ning.

*Troi.* Still have I tarried.

*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.

*Troi.* Patience herself, what Goddesses ere she be, Doth lesser blench at sufferance, than I do.

At *Priam's* royal table do I fit,

And when fair *Cressid* comes into my thoughts,

So, traitor!—when she comes! When is she thence?

*Pan.* Well, she look'd yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

*Troi.* I was about to tell thee, when my heart, As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,

<sup>2</sup> —fonder than ignorance;] has taken this speech as it stands, except that he has changed *skill-*  
*Fonder*, for more childish.

WARBURTON. *less* to *artless*, not for the better, because *skill-less* refers to *skill* and *skilful*.

<sup>3</sup> And *skill-less*, &c.] Mr. Dryden, in his alteration of this play,

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 yester-  
 day, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister *Cassan-*  
*dra's* wit, but,——

*Troi.* 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  
 Handlest 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, <sup>4</sup> and spirit of sense

<sup>4</sup> ——and SPIRIT of sense  
 Hard as the palm of plough-  
 man.—] 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 compar'd to the softness of  
*Cressid's* hand, but hard as the  
 hand of ploughman. Spite, I sup-  
 pose, was first corrupted to *sprite*,  
 and from thence arose *spirit*.

WARBURTON.

I think this passage more for-  
 cible and elegant without an al-  
 teration. 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 *Exercitations*, resides  
 chiefly in the fingers, is hard as  
 the callous and insensible palm of  
 the ploughman. *Hanmer* 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 sub-  
 dued 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, <sup>s</sup> 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!

<sup>s</sup> *She has the mends.*] She may mend her complexion by the as-  
sistance of cosmeticks.

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 starv'd a subject for my sword.  
 But *Pandarus*—O Gods! how do you plague me!  
 I cannot come to *Cressid*, 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 *Cressid* 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 sailing *Pandar*,  
 Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

## S C E N E II.

[*Alarm.*] Enter *Æneas*.

*Æne.* How now, Prince *Troilus*? wherefore not a field?

*Troi.* Because not there. This woman's answer sorts,  
 For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, *Æneas*, from the field to day?

*Æne.* That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

*Troi.* By whom, *Æneas*?

*Æne.* *Troilus*, by *Menelaus*.

*Troi.* 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?

*Troi.* Better at home, if would I might, were may—  
 But to the sport abroad—are you bound thither?

*Æne.* In all swift haste.

*Troi.* Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

## S C E N E 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. <sup>6</sup> 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,

<sup>7</sup> Before the Sun rose, he was harness'd light,

And

<sup>6</sup> — 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 *Troilus* a little before say-  
ing,

Patience herself what Goddess  
ere she be,  
Doth lesser blame at sufferance  
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 thought is  
so much better and nobler ex-  
pressed. WARBURTON.

I think the present text may  
stand. *Hector's* patience was as  
a virtue not variable and acciden-  
tal, 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 intensi-  
fice or enforcing particle.

<sup>7</sup> Before the Sun rose, he was  
harnest light,] Why harnest  
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 harnest light? A very  
slight alteration makes all these

con-



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 harness-dight,*  
i. e. compleatly drest, accoutred, in arms. It is frequent with our poet, from his masters *Chaucer* and *Spenser*, to say *dight* for *deck'd*; *pight*, for *pitch'd*; &c. and from them too he uses *harness* for armour. THEOBALD.

*Before the Sun rose, he was harness 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 harness*

LIGHT

*As footmen use*——

Yet, as if this had been the highest absurdity, he goes on, Or does he mean that *Hector* was

*sprightly in his arms even before sun-rise?* or is a conundrum aim'd at, in *Sun rose and harness light?*

Was any thing like it? but to get out of this perplexity, he tells us that a very slight alteration makes all these constructions unnecessary, and so changes it to *harness-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 *harness-dight* too, in order, as Mr. Theobald well expresses 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

their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant; a man into whom Nature hath so crowded humours,<sup>8</sup> that his valour is crusht 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 purblind *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 waking.

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Pandarus.*

*Cre.* Who comes here?

*Serv.* Madam, your uncle *Pandarus*.

<sup>8</sup> that his valour is CRUSHT into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: } Valour crusht into folly is nonsense; but it is of the first editor's making; who seeing crowded go before, concluded that crusht (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 CRUSTED into folly, his folly sauced with discretion. Thus is *Ajax* dished up by the poet. The expression is humorous. His

temper is represented as so hot that his valour becomes overbaked, 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. WARB.

This emendation does not want ingenuity or humour; but I cannot see so clearly that the present reading is nonsense. To be *crushed into folly*, is to be *confused* and mingled with *folly*, so as that they make one mass together.

*Cre.*

*Cre.* *Heſtor's* a gallant man.

*Serv.* As may be in the world, lady.

*Pan.* What's that? what's that?

*Cre.* Good morrow, uncle *Pandarus*.

*Pan.* <sup>9</sup> Good morrow, cousin *Creſſid*; what do you talk of? Good morrow, *Alexander*—How do you, cousin? when were you at <sup>1</sup> *Ilium*?

*Cre.* This morning, uncle.

*Pan.* What were you talking of, when I came? Was *Heſtor* arm'd and gone, ere you came to *Ilium*? *Helen* was not up? was ſhe?

*Cre.* *Heſtor* was gone; but *Helen* was not up.

*Pan.* E'en ſo; *Heſtor* 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?

<sup>9</sup> *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 acutenefs: 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 introduc'd, he is call'd nothing but *Paris*. The truth of the fact is this. *Pandarus* is of a buſy, impertinent, inſinuating character; and 'tis

na'tural for him, ſo ſoon as he has given his cousin the good-morrow, to pay his civilities too to her attendant. This is purely ἐν ἡδύει, as the grammarians call it; and gives us an admirable touch of *Pandarus'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.

<sup>1</sup> *Ilium*] Was the palace of *Troy*.



*Pan.* Who, *Troilus*? *Troilus* is the better man o  
the two.

*Cre.* Ch, *Jupiter*! there's no comparifon.

*Pan.* What, not between *Troilus* and *Heſtor*? 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 *Heſtor*.

*Pan.* No, nor *Heſtor* is not *Troilus*, in ſome de-  
grees.

*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 *Heſtor*.

*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, *Heſtor* 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; *Heſtor* 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* her-  
ſelf ſwore th' other day, that *Troilus* for a brown fa-  
vour, for ſo 'tis, I muſt confeſs—Not brown neither—

*Cre.* No, but brown.

*Pan.*

*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, he 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 better 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 vallantly.

*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.

*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 confes.

*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* laught, that her eyes run o'er.

*Cre.* With miltones.

*Pan.* And *Cassandra* laught.

*Cre.* But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes; did her eyes run o'er too?

*Pan.* And *Hector* laught.

*Cre.* At what was all this laughing?

*Pan.* Marry, at the white hair that *He'ez* spied on *Troilus'* chin.

*Cre.* An't had been a green hair, I should have laught too.

*Pan.* They laught 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. <sup>2</sup> 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

<sup>2</sup> Two 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.



*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?

Ex 3

*Pan.*

*Pan.* You shall see.

*Cre.* If he do, <sup>3</sup> 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-*

<sup>3</sup> —*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 give, and should be read thus,

*The RICH shall have more,*  
i. e. *much.* 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 rest shall have none.*

WARBURTON.

I wonder why the commentator should think any emendation

necessary, since his own sense is fully expressed by the present reading. *Hanmer* 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 likewise full of nods. *Cressida* means, that a Noddy shall have more nods.

(Of such remarks as these is a comment to consist ?

*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? hark, 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 Goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris*?—*Paris* is dirt to him, and, I warrant, *Helen* to change would give <sup>4</sup> money to boot.

*Enter common Soldiers.*

*Cre.* Here come more.

<sup>4</sup> money to boot.] So the folio. The old quarto, with more force, Give an eye to boot.



*Pan.* Affes, 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, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt, that seasons 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; <sup>5</sup> 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.

<sup>5</sup> upon my wit, to defend my wile;] So read both the copies; yet perhaps the author wrote, upon my wit, to defend my will.

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.* <sup>6</sup> 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 same token, you are a bawd.

[*Exit Pandarus.*

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,  
He offers in another's enterprize;  
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; <sup>7</sup> 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.

<sup>8</sup> 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.*

<sup>9</sup> Then though <sup>1</sup> my heart's content firm love doth bear,  
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*

<sup>6</sup> *At your own house, there he unarms him.*] These necessary words added from the quarto edition. POPE.

The words added are only, *there he unarms him.*

<sup>7</sup> *—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.*

<sup>8</sup> *That she—]* Means, that woman.

<sup>9</sup> *Then though—]* The quarto reads, *then*; the folio and the modern editions read improperly, *that*.

<sup>1</sup> *—my heart's content—]* *Content*, for capacity.

WARBURTON.

SCENE

## S C E N E V.

*Changes to Agamemnon's Tent in the Grecian Camp.*

*Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.*

*Agam.* **P**RINCES,  
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 conflux of meeting sap  
Infect the sound 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*-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 furnished 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 artist and unread,  
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd, and kin;  
But in the wind and tempest of her frown,  
Distinction with a <sup>=</sup> 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.* <sup>3</sup> With due observance of thy godlike Seat,  
Great *Agamemnon*, <sup>4</sup> *Nestor* shall apply  
Thy latest words. In the reproof of Chance  
Lies the true proof of men: the Sea being smooth,  
How

<sup>3</sup> *With due observance of thy goodly 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 *Aeneas* afterwards says of *Agamemnon*;

*Which is that God in office,  
giving 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.*

<sup>4</sup> —*Nestor shall APPLY*

*Thy latest words.*—] What were these 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 *Shakpeare* 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 *supplial*. We may observe further, that according to this reading the introductory apology,

*With due observance of thy goodly Seat,*

is very proper: it being a kind of insinuation, to the prejudice of *Agamemnon's* facundity, that *Nestor* was forced to *supply* his speech. Whereas had the true reading been *apply*, the apology had been impertinent: for in such a case we must have supposed, this

How many shallow bauble boats dare sail  
 Upon her <sup>5</sup> patient breast, making their way  
 With those of nobler-bulk?  
 But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage  
 The gentle *Tbetis*, 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 <sup>6</sup> the thing of  
 courage,  
 As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize;  
 And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,  
<sup>7</sup> 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 ei-  
 ther word than read the argu-  
 ment. *Nestor* applies the words  
 to another instance.

<sup>5</sup> —patient breast,—] The  
 quarto, not so well,

—ancient breast.

<sup>6</sup> —the thing of courage,] It  
 is said of the tiger, that in storms  
 and high winds he rages and  
 roars most furiously. HANMER.

<sup>7</sup> Returns to chiding fortune.]  
 For returns, Hanmer reads *repies*,  
 unnecessarily, the sense being the  
 same. The folio and quarto have  
*retires*, corruptly.

And

And thou, most rev'rend for thy stretcht-out life,  
| To Nestor.

I give to both your <sup>8</sup> speeches; which were such,  
 As *Agamemnon* and the hand of *Greece*  
 Should hold up high in brass; and such again,  
 As venerable *Nestor*, 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 experienc'd tongue: yet let it please both  
 Thou great, and wise, to hear *Ulysses* speak.

<sup>9</sup> *Agam.* Speak, Prince of *Ithaca*, and be't of less  
 expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,  
 Divide thy lips; than we are confident,  
 When rank *Thersites* opes his mastiff jaws,  
 We shall hear musick, wit and oracle.

*Ulyss.* Troy, yet upon her basis, had been down,  
 And the great *Heetor's* sword had lack'd a master,  
 But for these instances.

<sup>1</sup> The speciality of Rule hath been neglected;

<sup>8</sup> —*speeches; which were such,*  
*As Agamemnon and the hand*  
*of Greece*  
*Should hold up high in brass;*  
*and such again,*  
*As venerable Nestor, hatch'd*  
*in silver,*  
*Should—knit all Greeks ears*  
*To his experienc'd tongue:—]*  
*Ulysses* begins his oration with  
 praising those who had spoken be-  
 fore him, and marks the charac-  
 teristick 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 *Nestor*  
 ought to be exhibited in silver,  
 uniting all his audience in one  
 mind by his soft and gentle clo-  
 cution. Brass is the common  
 emblem of strength, and silver  
 of gentleness. We call a soft  
 voice a *silver* voice, and a persua-  
 sive tongue a *silver* tongue.

I once read for *hand*, the *band*  
 of *Greece*, but I think the text right.

To *hatch*, is a term of art for  
 a particular method of *engraving*.  
*Hacher*, to cut, *French*.

<sup>9</sup> *Agam. Speak, &c.*] This  
 speech is not in the quarto.

<sup>1</sup> *The speciality of Rule—]* The  
 particular rights of supreme au-  
 thority.

And,



An I, look, how many *Grecian* Tents do stand  
Hollow upon this Plain, so many hollow factions.

<sup>2</sup> When that the General is not like the hive,  
To whom the Foragers shall all repair,  
What honey is expected? *Degree* being vizarded,  
Th' unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.

<sup>3</sup> The heav'ns themselves, the planets, and this center,  
Observe degree, priority and place,  
Insiure, 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 spher'd  
Amidst the rest, whose med'cinable eye

<sup>2</sup> *When that the General is*  
NOT LIKE *the hive,*] The  
image is taken from the govern-  
ment 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 perverse-  
ly 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 ex-  
pose 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. WARB.

No interpretation was ever  
more perverse than thole of the  
commentator. The meaning is,  
*When the General is not* to the ar-  
*my like the hive* to the bees, the  
repository of the stock of every  
individual, that to which each  
particular resorts with whatever  
he has collected for the good of  
the whole, *what honey is expect-*  
*ed?* what hope of advantage?  
The sense is clear, the expression  
is confused.

<sup>3</sup> *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 be-*  
*gin to stand; if the moon should*  
*wander from her beaten way, and*  
*the seasons of the year blend them-*  
*selves, 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. WARB.

Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,  
 And posts like the commandment of a King,  
 Sans check, to good and bad. <sup>4</sup> But when the pla-  
 nets

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? <sup>5</sup> Oh, when *degree* is shaken,  
 Which is the ladder to all high designs,  
<sup>6</sup> The enterprize is sick. How could communities,  
 Degrees in schools, and <sup>7</sup> 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 sop of all this solid Globe:  
 Strength should be Lord of imbecillity,  
 And the rude son should strike his father dead:

<sup>4</sup> — *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*.

<sup>5</sup> — *Oh, when degree is shaken,* ]  
 I would read,

— *So when degree is shaken.*

<sup>6</sup> *The enterprize—* ] Perhaps  
 we should read,

*Then enterprize is sick.—*

<sup>7</sup> — *brotherhoods in cities,* ]  
 Corporations; companies; con-  
*fraternities.*

Force

Force should be Right; or rather, <sup>s</sup> 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 seconded with will and power,  
 Must make perforce an universal prey,

<sup>s</sup> ———— *Right and Wrong,  
 Between whose endless jar Jus-  
 tice 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;

— *sunt certi denique fines,  
 Quos ultra citraque nequit con-  
 sistere rectum.*

But if it be a comment on the Latin poet, it is certainly the worst 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 tyrannises; according to the common proverb of *Summum 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 puts 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-complaisant and ridiculous part of Don Adriano de Armado in *Love's Labour's Lost*, who is called, with inimitable humour,

*A man of Compliments; 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 fantastick Spaniard. We must rather conclude that he wrote,

*Between whose endless jar Jus-  
 tice PRESIDES;*

*i. e.* always determines the controversy in favour of Right; and thus Justice is properly characterised without the author's ever dreaming of commenting Horace.

WARBURTON.

Surely all this is needless. If Justice presides between them, she must reside between them; if she sits with authority, she must sit.

And



And last eat up itself. Great *Agamemnon!*  
 This Chaos, when degree is suffocate,  
 Follows the choaking:  
 And this neglect of degree is it,  
<sup>9</sup> That by a pace goes backward, <sup>1</sup> 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,  
 Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick  
 Of his Superior, grows to an envious fever  
 Of pale and <sup>2</sup> 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.

*Nest.* 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 Host,  
 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 jests;  
 And with ridiculous and awkward action,  
 Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,  
 He pageants us. Sometimes, great *Agamemnon*,  
 \* Thy tople's Deputation he puts on;

<sup>9</sup> *That by a pace—*] That goes backward *step by step*.

<sup>1</sup> *—with a purpose*

*It hath to climb.—*] With a design in each man to aggrandise himself, by slighting his immediate superiour.

<sup>2</sup> *—bloodless emulation*] An emulation not vigorous and active, but malignant and sluggish.

\* *Thy TOPLESS Deputation—*]

I don't know what can be meant by *tople's*, but the contrary to what the speaker would insinuate. I suspect the poet wrote STOPLESS, *i. e.* unlimited; which was the case. WARBURTON.

*Tople's* is that has nothing *topping* 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  
'Tixt 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 unsquar'd :  
Which, from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,  
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff  
The large *Achilles*, on his prest-bed lolling,  
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause :  
Cries—*excellent !*—'tis *Agamemnon just*——  
*Now play me Nestor—hum, and stroke thy beard,*  
*As he, being 'drest to some oration.*

That's done——<sup>3</sup> 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  
Must 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 Valour* 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,  
Severals and generals of grace exact,

Atchieve-

<sup>3</sup> ——*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.

\* *All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,*

*Severals and generals of GRACE EXACT,*

*Atchievements, plots, &c.*] The meaning is this, All our good

qualities, *severals and generals of grace* : i. e. whether they be *several* 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 these good qualities, together with our *atchieve-*

Atchievements, 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 <sup>5</sup> to make paradoxes.

*Nest.* 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 <sup>6</sup> 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 *Thersites*,  
A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint,  
To match us in comparisons with dirt;  
To weaken and discredit our exposure,  
<sup>7</sup> How rank scever rounded in with danger.

*Ulyss.* They tax our policy, and call it cowardise,  
Count wisdom as no member of the war;  
Foretell our prescience, and esteem no Act

*achievments, 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 mimi:k 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 cels*; and belongs to the second division, namely the enumeration of the actions; and should be read thus;  
*All our abilities, gifts, natures, shaves  
Severals, and generals of grace;  
EXACTS,  
Atchievements, plots, &c.*

*i. e. exatments*, publick taxes, and contributions for carrying on the war. **WARBURTON.**

*Hammer* reads, *though* of grace exact. I see no great need of emendation; the meaning is plain; of *grace exact*, of excellence irreprehensible.

<sup>5</sup> —to make paradoxes.] *Paradoxes* may have a meaning, but it is not clear and distinct. I wish the copies had given,

——to make parodies.

<sup>6</sup> ——bears his head

*In such a rein.*—] That is, holds up his head as haughtily. We still say of a girl, *see brides*.

<sup>7</sup> *How rank scever rounded in with danger.*] A rank weed is a high weed. The modern editions silently read,

*How hard scever*——



But that of hand : The still and mental parts,  
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,  
 When fitness call them on, <sup>s</sup> 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 batters down the wall,  
 For the great swing 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.

*Nest.* Let this be granted, and *Achilles'* horse  
 Makes many *Thetis'* ions. [Tucket sounds.

*Aga.* What trumpet ? look, *Menelaus.*

*Men.* From *Troy.*

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Æneas.*

*Aga.* What would you 'fore our tent ?

*Æne.* Is this great *Agamemnon's* tent, I pray you ?

*Aga.* Even this.

*Æne.* May one, that is a Herald and a Prince,  
 Do a fair message to his <sup>9</sup>kingly ears ?

*Aga.* With surety stronger than <sup>1</sup>*Achilles'* arm,  
 'Fore all the *Greekish* heads, which with one voice  
 Call *Agamemnon* Head and General.

*Æne.* Fair leave, and large security. <sup>3</sup> How may  
 A stranger to those most imperial looks  
 Know them from eyes of other mortals ?

*Aga.* How ?

*Æne.* I ask, that I might waken Reverence,

<sup>s</sup> —and know by measure  
 Of their observant toil the ene-  
 mies' weight ;] I think it  
 were better to read,

——and know the measure.  
 By their observant toil, of the

enemies' weight.

<sup>9</sup> —kingly ears ?] The quarto,  
 ——kingly eyes.

<sup>1</sup> —*Achilles' arm,*] So the co-  
 pies. Perhaps the authour wrote,  
 ——*Alcides' arm.*

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 sense 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 brass voice thro' all these lazy tents;

† —bid the cheek—] So the folio. The quarto has,  
—on the cheek—

And every *Greek* of mettle, let him know  
 What *Troy* means fairly, 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 <sup>3</sup> long continu'd truce  
 Is <sup>4</sup> rufly grown; he bade me take a trumpet  
 And to this purpose speak: Kings, Princes, Lords,  
 If there be one amongst the fair'n 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 <sup>5</sup> more than in confession,  
 With truant vows <sup>6</sup> 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 rouse 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 fun-burn'd, and not worth  
 The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

*Ag.* This shall be told our lovers, Lord *Aeneas*.  
 If none of them have soul 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!

<sup>3</sup> — long continu'd truce] Of this long truce there has been no notice taken; in this very act it is said, that *Ajax* copied *Hector* yesterday in the battle.

<sup>4</sup> — rufly—] Quainto, rufly.

<sup>5</sup> — more than in confession,] *Confession*, for profession. WARB.

<sup>6</sup> — to her own lips he loves,] That is, confession made with idle vows to the lips of her whom he loves.



If then one is, or hath, or means to be,  
That one meets *Hector*; if none else, I'm he.

*Nest.* Tell him of *Nestor*; 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  
7 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'ns forbid such scarcity of youth!

*Ulyss.* Amen.

*Aga.* 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.]

S C E N E VII.

*Manent* Ulysses and Nestor.

*Ulyss.* *Nestor*,——

*Nest.* What says *Ulysses*?

*Ulyss.* I have a young conception in my brain,  
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

*Nest.* What is't?

*Ulyss.* This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the feeded 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*.

Or, shedding breed a <sup>8</sup> nursery of like evil,  
To over-bulk us all.

*Nest.* Well, and how?

*Ulyss.* This Challenge that the gallant *Hector* sends,  
However it is spread in general name,  
Relates in purpose only to *Achilles*.

*Nest.* <sup>9</sup> The purpose is perspicuous ev'n as Substance,  
Whose grossness little characters sum up.

<sup>1</sup> And, in the publication, make no strain,  
But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren  
As banks of *Libya*, tho', *Apollo* knows,  
<sup>2</sup> '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?

*Nest.* Yes, 'tis most meet; whom may you else op-  
pose,  
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'st Repute  
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me, *Ulysses*,  
Our imputation shall be odly pois'd  
In this wild action. For the success,

<sup>8</sup> —nursery—] Alluding to the conciseness of the expression.  
a plantation, called a nursery. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> The purpose is perspicuous ev'n  
as Substance,

Whose grossness 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 insensible 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

<sup>1</sup> And, in the publication, make  
no strain. ] *Nestor* 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. THEOB.

Although

Although particular, shall give a <sup>2</sup> scantling  
 Of good or bad unto the general,  
 And in such indexes, although <sup>3</sup> 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 *Heſtor* 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 !  
 \* 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 *Heſtor*.  
 Let us, like merchants, ſhew our fouleſt wares,  
 And think, perchance, they'll ſell ; if not,  
 The luſtre of the better, yet to ſhew,  
 Shall ſhew the better. Do not then conſent,  
 That ever *Heſtor* and *Achilles* meet :  
 For both our honour and our ſhame in this  
 Are dogg'd with two ſtrange followers.

*Neſt.* I ſee them not with my old eyes : what are  
 they ?

*Ulyſſ.* What Glory our *Achilles* ſhares from *Heſtor*,  
 Were he not proud, we all ſhould <sup>5</sup> ſhare with him :  
 But he already is too inſolent ;  
 And we were better parch in *Africk* Sun,  
 Than in the pride and ſalt ſcorn of his eyes,  
 Should he 'ſcape *Heſtor* fair. If he were foil'd,

<sup>2</sup> —*scantling* ] That is a mea- points compared with the volumes.  
*ſure, proportion.* The carpenter  
 cuts his wood to a certain *ſcant-* + *Which entertain'd*—] Theſe  
*ling.* two lines are not in the quarto.  
<sup>3</sup> —*small pricks* ] Small The folio, wear,  
<sup>5</sup> —*share*—] 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 *Hector*: 'mong our selves,  
 Give him allowance as the worthier man,  
 For that will physick the great *Myrmidon*,  
 Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall  
 His crest, that prouder than blue *Iris* bends.  
 If the dull brainless *Ajax* come safe off,  
 We'll dress him up in voices; if he fail,  
 Yet go we under our opinion still,  
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,  
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,  
*Ajax*, employ'd, plucks down *Achilles'* plumes.

*Nestor*. *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.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Grecian Camp.*

*Enter Ajax and Therites.*

A J A X.

T H E R S I T E S, ———

*Ther.* *Agamemnon*—how if he had boiles—  
 full, all over, generally. [Talking to himself.]

*Ajax.* *Therites.* ———

<sup>6</sup> *Must tar the mastiffs on, ———*  
*Farre*, an old *English* word signi-  
 fying to provoke or urge on.  
 See *King John*, Act 4. Scene 1.

———*like a Dog*

*Snatch at his Master that do's*  
*tar him on.* POPE.

[*Act II*] This play is not di-  
 vided into Acts in any of the ori-  
 ginal editions.

*Ther.* And those boiles did run——say so——did not the General run? were not that a botchy 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. [Strikes him.]

*Ther.* The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted Lord!

*Ajax.* <sup>9</sup> Speak then, thou unfalted leaven, speak; I will beat thee into handfomeness.

*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-stool, learn me the proclamation.

*Ther.* Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

*Ajax.* The proclamation——

<sup>8</sup> *The plague of Greece*] Alluding perhaps to the plague sent by *Apollo* on the *Grecian* army.

<sup>9</sup> *Speak then, thou unfalted leaven, speak;*] The reading obtruded upon us by *Mr. Pope*, was *unfalted 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 *winid'st* leaven. This, 'tis true, is corrupted and unintelligible; but the emendation, which I have coined out of it, gives us a sense apt and consonant to what *Ajax* would say, *unwinnow'dst leaven*. —“Thou lump of sour dough, kneaded up out of a flower, unpurg'd and unfilted, with all the drois and bran in it.”—

THEOBALD.

*Speak then, thou winid'st leaven,*] This is the reading of the old copies: It should be WINDYEST, *i. e.* most windy; leaven being made by a great fermentation. This epithet agrees well with *Thersites's* character. WARBURTON.

*Hammer* preserves *winid'st*, the reading of the folio; but does not explain it, nor do I understand it. If the folio be followed, I read, *winew'd*, that is *mouldy leaven*. The composition of *business* and *journeys*.

*Theobald's* assertion, however confident, is false. *Unfalted* leaven is in the old quarto. It means, *sour* without *salt*, malignity without wit. *Shakespeare* wrote first *unfalted*, but recollecting that want of *salt* was no fault in leaven, changed it to *winew'd*.

*Ther.*

*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 loathsom'st scab<sup>1</sup> 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,<sup>2</sup> that thou bark'st at him.

*Ajax.* Mistrefs *Thersites!*——

*Ther.* Thou shouldst strike him.

*Ajax.* Cobloaf!

*Ther.* He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailer breaks a bisket.

*Ajax.* You whoreson cur!—— [Beating him.

*Ther.* Do, do.

*Ajax.* Thou stool for a witch!——

*Ther.* Ay, do, do, thou sodden-witted Lord; thou hast no more brain than I have in my elbows; an *Assinago* may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant ass! 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!

*Ajax.* You cur! [Beating him.

*Ther.* *Mars* his ideot! do, rudeness; do, camel, do, do.

<sup>1</sup> in *Greece*] The quarto adds *slow as another*.  
these words, *when thou art forth*      <sup>2</sup> *that thou bark'st at him*] I  
*in the incurjans, thou strikest as*      read, O that thou bark'dst at him.



## S C E N E II.

*Enter Achilles and Patroclus.*

*Achil.* Why, how now, *Ajax*? wherefore do you this?

How now, *Thersites*? what's the matter, man?

*Ther.* You see him there, do you?

*Achil.* Ay, what's the matter?

*Ther.* Nay, look upon him.

*Achil.* So I do, what's the matter?

*Ther.* Nay, but regard him well.

*Achil.* Well, why, I do so.

*Ther.* But yet you look not well upon him: for whosoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax*.

*Achil.* I know that, fool.

*Ther.* Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

*Ajax.* Therefore I beat thee.

*Ther.* 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.*]

*Ther.* I say, this *Ajax*——

*Achil.* Nay, good *Ajax*.

*Ther.* Has not so much wit——

*Achil.* Nay, I must hold you.

*Ther.* As will stop the eye of *Helen's* needle, for whom he comes to fight.

*Achil.* Peace, fool!

*Ther.* 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——

*Achil.* Will you set your wit to a fool's?

*Ther.* No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

*Patr.* Good words, *Thersites*.

*Achil.* 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.

*Achil.* Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

*Ther.* Ev'n so — a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, 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 fusty nut with no kernel.

*Achil.* What, with me too, *Thersites*?

*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.

*Achil.* What! what!

*Ther.* Yes, good sooth; to, *Achilles*! to, *Ajax*! to——

*Ajax.* I shall cut out your tongue.

*Ther.* 'Tis no matter, I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

*Patr.* No more words, *Thersites*. Peace.

*Ther.* I will hold my peace, <sup>4</sup> when *Achilles'* brach bids me, shall I?

<sup>3</sup> Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere their Grandfires had nails] This is one of these editors wise riddles. What! Was Nestor's wit mouldy, before his Grandfire's toes had any nails? Preposterous nonsense! and yet so easy a change, as one poor pronoun

for another, sets all right and clear. THEOBALD.

<sup>4</sup> 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 lingers on.

*Achil.* There's for you, *Patroclus*.

*Ther.* I will see you hang'd like clotpoles, 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 Host,

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, farewell.

*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.*

S C E N E III.

*Changes to Priam's Palace in Troy.*

*Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris and Helenus.*

*Pri.* **A**FTER 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, expence,

Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is con-  
sum'd

In hot digestion of this cormorant war,

Shall be struck off. *Hector*, what say you to't?

*Hect.* Though no man lesser fears the *Greeks* than I,  
As far as touches my particular, yet, dread *Priam*,

There



There is no lady of more softer bowels,  
 More spongy 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 wise; 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 dimes  
 Hath been as dear as *Helen*. I mean, of ours.  
 If we have lost 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 waist 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;

*s* *The past-proportion of his infinite?*] Thus read both the copies. The meaning is, *that greatness to which no measure bears any proportion.* The modern editors silently give,  
*The vast proportion—*

And reason flies the object of all harm.  
 Who marvels them, when *Helenus* beholds  
 A *Grecian* and his sword, if he do set  
 The very wings of reason to his heels,  
<sup>6</sup> And fly like chidden *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 cramm'd reason; reason and respect  
 Make livers pale, and lustyhood deject.

*Hect.* Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost  
 The holding.

*Troi.* What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

*Hect.* But value dwells not in particular will;  
 It holds its estimate and dignity  
 As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,  
 As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,  
 To make the service greater than the God;  
<sup>7</sup> And the Will dotes, that is inclinable  
 To what infectiously itself affects,  
<sup>8</sup> 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

<sup>6</sup> *And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,*  
*Or like a star disorb'd!—*]  
 These two lines are misplaced in  
 all the folio editions. POPE.  
<sup>7</sup> *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.  
<sup>8</sup> *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 unexcusable, unless the *merit*  
 so *affects* be really there.

Of Will and Judgment; how may I avoid,  
 Although my Will distaste 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 <sup>9</sup> soil'd them; nor th' remainder viands  
 We do not throw in <sup>1</sup> 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 sails,  
 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 <sup>2</sup> 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 wisdoms rate,  
<sup>3</sup> And do a deed that fortune never did,  
 Beggar that estimation which you priz'd

<sup>9</sup> —*soil'd them*;— ] So reads the quarto. The folio,

—*spoil'd them*:

<sup>1</sup> —*unrespective sieve*,] That is, into a common vessel. *Sieve* is in the quarto. The folio reads,

—*unrespectiue* same,

for which the modern editions have silently printed,

—*unrespectiue* place.

<sup>2</sup> —*pale the morning*.] So the quarto. The folio and modern editors,

—*stale the morning*.

<sup>3</sup> *And do a deed that fortune never did*,] If I understand

this passage, the meaning is, *Why do you by censuring the determination of your own wisdoms, degrade Helen, whom fortune has not yet deprived of her value, or against whom, as the wife of Paris, fortune has not in this war so declared, as to make us value her less.* This is very harsh, and much strained.

Richer



Richer than sea and land? O theft most base!  
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!  
\*But thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'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?

*Troi.* 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

*Cas.* [*within.*] Cry, Trojans!

*Hect.* It is *Cassandra*.

S C E N E 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.

*Hect.* 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; practise your eyes with tears.

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium 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.*]

*Hect.* 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?

*Troi.* Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act

\* But thieves,——] Haumer reads, Base thieves,——

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 <sup>s</sup> 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, *Jove* 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 besotted 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,  
 Dilgrace 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?

*s* ——— *distaste* ——— ] Corrupt; change to a worse taste.

Th

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 unfam'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.

*Hect.* *Paris* and *Troilus*, you have both said well;  
 And on the cause and question now in hand  
 Have glaz'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 <sup>6</sup> benumbed wills, resist the same;  
<sup>7</sup> 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 persist  
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,  
 But makes it much more heavy. *Hector's* opinion

<sup>6</sup> —benumbed wills,—] That is, inflexible, immoveable, no longer obedient to superiour direction.

<sup>7</sup> There is a law—] What the law does in every nation between individuals, justice ought to do between nations.



<sup>8</sup> Is this in way of truth ; yet ne'ertheless,  
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 <sup>9</sup> the performance of our heaving spleens,  
I would not wish a drop of *Trojan* blood  
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy *Heñor*,  
She is a theam of honour and renown ;  
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds ;  
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,  
And Fame, in time to come, canonize us.  
For, I presume, brave *Heñor* 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.

*H:ñ.* I am yours,  
You valiant off-spring 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 <sup>1</sup> emulation in the army crept ;  
This, I presume, will wake him.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>8</sup> *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.

<sup>9</sup>—*the performance of our heaving spleens,*] The execution of spite and resentment.

<sup>1</sup> —*emulation——*] That is, envy, factious contention.

SCENE

## S C E N E V.

*Before Achilles's Tent, in the Grecian Camp.*

*Enter Thersites solus.*

**H**OW 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! '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, <sup>2</sup> without drawing the massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather the <sup>3</sup> 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.*

*Patr.* Who's there? *Thersites*? Good *Thersites*, come in and rail.

*Ther.* If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou couldst not have slipp'd out of my contempla-

<sup>2</sup> without drawing the massy violence.  
 irons] That is, without draw- <sup>3</sup> the bon-each,] In the quarto,  
 ing their swords to cut the web. the Neapolitan bon-each.  
 They use no means but those of

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? wast 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 hast 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'st.

*Achil.* O tell, tell,——

*Ther.* I'll <sup>4</sup> decline the whole question. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus*'s knower, and <sup>5</sup> *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 aforesaid, *Patroclus* is a fool.

<sup>4</sup> *decline the whole question.*] Deduce the question from the first case to the last.

<sup>5</sup> *Patroclus is a fool.*] The four next speeches are not in the quarto.



*Achil.* Derive this; come.

*Ther.* *Agamemnon* is a fool to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Thersites* is a fool to serve such a fool, and *Patroclus* is a fool positive.

*Patr.* Why am I a fool?

*Ther.* Make that demand<sup>6</sup> of the prover.—It suffices me, thou art.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, Ajax, and Calchas.*

Look you, who comes here?

*Achil.* *Patroclus*, I'll speak with no body. Come in with me, *Thersites*. [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. <sup>7</sup> Now the dry *Serpigo* on the subject, and war and lechery confound all! [Exit.

*Aga.* Where is *Achilles*?

*Patr.* Within his tent, but ill dispos'd, my Lord.

*Aga.* Let it be known to him that we are here.

<sup>8</sup> 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.

*Ulys.* 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;

<sup>6</sup> of the prover.] So the quarto.  
<sup>7</sup> Now the dry, &c.] This is added in the folio.

<sup>8</sup> He SENT our messengers,—] This nonsense should be read, He SHENT our messengers,—  
i. e. rebuked, rated. WARB.

but,

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?

*Ulys.* *Achilles* hath inveigled his fool from him.

*Nest.* Who, *Thersites*?

*Ulys.* He.

*Nest.* Then will *Ajax* lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

*Ulys.* 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<sup>9</sup> composure, that a fool could disunite.

*Ulys.* The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untye.

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter Patroclus.*

Here comes *Patroclus*.

*Nest.* No *Achilles* with him?

*Ulys.* The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy;

His legs are for necessity, not flexure.

*Patr.* *Achilles* bids me say, he is much forry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this<sup>1</sup> noble St. ; To call on him; he hopes, it is no other, But for your health and your digestion-sake; An after-dinner's breath.

*Ag.* Hear you, *Patroclus*;  
We are too well acquainted with these answers;  
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,

<sup>9</sup> *composure,*] So reads the quarto very properly, but the folio, which the moderns have followed, has, *it was a strong*

COUNSEL.

<sup>1</sup> *noble State,*] Person of high dignity; spoken of *Agamemnon*.

Cannot outfly 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 untasted. Go and tell him,  
 We come to speak with him; and you shall not find  
 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 <sup>2</sup> under-write in an observing kind  
 His humourous predominance; yea, watch  
<sup>3</sup> His pettish luns, 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.*

*Aga.* 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?

*Aga.* 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?

<sup>2</sup> —under-write—] To *sub-* tish *lines*. The old quarto reads,  
*scribe*, in *Shakespeare*, is to obey. *His course and time.*

<sup>3</sup> *His pettish luns*,—] This is This speech is unfaithfully print-  
*Hanmer's* emendation of his pet- ed in modern editions.

*Aga.*



*Aga.* No question.

*Ajax.* Will you subscribe his thought, and say, *he is?*

*Aga.* No, noble *Ajax*, you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less 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.

### S C E N E 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,  
Un-tent his person, and share the air with us?

*Ulyss.* Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,  
He makes important; possess't 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 swoln 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

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.

*Ulys.* 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, (save such as do revolve  
 And ruminatè himself,) shall he be worshipping'd  
 Of that, we hold an idol more than he ?  
 No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant Lord  
 Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd ;  
 Nor, by my will, assubjugate 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 !

*Nest.* 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 pass him o'er the face.

*Aga.* O no, you shall not go.

*Ajax.* An he be proud with me, I'll <sup>4</sup> pheeze his  
 pride ; let me go to him.

*Ulys.* <sup>5</sup> Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

*Ajax.* A paltry insolent fellow——

*Nest.* How he describes himself !

*Ajax.* Can he not be sociable ?

*Ulys.* The raven chides blackness.

<sup>4</sup> pheeze his pride ;] To pheeze  
 is to comb or curry.

<sup>5</sup> Not for the worth—] Not  
 for the value of all for which we  
 are fighting.

*Ajax.*

*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——

*Ulys.* Wit would be out of fashion.

*Ajax.* He should not bear it so, he should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

*Nest.* An 'twould, you'd carry half.

*Ulys.* He would have ten shares.

<sup>6</sup> *Ajax.* I will knead him, I'll make him supple,—

*Nest.* He's not yet through warm: force him with praises; pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

*Ulys.* My Lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

*Nest.* Our noble General, do not do so.

*Dio.* You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

*Ulys.* Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm. Here is a man——but 'tis before his face——  
I will be silent.

*Nest.* Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

*Ulys.* Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

*Ajax.* A whoreson dog! that palter thus with us—  
'Would he were a *Trojan*!

*Nest.* What a vice were it in *Ajax* now——

*Ulys.* If he were proud.

*Dio.* Or covetous of praise.

*Ulys.* Ay, or surly borne.

*Dio.* Or strange, or self-affected.

<sup>6</sup> *Ajax.* I will knead him, I'll make him supple, he is not yet through warm.

*Nest.* Force him with praises; &c.] The latter part of *Ajax's* speech is certainly got out of place, and ought to be assign'd to *Nestor*, as I have ventur'd to transpose it. *Ajax* is feeding on his vanity, and boasting what he'll

do to *Achilles*; he'll pass him o'er the face, he'll make him eat swords; he'll knead him, he'll supple him, &c. *Nestor* and *Ulysses* slyly labour to keep him up in this vein; and to this end *Nestor* craftily hints, that *Ajax* is not warm yet, but must be cram'd with more flattery. THEOBALD.

*Ulys.*



*Ulys.* 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,  
Bull-bearing *Milo* his Addition yields  
To finewy *Ajax*; I'll not praise thy wisdom,  
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines  
Thy spacious and dilated parts. Here's *Nestor*,  
Instructed by the Antiquary times;  
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:  
But pardon, father *Nestor*, 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?

<sup>7</sup> *Nest.* Ay, my good son.

*Dio.* Be rul'd by him, Lord *Ajax*.

*Ulys.* There is no tarrying here; the Hart *Achilles*  
Keeps thicket; 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 West,  
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.*]

<sup>7</sup> *Nest.* *Ay, my good son.*] In of father to *Ulysses*; in the quarto,  
the folio and in the modern edi- more naturally, to *Nestor*.  
tions *Ajax* desires to give the title

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

*Paris's Apartments in the Palace, in Troy.*

*Enter Pandarus, and a Servant. [Musick within.*

P A N D A R U S.

**F**RRIEND! 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.*

*Pan.* Command, I mean, friend.

*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, <sup>s</sup> 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 complimentary assault upon him, for my business seethes.

*Serv.* Sudden business! there's a stew'd phrase, indeed.

S C E N E 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.

<sup>s</sup> *love's visible soul.*] So *Hammer*. The other editions have *invisible*, which perhaps may be

right, and may mean the *soul of love* invisible every where else.



*Par.* Well said, my Lord; well, you say so in fits.

*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, <sup>9</sup> with my disposer *Cressida*.

\* *And, my Lord, he desires you,*] 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.

<sup>9</sup> —with my DISPOSER *Cressida*.] I think *disposer* should, in

these places, be read DISPOUSER; she that would separate *Helen* from him. WARBURTON.

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——

*Pan.* You spy, what do you spy? Come, give me an instrument. Now, sweet Queen.

*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, <sup>1</sup> sweet Lord, thou hast 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 sore.  
These lovers cry,  
Oh! Oh! they die,*

<sup>1</sup> *sweet Lord,*] In the quarto, *sweet lad.*

<sup>2</sup> Yet that, which seems the wound to kill,  
Doth turn, ob! ob! to ha, ha, he:  
So dying love lives still.

O ho, a while; but ha, ha, ha;

O ho groans out for ha, ha, ha——hey ho!

*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.

*Pan.* 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*.<sup>3</sup>

*Pan.* Not I, honey-sweet Queen. I long to hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuse.

*Par.* To a hair.

*Pan.* Farewel, sweet Queen.

*Helen.* Commend me to your niece.

*Pan.* I will, sweet Queen. [*Exit. Sound a Retreat.*]

*Par.* They're come from field. Let us to *Priam's* Hall,

<sup>2</sup> Yet that, which seems the wound to kill,] To kill the wound, is no very intelligible expression, nor is the measure preserved. We might read,  
*These lovers cry,*  
*Ob! ob! they die:*

But that which seems to kill,  
Doth 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.

*Paris*. Sweet. Above thought I love her. [*Exeunt*.

S C E N E III.

*An Orchard to Pandarus's House.*

*Enter Pandarus, and Troilus's Man.*

*Pan*. **N**OW, 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 soul 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 deserfer! O gentle *Pandarus*,  
From *Cupid's* shoulder pluck his painted wings,  
And fly with me to *Cressid*.

H h 3

*Pan*.

*Pan.* Walk here i' th' orchard. I will bring her straight. [Exit Pandarus.

*Troi.* 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 nectar? 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 fraid 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.

*Troi.* Ev'n such a passion doth embrace my bosom:  
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulse;  
And all my pow'rs do their bestowing lose,  
Like vassalage at unawares encountering  
The eye of Majesty.

## S C E N E 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

<sup>3</sup> —and too sharp in sweetness,] curately,  
So the folio and all modern edi- —tun'd too sharp in sweetness.  
tions; but the quarto more ac-

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, <sup>4</sup> we'll put you i' 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 kiss the Mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm? Build there, carpenter, the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. <sup>5</sup> The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' th' river. Go to, go to.

*Troi.* 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?

*Troi.* O *Cressida*, how often have I wisht me thus?

*Cre.* Wisht, my Lord! the Gods grant——O my Lord.

*Troi.* What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? what too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

*Cre.* More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

*Troi.* Fears make devils of cherubins, they never see truly.

*Cre.* Blind fear, which seeing reason leads, finds safer

<sup>4</sup> *we'll put you i' th' files.*] Alluding to the custom of putting men suspected of cowardice in the middle places. HANMER.

<sup>5</sup> *The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' 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 than blind reason stumbling without fear. To fear the worst, oft cures the worse.

*Troi.* O, let my lady apprehend no fear; in all *Cupid's* Pageant there is presented 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 mistresses to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love. lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is 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 tasted, allow us as we prove: <sup>6</sup> our head shall go bare, <sup>7</sup> till merit crown it; no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in-present; we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, <sup>7</sup> 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 merit crown it;] I cannot forbear to observe, that the quarto reads thus: *Our head shall go bare, till merit lower part no affection, in reversion, &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

## S C E N E 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.

*Troi.* And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.

[*Kissing.*]

*Pan.* Pretty, i'faith.

*Cre.* My Lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;  
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss.  
I am ashamed;—O heavens, what have I done?—  
For this time will I take my leave, my Lord.

*Troi.* Your leave, sweet *Cressid*?

*Pan.* Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow  
morning——

*Cre.* Pray you, content you.

*Troi.* What offends you, lady?

*Cre.* Sir, mine own company.

*Troi.* You cannot shun yourself.

*Cre.* 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.

*Troi.* Well know they what they speak, that speak  
so wisely.

*Cre.* Perchance, my Lord, I shew more craft than  
love,

And fell so roundly to a large confession,  
To angle for your thoughts: <sup>8</sup> but you are wise,  
Or else you love not; to be wise and love,  
Exceeds man's might, that dwells with Gods above.

<sup>8</sup> —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,

Exceeds man's might,——  
*Cressida*, in return to the praise  
given by *Troilus* to her wisdom,  
replies, That lovers are never  
wise; that it is beyond the power  
of man to bring love and wisdom to  
a union.

*Troi.*



*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  
<sup>9</sup> 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,  
<sup>1</sup> 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 *Troilus*; when their rhymes,  
 Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,  
 Want similes: truth, tir'd with iteration,  
 As true as steel, as <sup>2</sup> Plantage to the Moon,

<sup>9</sup> *Might be affronted with the match—*] I wish my integrity might be met and matched with such equality and force of pure unmingled love.

<sup>1</sup> *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, learn'd worldly policy.*

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> —*Plantage to the Moon.*] I formerly made a silly conjecture, that the true reading was,

—*Planets to their Moons.*

But I did not reflect that it was wrote before *Galho* had disco-

vered 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 Latonæ puerum canentes,  
 Rite crescentum face noctilucam,  
 Prosperam fugum—*

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

As Sun to day, as turtle to her mate,  
 As iron to adamant, as earth to th' center,  
 Yet after all comparisons of truth,  
<sup>3</sup> 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 falshood! 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 falshood,  
 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-  
 sin's. If ever you prove false to one another, since I  
 have taken such pains to bring you together, let all  
 pitiful Goers-between be call'd to the world's end after  
 my name; call them all *Pandars*. Let all <sup>4</sup> inconstant  
 men be *Troilus's*, all false women *Cressida's*, and all  
 brokers between *Pandars*. Say, Amen.

<sup>3</sup> *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 all summed up 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 authour of*  
*truth*; as one whose proestations  
 were true to a proverb.

<sup>4</sup> *inconstant men*] So *Hanmer*.  
 In the copies it is *constant*.

*Troi.*

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.*]

S C E N E VI.

*Changes to the Grecian Camp.*

*Enter* Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. **N**OW, Princes, for the service I have done you, Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud

To call for recompence. <sup>s</sup> Appear it to your mind That,

<sup>s</sup> ————appear it to you,  
That, through the sight I bear in  
things to come,

*I have abandon'd Troy.—*] This reasoning perplexes Mr. Theobald, He foresaw his country was undone; he ran over to the Greeks; and this he makes a merit of, says the Editor. I own (continues he) the motives of his oratory seem to me somewhat perverse and unnatural. Nor do I know how to reconcile it, unless our poet purposely intended to make Calchas act the part of a TRUE PRIEST, and so from motives of self-interest insinuate 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 insinuate merit. But if he would insinuate, that it was the poet's design to make his priest self-interested, and to represent to the Greeks that what he did for his own preservation was done for their service, he is mistaken. 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 generally attends their abusers. But Shakespeare was no such; and conse-



That, <sup>6</sup> through the sight I bear in things, to *Jove*  
I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my possession,

Incurr'd

consequently wanted not this cover for dulness. The *perverse-ness* is all the Editor's own, who interprets,

— *through the sight I have in things to come*

*I have abandoned Troy—*

To signify, *by my power of prescience 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—expos'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 contingences 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 *Cassandra* only, but along with it, the fate not to be believed. Se-

veral 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 *Seer* 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 unconstrain'd 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.

<sup>6</sup> — *through the sight I bear in things, to Jove*] This passage

Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd myself,  
 From certain and possess'd conveniences,  
 To doubtful fortunes; sequestering 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,  
 Desir'd my *Cressid* 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,  
 7 In most accepted pain.

sage 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 nothing but the sense can determine whether it be *love* or *Jove*. I believe that the editors read it as *love*, and therefore made the alteration to obtain some meaning.

7 *In most accepted pain.*] Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read,

*In most accepted pay.*

They do not seem to understand the construction of the passage. *Her presence*, says *Calchas*, shall strike off, or recompence the service I have done, even in these labours which were most accepted.

*Aga.*

*Aga.* Let *Diomedes* bear him,  
 And bring us *Cressid* hither; *Calchas* shall have  
 What he requests of us. Good *Diomedes*,  
 Furnish you fairly for this interchange;  
 Withal, bring word, if *Hector* 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.

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their Tent.*

*Ulys.* *Achilles* stands i' 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 unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on  
 him;

If so, I have <sup>s</sup> derision medicinable  
 To use between your strangeness 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 strangeness as we pass 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.

*Achil.* 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?

<sup>s</sup> —*derision medicinable*] All agrees with the quarto, so that the modern editions have *decisi* n. The old copies are apparently right. The folio in this place

the corruption was at first merely accidental.



*Nest.* Would you, my Lord, aught with the General?

*Achil.* No.

*Nest.* 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 slipp'ry standers)  
The love that lean'd on them, as slipp'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

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*?

*Ulyf.* Now, great *Thetis*' son!

*Achil.* What are you reading?

*Ulyf.* A strange fellow here

Writes me, that man, <sup>9</sup> how dearly ever parted,  
How much in Having, or without, or in,  
Cannot make boast 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.

*Achil.* This is not strange, *Ulysses*.

The beauty that is borne here in the face  
The bearer knows not, but commends itself  
<sup>1</sup> 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,  
<sup>2</sup> Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there  
Where it may see its self. This is not strange at all.

*Ulyf.* I do not strain at the position,  
It is familiar, but the author's drift;  
Who, <sup>2</sup> in his circumstance, expressly proves  
That no man is the Lord of any thing,  
Tho' in, and of, him there be much consisting,

<sup>9</sup> —how dearly ever parted,]  
i. e. how exquisitely soever his  
virtues be divided and balanced  
in him. So in *Romeo and Juliet*,  
Swift, as they say with honour-  
able parts, proportioned as one's  
thoughts would wish 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.

<sup>1</sup> 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.

<sup>2</sup> —in his circumstance,—] In  
the detail or circumduction of his  
argument.

<sup>2</sup>Till

'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, reverb'rate  
 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

<sup>3</sup> 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 dear 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!

<sup>4</sup> 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 <sup>5</sup> feasting in his wantonness!  
 To see these *Grecian* Lords! why ev'n already

<sup>3</sup> *The unknown Ajax*—] *Ajax*,  
 who has abilities which were never brought into view or use.

<sup>4</sup> *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.*

<sup>5</sup> —*fasting*—] 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.

*Achil.* I do believe it;

For they pass'd by me, as misers do by beggars,  
Neither gave to me good wotd, nor good look.  
What! are my deeds forgot!

*Ulyf.* Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion.

A great siz'd monster, of ingritudes,  
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd  
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
As done: <sup>7</sup> 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 streight 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 entred tide, they all rush by,  
And leave you hindermost; <sup>8</sup> and there you lie,  
Like to a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,  
For pavement <sup>9</sup> to the abject rear, <sup>1</sup> o'er-run  
And trampled on: Then what they do in present,  
Tho' less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours.

<sup>6</sup> *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.

<sup>7</sup> In the old copy,

—*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 instant way,  
For honour, &c.*

<sup>8</sup> —*and there you lie,*] These words are not in the folio.

<sup>9</sup> —*to the abject rear,*—] So *Hanmer*. All the editors before him read,

—*to the abject, near.*

<sup>1</sup> —*o'er-run, &c.*] The quarto wholly omits the simile of the horse, and reads thus:

*And leave you hindmost, then  
what they do in present.*

The folio seems to have some omission, for the simile begins,  
*Or like a gallant horse—*

For

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;  
<sup>2</sup> 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;  
<sup>3</sup> 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 stirs. The Cry went once on thee,  
 And still it might, and yet it may again,  
 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,  
 And case thy reputation in thy tent;  
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,

<sup>2</sup> For beauty, wit, &c ] The folio and quarto,

— 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. Keats*.

<sup>3</sup> 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 recedes too far from the copy.

<sup>4</sup> Made emulous missions 'mongst the Gods themselves,  
And drave great *Mars* to faction.

*Achil.* Of this my privacy  
I have strong reasons.

*Ulys.* 'Gainst your privacy  
The reasons are more potent and heroical.  
'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in love  
With one of *Priam's* daughters.

*Achil.* Ha! known!

*Ulys.* Is that a wonder?

The providence, that's in a watchful state,  
<sup>5</sup> Knows almost every grain of *Pluto's* Gold;  
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive Deep;  
<sup>6</sup> Keeps place with thought; and almost, like the Gods,  
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.  
There is a mystery, <sup>7</sup> with which relation  
Durst never meddle, in the Soul of State;  
Which hath an operation more divine,  
Than breath, or pen, can give expreffure 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;*

<sup>4</sup> *Made emulous missions*—] *Missions*, for divisions, *i. e.* goings out, on one side and the other.

WARBURTON.

The meaning of *mission* seems to be *atches* of the gods from heaven, about mortal business, such as often happened at the siege of *Troy*.

<sup>5</sup> *Knows almost, &c.*] For this elegant line the quarto has only,  
*Knows almost every thing.*

<sup>6</sup> *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.

<sup>7</sup> —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.]

## S C E N E VIII.

*Patr.* To this effect, *Achilles*, 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, rouse 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 <sup>8</sup> 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.  
<sup>9</sup> 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 fend the fool to *Ajax*, and desire him  
T'invite the *Trojan* Lords, after the Combat,  
To see us here unarm'd. I have a woman's Lon;  
An appetite that I am sick withal,

<sup>8</sup> —to air.] So the quarto.  
The folio,

—to airy air.

<sup>9</sup> Omission to do, &c.] By ne-

glecting our duty we commission or  
enable that danger of dishonour,  
which could not reach us before,  
to lay hold upon us.

To see great *Hector* in the Weeds of peace;  
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,

## S C E N E IX.

*Enter Therites.*

Ev'n to my full of view.—A labour fav'd!

*Troil.* A wonder!

*Achil.* What?

*Ther.* *Ajax* goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

*Achil.* How so?

*Ther.* He must fight singly to-morrow with *Hector*, and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

*Achil.* How can that be?

*Ther.* Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride and a stand; ruminates like an hostess, that hath no arithmetick but her brain, to set down her reckoning: bites his lip<sup>1</sup> 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 *Hector* 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-less, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather Jerkin.

*Achil.* Thou must be my ambassador to him, *Therites*.

*Ther.* Who, I?—why, he'll answer no body; he

<sup>1</sup> *with a politick regard,]* With a *fly lock*.

professes 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* blefs 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 well, 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 fidler *Apollo* get his sinews to make Catlings on.

*Achil.* Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

*Ther.*



*Tber.* Let me carry another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

*Acbil.* 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-afs at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

[Exeunt.

## A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*A Street in TROY.*

*Enter at one door Æneas, with a torch; at another, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes, the Grecian, with Torches.*

P A R I S.

SEE, 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.

*Dio.* That's my mind too. Good morrow, Lord *Æneas*.

*Par.* A valiant Greek, *Æneas*; take his hand. Witness the process of your speech, wherein You told, how *Diomède* a whole week, by days, Did haunt you in the field.

*Æne.* Health to you, valiant Sir,

During

<sup>2</sup> 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.* <sup>3</sup> 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! <sup>4</sup> by *Venus'* hand I swear,  
No man alive can love, in such a sort,  
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

*Dio.* We sympathize.—*Jove*, let *Æneas* live

<sup>2</sup> 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 intercourse, interchange of conversation.

<sup>3</sup> 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 humane 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 *Essex* 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 gentleness? My correction of the pointing restores good sense, and a proper behaviour in *Æneas*. As soon as ever he has return'd *Diomedes'* 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, remembering his enemy to be a guest and an ambassador, welcomes him as such to the *Trojan* camp.—

THEOBALD.

<sup>4</sup> — by Venus' hand I swear,] This oath was used to insinuate his resentment for *Diomedes* wounding his mother in the hand.

WARBURTON.

If

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.* <sup>s</sup> His purpose meets you; 'twas, to bring this  
*Greek*

To *Calchas'* house, and there to render him  
 For the enfréed *Antenor*, the fair *Cressid*.  
 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 *Cressid* 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 teil me, noble *Diomede*, teil me true,  
 Ev'n in the soul of good sound fellowship,  
 Who in your thoughts merits fair *Helén* most?  
 Myself, or *Menelaus*?

*Dio.* Both alike.

<sup>s</sup> 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 soilure,  
 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 <sup>6</sup> a flat tamed piece;  
 You, like a letcher, out of whorish loins  
 Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors.

<sup>7</sup> 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;

<sup>8</sup> We'll not commend what we intend to sell.

Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

<sup>6</sup> —a flat tamed piece;] *i. e.*  
 a piece of wine out of which the  
 spirit is all flown. *WARBURT.*

<sup>7</sup> Both merits pois'd, each weighs  
 no less nor more,

But he as he, which heavier  
 for a whore.] I read,

But he as he, each heavier for  
 a whore.

*Heavy* is taken both for *weighty*,  
 and for *sad* or *miserable*. The  
 quarto reads,

But he as he, the heavier for a  
 whore.

I know not whether the thought

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 staked down,  
 which is the heavier?

<sup>8</sup> 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 seller to commend. There-  
 fore, if *Paris* had an intention to  
 sell *Helen*, he should, by this  
 rule, have commended her. But  
 the

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to Pandarus's House.**Enter Troilus and Cressida.*

*Troi.* **D**EAR, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

*Cre.* Then, sweet my Lord, I'll call my uncle down; He shall unbolt the gates.

*Troi.* Trouble him not.

To bed, to bed. <sup>9</sup> Sleep kill those pretty eyes, And give as soft attachment to thy senses, As infants empty of all thought!

*Cre.* Good-morrow then.

*Troi.* I pr'ythee now, to bed.

*Cre.* Are you a weary of me?

*Troi.* 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.

*Troi.* Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,

† As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love, With wings more momentary-swift than thought: You will catch cold, and curse 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 shews *Shakspeare* wrote,

*We'll not commend what we intend not sell.*

*i. e.* what we intend not to sell. The *Oxford Editor* has thought fit to honour this paraphrase by making it the text. **WARE.** I believe the meaning is only

this: though you practise the buyer's art, we will not practise the seller's. We intend to sell *Helen* dear, yet will not commend her.

<sup>9</sup> —*Sleep kill*—] So the old copies. The moderns have,

—*sleep seal*—

† *As tediously*—] The folio has,

*As hideously as bell.*

O 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?

*Troi.* 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.

*Pan.* To do what? to do what? Let her say, what.  
What have I brought you to do?

*Cre.* Come, come, beshrew your heart; you'll never  
be good; nor suffer others.

*Pan.* Ha! ha! alas, poor wretch; 'a poor *Capoc-*  
*chia*,——hast 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-  
tily.

*Troi.* Ha, ha——

*Cre.* Come, you are deceived, I think of no such  
thing.

<sup>1</sup> *A poor Chipochia,*] 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. *Pandarus* says it to his niece, in a jeering sort of tenderness. He would say, I think, in *English*—*Poor in-*

*nocent!* *Poor fool!* *ha'st not slept to night?* These appellations are very well answer'd by the *Italian* word *capocchio*: for *capocchio* signifies the thick head of a club; and thence metaphorically, a head of not much brain, a sot, dullard, heavy gull. THEOBALD.



How earnestly they knock——Pray you, come in,

I would not for half *Troy* have you seen here. [Knock.  
[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 y'are 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.*

*Troi.* How now? what's the matter?

*Æne.* My Lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you, My <sup>2</sup> matter is so rash. There is at hand *Paris* your brother, and *Deiphobus*, The *Grecian Diomedes*, and our *Antenor* <sup>3</sup> Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,

<sup>2</sup> *Matter is so rash.*—] My business is so *hasty* and so abrupt,

<sup>3</sup> *Deliver'd to us, &c* ] So the folio. The quarto thus, *Delivered to him, and forthwith.*

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.

S C E N E 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!

† — 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 Pan-  
dar.*

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'st things of nature,  
&c.*

i. e. the *arcana naturæ*, the my-  
steries of nature, of occult philo-  
sophy, or of religious ceremo-  
nies. Our poet has allusions of  
this sort in several other passages.

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.* Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'would, thou hadst ne'er been born. I knew, thou wouldst be his death. O poor gentleman! 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 soul so near me,  
As the sweet *Troilus*. O you Gods divine!  
Make *Cressid*'s name the very Crown of falsehood,  
If ever she leave *Troilus*. Time, Force, and Death,  
Do to this body what extremes you can;  
But the strong Base and Building of my Love  
Is as the very center of the earth,  
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go and weep,——

*Pan.* Do, do.

*Cre.* Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised  
cheeks,  
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart  
With sounding *Troilus*. I'll not go from *Troy*.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E



S C E N E V.

*Before Pandarus's House.*

*Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor,  
and Diomedes.*

*Par.* **I**T is great morning, and the hour prefixt  
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.

*Troi.* 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.]

S C E N E VI.

*An Apartment in Pandarus's House.*

*Enter Pandarus and Cressida.*

*Pan.* **B**E moderate, be moderate.

*Cre.* Why tell you me of moderation?

<sup>s</sup> The grief is fine, full, perfect that I taste,  
And in its sense is no less strong, than that

<sup>s</sup> *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.

500 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

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 dross.

*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 sigb'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 <sup>6</sup> strain'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

<sup>6</sup> —*strain'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,  
 Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

*Æneas within.*] My Lord, is the lady ready ?

*Troi.* Hark ! you are call'd. Some say the Genius so  
 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 Deem 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,

? For I will throw my glove to Death—] That is, I will challenge Death himself in defence of thy fidelity.



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 beseech 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-discourfive 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, kiss, and let us part.

*Paris within.*] Brother *Troilus*,——

*Troi.*

*Troi.* Good brother, come you hither,  
And bring *Æneas* and the *Grecian* with you.

*Cre.* My Lord, will you be true?

*Troi.* Who I? alas, it is my Vice, my fault.  
While others fish, with craft, for great opinion;  
I, with great truth,<sup>8</sup> catch meer simplicity.  
While some with cunning gild their copper crowns,  
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.  
Fear not my truth; <sup>9</sup> the moral of my wit  
Is *plain and true*, there's all the reach of it.

S C E N E 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 <sup>1</sup> 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 *Priam* 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 cheek,  
Pleads your fair usage; and to *Diomedes*  
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

*Troi.* *Grecian*, thou dost not use me courteously,

<sup>8</sup> —[*catch meer simplicity.*] The meaning, I think, is, *while others*, by their art, gain high estimation, I, by honesty, obtain a plain simple approbation.

<sup>9</sup> —[*the moral of my wit* *Is plain and true,*—] That is, the governing principle of my un-

derstanding; but I rather think we should read,

—[*the motto of my wit*

*Is plain and true.*—

<sup>1</sup> [*possess thee what she is.*] I will make thee fully understand.

This sense of the word *possess* is frequent in our authour.

<sup>2</sup> 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 privileg'd by my place and message,  
 To be a Speaker free, when I am hence,  
 I'll answer to <sup>3</sup> my list; 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.

*Troi.* Come—To the Port—I'll tell thee, *Diomedes*,  
 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.

<sup>2</sup> *To shame the SEAL of my petition towards thee,*  
*By praising her.—*] To shame  
 the seal 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 there-  
 fore 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 com-  
 passion to his pangs and sufferings.

WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> —my list;—] This I think  
 is right, though both the old co-  
 pies read *lust*.

Let



<sup>4</sup> *Æne.* Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity  
 Let us address to tend on *Hector's* heels:  
 The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lie  
 On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VIII.

*Changes to the Grecian Camp.*

*Enter Ajax armed, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus,  
 Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, &c.*

*Aga.* **H**ERE 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 purse;  
 Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:  
 Blow, villain, till thy sphered <sup>5</sup> bias cheek  
 Out-swell the cholick of puffed *Aquilon*:  
 Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood:  
 Thou blow'st for *Hector*.

*Ulyf.* No trumpet answers.

*Achil.* 'Tis but early day.

*Aga.* Is not yond' *Diomedes* with *Calchas'* daughter?

*Ulyf.* 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;  
 He rises on his toe; that spirit of his  
 In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

*Enter Diomedes, with Cressida.*

*Aga.* Is this the lady *Cressida*?

*Dio.* Ev'n she.

*Aga.* Most dearly welcome to the *Greeks*, sweet lady.

*Nest.* Our General doth salute you with a kiss.

<sup>4</sup> *Æneas.*] These four lines are not in the quarto, being probably added at the revision.

<sup>5</sup> — bias cheek] Swelling out like the bias of a bowl.

*Ulyf.*

*Ulys.* Yet is the kindness but particular ;  
 'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.

*Nest.* And very courtly counsel. I'll begin.  
 So much for *Nestor*.

*Achil.* I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady.  
*Achilles* bids you welcome.

*Men.* I had good argument for kissing once.

*Patr.* But that's no argument for kissing now :  
 For thus popp'd *Paris* in his hardiment,

[Stepping between *Men.* and *Cress.*

And parted, thus, you and your argument.

*Ulys.* O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns,  
 For which we lose our heads to gild his horns !

*Patr.* The first was *Menelaus*' kiss—this mine—  
*Patroclus* kisses you.

*Men.* O, this is trim.

*Patr.* *Paris* and I kiss evermore for him.

*Men.* I'll have my kiss, Sir. Lady, by your leave,—

*Cre.* In kissing do you render or receive ?

*Patr.* Both take and give.

*Cre.* <sup>6</sup> I'll make my match to live.

The kiss you take is better than you give ;  
 Therefore no kiss. —

*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.

*Ulys.* It were no match, your nail against his horn.  
 May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you ?

*Cre.* You may.

*Ulys.* I do desire it.

<sup>6</sup> *I'll make my match to live.] m<sup>o</sup> profit, therefore will not take  
 I will make such bargains as I may live by, such as may bring a worse kiss than I give.*

*Cre.* <sup>7</sup> Why, beg then.

*Ulys.* 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.

*Ulys.* <sup>8</sup> 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!

*Ulys.* 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 <sup>9</sup> motive of her body.

Oh, these Encounterers! So glib of tongue,  
They give <sup>1</sup> a coasting welcome ere it comes,  
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts  
To every ticklish reader; set them down  
For <sup>2</sup> sluttish Spoils of Opportunity,  
And Daughters of the Game. [Trumpet within.]

*Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Helenus, and Attendants.*

*All.* The Trojans' trumpet!

*Aga.* Yonder comes the troop.

<sup>7</sup> *Why, beg then.*] For the sake  
of rhyme, we should read,

*Why, big two.*

If you think kisses worth begging,  
beg more than one.

<sup>8</sup> *Ulys. 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.

<sup>9</sup> —*motive of her body:*] *Motive,*  
for part that contributes to  
*motion.*

<sup>1</sup> —*a Coasting*—] An  
amorous address; courtship.

<sup>2</sup> —*sluttish spoils of opportunity,*] Corrupt wenches, of  
whose chastity every opportunity  
may make a prey.

*Æne.*



*Æne.* 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.

*Agam.* Which way would *Hector* have it?

*Æne.* He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

*Agam.* 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done;  
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing  
The Knight oppos'd.

*Æne.* If not *Achilles*, Sir,  
What is your name?

*Achil.* If not *Achilles*, nothing.

*Æne.* Therefore, *Achilles*; but whate'er, know this;  
In the extremity of great and little  
Valour and pride excel themselves in *Hector*;

The

<sup>3</sup> '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 *Æneas* 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 seconded the opinion of that

Great Man in this point. THEO. As the old copies agree, I have made no change.

<sup>4</sup> Valour and pride excell themselves in *Hector*;] It is an high absurdity to say, that any thing can *excell* in the extremity of little; which little too, is as *blank as nothing*. Without doubt *Shakespeare* wrote,

Valour and pride PARCELL themselves in *Hector*;

*i. e.* divide themselves in *Hector*; 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 wses are PARCELLED.

WARBURTON.

I would not petulantly object, that

The one almost as infinite as all,  
 The other blank as nothing; weigh him well;  
 And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.  
 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*.

*Achil.* A maiden-battle then? O, I perceive you.

*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 stints their strife before their strokes begin.

*Ulys.* They are oppos'd already.

*Aga.* What *Trojan* is that same, that looks so heavy?

*Ulys.* 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 soon 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 <sup>s</sup> an impair thought with breath:

that excellence may as well be little as absurdity 'e 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.

<sup>s</sup> —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<sup>6</sup> 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 *Ilium*<sup>7</sup> thus translate him to me.

[*Alarm. Hector and Ajax fight.*

S C E N E IX.

*Aga.* They are in action.

*Nest.* Now, *Ajax*, hold thine own.

*Troi.* *Hector*, thou sleep'st, awake thee.

*Aga.* His blows are well dispos'd.—There, *Ajax*.

[*Trumpets cease.*

*Dio.* You must no more.

*Aene.* Princes, enough, so please you.

*Ajax.* I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

*Dio.* As *Hector* pleases.

*Hect.* 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 commixtion *Greek* and *Trojan* so,

That thou could say, this hand is *Grecian* all,

And this is *Trojan*; the sinews 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,

<sup>6</sup> —*Hector*—*subscribes*

<sup>7</sup> —*thus translate him to me.*

*To tender objects;—*] That Thus explain his character.  
 is; yields, gives way.

Thou



Thou shouldst not bear from me, a *Greekish* member  
 Wherein my sword had not impresse 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 lusty 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.

*Hect.* <sup>8</sup> Not *Neoptolemus* so mirable,  
 On whose bright crest, Fame, with her loud'st O yes,  
 Cries,

<sup>8</sup> Not *Neoptolemus* so MIR-  
 ABLE,

(On whose bright crest, Fame,  
 with her loud'st 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 Νεπτόλεμος) dare  
 himself entertain such a  
 thought. But Shakespeare meant  
 another sort of man, as is evi-  
 dent from,

On whose bright crest, &c.

Which characterises one who goes  
 foremost and alone: and can  
 therefore suit only *one*, which *one*  
 was *Achilles*; as Shakespeare him-  
 self has drawn him,

The great Achilles, whom opi-  
 nion crowns

The sinew and the forehead of  
 our Host.

And again,  
 Whose glorious deeds but in these  
 fields of late  
 Made emulous missions 'mongst  
 the Gods themselves,  
 And drove great Mars to fac-  
 tion.

And indeed the sense and spirit  
 of *Hector's* speech requires that  
 the most celebrated of his adver-  
 saries 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 IRA-  
 SCIBLE

On whose bright crest—

*Iracible* is an old school term,  
 and is an epithet suiting his cha-  
 racter, and the circumstances he  
 was then in.

*Impiger, iracundus, inexorabi-  
 lis, acer.*

But our editor Mr. Theobald, by  
 his obscure diligence, had found  
 out

Cries, *this is he*; could promise to himself  
A thought of added honour torn from *Hector*!

*Aeneas*. There is expectance here from both the sides,  
What further you will do.

*Hector*. ' We'll answer it.

The issue is embracement. *Ajax*, farewell.

*Ajax*. If I might in entreaties find success,  
As feld I have the chance, I would desire  
My famous cousin to our *Grecian* tents.

*Dio*. 'Tis *Agamemnon's* wish; and great *Achilles*  
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.

*Hector*. *Aeneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me,

out that *Wyken de Werde*, in the old chronicle of *The three destructions of Troy*, introduces one *Neoptolemus* into the ten years quarrel, a person distinct from the son of *Achilles*, and therefore will have it, that *Shakespeare* here means no other than the *Neoptolemus* of this worthy chronicler. He was told, to no purpose, that this fancy was absurd. For first, *Wyken's* *Neoptolemus* is a common-rate warrior, and so described as not to fit the character here given. Secondly, It is not to be imagined that the poet should on this occasion make *Hector* refer to a character not in the play, and never so much as mentioned on any other occasion. Thirdly, *Wyken's* *Neoptolemus* is a warrior on the *Trojan* side, and slain by *Achilles*. But *Hector* must needs mean by one who could promise 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* th' admirable;

as I know not whether *mirable* can be found in any other place.

The correction which the learned commentator gave to *Hammer*,  
Not *Neoptolemus's* fire so mirable,

as it was modester than this, was preferable to it. But nothing is more remote from justness of sentiment, than for *Hector* to characterise *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 authour meant *Achilles* himself, and remembering that the son was *Pyrrhus Neoptolemus*, considered *Neoptolemus* as the *nomen gentilitium*, and thought the father was likewise *Achilles Neoptolemus*.

' We'll answer it.] That is, answer the expectance.

And

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.

*Hect.* The worthiest of them tell me, name by name ;  
But for *Achilles*, mine own searching eyes  
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

*Aga.* <sup>1</sup> 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 *Hector*, welcome.

*Hect.* 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.

*Hect.* Whom must we answer ?

*Æne.* The noble *Menelaus*.

*Hect.* O—you, my Lord — by *Mars* his gauntlet,  
thanks.

<sup>2</sup> 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.

<sup>1</sup> *Worthy of arms!*—] Folio. seem added on a revision.

*Worthy all arms!*—

Quarto. The quarto has only the two first and the last line of this salutation ; the intermediate verses

<sup>2</sup> *Mock not, &c.*] The quarto has here a strange corruption,  
*Mock not thy affect, the untraded carth.*



*Hes.* O, pardon—I offend.

*Nest.* 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,  
³ And seen thee scorning forfeits and subduments,  
When thou hast hung thy advanc'd sword i'th' air,  
Not letting it decline on the declin'd:  
That I have said unto my standers-by,  
Lo, *Jupiter* is yonder, dealing life!  
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,  
When that a Ring of *Greeks* have hemm'd thee in,  
Like an *Olympian* wrestler. This I've seen:  
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,  
I never saw 'till now. I knew thy Grandfire,  
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 *Nestor*.

*Hes.* Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,  
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:  
Most reverend *Nestor*, I am glad to clasp thee.

*Nest.* I would, my arms could match thee in con-  
tention,  
⁴ As they contend with thee in courtesy.

*Hes.* I would, they could.

*Nest.* By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-  
morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome; I have seen the time——

*Ulys.* I wonder now how yonder city stands,  
When we have here the base and pillar by us.

*Hes.* I know your favour, Lord *Ulysses*, well.  
Ah, Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,  
Since first I saw yourself and *Diomedes*

³ *And seen thee scorning forfeit.*—] Folio. The quarto has,

—despising many forfeits—  
⁴ This line is not in the quarto.

In *Ilion*, on your *Greekish* embassy.

*Ulys.* Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue ;  
My prophecy is but half his journey yet ;  
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,  
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do bus the clouds,  
Must kiss their own feet.

*Heet.* 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.

*Ulys.* So to him we leave it.  
Most gentle, and most valiant *Hector*, welcome ;  
After the General, I beseech you next  
To feast with me, and see me at my Tent.

*Achil.* I shall forestal thee, Lord *Ulysses* ;—thou !  
Now, *Hector*, I have fed mine eyes on thee ;  
I have with exact view perus'd thee, *Hector*,  
And quoted joint by joint.

*Heet.* Is this *Achilles* ?

*Achil.* I am *Achilles*.

*Heet.* Stand fair, I pr'ythee. Let me look on thee.

*Achil.* Behold thy fill.

*Heet.* Nay, I have done already.

*Achil.* Thou art too brief. I will the second time,  
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.

*Heet.* 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 ?

*Achil.* Tell me, you heav'ns, 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  
*Hector's* great spirit flew. Answer me, heav'ns !

*Heet.* It would discredit the blest Gods, proud man,  
To answer such a question. Stand again.

Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,  
As to prenominate, in nice conjecture,  
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

*Achil.* I tell thee, yea.

*Heñ.* 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 stithied *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, *Achilles*, let these threats alone,  
'Till accident or purpose bring you to't.  
You may have ev'ry day enough of *Heñtor*,  
If you have stomach. The general State, I fear,  
Can scarce intreat you to be odd with him.

*Heñ.* I pray you, let us see you in the fields:  
We have had pelting wars since you refus'd  
The *Grecians'* cause.

*Achil.* Dost thou intreat me, *Heñtor*?  
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;  
To-night, all friends.

*Heñ.* Thy hand upon that match.

*Aga.* First, all you Peers of *Greece*, go to my Tent,  
There in the full convive we; afterwards,  
As *Heñtor's* leisure and your bounties shall  
Concur together, severally intreat him.

<sup>s</sup> Beat loud the tabourins; let the trumpets blow;  
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>s</sup> *Beat loud the tabourins.*—]  
For this the quarto and the latter  
editions have,

*To raise your bounties.*——

The reading which I have given  
from the folio seems chosen at the  
revision, to avoid the repetition  
of the word *bounties*.

S C E N E



## S C E N E X.

*Manent Troilus and Ulysses.*

*Troi.* My Lord *Ulysses*, tell me, I beseech you,  
In what place of the field doth *Calchas* keep?

*Ulyf.* 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 *Cressid*.

*Troi.* Shall I, sweet Lord, be bound to thee so  
much,  
After you part from *Agamemnon's* Tent,  
To bring me thither?

*Ulyf.* 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 boasting 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.*

*Enter Achilles and Patroclus.*

ACHILLES.

I'LL heat his blood with *Greekish* wine to-night,  
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.

*Patroclus*, let us feast him to the height.

*Patr.* Here comes *Thersites*.

*Enter Thersites.*

*Achil.* How now, thou core of envy?

<sup>6</sup> Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the news?

*Ther.* Why, thou picture of what thou seem'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.* <sup>7</sup> The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

*Patr.* Well said, adversity; and what need these  
tricks?

*Ther.* Pr'ythee, be silent, boy, I profit not by thy  
talk. Thou art thought to be *Achilles's* male-varlet.

*Patr.* <sup>8</sup> Male-varlet, you rogue? what's that?

<sup>6</sup> *Thou crusty batch of Nature,*—] *Batch* is changed by *Theobald* to *batch*, and the change is justified by a pompous note, which discovers that he did not know the word *batch*. What is more strange. *Hanmer* has followed him. *Batch* is any thing baked.

<sup>7</sup> *The surgeon's box,*] In this answer *Thersites* only quibbles upon the word *tent*. HANMER.

<sup>8</sup> *Male-varlet,*] *Hanmer* reads *male-varlet*, plausibly enough, except that it seems too plain to require the explanation which *Patroclus* demands.

*Ther.*

*Ther.* Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i'th' back, lethargies, <sup>9</sup> cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciatica's, lime-kilns i'th' palme, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-simple 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, <sup>1</sup> you ruinous butt, you whoreson indistinguishable cur.

*Ther.* No? why art thou then exasperate, <sup>2</sup> thou idle immaterial skein of sleay'd silk, thou green farcenet flap for a sore 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.* <sup>3</sup> Out, gall!

*Ther.* <sup>4</sup> Finch egg!

*Achil.* My sweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to morrow's battle.

<sup>9</sup> cold palsies,] This catalogue of loathsome maladies ends in the folio at *cold palsies*. This passage, as it stands, is in the quarto; the retrenchment 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.

<sup>1</sup> you ruinous, &c.] *Patroclus* reproaches *Thersites* with deformity, with having one part crowded into another.

<sup>2</sup> thou idle immaterial skein of sleay'd silk,] All the terms used by *Thersites* of *Patroclus*, are em-

blematically expressive of flexibility, compliance, and mean officiousness.

<sup>3</sup> Out, gall!] *Hanmer* reads *Nut-gall*, which answers well enough to *finch-egg*; it has already appeared, that our Authour thought the *nut-gall* the bitter gall. He is called *nut*, from the conglobation of his form; but both the copies read, *Out, gall!*

<sup>4</sup> Finch-egg,!] Of this reproach I do not know the exact meaning. I suppose he means to call him *singing bird*, as implying an useless favourite, and yet more, something more worthless, a singing 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*, fail 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 banquetting 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 mad-  
 men. Here's *Agamemnon*, an honest fellow enough,  
 and one that loves quails, but he hath not so much  
 brain as ear-wax; <sup>6</sup> and the goodly transformation of  
*Jupiter* there, his brother, the bull, the primitive sta-  
 tue,

<sup>5</sup> *A token from her daughter,*  
 &c.] This is a circumstance  
 taken from the story book of the  
 three destructions of *Troy*.

OXFORD EDITOR.

<sup>6</sup> *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 ex-  
 plains it, the *bull*, on account of  
 his *horns*, which he had as a  
 cuckold. This cuckold he calls  
 the *primitive statue of cuckolds*;  
*i. e.* his story had made him so  
 famous, that he stood as the great  
 archetype of this character. But  
 how was he an *oblique memorial*  
*of cuckolds*? can any thing be a  
 more *direct* memorial of cuck-  
 olds, than a cuckold? and so the  
 foregoing character of his being  
 the *primitive statue* of them plain-

ly implies. To reconcile these  
 two contradictory epithets there-  
 fore we should read,

—and OBELISQUE memorial  
 of cuckolds.

He is represented as one who  
 would remain an eternal monu-  
 ment 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 sen-  
 tence rises gradually, and pro-  
 perly from a *statue* to an *obe-*  
*lisque*. To this the editor Mr.  
*Theobald* replies, that *the bull* is  
*called the primitive statue*: by  
 which he only giveth us to un-  
 derstand, that he knoweth not  
 the difference between the *Eng-*  
*lish* articles *a* and *the*. But by  
 the *bull* is meant *Menelaus*; which  
 title *Thersites* gives him again af-  
 terwards—*The cuckold and the*  
*cuckold.*

we, and obelisque memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg; to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice<sup>7</sup> forced with wit, turn him? To an ass were nothing, he is both ass and ox. To an ox were nothing, he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizzard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be a *Menelaus* — I would conspire against Destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not *Thersites*; for I care not, to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not *Menelaus*.

Hey-day, <sup>8</sup> spirits and fires!

S C E N E . 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.

*Hect.* I trouble you.

*Ajax.* No, not a whit.

*Enter Achilles.*

*Ulysses.* Here comes himself to guide you.

*Achilles.* 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 game — But the Oxford Editor makes quicker work with the term *oblique*, and alters it to *antique*, and so all the difficulty's evaded. WARB. *7* forced, with wit,] Stuffed

with wit. A term of cookery.

In this speech I do not well understand what is meant by *lowing quails*.

<sup>8</sup> — *Spirits and fires!*] This *Thersites* speaks upon the first sight of the distant lights.

*Hect.*

*Heñ.* Thanks, and good night, to the *Greeks'* General.

*Men.* Good night, my Lord.

*Heñ.* Good night, sweet Lord *Menelaus*.

*Tber.* Sweet drought. Sweet, quoth a. Sweet sink. Sweet sewer.

*Achil.* Good night, and welcome, both at once, to those

That go or tarry.

*Aza.* Good night.

*Achil.* Old *Nestor* tarryes, and you too, *Diomedes*, Keep *Heñor* company an hour or two.

*Dio.* I cannot, Lord, I have important business, The tide whereof is now. Good night, great *Heñor*.

*Heñ.* Give me your hand.

*Ulyf.* Follow his torch, he goes to *Calchas'* tent. I'll keep you company. [To Troilus.

*Troi.* Sweet Sir, you honour me.

*Heñ.* And so, good night.

*Achil.* Come, come, enter my tent. [Exeunt.

*Tber.* That same *Diomedes'* a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave. I will no more trust him when he leers, 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 *Diomedes* keeps his word. I will rather leave to see *Heñor*, than not dog him; they say, he keeps a *Trojan* drab, and uses the traitor *Calchas* his tent. I'll after — Nothing but lechery; all incontinent varlets. [Exeunt.

SCENE



## S C E N E III.

*Changes to Calchas's Tent.**Enter Diomedes.*Dio. **W**HAT are you up here? ho? speak.

Cal. Who calls?

Dio. *Diomed.*—*Calchas* I think. Where is your daughter?

Cal. She comes to you.

*Enter Troilus and Ulysses, [undiscovered by Diomedes,]  
after them Therfites, [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 sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing 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.

Troi. What should she remember?

Ulyf. List.—

Cre. Sweet honey *Greek*, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery.—

Dio. Nay, then,——

Cre. I'll tell you what.

9 her cliff.] That is, her key. *Clef*, 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?

*Tber.* A juggling trick, to be secretly open.

*Dio.* What did you swear you would bestow 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.* *Diomedes*.——

*Dio.* No, no, good night. I'll be your fool no more.

*Troi.* Thy better must.

*Cre.* Hark, one word in your ear.

*Troi.* O plague, and madness!

*Ulys.* You are mov'd, Prince. Let us depart, I pray you,

Lest 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.

<sup>1</sup> 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, how now, Lord?

<sup>1</sup> *You flew to great distraction.*—] So the moderns.  
The folio has,  
*You show to great distraction*—

The quarto,  
*You show to great destruction.*—  
I read,  
*You show too great distraction.*

*Troi.*

*Troi.* By *Jove*, I will be patient.

*Cre.* Guardian. Why, *Greek*.

*Dio.* Pho, pho, adieu! You palter.

*Cre.* In faith, I do not. Come hither once again.

*Ulys.* You shake, my Lord, at something. Will you go?

You will break out.

*Troi.* She strokes his cheek.

*Ulys.* 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 potatoe finger tickles these together! Fry, letchery, fry!

*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.]

*Ulys.* 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.

S C E N E IV.

*Re-enter Cressida.*

*Ther.* Now the pledge; now, now, now.

*Cre.* Here, *Diomedes*, keep this sleeve.

*Troi.* O beauty! where's thy faith?

*Ulys.* My Lord,—

*Troi.* I will be patient. Outwardly, I will.

*Cre.* You look upon that sleeve. Behold it well.—

He lov'd me.—O false 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, *Diomede*, visit me no more.

*Tber.* 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 master now lies thinking in his bed  
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,  
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it:

<sup>2</sup> As I kiss thee.— [Diomede 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, *Diomede*; '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.* <sup>3</sup> 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't it on thy horn,  
It should be challeng'd.

<sup>2</sup> In old editions.

*As I kiss thee.*

*Dio.* Nay, do not snatch it from  
me:

*Cre.* He that takes that, must  
take my heart withal.

Dr. *Thirlby* thinks, this should be  
all plac'd to *Cressida*. She had the

sleeve, and was kissing it raptu-  
rously: and *Diomede* snatches it  
back from her.

THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> By all *Diana's* waiting wo-  
men yonder;] i. e. the stars  
which she points to.

WARBURTON.

*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 *Diomedes* 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.

*Troilus*, 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.* <sup>5</sup> A proof of strength she could not publish  
more;

Unless she say, my mind is now turn'd whore.

*Ulys.* All's done, my Lord.

*Troi.* It is.

*Ulys.* Why stay we then?

*Troi.* To make a recordation 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?

<sup>4</sup> But with my heart, &c.] I think it should be read thus,

But my heart with the other eye doth see.

<sup>5</sup> A proof of strength she could not publish more;] She could

not publish a stronger proof.

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,  
An esperance so obstinately strong,

<sup>6</sup> That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears;  
As if those organs had deceptious functions,  
Created only to calumniate.

Was *Cressid* here?

*Ulys.* <sup>7</sup> I cannot conjure, *Trojan*.

*Troi.* She was not, sure.

*Ulys.* Most sure, she was.

*Troi.* Why my negation hath no taste of madness.

*Ulys.* Nor mine, my Lord. *Cressid* was here but now,

*Troi.* Let it not be believ'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*.

*Ulys.* What hath she done, Prince, that can soil our  
mothers?

*Troi.* Nothing at all, unless that this was she.

*Iber.* Will he swagger himself out of his own eyes?

*Troi.* 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!

That

<sup>6</sup> *That doth invert that test of eyes and ears.*] What test? *Troilus* had been particularizing none in his foregoing words, to govern or require the *relative* 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.

<sup>7</sup> *I cannot conjure Trojan.*] That is, I cannot raise spirits in the form of *Cressida*.

<sup>8</sup> *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*



That cause set't up with and against thyself!  
<sup>2</sup> Bi-fold authority! <sup>3</sup> where reason can revolt  
 Without perdition, and loss 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 inseparate  
 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 slight *Arachne's* broken woof to enter.  
 Instance, O instance, strong as *Pluto's* gates!  
*Cressid* is mine, tied with the bonds of heav'n's;  
 Instance, O instance, strong as heav'n itself!  
 The bonds of heav'n are slip'd, dissolv'd and loos'd:  
 And with another <sup>4</sup> knot five-finger-tied,  
 The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

*virtuous restraint, regularity of manners, command of passions and appetites.* In *Macbeth*,

*He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause,*

*Within the belt of rule.*

But I know not how to apply the word in this sense to unity. I read.

*If there be rule in purity itself,*

Or,

*If there be rule in verity itself.*

Such alterations would not offend the reader, who saw the state of the old editions, in which, for instance, a few lines lower, *the Almighty Sun* is called *the Almighty Ferre*.

Yet the words may at last mean, *If there be certainty in unity, if it be a rule that one is one.*

<sup>2</sup> *Bi-fold authority! ——— ]*

This is the reading of the quarto. The folio gives us,

VOL. VII.

By foul authority! ———

There is *madness* in that *disquisition* in which a man reasons at once for and against himself upon authority which he knows not to be valid. The quarto is right.

<sup>3</sup> — *where reason can revolt*

*Without perdition, and loss assume all reason*

*Without revolt. ——— ]* A miserable expression of a quaint thought, *That to be unreasonable in love is reasonable; and to be reasonable, unreasonable.* *Perdition* and *loss* are both used in the very same sense, and that an odd one, to signify *unreasonableness*.

WARBURTON.

The words *loss* and *perdition* are used in their common sense, but they mean the *loss* or *perdition* of reason.

<sup>4</sup> — *knot five-finger-tied, ]* A

knot tied by giving her hand to *Diomedes*.

M m

The

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques  
Of her <sup>5</sup> o'er-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomede*.

*Ulys.* <sup>6</sup> May worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd  
With that which here his passion doth express?

*Troi.* 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; not the dreadful spout,  
Which ship-men do the hurricano call,  
Constring'd in mass by the almighty Sun,  
Shall dizzy with more clamour *Neptune's* ear  
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword  
Falling on *Diomede*.

*Ther.* He'll tickle it for his concupy.

*Troi.* O *Cressid*! O false *Cressid*! false, false, false!  
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,  
And they'll seem glorious.

*Ulys.* O, contain yourself;  
Your passion draws ears hither.

*Enter Æneas.*

*Æne.* 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.

*Troi.* Have with you, Prince. My courteous Lord,  
adieu.

Farewel, revolted Fair. And, *Diomede*,

<sup>5</sup> O'er-eaten faith,—] Vows  
which she has already swallowed  
once over. We still say of a faith-  
less man, that he has eaten his  
own words.

<sup>6</sup> May worthy *Troilus*—] Can  
*Troilus* really feel on this occasion  
half of what he utters? A ques-  
tion suitable to the calm *Ulysses*.

Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

*Ulys.* I'll bring you to the gates.

*Troi.* Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*

*Ther.* 'Would, I could meet that rogue *Diomede*, I would croak 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 almond, than he for a commodious drab. Letchery, letchery, still wars and letchery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

S C E N E VI.

*Changes to the Palace of Troy.*

*Enter Hector and Andromache.*

*And.* **W**HEN was my Lord so much ungently temper'd  
To stop his ears against admonishment?  
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to day.

*Hect.* 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.

*Hect.* No more, I say.

*Enter Cassandra.*

*Cas.* Where is my brother *Hector*?

*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.

*Hect.* Ho! bid my trumpet sound.



*Cas.* No notes of folly for the heav'ns, sweet brother.

*Hect.* 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 persuaded, 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.* 8 It is the purpose that makes strong the vow; But vows to every purpose must not hold. Unarm, sweet *Hector*.

*Hect.* 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.*

*Hect.* 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 incorrectness,

—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 beh. of charity.

8 It is the purpose—] The mad Prophetess speaks here with

all the coolness and judgment of a skilful casuist. 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 authour'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.

*Troi.* Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;

<sup>1</sup> Which better fits a lion, than a man.

*Hect.* What vice is that? good *Troilus*, chide me for it.

*Troi.* <sup>2</sup> When many times the captive *Grecians* fall,

Ev'n in the fan and wind of your fair sword,

You bid them rise, and live.

*Hect.* O, 'tis fair play.

*Troi.* Fool's play, by Heaven, *Hector*.

*Hect.* How now? how now?

*Troi.* For love of all the Gods,

Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mothers,

And when we have our armour buckled on,

The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,

Spur them to rueful work, rein them from ruth.

*Hect.* Fy, savage, fy!

*Troi.* *Hector*, thus 'tis in wars.

*Hect.* *Troilus*, I would not have you fight to-day.

*Troi.* Who should with-hold me?

No fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*

Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;

<sup>1</sup> 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 wise man

<sup>2</sup> When many times the CAPTIVE *Grecians* fall,] This reading supposes *Hector* insulting

over his *captives*, which is not *Troilus's* meaning: who is here speaking of *Hector's* actions in the field. Without doubt *Shakespeare* wrote,

*When many times the caitiff  
Grecians fall,*

*i. e.* dastardly *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<sup>3</sup> 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.

## S C E N E 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.

*Hect.* *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.

*Hect.* 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.

*Hect.* *Andromache*, I am offended with you.

<sup>3</sup> — *with recourse of tears;*] i. e. tears that continue to course  
 one ano her down the face.



Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[Exit Andromache.

*Troi.* This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl  
Makes all these bodements.

*Cas.* O farewell, dear *Hector*,  
Look, how thou dy'st; 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* shrills her dolour forth!  
Behold, distraction, frenzy and amazement,  
Like witlefs anticks, one another meet,  
And all cry, *Hector*, *Hector's* dead! O *Hector*!

*Troi.* Away! — Away! —

*Cas.* Farewel. Yes. Soft. *Hector*, I take my leave;  
Thou do'st thyself and all our *Troy* deceive. [Exit.

*Hect.* You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim.  
Go in and cheer the town; we'll forth and fight,  
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

*Priam.* Farewel. The Gods with safety stand about  
thee. [Alarm.

*Troi.* They're at it; hark. Proud *Diomedes*, be-  
lieve——

I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

S C E N E VIII.

*Enter Pandarus.*

*Pan.* Do you hear, my Lord? do you hear?

*Troi.* What now?

*Pan.* Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

*Troi.* Let me read.

*Pan.* A whoreson ptifick, a whoreson rascally ptifick  
so troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this girl,  
and what one thing and what another, that I shall leave  
you one o' these days; and I have a rheum in mine

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——

*Troi.* † Hence, broker lacquey! ignominy and shame

Pursue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E IX.

*Changes to the Field between Troy and the Camp.*

[*Alarm*] Enter Therfites.

*Ther.* NOW they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, *Diomedes*, has got that same scurvy, doating, foolish young knave's sleeve of *Troy*, there, in his helm; I would fain see them meet; that, that

† Hence, brothel, lacquey!—] *phen* betwixt the two words.

In this, and the repetition of it, towards the cloſe of the play, *Troilus* is made absurdly to call *Pandarus*——*bawdy-house*; for *brothe* 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 retriev'd 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*.

same

same young *Trojan* ass, 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. <sup>5</sup> 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 mungril cur *Ajax*, against that dog of 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 <sup>6</sup> 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.]

*Tber.* Hold thy whore, *Grecian*. Now for thy  
whore, *Trojan*. Now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

<sup>5</sup> O' th' other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals, &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 *sneering* is the true reading. They had colloqued with *Ajax*, and trim'd him up with insincere praises, only in order to have

stir'd *Achilles's* emulation. In this, they were the true sneerers; betraying the first, to gain their ends on the latter by that artifice.

THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> to proclaim barbarism,] To set up the authority of ignorance to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer.

SCENE



## S C E N E X.

*Enter Hector.**Hect.* 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.*Hect.* 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, lechery 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.

## S C E N E XI.

*Enter Agamemnon.**Aga.* Renew, renew. The fierce *Polydamas* Hath beat down *Menon*; <sup>7</sup> bastard *Margarelon*.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *bastard Margarelon* ] ces taken from the story book of  
The introducing a bastard son of *The three Destructions of Troy.*  
*Priam*, under the name of *Margarelon*, is one of the circumstan-  
THEOBALD.

Hath

Hath *Doreus* prisoner,  
 And stands *Colossus* wise, waving his beam  
 Upon the pashed coarces of the Kings,  
*Epistropus* and *Odius*. *Polyxenus* is slain;  
*Amphimachus* and *Thoas* deadly hurt;  
*Patroclus* ta'en or slain, and *Palamedes*  
 Sore hurt and bruis'd; <sup>8</sup> the dreadful *Sagittary*  
 Appals our numbers. Haste we, *Diomedes*,  
 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 <sup>9</sup> on *Galatbe* 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 <sup>1</sup> the strawy *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.

<sup>8</sup> —the dreadful *Sagittary*  
*Appals our numbers:—*] “ Be-  
 “ yonde the Royalme of Ama-  
 “ sonne came an auntyent  
 “ Kynge, wyse and dyscreete,  
 “ named *Epystrophus*, and brought  
 “ a M. Knyghtes, and a mer-  
 “ vayllouse Beste, that was cal-  
 “ led SAGITTARYE, that be-  
 “ hynde the myddes was an  
 “ horse, and to fore, a Man:  
 “ This Beste was heery lyke an  
 “ horse, and had his Eyen rede  
 “ as a Cole, and shotte well with

“ a bowe: *This Beste made the*  
 “ *Grekes fire aferde, and slewe*  
 “ *many of them with his Bowe.*”  
*The three Destructions of Troy,*  
 printed by *Caxton.*

Mr. THEOBALD.

<sup>9</sup> —in *Galathe his horse,*]  
 From the same book is taken this  
 name given to *Hector*'s horse.

Mr. THEOBALD.

<sup>1</sup> —the strawy *Greeks,—*] In  
 the folio it is,

—the straying *Greeks.*

*Enter*

*Enter Ulysses.*

*Ulyf.* 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 noseless, handleless, 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 fantastick 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.

S C E N E XII.

*Enter Ajax.*

*Ajax.* *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*? [Exit.

*Dio.* Ay, there, there.

*Nest.* So, so, we draw together. [Exeunt.

*Enter Achilles.*

*Achil.* 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*



*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, <sup>2</sup> 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?

<sup>2</sup> —you cogging *Greeks*,—] authour had heard of *Cræcia*  
This epithem has no particular *Mendax*.  
propriety in this place, but the

*Enter*

*Enter Troilus.*

*Troi.* 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 reckon not, though thou end my life to-day. [*Exit.*]

*Enter One in armour.*

*Hect.* Stand, stand, thou *Greek*, thou art a goodly  
mark:  
Now? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,  
I'll crush 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.*]

<sup>3</sup> *I'll crush it,—*] The word *crush* I never found elsewhere, nor understand it. *Hammer* explains it, to *break* or *bruise*.

S C E N E

S C E N E XIII.

*Enter Therfites, 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.

S C E N E XIV.

*Enter Hector.*

*Hect.* Most putrified 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 hast thy fill of blood and death.

[*He puts up his sword.*

*Enter*



*Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.*

*Achil.* Look, *Hector*, how the sun begins to set,  
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels ;  
+ Ev'n with the vail and darkning of the Sun,  
To close the day up, *Hector's* life is done.

*Hect.* I am unarm'd. Forego this vantage, *Greek.*

*Achil.* <sup>s</sup> Strike, fellows, strike, this is the man I seek.

[*They fall upon Hector, and kill him.*

So, *Iliou*, 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 sound the like, my  
Lord.

*Achil.* The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the  
earth ;

And, stickler-like, the armies separates.

My half-supt 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, Nestor, Diomedes,  
and the rest marching.*

*Ag.* Hark, hark, what shout is that ?

*Nest.* Peace, drums.

*Sol.* *Achilles ! Achilles ! Hector's* slain ! *Achilles !*

<sup>4</sup> *Ev'n with the vail—*] The *vail* is, I think, the *sinking* of the sun ; not *veil* or *cover*.

<sup>5</sup> *Strike fellows, strike,—*] This particular of *Achilles* over-

powering *Hector* by numbers, and without armour, is taken from the old story-book.

OXFORD EDITOR.

*Dio.* The bruit is, *Hector's* slain, and by *Achilles*.

*Ajax.* If it is so, yet bragless 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.*]

S C E N E 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.*

*Troi.* *Hector* is slain.

*All.* *Hector!*—the Gods forbid!

*Troi.* He's dead, and at the murderer's horse's tail  
In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful field.  
Frown on, you heav'ns, 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.

*Troi.* 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 scritch 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,

<sup>a</sup> 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 pight upon our *Phrygian* plains,  
 Let *Titan* rise as early as he dare,  
 I'll through and through you. And thou, great-siz'd  
 coward!

No space of earth shall sunder 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?

*Troi.* Hence, <sup>3</sup> 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 endea-  
 vour be so <sup>4</sup> 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,  
 'Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;  
 But being once subdu'd in armed tail,  
 Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.  
 Good traders in the flesh, set 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.

<sup>3</sup> So the quarto. The folio has *Brother*.

<sup>4</sup> *Lov'd*, quarto; *desired*, folio.



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,  
<sup>5</sup> Some galled goose of *Winchester* would hiss :  
 'Till then, I'll <sup>6</sup> sweat, and seek about for eases ;  
 And at that time bequeath you my diseases. [Exit.]

<sup>5</sup> Some galled goose of Winchester—] The public stews were anciently under the jurisdiction of the bishop of *Winchester*.

POPE. The *lues venerea* was called a *Winchester goose*. DR. GRAY.

<sup>6</sup> —sweat,] Quarto ; swear, 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 characters with great variety, and preserved them with great exact-

ness. His vicious characters sometimes disgust, but cannot corrupt, for both *Cressida* and *Pandarus* 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 manners 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 character of *Thersites*, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after *Chapman* had published his version of *Homer*.

The END of the SEVENTH VOLUME.

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