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WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Vol. VIII.

P. L. A. Y. S.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME EIGHTH

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

LOUIS TESSAR

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA

TIMON OF ATHENS

TITUS ANDRONICUS

LONDON

Printed by C. Bartholomew, W. Strahan, J. B. and C. Richardson,
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P L A Y S

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WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME the EIGHTH.

C O N T A I N I N G

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

L O N D O N,

Printed for C. Bathurst, W. Strahan, J. F. and C. Rivington,
J. Hinton, L. Davis, W. Owen, T. Caslon, E. Johnson, S. Crowder,
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Restricted

Use

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Persons Represented.

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

Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lena, *Senators.*

Brutus,
Cassius,
Casca,
Trebonius,
Ligarius, } *Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*
Decius Brutus,
Metellus Cimber,
Cinna,

Flavius, and Marullus, *Tribunes.*

Artemidorus, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*

A Soothsayer.

Cinna, *a Poet : Another Poet.*

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

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

Pindarus, *Servant to Cassius.*

Calphurnia, *Wife to Cæsar.*

Portia, *Wife to Brutus.*

Plebeians, Senators, Guards, Attendants, &c.

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

JULIUS CÆSAR¹.

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

R O M E.

A Street.

Enter Flavius, ² Marullus, and certain Commoners.

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

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,

Being

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

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

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

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

Car. Why, fir, a carpenter.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MALONE.

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

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

Flaw

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

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

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

Cob. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

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

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

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

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
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,

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

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

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

Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
 The live-long day, with patient expectation,
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome :
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made an universal shout,
 That Tyber trembled underneath his banks ⁵,
 To hear the replication of your sounds,
 Made in his concave shores ?

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

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

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

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

[*Exeunt Commoners.*]

See, whe'r ⁶ their basest metal be not mov'd ;
 They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol ;
 This way will I : Disrobe the images,
 If you do find them ⁷ deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar.

⁵ — *his banks,*] The old copy reads—*ber banks.* As *Tyber* is always represented by the figure of a man, the feminine gender is improper. Milton says, that

“ ——— the river of bliss

“ Rolls o'er Elysian flowers *ber* amber stream ;
 but he is speaking of the water, and not of its presiding power or genius. STEEVENS.

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

⁷ — *deck'd with ceremonies.*] *Ceremonies*, for religious ornaments.

Mar. May we do so?

You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

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

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

The same.

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

Cæs. Calphurnia,——

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

Cæs.

ments. Thus afterwards he explains them by *Cæsar's trophies*; i. e. such as he had dedicated to the gods. WARBURTON.

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

* This person was not *Decius*, but *Decimus Brutus*. The poet (as *Voltaire* has done since) confounds the characters of *Marcus* and *Decimus*. *Decimus Brutus* was the most cherished by *Cæsar* of all his friends, while *Marcus* kept aloof, and declined so large a share of his favours and honours, as the other had constantly accepted. *Velleius Paterculus*, speaking of *Decimus Brutus*, says,—"ab iis quos miserat *Antonius*, jugulatus est, justissimasque optimè de se merito, C. Cæsari pœnas dedit, cujus cum primus omnium amicorum fuisset, intersector fuit, et fortunæ ex qua fructum tulerat, invidiam in auctorem relegabat, censebatque æquum quæ acceperat a Cæsare retinere, Cæsarem qui illa dederat periisse." Lib. ii. c. 64.

Cæs. Calphurnia,——

Calp. Here, my lord.

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

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia : for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy 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 prefs, that calls on me ?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,
Cry, Cæsar : Speak ; Cæsar is turn'd to hear,

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that ?

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

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

“ Jungitur his *Decimus*, notissimus inter amicos

“ Cæsaris, ingratus, cui trans-Alpina fuisset

“ Gallia Cæsareo nuper commissa favore.

“ Non illum conjuncta fides, non nomen amici

“ Deterrere potest.”

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

“ Præcipue dederat, ductorem sæpe morantem

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

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

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

° ——— in Antonius' way.] The old copy generally reads *An-
tonio, Octavio, Flavio*. The players were more accustomed to
Italian than Roman terminations, on account of the many ver-
sions from Italian novels, and the many Italian characters in dra-
matic pieces formed on the same originals. STEEVENS.

Cæs.

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

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

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

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

[*Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar, and Train.*]

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

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

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

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

Cæs. Brutus, I do observe you now of late :
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And shew of love, as I was wont to have :
You bear too stubborn and too ² strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,

¹ *Sennet.*] 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.

JOHNSON.

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

In Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602 :

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

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

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

In *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602 : “ Cornets sound a *cynet*.”

In *Look about You*, 1600 : “ Enter a *finet*.”

In a play called *Alarum for London*, &c. 1602 : “ A *signet* sounded.”

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

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

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

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

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

By means whereof, this breast of mine hath bury'd
 Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
 Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

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

Cas. 'Tis just :

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
 That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
 Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
 That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
 Where many of the best respect in Rome,
 (Except immortal Cæsar) speaking of Brutus,

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

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

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

“ At difference in thee.” STEEVENS.

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

Is it because the mind is like the eye,

Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees ;

Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly ;

Not seeing itself, when other things it sees ?

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

“ Thus few strike fail until they run on self ;

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

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 reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protefter; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish, and shout.*]

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

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

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

³ To stale with ordinary oaths : my love, &c.] To invite every new protefter to my affection by the stale or allurement of customary oaths. JOHNSON.

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

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,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,*

And swim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy,
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd⁷,
Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

⁷ *But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,*] The verb *arrive* is used, without the preposition *at*, by Milton in the second book of *Paradise Lost*, as well as by Shakespeare in the Third Part of *K. Henry VI.* act V. sc. iii:

“—— those powers that the queen

“Hath rais'd in Gallia, have *arriv'd* our coast.”

STEEVENS.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake :
 * His coward lips did from their colour fly ;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas ! it cry'd, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic 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 time are masters of their fates :
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus, and Cæsar : What should be in that Cæsar ?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;

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

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

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ¹ ;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
 Now in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art sham'd :
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?
 When could they say, 'till now, that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide walls ² incompass'd but one man ?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.
 O ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
³ There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
 The ⁴ eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
 As easily as a king.

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

¹ *Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well.*] A similar thought occurs in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1614 :

“ What diapason's more in Tarquin's name

“ Than in a subject's ? or what's Tullia

“ More in the sound, than should become the name

“ Of a poor maid ?” STEEVENS.

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

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

STEEVENS.

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

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

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

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

Re-enter Cæsar, and his train.

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

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

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

Cæs. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

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

Yon

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*Exeunt Cæsar, and his train.*]

Manent Brutus and Cassius: Casca to them.

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

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

pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most, meaning
Brutus and Cassius."

And again:

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

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

Casca.

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 coronets¹ ;—and, as I told you, he put it by once : but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again ; then he put it by again : but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time ; he put it the third time by : and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost choak'd Cæsar ; for he swooned, and fell down at it : And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

¹ ———one of these coronets ;] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: “ ———he came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel.” STEEVENS.

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 use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

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

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

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

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again : But those, that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads : but, for

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

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 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
 From that it is dispos'd : Therefore 'tis meet
 That noble minds keep ever with their likes :
 For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd ?
 Cæsar doth bear me hard ; but he loves Brutus :

³ *Thy honourable metal may be wrought*

From what it is dispos'd :]

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

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

S C E N E III.

A Street.

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

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

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

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

Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,

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

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

Cæsar should not love me.

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

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

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

JOHNSON.

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

JOHNSON.

I have

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
 Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen
 The 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 heaven ;
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
 Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful ?

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

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

Besides, (I have not since put up my sword)
 Against the Capitol I met a lion,

⁸ Who glar'd upon me, and went furly by,
 Without annoying me : And there were drawn
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
 Transformed with their fear ; who swore, they saw
 Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
 And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
 Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
 Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,

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

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

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

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

*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 Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

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

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

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there ?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

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

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

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

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

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

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by 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

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 heavens :
 But if you would consider the true cause,
 Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
⁹ Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind ;
 Why old men fools, ¹ and children calculate ;
 Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
 Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
 To monstrous quality ; why, you shall find,
 That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
 To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
 Unto some monstrous state.

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

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

Cas. Let it be who it is : for Romans now
³ Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors ;

But,

⁹ *Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind ;*] That is, Why they deviate from quality and nature. This line might perhaps be more properly placed after the next line :

Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind ;

Why all these things change from their ordinance. JOHNSON.

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

WARBURTON.

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

² —prodigious grown,] *Prodigious* is portentous. STEEVENS.

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

But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,
 And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits ;
 Our yoke and sufferance shew us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
 Mean to establish Cæsar as a king :

And he shall wear his crown, by sea, and land,
 In every place, save here in Italy.

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

Casca. So can I :

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

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

“ For nature, crescent, does not grow alone

“ In *theves* and bulk.”

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

⁴ My answer must be made : But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca : and to such a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. ⁵ Hold my hand :

⁶ Be factious for redress of all these griefs ;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

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

Enter Cinna.

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

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

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

JOHNSON.

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

JOHNSON.

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

Is favors, like the work——

I think we should read :

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

Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Favour is look, countenance, appearance. JOHNSON,

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

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

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

Cas.

Caf. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait ;
He is a friend.—Cinna, where hafte you fo ?

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

Caf. No, it is Cafca ; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not ftaid for, Cinna ?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is 'this ?
There's two or three of us have feen ftrange fights.

Caf. Am I not ftaid for ? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,

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

Caf. 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 ; fet this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' ftatue : all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you fhall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there ?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber ; and he's gone
To feek you at your houfe. Well, I will hie,
And fo beftow thefe papers as you bade me.

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

[*Exit Cinna.*

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

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

Caf. 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 fure of him.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Brutus, in his Orchard ⁸.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,

Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—

I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—

When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: What, Lucius!

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.

The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins

⁹ Remorse from power: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have

⁸ ——— in his orchard.] The modern editors read *garden*, but *orchard* seems anciently to have had the same meaning. STEEVENS.

⁹ Remorse from power:] *Remorse*, for mercy. WARBURTON.

Remorse (says the author of the *Revisal*) signifies the conscious uneasiness arising from a sense of having done wrong; to extinguish which feeling, nothing hath so great a tendency as absolute uncontrouled power.

I think

I have not known when his affections sway'd
 More than his reason. But 'tis a ' common proof,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face :
 But when he once attains the upmost round ;
 He then unto the ladder turns his back ;
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the ³ 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, ⁴ as his kind, grow mis-
 chievous ;
 And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter Lucius.

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

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

I think Warburton right. JOHNSON.

Remorse is pity, and has twice occurred in that sense in *Measure for Measure*, act II. and act V. Many more instances of this use of the word are given in *Othello*, Act III. sc. iii. STEEVENS.

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

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

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

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

MALONE.

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

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

⁵ Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March!

Luc. I know not, fir.

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

Luc. I will, fir. [Exit.

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

[Opens the letter, and reads.

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

Shall Rome—Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake,—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

Shall Rome—Thus must I piece it out;

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

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated

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

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. ⁶ Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[Knocks within.

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

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

WARBURTON.

⁶ In former editions:

Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

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

THEOBALD.

Since

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

7 Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :

The

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

“ O think, what anxious moments pass between

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

“ Ob, '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 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,

Ob,

The genius, and the mortal instruments,
 Are then in council ; and the state of man,
 Like

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

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

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

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

WARBURTON.

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

Dr. Warburton's pompous criticism might well have been shortened. The *genius* is not the *genius* of a *kingdom*, nor are the *instruments*, *conspirators*. 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. JOHNSON.

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

STEEVENS.

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

The *genius*, i. e. the soul or spirit, which should govern ; and the *mortal instrument*, i. e. the man, with all his bodily, that is, earthly passions, such as envy, pride, malice, and ambition, *are then in council*, i. e. debating upon the horrid action that is to be done, the soul and rational powers dissuading, and the *mortal instrument*,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother ¹ Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

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

Bru. Do you know them?

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

And half their faces bury'd in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark ⁹ of favour.

Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit Lucius.*

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

Hide it in smiles, and affability:

! For if thou path, thy native semblance on,

Not

strument, man, with his bodily passions, prompting and pushing on to the horrid deed, whereby the state of man, like to a little kingdom, suffers then the nature of an insurrection, the inferior powers rising and rebelling against the superior. See this exemplified in *Macbeth's* soliloquy, and also by what King *John* says, act IV:

“Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,

“This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,

“Hostility and civil tumult reigns

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

⁸ — your brother *Cassius*—] *Cassius* married *Junia*, *Brutus's* sister. STEEVENS.

⁹ — of favour.] Any distinction of countenance. JOHNSON.

¹ For if thou path thy native semblance on,] If thou walk in thy true form. JOHNSON.

The

Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

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

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

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

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

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

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

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

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

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

Casca. No.

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

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both de-
ceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arifes ;
Which is a great way growing on the south,

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

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

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

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. ² No, not an oath ³: If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-fighted tyranny range on,
⁴ '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,

² *No, not an oath.* If that the face of men, &c.] Dr. Warburton would read *fate of men*; but his elaborate emendation is, I think, erroneous. *The face of men* is the countenance, the regard, the esteem of the publick; in other terms, *honour and reputation*; or *the face of men* may mean the dejected look of the people.

He reads, with the other modern editions:

————— if that *the face of men*:

but the old reading is,

————— if not *the face*, &c. JOHNSON.

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

STEEVENS.

³ *No, not an oath.*—] Shakespeare form'd this speech on the following passage in sir T. North's translation of *Plutarch*:—
“The conspirators having never taken oaths together, nor taken or given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they kept the matter so secret to themselves,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁴ *'Till each man drop by lottery.*] Perhaps the poet alluded to the custom of *decimation*, i. e. the selection by *lot* of every tenth soldier, in a general mutiny, for punishment.

He speaks of this in *Coriolanus*:

“By *decimation*, and a tytbed death,

“Take thou thy fate.” STEEVENS.

And

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 cautelous⁶,
 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 the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
 To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
 Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he do break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath past from him.

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

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

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

⁵ *Swear priests &c.*] This is imitated by Owtay:

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

JOHNSON.

⁶ —cautelous] Is here *cautious*, sometimes *insidious*.

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

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

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

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

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

Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 915: “—the emperor's counsell thought
 by a *cautell* to have brought the king in mind to sue for a licence
 from the pope.” STEEVENS.

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 men there is no blood :
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit ⁷,
And not dismember Cæsar ! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it ! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods ⁸,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds :
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,

⁷ O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit, &c.] Lord Sterling has the same thought : Brutus remonstrating against the taking off of Anthony, says :

“ Ah ! ah ! we must but too much murder see,

“ That without doing evil cannot do good ;

“ And would the gods that Rome could be made free,

“ Without the effusion of one drop of blood !”

MALONE.

⁸ — as a dish fit for the gods, &c.]

“ ——— Gradive, dedisti,

“ Ne qua manus vatem, ne quid mortalia bello

“ Lædere tela queant, sanctum et venerabile Diti

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

Stir

Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
 And after seem to chide them. This shall make
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious :
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,
 We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;
 For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
 When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him :

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

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him :
 If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
 Is to himself ; ⁹ take thought, and die for Cæsar :
 And that were much he should ; for he is given
 To sports, to wildness, and much company.

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

[*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
 Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no :
 For he is superstitious grown of late ;
 Quite from the main opinion ¹ he held once

Of

⁹ —— *take thought,*—] That is, *turn melancholy.* JOHNSON.
 So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ What shall we do, Ænobarbus ?

“ *Think and die.*”

Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 833 : “ —— now they were without
 service, which caused them to *take thought*, inso much that some
 died by the way, &c.” STEEVENS.

¹ *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, funda-
 mental opinion, grounded in truth and nature : as by *fantasy* is
 meant ominous forebodings ; and by *ceremonies*, atonements of

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

Dec. Never fear that : If he be so resolv'd,
 I can o'erfway him : ² for he loves to hear,
³ That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

And

the gods by means of religious rites and sacrifices. A little after, where Calphurnia says :

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

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

WARBURTON.

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

² ——— [*for he loves to hear, &c.*] It was finely imagined by the poet, to make Cæsar delight in this sort of conversation. The author of *St. Evremond's Life* tells us, that the great prince of Conde took much pleasure in remarking on the foible and ridicule of characters. WARBURTON.

³ *That unicorns may be betray'd by trees,
 And bears with glasses, elephants with holes.]*

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

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

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

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

“ An angry *unicorne* in his full career
 “ Charge with too swift a foot a jeweller
 “ That watch'd him for the treasure of his brow,

“ And

And bears with glaffes, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He fays, he does; being then moft flattered.
Let me work :

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

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

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

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

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæfar hard ⁴,
Who rated him for fpeaking well of Pompey ;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

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

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

And, friends, difperfe yourfelves : but all remember
What you have faid, and fhew yourfelves true Ro-
mans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look frefh and merrily ;
⁵ Let not our looks put on our purpofes ;

“ And e'er he could get fhelter of a tree,
“ Nail him with his rich antler to the earth.”

Bears are reported to have been furprifed by means of a *mir-
ror*, which they would gaze on, affording their purfuers an op-
portunity of taking the furer aim. This circumftance, I think,
is mentioned by Claudian. *Elephants* were feduced into pitfalls,
lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to
tempt them, was expofed. See Pliny's *Nat. Hift.* B. VIII.

STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— *bear Cæfar hard.*] Thus the old copy, but Rowe, Pope,
and Hanmer, on the authority of the latter folios read *batred*,
though the fame expreffion appears again in the firft fcene of the
following act : “ ——— I do befeech you, if you *bear me hard* :”
and has already occurr'd in a former one :

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

STEEVENS.

⁵ *Let not our looks* —] Let not our faces *put on*, that is, *wear*
or *fhew* our deligns. JOHNSON.

But bear it as our Roman actors do,
 With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy:
 And so, good-morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt.*]

Manet Brutus.

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

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

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

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

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

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

I should

I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

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

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

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

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you⁴, 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 Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals⁵, comfort your bed⁶,
And

⁵ *I charm you*——] Thus the old copy. Pope and Hanmer read *charge*, but unnecessarily. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“———’tis your graces

“That from my muteſt conſcience to my tongue

“*Charms* this report out.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *To keep with you at meals, &c.*]

“I being, O Brutus, (ſayed ſhe) the daughter of Cato, was married

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

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

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

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

"I was not, Brutus, match'd with thee, to be
 "A partner only of thy board and bed,
 "Each servile whore in those might equal me,
 "That did herself to nought but pleasure wed.
 "No—Portia spous'd thee with a mind t' abide
 "Thy fellow in all fortunes good or ill;
 "With chains of mutual love together ty'd
 "As those that have two breasts, one heart, two souls,
 one will." Lord Sterline's *Julius Cæsar*.

MALONE.

"—comfort your bed,] "is but an odd phrase, and gives as odd an idea," says Mr. Theobald. He therefore substitutes, *comfort*. But this good old word, however disused through modern refinement, was not so discarded by Shakespeare. Henry VIII. as we read in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, in commendation of queen Katharine, in public said, "She hath bene to me a true obedient wife, and as comfortable as I could wish." UPTON.

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

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

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

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

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

I grant, I am a woman⁸; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
⁹ 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:

⁷ ——— in the suburbs.] Perhaps here is an allusion to the
place in which the harlots of Shakespeare's age resided. So, in
B. and Fletcher's *Monfieur Thomas*:

“ Get a new mistress,
“ Some suburb saint, that sixpence, and some oaths
“ Will draw to parley. STEEVENS.

⁸ *I grant I am a woman, &c.*] So, lord Sterling:

“ And though our sex too talkative be deem'd
“ As those whose tongues import our greatest pow'rs,
“ For secrets still bad treasurers esteem'd,
“ Of others greedy, prodigal of ours;
“ Good education may reform defects,
“ And I this vantage have to a virtuous life,
“ Which others minds do want and mine respects,
“ *I'm Cato's daughter, and I'm Brutus' wife.*”

MALONE.

⁹ *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 imply-
ing that she was a woman of a good character, and that she was
Cato's daughter, gives no good reason: for she might be Cato's
daughter, and yet not inherit his firmness; and she might be a
woman well-reputed, and yet not the best at a secret. But if she
was well-reputed Cato's daughter, that is, worthy of her birth,
she could neither want her father's love to her country, nor his
resolution to engage in its deliverance. WARBURTON.

I have

I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound
 Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
 And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
 Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knock.*
 Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
 And by and by thy bosom shall partake
 The secrets of my heart.
 All my engagements I will construe to thee,
 All the charactery¹ of my sad brows:—
 Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*

Enter Lucius, and Ligarius.

Lucius, who is that knocks?

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

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
 Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

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

To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not sick²!

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

¹ —all the charactery—] i. e. all that is character'd on, &c.
 The word has already occur'd in the *Merry Wives of Windsor.*
 STEEVENS.

² *Would you were not sick! &c.*] So, lord Sterling:

“ By sickness being imprison'd in his bed
 “ Whilst I Ligarius spied, whom pains did prick
 “ When I had said with words that anguish bred,
 “ *In what a time Ligarius art thou sick?*
 “ He answer'd straight, as I had physick brought,
 “ Or that he had imagin'd my design,
 “ *If worthy of thyself thou would'st do ought,*
 “ *Then Brutus I am whole, and wholly thine.*”

MALONE.

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

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

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

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

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

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

Bru. Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsar, in his Night-gown.

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

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord ?

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

Serv. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar ? Think you to walk
forth ?

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

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth : The things, that threaten'd me,

Ne'er look'd but on my back ; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies³,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid fights seen by the watch.
A lions's hath whelped in the streets ;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead :
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol :
The noise of battle hurtled in the air⁴,

Horses

³ *Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies.*] i. e. I never paid a ceremonious or superstitious regard to prodigies or omens.

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

“ The devil hath provided in his covenant,

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

“ I never was so ceremonious.”

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

⁴ *The noise of battle hurtled in the air.*] To *hurtle* is, I suppose,
to

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

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

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

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths⁵ ;
 The valiant never taste of death but once.
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard⁶,

It

to clash, or move with violence and noise. So, in *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, 1638 :

“ Here the Polonian he comes *hurtling* in,
 “ Under the conduct of some foreign prince.”

Shakespeare uses the word again in *As You Like It* :

“ ——— in which *hurtling*,
 “ From miserable slumber I awak'd.”

Again, in *Selimus*, &c.

“ To toss the spear, and in a warlike gyre
 “ To *hurtle* my sharp sword about my head.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. 7 :

“ His harmful club he gan to *hurtle* high.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *Cowards die many times before their deaths.*] So in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603 :

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

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

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

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

⁶ ——— *that I yet have heard.*] This sentiment appears to have been imitated by Dr. Young in his tragedy of *Busiris king of Egypt* :

—— *Didst*

It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
 Seeing that ⁷ death, a necessary end,
 Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers ?

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

Cæs. The gods do this ⁸ in shame of cowardice :
 Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
 If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
 No, Cæsar shall not : Danger knows full well,
 That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
⁹ We were two lions litter'd in one day,

“ ——— Didst thou e'er fear ?

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

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

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

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

⁷ ——— death, a necessary end, &c.] This is a sentence derived
 from the stoical doctrine of predestination, and is therefore im-
 proper in the mouth of Cæsar. JOHNSON.

⁸ ——— in shame of cowardice :] The ancients did not place
 courage but wisdom in the heart. JOHNSON.

⁹ We were &c.] In old editions :

We heard two lions ——— The first folio :

——— We heare ———

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

THEOBALD.

Upton would read :

——— *We are* ———

This resembles the boast of Otho :

Experti invicem sumus, Ego et Fortuna. Tacitus.

STEEVENS.

And

And I the elder and more terrible ;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day : Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house ;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day :
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well ;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

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

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

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day :
Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;
I will not come to day : Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

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

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

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

But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.

¹ And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate:

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; ² and that great men shall press
For

¹ *And these she does apply for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent.*

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

———— warnings and portents
Of evils imminent. STEEVENS.

² ———— and that great men shall press

For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance.]

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

For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance,

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

For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognifance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signify'd.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can fay :
And know it now ; The fenate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæfar.
If you fhall fend them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Befides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for fome one to fay,

Break up the fenate 'till another time,

When Cæfar's wife fhall meet with better dreams ?

If Cæfar hide himfelf, fhall they not whifper,
Lo, Cæfar is afraid ?

Pardon me, Cæfar ; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this ;

⁴ And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolifh do your fears feem now, Calphurnia ?

I am afhamed I did yield to them.—

Give me my robe, for I will go :—

I am not of opinion that any thing is loft, and have therefore marked no omiffion. This fpeech, which is intentionally pompous, is fomewhat confufed. There are two allufions ; one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, or give new *tinctures*, and new marks of *cognifance* ; the other to martyrs, whofe reliques are preferved with veneration. The Romans, fays Decius, all come to you as to a faint, for reliques, as to a prince, for honours. JOHNSON.

³ *When Cæfar's wife fhall meet with better dreams.]* So, in lord Sterline's *Julius Cæfar* :

“ How can we fatisfy the world's conceit,

“ Whofe tongues ftill in all ears your praife proclaims ?

“ Or fhall we bid them leave to deal in ftate,

“ *Till that Calphurnia firft have better dreams ?*”

MALONE.

⁴ *And reason, &c.]* And reason, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love. JOHNSON.

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

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

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

Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis 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.*

SCENE

S C E N E III.

*A street near the Capitol.**Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.*

Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not 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 you: 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.

S C E N E IV.

*Another part of the same street.**Enter Portia, and Lucius.*

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

Luc.

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

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

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—

O constancy, be strong upon my side!

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—

Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else?

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

For he went sickly forth: And take good note,

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:

I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,

And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

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

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

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

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

“ ——— Dull, unmindful villain!

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

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

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

STEEVENS.

Sooth.

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

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

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

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

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

[Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street, and then

The Capitol ; the Senate sitting.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius,
Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemi-
dorus, Popilius, Publius, and the Soothsayer.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar ; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

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

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

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

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

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

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

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

Cæs. What enterprize, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

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

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

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

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

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

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

Exeunt Ant. and Treb.

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

Bru. He is address'd: press near, and second him.

⁶ *He is address'd:]* i. e. he is ready. So, in *As You Like It*;

“*Address'd* a mighty power, which was on foot.”

We are now to suppose the senate is seated. STEEVENS.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rear your hand ⁷.

Cæs. 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:—

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;

⁸ And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,

⁹ 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,

⁷ ——— you are the first that rear your hand.] This, I think, is not English. The first folio has *reares*, which is not much better. To reduce the passage to the rules of grammar, we should read—*You are the first that rears his hand.* TYRWHITT.

⁸ And turn pre-ordinance—] *Pre-ordinance*, for ordinance already established. WARBURTON.

⁹ Into the lane of children.] I do not well understand what is meant by the *lane* of children. I should read, the *law* of children. That is, *change pre-ordinance and decree into the law of children*; into such slight determinations as every start of will would alter. *Lane* and *lawe* in some manuscripts are not easily distinguished. JOHNSON.

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

“A narrow-minded man! my thoughts do dwell

“All in a lane.”

The *lane of children* will then mean the narrow conceits of children, which must change as their minds grow more enlarg'd.

So, in *Hamlet*:

“For nature, crescent, does not grow alone

“In thews and bulk; but as this temple waxes,

“The inward service of the mind and soul,

“Grows wide withal.”

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

“—— in all *line* of order,” STEEVENS,

Low-crooked curt'sies, 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 !

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

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

STEEVENS.

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

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

We may suppose that Ben started this formidable criticism at one
 of the earliest representations of the play, and that the players,
 or perhaps Shakespeare himself, over-awed by so great an author-
 ity, withdrew the words in question ; though, in my opinion, it
 would have been better to have told the captious censurer that his
 criticism was ill-founded ; that *wrong* is not always a synonymous
 term for *injury* ; that, in poetical language especially, it may be
 very well understood to mean only *harm*, or *hurt*, what the law
 calls *damnum sine injuriâ* ; and that, in this sense, there is no-
 thing absurd in Cæsar's saying, that he *doth not wrong* (i. e. doth
 not inflict any evil, or punishment) *but with just cause*. But,
 supposing this passage to have been really censurable, and to have
 been written by Shakespeare, the exceptionable words were un-
 doubtedly left out when the play was printed in 1623 ; and there-
 fore what are we to think of the malignant pleasure with which
 Jonson continued to ridicule his deceased friend for a slip, of
 which posterity, without his information, would have been to-
 tally ignorant ? TYRWHITT.

Cæs.

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

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know³ but one
That unaffailable⁴ holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,——

Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,——

Cæs. ⁵ Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Cæsca.

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

JOHNSON.

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

³ —— *but one*] One and only one. JOHNSON.

⁴ —— *holds on his rank*,] Perhaps, *holds on his race*; continues his course. We commonly say, *To hold a rank*, and *To hold on a course* or *way*. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?*] I would read:

Do not Brutus bootless kneel! JOHNSON.

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

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, Brutus⁶.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

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

Should chance —

Bru. Talk not of standing: — Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else⁷: so tell them, Publius.

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

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

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cæs. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:

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

⁶ ———— *Go to the pulpit, Brutus*] We have now taken leave of Casca. Shakespeare for once knew that he had a sufficient number of heroes on his hands, and was glad to lose an individual in the croud. It may be added, that the singularity of Casca's manners would have appeared to little advantage amidst the succeeding varieties of tumult and war. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Nor to no Roman else.*] This use of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is common to Chaucer, Spenser, and other of our ancient writers. Hickes observes, that in the Saxon, even *four* negatives are sometimes conjoined, and still preserve a negative signification. STEEVENS.

Men

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

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

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

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—⁸ Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages
hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,

⁸ *Stoop, Romans, stoop, &c.*] 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 Casca; because he thinks nothing is more inconsistent with Brutus's mild and philosophical character. I have made bold to restore the speech to its right owner. Brutus esteem'd the death of Cæsar a sacrifice to liberty: and, as such, gloried in his heading the 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." THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton follows Pope. JOHNSON.

That

That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust ?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth ?

Cas. Ay, every man away :
Brutus shall lead ; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Re-

Re-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, ⁹ who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

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

² Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of

⁹ — *who else is rank;*] Who else may be supposed to have overtopped his equals, and grown too high for the public safety.

JOHNSON.

² *Our arms exempt from malice,*] This is the reading only of
the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

the modern editions, yet perhaps the true reading. The old copy has :

Our arms in strength of malice. JOHNSON.

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

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

Our arms no strength of malice,—— STEEVENS.

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,
 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 ² crimson'd in thy lethe.
 O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
 Dost thou here lie?

Cas. Mark Antony,——

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

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

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

³ ——*crimson'd in thy lethe.*] Mr. Theobald says, *The dictionaries acknowledge no such word as lethe; yet he is not without supposition, that Shakespeare coin'd the word; and yet, for all that, the l might be a d imperfectly wrote, therefore he will have death instead of it.* After all this pother, *lethe* was a common French word, signifying death or destruction, from the Latin *lethum*.

WARBURTON.

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

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

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

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

STEEVENS.

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

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

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

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 true 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.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Conspirators.*]

Manet Antony.

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived ⁴ in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy ⁵,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—
A curse shall light ⁶ upon the limbs of men;
Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:

⁴ ——— *in the tide of times.*] That is, in the course of times:
JOHNSON.

⁵ *Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, —*
Which like dumb mouths, &c.]

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

“ ——— I gave him fifteen wounds,

“ Which now be fifteen mouths that do accuse me:

“ In every wound there is a bloody tongue

“ Which will all speak although he hold his peace.”

MALONE.

⁶ ——— *upon the limbs of men* ;] We should read:
——— *line of men* ;

i. e. human race. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads:

——— *kind of men* ;

I rather think it should be,

——— *the lives of men* ;

unless we read:

——— *these lymms of men* ;

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

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

Blood 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 spirit⁷, ranging for revenge,
 With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
⁸ Cry *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

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

⁷ *And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge, &c.]*

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

“ Fatalem populis ultro poscentibus horam

“ Admoveret atra dies; Stygiisque emissa tenebris

“ Mors fruitur cœlo, bellatoremque volando

“ Campum operit, nigroque viros invitat hiatu.”

Stat. Theb. VIII.

“ — Furie rapuerunt licia Parcis.” *Ibid.* STEEVENS.

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 and Marschall in the Tyme of Werre*, contained in the Black Book of the Admiralty; there is the following chapter:

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

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

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

Serv.

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 II.

The Forum.

Enter Brutus, and Cassius, with the Plebeians.

Pleb. We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

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

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

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

“ ———— You shall have my *room*,

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

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

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here ;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;
And publick reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear Brutus speak.

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

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebeians ;
Brutus goes into the rostrum.*]

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

Bru. Be patient 'till the last.

Romans, ' 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 hon-
our, that you may believe : censure me in your
wisdom ; and awake your senses, that you may the
better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any
dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus'
love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that
friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this

¹ *countrymen, and lovers ! &c.*] There is nowhere, 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 an-
cient laconic brevity was simple, natural, and easy : this is quaint,
artificial, gingling, and abounding with forced antitheses. In a
word, a brevity, that for its false eloquence would have suited any
character, and for its good sense would have become the greatest
of our author's time ; but yet, in a stile of declaiming, that fits
as ill upon Brutus as our author's trowsers or collar-band would
have done. WARBURTON.

This artificial gingle of short sentences was affected by most of
the orators in Shakespeare's time, whether in the pulpit or at the
bar. The speech of Brutus may therefore be regarded rather as
an imitation of the false eloquence then in vogue, than as a spe-
cimen of laconic brevity. STEEVENS.

is my answer,—Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and dye all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bond-man? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

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

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

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

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

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Pleb.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

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

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

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

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the 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 all².

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! The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:

² ————— beholden to us all.] Throughout the old copies of
Shakespeare, and many other ancient authors, *beholden* is corrupt-
edly spelt—*beholding*. STEEVENS.

If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
 And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
 (For Brutus is an honourable man ;
 So are they all, all honourable men)
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
 But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
 When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept :
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause ;
 What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him ?—
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

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

2 *Pleb.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,

3 *Cæsar* has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.*

³ *Cæsar has had great wrong.* 3 *Pleb.* *Cæsar had never wrong but with just cause.*] If ever there was such a line written by Shakespeare, I should fancy it might have its place here, and very humourously in the character of a plebeian. One might believe

3 *Pleb.* Has he, masters ?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

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

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

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

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

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

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

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might

Have stood against the world : now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men :

I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of 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)

Ben Jonson's remark was made upon no better credit than some blunder of an actor in speaking that verse near the beginning of the third act :

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong ; nor without cause

Will he be satisfied——

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

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

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

And

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins ⁵ in his sacred blood;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

All. The will! the testament!

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

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

All. Come down.

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

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring; stand round.

⁵ ——— *their napkins.*] i. e. their handkerchiefs. *Napery* was the ancient term for all kinds of linnen. STEEVENS.

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

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

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

All. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;

That day he overcame the Nervii:—

Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:

See, what a rent the envious Casca made:

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

And, as he pluck'd his curst steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel⁶:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!

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;

⁷ And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even

⁶ *For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:]* This title of endearment is more than once introduced in Sidney's *Arcadia*.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *And, in his mantle, &c.]* Read the lines thus:

And, in his mantle muffling up his face

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue.

Plutarch 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. WARBURTON.

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

what

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, with traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Pleb.* O woeful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody fight!

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

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

O what a fall was there——
 follows better after

—— *great Cæsar fell,*
 than with a line interposed. JOHNSON.

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

—— *pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep.*

Shakespeare has enumerated *dews of blood* among the prodigies on the preceding day; and, as I have since discovered, took these very words from fir Thomas North's Translation of *Plutarch*:

“——against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, which ran all a gore blood, till he was slain.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *The dint of pity*] is the impression of pity.

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

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

“The *dent* of death, &c.”

Again, *Ibid*:

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

STEEVENS.

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 honour-
able,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

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

I am no orator, as Brutus is :

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

That love my friend ; and that they know full well

That gave me publick leave to speak of him.

† For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

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

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know ;

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

And bid them speak for me : But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

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

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

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

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

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

For I have neither wit, nor words, —

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

JOHNSON.

The second folio reads *wit*. STEEVENS.

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

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

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

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy five drachmas ¹.

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,
² On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar : When comes such another ?

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

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

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

On that side Tyber ; ———

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

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

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

2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

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

[*Exeunt Plebeians, with the body.*

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

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he ?

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

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*

4 S C E N E III.

A Street.

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 :

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

“ Oh rare compound, a dying horse to choke,

“ Of English fier and of Indian smoke!” STEEVENS.

⁴ *Scene III.*] The subject of this scene is taken from *Plutarch*.
STEEVENS.

I have

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.

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

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

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

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

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

ACT IV. SCENE I.

On^s a small Island near Mutina.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

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

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

Lep. I do^e consent.

Octa. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. ⁶ Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who

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

A small island in the little river Rhenus near Bononia.

HANMER.

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

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

“ *Cæs.* Or here, or at the Capitol.” STEEVENS.

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

Who is your sifter's son, Mark Antony.

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

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

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

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

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

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold⁸,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,

ter mentioned by Lepidus. Lucius, not Publius, was the person meant, who was uncle by the mother's side to Mark Antony: and in consequence of this, he concludes, that Shakespeare wrote:

You are his sifter's son, Mark Antony.

The mistake, however, is more like the mistake of the author, than of his transcriber or printer. STEEVENS.

⁷ ———damn him.] i. e. condemn him. So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

“Vouchsafe to give my damned husband life.”

Again, in Chaucer's *Knights Tale*, v. 1747.

“—————by your confession

“Hath damned you, and I wol it recorde.” STEEVENS.

⁸ ———as the ass bears gold,] This image had occur'd before in *Measure for Measure*, Act III. sc. i:

“—————like an ass whose back with ingots bows,

“Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,

“Till death unloads thee.” STEEVENS.

Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Octa. 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 :
A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations ;
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,

* In the old editions :

A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds

On objects, arts, and imitations, &c.

'Tis hard to conceive, why he should be call'd a *barren-spirited* fellow that could feed either on *objects* or *arts*: that is, as I presume, form his ideas and judgment upon them : *stale* and *obsolete imitation*, indeed, fixes such a character. I am persuaded, to make the poet consonant to himself, we must read, as I have restored the text :

On abject orts, ———

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

It is surely easy to find a reason why that devotee to pleasure and ambition, Antony, should call him *barren-spirited* who could be content to feed his mind with *objects*, i. e. *speculative knowledge*, or *arts*, i. e. *mechanic operations*. I have therefore taken the liberty of bringing back the old reading to its place, though Mr. Theobald's emendation is still left before the reader. Lepidus, in the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*, is represented as inquisitive about the structures of Egypt, and that too when he is almost in a state of intoxication. Antony, as at present, makes a jest of him, and returns him unintelligible answers to very reasonable questions.

Objects, however, may mean things *objected* or thrown out to him. In this sense Shakespeare uses the verb *to object* in another play, where I have given an instance of its being employ'd by Chapman on the same occasion. A man who can avail himself of neglected hints thrown out by others, though without original ideas of his own, is no uncommon character. STEEVENS.

Begin

Begin his fashion : Do not talk of him,
 But as a property. And now, Octavius,
 Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius
 Are levying powers : we must straight make head :
 Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
 Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd
 out ;

And let us presently go sit in council,
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
 And open perils surest answered.

Octa. Let us do so : for we are at the stake⁷,
 And bay'd about with many enemies ;
 And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
 Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Before Brutus' tent, in the camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and Soldiers ; Titinius
 and Pindarus meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho !

Luc. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius ? is Cassius near ?

Luc. He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come
 To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
 In his own change, or by ill officers,

Hath

⁷ — at the stake.] An allusion to bear-baiting. So, in *Macbeth*, act V :

“ They have chain'd me to a stake, I cannot fly,

“ But bear-like I must fight the course.” STEEVENS.

⁸ 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 regard and honour,* he replies, *He is not doubted.* To reconcile this we should read :

Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;—
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

In his own charge, or by ill officers,
i. e. *Either by those under his immediate command, or under the command of his lieutenants, who had abused their trust. Charge is so usual a word in Shakespeare, to signify the forces committed to the trust of a commander, that I think it needless to give any instances.* WARBURTON.

The arguments for the change proposed are insufficient. Brutus could not but know whether the wrongs committed were done by those who were immediately under the command of Cassius, or those under his officers. The answer of Brutus to the servant is only an act of artful civility; his question to Lucilius proves, that his suspicion still continued. Yet I cannot but suspect a corruption, and would read:

In his own change, or by ill offices.
That is, either *changing* his inclination of himself, or by the *ill-offices* and bad influences of others. JOHNSON.

Surely alteration is unnecessary. In the subsequent conference Brutus charges both Cassius and his officer Lucius Pella, with corruption. STEEVENS.

Luc.

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*]

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius, and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SCENE III.

The inside of Brutus' tent.

Enter Brutus, and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear
in this :

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein, my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case,

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That⁹ every nice offence should bear his comment.

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

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

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

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March re-
member !

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers ; shall we now

⁹ ——— every nice offence—] i. e. small trifling offence.

WARBURTON.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, act V :

“ The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge

“ Of dear import.” STEEVENS.

Conta-

Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ?
 And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
 For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—
 ' I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
 I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,
 ' To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I ' ,

¹ *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.* WARBURTON.

The old copy reads—*bait* not me ; but Dr. Warburton's emendation is strengthened by Shakespeare's having used the word *bay* in other places, and in the sense here required. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, act II. sc. iii :

“ What moves Ajax thus to *bay* at him ? ”

Again, in the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* act I. sc. iii :

“ ——— the French and Welsh

“ *Baying* him at the heels.”

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

“ Set the dogs of the street

“ To *bay* me.”

The old reading, however, may be countenanced by the following passage in a *Pleasant conceited comedy how to chuse a good Wife from a bad*, 1634 :

“ Do I come home so seldom, and that seldom,

“ Am I thus *baited* ? ” MALONE.

² *To hedge me in ; —]* That is, to limit my authority by your direction or censure. JOHNSON.

² ——— *I am a soldier, I,
 Older in practice, &c.]*

Thus the ancient copies ; but the modern editors, instead of *I*, have read *ay*, because the vowel *I* sometimes stands for *ay* the affirmative adverb. I have replaced the old reading, on the authority of the following line :

And I am Brutus ; Marcus Brutus I. STEEVENS.

Older

Older in practice, abler than yourself

‡ To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, 'till your proud
heart break;

Go, shew your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me,
Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

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

‡ To make conditions.] That is, to know on what terms it is fit
to confer the offices which are at my disposal. JOHNSON.

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

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

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

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for, There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me, as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;—

For I can raise no money by vile means:

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas,^s than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,

By any indirection. I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you deny'd me: Was that done like Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,

Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

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

^s ——— than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,]

This is a noble sentiment, altogether in character, and expressed in a manner inimitably happy. For *to wring*, implies both to get *unjustly*, and to use *force* in getting: and *hard hands* signify both the peasant's great *labour and pains* in acquiring, and his great *unwillingness* to quit his hold. WARBURTON.

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

Bru. I do not, 'till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

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

For Cassius is awearry 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

Bru. *I do not, till you practise them on me.*] But was this talking like Brutus? Cassius complained that his friend made his infirmities greater than they were. To which Brutus replies, not till those infirmities were injuriously turned upon me. But was this any excuse for *aggravating* his friend's failings? Shakespeare knew better what was fit for his hero to say, and certainly wrote and pointed the line thus:

I do not. Still you practise them on me.

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

WARBURTON.

The meaning is this: I do not look for your faults, I only see them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, *by practising them on me.* JOHNSON.

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth, &c.] But why is he bid to rip out his heart, if he were a Roman? There is no other sense but this, If you have the courage of a Roman. But this is so poor, and so little to the purpose, that the reading may be justly suspected. The occasion of this quarrel was Cassius's refusal to supply the necessities of his friend, who charges it on him as a dishonour and crime, with great asperity of language. Cassius, to shew him the injustice of accusing him of avarice, tells him, he was ready to expose his life in his service; but at the same

I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger :

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

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

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus !—

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful ?

same time, provoked and exasperated at the other's reproaches, he upbraids him with the severity of his temper, that would pardon nothing, but always aimed at the life of the offender ; and delighted in his blood, though a Roman, and attached to him by the strongest bonds of alliance : hereby obliquely insinuating the case of Cæsar. The sense being thus explained, it is evident we should read :

If that thou needst a Roman's, take it forth.

i. e. if nothing but another Roman's death can satisfy the unrelenting severity of your temper, take my life as you did Cæsar's.

WARBURTON.

I am not satisfied with the change proposed, yet cannot deny, that the words, as they now stand, require some interpretation. I think he means only, that he is so far from avarice, when the cause of his country requires liberality, that if any man should wish for his heart, he would not need enforce his desire any otherwise, than by shewing that he was a Roman. JOHNSON.

Bru.

Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*A noise within.*]

Poet. [*within.*] Let me go in to see the generals ;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet ⁸.

Cas. How now ? What's the matter ?

Poet. For shame, you generals ; What do you mean ?
⁹ Love, and be friends, as two such men should be ;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha ; how vilely doth this cynic rhyme !

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

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

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his
time :

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools ?—
Companion ¹, hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone. [*Exit Poet.*]

⁸ *Enter Poet.*] Shakespeare found the present incident in *Plutarch*. The intruder, however, was *Marcus Phaonius* who had been a friend and follower of Cato ; not a poet, but one who assumed the character of a cynic philosopher. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Love, and be friends, as two such men should be ;*

For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

This passage is a translation from the following one in the first book of *Homer* :

Ἄλλὰ τίθεισθ' ἄμφω δὲ νεωτέρω ἰσὺν ἐμείο.

which is thus given in sir Thomas North's *Plutarch* :

“ My lords, I pray you hearken both to me,

“ For I have seen more years than such ye three.”

STEEVENS.

¹ *Companion, hence.*] *Companion* is used as a term of reproach in many of the old plays ; as we say at present—*fellow*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part II. Dol Tearsheet says to Pistol :

“ —I scorn you, scurvy companion, &c.” STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Lucilius, and Titinius.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Caf. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with
you

Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius, and Titinius.*]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Caf. I did not think, you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Caf. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better :—Portia is dead.

Caf. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Caf. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you
so?—

O insupportable and touching loss!—

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;

And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came;—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire².

Caf. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Caf. O ye immortal gods!

² *And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.*] This circumstance is taken from *Plutarch*. It is also mentioned by *Val. Maximus*.

It may not, however, be amiss to remark, that the death of Portia wants that foundation which has hitherto entitled her to a place in poetry, as a pattern of Roman fortitude. She is reported, by Pliny, I think, to have died at Rome of a lingering illness while Brutus was abroad; but some writers seem to look on a natural death as a derogation from a distinguished character.

STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Lucius, with wine, and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine :—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge :—
Fill, Lucius, 'till the wine o'er-swell the cup ;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Re-enter Titinius, and Messala.

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

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

Cas. Portia ! art thou gone ?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition towards Philippi.

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

Bru. With what addition ?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death a hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree ;
Mine speak of seventy senators, that dy'd
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one ?

Mes. Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord ?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you ought of her in yours?

Mef. No, my lord.

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

Mef. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell :
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, *Mefala* :

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

Mef. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Caf. 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?

Caf. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Caf. This it is :

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us :

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Caf. 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^s,
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
 On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
 And we must take the current when it serves,
 Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on ; we will along
 Ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
 And nature must obey necessity ;
 Which we will niggard with a little rest.
 There is no more to say ?

Cas. No more. Good night :
 Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Luc.*] Farewel,
 good Messala ;—
 Good night, Titinius :—Noble, noble Cassius,
 Good night, and good repose.

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

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewel, every one. [*Exeunt.*]

^s *There is a tide, &c.*] This passage is poorly imitated by B. and Fletcher, in the *Custom of the Country* :

“ *There is an hour in each man's life appointed*

“ *To make his happiness, if then he seize it, &c.*

STEEVENS.

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily ?

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

Call Claudius, and some other of my men ;

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

Luc. Varro, and Claudius !

Enter Varro, and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord ?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep ;

It may be, I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius.

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

Bru. I will not have it so : lie down, good sirs ;

It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I fought for so ;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

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

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Can'st thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,

And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy :

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;

I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

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

I will not hold thee long : if I do live,

I will be good to thee.

[*Musick, and a song.*

This is a sleepy tune :—O murd'rous slumber !

H 2

Lay'st

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace⁶ upon my boy,
 That plays thee musick?—Gentle knave, good night;
 I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.—
 If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
 I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
 Let me see, let me see;—Is not the leaf turn'd
 down,

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down to read.*]

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
 I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
 That shapes this monstrous apparition.
 It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?
 Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
 That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
 Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; Then I shall see thee again?⁷

Ghost.

⁶ — *thy leaden mace.*] A *mace* is the ancient term for a scepter. So, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

“ — look upon my stately grace,

“ Because the pomp that longs to Juno's *mace*, &c.”

Again:

“ — because he knew no more

“ Fair Venus' Ceston, than dame Juno's *mace*.”

Again, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

“ — proud Tarquinius

“ Rooted from Rome the sway of kingly *mace*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. x:

“ Who mightily upheld that royal *mace*.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *Well; then I shall see thee again.*] Shakespeare has on this occasion deserted his original. It does not appear from *Plutarch* that the *Ghost of Cæsar* appeared to Brutus, but “ a wonderful strange and

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. [Exit *Ghost.*

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest :

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so cry'dst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst : Didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!

Fellow^s thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Both. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; Saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

and monstrous shape of a body." This apparition could not be at once the *shade of Cæsar*, and the *evil genius of Brutus*.

"Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god, or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit answered him, I am thy evil spirit, Brutus; and thou shalt see me by the citie of Philippes. Brutus beeing no otherwise affrayd, replyed againe vnto it: well, then I shall see thee agayne. The spirit presently vanished away: and Brutus called his men vnto him, who tolde him that they heard no noyse, nor sawe any thinge at all."

See the story of *Cassius Parmensis* in *Valerius Maximus*, Lib. I. c. 7. STEEVENS.

^s *Thou! awake.*] The accent is so unmusical and harsh, 'tis impossible the poet could begin his verse thus. Brutus certainly was intended to speak to both his other men; who both awake, and answer, at an instant. I read:

Varro awake! WARBURTON.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

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

Both. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Octa. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered;
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to '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

' —warn us—] To *warn*, seems to mean here the same as to *alarm*. Hammer reads:

They mean to wage us. JOHNSON.

I know not the exact signification of this verb. It may, however, mean to *stop*, or to *oppose*. So, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Guy Earl of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

“ For whoſo *warned* him the gate,

“ He ſmote him fore upon the pate.”

To *warn him the gate* from the context muſt mean to impede his paſſage through the gate. In *K. John*, to *warn* is undoubtedly to ſummon:

“ Who is it that hath *warn'd* us to the walls?”

Shakeſpeare uſes the word yet more intelligibly in *K. Rich. III.*:

“ And ſent to *warn* them to his royal preſence.

STEEVENS.

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.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

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

Drum. *Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army ; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, &c.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

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

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

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

Octa. Stir not until the signal.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile
daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned ' Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself;
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Octa. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make
us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, 'till Cæsar's² three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or 'till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

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

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

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such ho-
nour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

¹ —Casca—] Casca struck Cæsar on the neck, coming like a degenerate cur behind him. JOHNSON.

² —three and thirty wounds] Thus all the editions implicitly; but I have ventured to reduce this number to three and twenty from the joint authorities of *Appian*, *Plutarch*, and *Suetonius*: and I am persuaded, the error was not from the poet but his transcribers. THEOBALD.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Octa. Come, Antony; away.—

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

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

Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and
swim, bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

[*Lucilius, and Messala, stand forth.*]

Luc. My lord. [*Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius.*]

Cas. Messala.

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala³,

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala;
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.

³ *Messala, &c.*] Almost every circumstance in this speech is taken from sir Thomas North's Translation of *Plutarch*.

“ But touching Cassius, Messala reporteth that he supped by him selfe in his tent with a few of his friendes, and that all supper tyme he looked very sadly, and was full of thoughts, although it was against his nature: and that after supper he tooke him by the hande, and holding him fast (in token of kindnes as his manner was) told him in Greeke: Messala, I protest vnto thee, and make thee my witnes, that I am compelled against my minde and will (as Pompey the Great was) to ieopard the libertie of our contry, to the hazard of a battel. And yet we must be liuely, and of good corage, considering our good fortune, whom we shoulde wronge too muchè to mistrust her, although we followe euill counsell. Messala writeth, that Cassius hauing spoken these last wordes vnto him, he bad him farewell, and willed him to come to supper to him the next night following, bicause it was his birth-day. STEEVENS.

Coming from Sardis, on our foremost ensign⁴
 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.

Mef. Believe not so.

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

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
 The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
 Lovers, in peace, lead on our days to age!
 But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this

⁵ The very last time we shall speak together:

What are you then determin'd to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy⁶,

By

⁴ —our foremost ensign.] The old copy reads *former*, which may be right, as Shakespeare sometimes uses the *comparative* instead of the *positive* and superlative. See *K. Lear*, act IV. sc. iii. Either word has the same origin; nor do I perceive why *former* should be less applicable to *place* than *time*. STEEVENS.

⁵ *The very last time we shall speak together:*

What are you then determin'd to do?]

i. e. I am resolv'd in such a case to kill myself. What are you determin'd of? WARBURTON.

⁶ —of that philosophy,] There is an apparent contradiction between the sentiments contained in this and the following speech which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Brutus. In this, Brutus declares his resolution to wait patiently for the determinations of Providence; and in the next, he intimates, that though he should survive the battle, he would never submit to be led in chains to Rome. This sentence in sir Thomas North's *Translation*,

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:—⁷arming myself with patience,
'To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

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

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;

tion, is perplexed, and might be easily misunderstood. Shakespeare, in the first speech, makes that to be the present opinion of Brutus, which in *Plutarch*, is mentioned only as one he formerly entertained, though now he condemned it.

So, in sir Thomas North:—"There Cassius beganne to speake first, and sayd: the gods graunt vs, O Brutus, that this day we may winne the field, and euer after to liue all the rest of our life quietly, one with another. But sith the gods haue so ordeyned it, that the greatest & chiefest things amongst men are most vncertaine, and that if the battell fall out otherwise to daye then we wishe or looke for, we shall hardely meete againe: what art thou then determined to doe, to fly, or dye? Brutus answered him, being yet but a young man, and not ouergreatly experienced in the world: I trust, (I know not how) a certaine rule of philosophie, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing of him selfe, as being no lawfull nor godly acte, touching the gods, nor concerning men, valliant, not to giue place and yeld to diuine prouidence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send vs, but to drawe backe, and flie: but being nowe in the midst of the daunger, I am of a contrarie mind. For if it be not the will of God, that this battell fall out fortunate for vs: I will looke no more for hope, neither seeke to make any new supply for war againe, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune. For, I gaue vp my life for my contry in the ides of Marche, for the which I shall liue in another more glorious worlde." STEEVENS.

⁷ —arming myself with patience, &c.] Dr. Warburton thinks, that in this speech something is lost, but there needed only a parenthesis to clear it. The construction is this; I am determined to act according to that philosophy which directed me to blame the suicide of Cato, arming myself with patience. JOHNSON.

He

He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—

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

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

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, and Messala.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Alarum. Enter Cassius, and Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

^a —give these bills] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*:
“ In the meane tyme Brutus that led the right winge, sent litle
billes to the collonels and captaines of private bandes, in which
he wrote the worde of the battell, &c.” STEEVENS.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early :
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly ; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord :
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough ?.—Look, look,
Titinius ;

Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire ?

Tit. They are, my lord.

^o *This hill is far enough, &c.] Thus, in the old translation of Plutarch: " So, Cassius him selfe was at length compelled to flie, with a few about him, vnto a little hill, from whence they might easely see what was done in all the plaine: howbeit Cassius him self sawe nothing, for his sight was verie bad, sauing that he saw (and yet with much a doe) how the enemies spoiled his campe before his eyes. He sawe also a great troupe of horsemen, whom Brutus sent to aide him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him: but yet he sent Titinnius, one of them that was with him, to goe and know what they were. Brutus horsemen sawe him comming a farre of, whom when they knewe that he was one of Cassius chiefest frendes, they showed out for ioy: and they that were familiarly acquainted with him, lighted from their horses, and went and imbraced him. The rest compassed him in rounde about a horsebacke, with songs of victorie and great rushing of their harnes, so that they made all the field ring againe for ioy. But this marred all. For Cassius thinking in deede that Titinnius was taken of the enemies, he then spake these wordes: Desiring too much to liue, I haue liued to see one of my best frendes taken, for my sake, before my face. After that, he gotte into a tent where no bodie was, and tooke Pyndarus with him, one of his freed bondmen, whom he reserued ever for suche a pinche, since the cursed battell of the Parthians, where Crassus was slaine, though he notwithstanding scaped from that ouerthrow: but then casting his cloke ouer his head, & holding out his bare neck vnto Pyndarus, he gaue him his head to be striken of. So the head was found seuered from the bodie: but after that time Pyndarus was ncuer scene more."*

STEEVENS.

Cas.

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

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit.*]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get thither on that hill;
My fight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit Pindarus.*]

This day I breathed first: time is come round*,
And, where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pind. [above.] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pind. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;—
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him; now,
Titinius!—Now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—
He's ta'en;—and, hark, they shout for joy. [*Shout.*]

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—

O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Re-enter Pindarus.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine
oath;
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,

* *Go, Pindarus*] This dialogue between Cassius and Pindarus, is beautifully imitated by B. and Fletcher in their tragedy of *Bonduca*, Act III. sc. v. STEEVENS.

* —*time is come round.*] So, in *K. Lear*, the Bastard, dying says:
“The wheel is come full circle.” STEEVENS.

That

That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [Exit.

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

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

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

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

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

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are
done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed,
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius; whilst I go to meet
The

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
 Into his ears : I may say, thrusting it ;
 For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
 Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
 As tidings of this fight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
 And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit Mes.*]
 Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius ?
 Did I not meet thy friends ? and did not they
 Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
 And bid me give it thee ? Didst thou not hear their
 shouts ?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
 But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow ;
 Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
 Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
 By your leave, gods :—This is a Roman's part ;
 Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*]

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato,
 Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie ?

Mes. Lo, yonder ; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. Oh Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet !
 Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
 In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*]

Cato. Brave Titinius !—

Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius !

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these ?—
 Thou last of all the Romans, ² fare thee well !

² *Thou last of all the Romans.*] Objectum est Historico (*Cre-
 mutio Cordo.* Tacit. Ann. l. iv. 34.) quod Brutum Cassiumque
ultimos Romanorum dixisset. *Suct. Tiber. Lib. III. c. 61.*

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, ³ 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 :—
 'Tis three o'clock ; and, Romans, yet ere night
 We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Cato, Lucilius, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet, hold up your
 heads !

Cato. What bastard doth not ? Who will go with
 me ?

I will proclaim my name about the field :—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend ;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho ⁴ !

Enter Soldiers, and fight.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;
 Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for Brutus.

[*Exit.*

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down ?
 Why, now thou dy'st as bravely as Titinius ;

³ and to Tharsus send his body :] Thus all the editions hitherto very ignorantly. But the whole tenor of history warrants us to write, as I have restored the text, *Thassos*. THEOBALD.

It is *Thassos* in sir Tho. North's Translation. STEEVENS.

⁴ I am the son of Marcus Cato —] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: " There was the sonne of *Marcus Cato* slaine valiantly fighting, &c. telling aloud his name and his father's name, &c."

STEEVENS.

And may't be honour'd ⁵ being Cato's son.

¹ *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

⁶ *Luc.* Only I yield to die :

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

[Offering money.

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

¹ *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner !

² *Sold.* Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

¹ *Sold.* ⁷ I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general :—

Enter Antony,

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he ?

Luc. Safe, Antony ⁸ ; Brutus is safe enough :

I dare

⁵ ——— being Cato's son.] i. e. worthy of him. WARBURTON.

⁶ *Luc.* Only I yield to die :

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

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

JOHNSON.

⁷ *I'll tell the news.*] The old copy reads :

I'll tell thee news.——— JOHNSON.

⁸ *Safe, Antony ;*] So in the old translation of *Plutarch*: “ In the mean time Lucilius was brought to him, who slowly with a bold countenance sayd, Antonius, I dare assure thee, that no enimie hath taken, nor shall take Marcus Brutus alieue : and I beseech God keepe him from that fortune. For wheresoeuer he be found, alieue or dead, he will be founde like him selfe. And nowe for my selfe, I am come vnto thee, hauing deceiued these men of armes here, bearing them downe that I was Brutus : and doe not refuse to suffer any torment thou wilt put me to. Lucilius wordes made them all amazed that heard him. Antonius on the other side, looking vpon all them that had brought him, sayd vnto them : my companions, I thinke ye are sorie you haue failed of your purpose, & that you thinke this man hath done great wrong : but I doe assure you, you have taken a better bootie,

I dare assure thee, that no enemy
 Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :
 The gods defend him from so great a shame !
 When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
 He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure you,
 A prize no less in worth : keep this man safe,
 Give him all kindness : I had rather have
 Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
 And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead :
 And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
 How every thing is chanc'd. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Another part of the field.

*Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volum-
 nius.*

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this
 rock.

Cli. Statilius shew'd the torch-light⁹ ; but, my
 lord,

He

bootie, then that you followed. For, instead of an enemy, you
 have brought me a friend, &c." STEEVENS.

⁹ *Statilius shew'd the torch-light, &c.*] So, in the old transla-
 tion of *Plutarch*: " Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was
 no great number of men slaine in battell, and to know the trueth
 of it, there was one called Statilius, that promised to goe through
 his enemies (for otherwise it was impossible to goe see their campe)
 and from thence if all were well, that he woulde lift vp a *torch
 light* in the ayer, and then returne againe with speede to him.
 The *torche-light* was lift vp as he had promised, for Statilius went
 thither. Nowe Brutus seeing Statilius tarie long after that, and
 that he came not again, he sayd : if Statilius be aliuie, he will
 come againe. But his euill fortune was suche, that as he came
 backe, he lighted in his enemies hands, and was slaine. Now,
 the night being farre spent, Brutus as he fate, bowed towards Cli-
 tus one of his men, and told him somewhat in his eare, the other

He came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain.

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

[*Whispering.*

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

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius !

Dar. Shall I do such a deed ?

Cli. O, Dardanius !

Dar. O, Clitus !

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus : Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

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

Vol. What says my lord ?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius :

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me

answered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proued Dardanus, and sayd somewhat also to him: at length he came to Volumnius him selfe, and speaking to him in Græke, prayed him for the studies sake which brought them acquainted together, that he woulde helpe him to put his hande to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others: and amongst the rest, one of them sayd, there was no tarying for them there, but that they must needes flie. Then Brutus rising vp, we must flie in deede sayd he, but it must be with our hands, not with our feete. Then taking euery man by the hand, he sayd these words vnto them with a cheerefull countenance. It reioyceth my hart that not one of my friends hath failed me at my neede, and I do not complaine of my fortune, but only for my contries sake: for, as for me, I thinke my selfe happier than they that haue ouercome, considering that I leaue a perpetuall fame of our corage and manhoode, the which our enemies the conquerors shall neuer attaine vnto by force nor money, neither can let their posteritie to say, that they being naughtie and uniuert men, haue slaine good men, to vsurpe tyrannical power not pertaining to them. Hauing sayd so, he prayed euery man to shift for them selues, and then he went a litle aside &c." STEEVENS.

Two several times by night : at Sardis, once ;
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit : [*Alarum.*

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

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*

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

Bru. Farewel to you ;—and you ;—and you, Vo-
lumnus.—

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.

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

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly. [*Exeunt Clitus, Dar. and Vol.*

Bru. Hence ; I will follow.

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord :
Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;
Thy life hath had some smack of honour in it :

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

Farewell to thee, to Strato, countrymen. JOHNSON.

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Str. 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.*]

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

Octa. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Str. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him:
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee,
Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Octa. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them;
Fellow, will thou bestow thy time with me?

Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

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

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

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all;
All the conspirators, save only he²,

² ——— [*save only he, &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "For, it was sayd that Antonius spake it openly diuers tymes, that he thought, that of all them that had slayne Cæsar, there was none but Brutus only that was moued to do it, as thinking the acte commendable of it selfe: but that all the other conspirators did conspire his death, for some priuate malice or enuy, that they otherwise did beare vnto him." STEEVENS.

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 elements³
 So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,
 And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

Oſta. 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.*]

³ ———— *the elements*

*So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
 And say to all the world, This was a man.]*

So, in the *Barons' Wars*, by Drayton, Canto III:

“ He was a man (then boldly dare to say)
 “ In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit;
 “ *In whom so mix'd the elements all lay,*
 “ That none to one could sov'reignty impute;
 “ As all did govern, so did all obey:
 “ He of a temper was so absolute,
 “ As that it seem'd, when nature him began,
 “ She meant to shew *all that might be in man.*”

This poem was published in the year 1598. The play of our author did not appear before 1623. STEEVENS.

Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconcilment of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakespeare's plays; his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius. JOHNSON.

A N T O N Y

A N D

C L E O P A T R A .

Persons Represented.

- | | | |
|---|---|---------------------------------|
| M. Antony,
Octavius Cæsar,
Æmilius Lepidus,
Sextus Pompeius. | } | <i>Triumvirs,</i> |
| Domitius Enobarbus,
Ventidius,
Canidius,
Eros,
Scarus,
Dercetas,
Demetrius,
Philo,
Mecænas,
Agrippa,
Dolabella,
Proculeius,
Thyreus,
Gallus,
Menas,
Menecrates,
Varrius,
Silius, <i>an Officer in Ventidius's army.</i>
Taurus, <i>Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.</i> | } | <i>Friends of Antony,</i> |
| Alexas,
Mardian,
Seleucus,
Diomedes, | } | <i>Friends of Cæsar,</i> |
| A Soothsayer: <i>A Clown.</i>
Cleopatra, <i>Queen of Ægypt.</i>
Octavia, <i>Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony,</i>
Charmian,
Iras, | } | <i>Friends of Pompey,</i> |
| A Soothsayer: <i>A Clown.</i>
Cleopatra, <i>Queen of Ægypt.</i>
Octavia, <i>Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony,</i>
Charmian,
Iras, | } | <i>Servants to Cleopatra,</i> |
| Ambassadors from Antony to Cæsar, Captains, Soldiers,
Messengers, and other Attendants. | | <i>Attendants on Cleopatra.</i> |
- The SCENE is dispersed in several parts of the Roman Empire.*

A N T O N Y

A N D

C L E O P A T R A,

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

Cleopatra's Palace at Alexandria.

Enter Demetrius, and Philo.

Phil. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, ² reneges all temper;
And

¹ Among the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company, October 19, 1593, I find "A Booke entituled the Tragedie of *Cleopatra*." It is entered by Symon Waterfon, for whom some of Daniel's works were printed; and therefore it is probably by that author, of whose *Cleopatra* there are several editions.

In the same volumes, May 2, 1608, Edward Blount entered "A Booke called *Anthony and Cleopatra*." This is the first notice I have met with concerning any edition of this play more ancient than the folio, 1623. STEEVENS.

² — reneges —] Renounces. POPE.

So,

³ And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a ⁴ gypfy's lust.—Look, where they come!

Flourish. Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with their trains;
Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
⁵ The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

So, in *K. Lear*: “*Renegé*, affirm &c.” This word is likewise used by Stanyhurst in his version of the second book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

“To live now longer, Troy burnt, he flatly *renegeth*.”
STEEVENS.

³ *And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gypfy's lust.*——]

In this passage something seems to be wanting. The *bellows* and *fan* being commonly used for contrary purposes, were probably opposed by the author, who might perhaps have written:

—— *is become the bellows, and the fan,
To kindle and to cool a gypfy's lust.* JOHNSON.

In Lyly's *Midas*, 1592, the *bellows* is used both to *cool* and to *kindle*: “Methinks Venus and Nature stand with *each of them a pair of bellows*, one *cooling* my low birth, the other *kindling* my lofty affections.” STEEVENS.

I do not see any necessity for supposing a word lost. The *bellows*, as well as the *fan*, *cools* the air by ventilation; and Shakespeare probably considered it in that light only. We meet a similar phraseology in his *Venus and Adonis*, 1593:

“Then with her *windy* sighs and golden hair
“To *fan* and *blow* them dry again, she seeks.”

MALONE.

⁴ — *gypfy's lust.*——] *Gypfy* is here used both in the original meaning for an *Egyptian*, and in its accidental sense for a *bad woman*. JOHNSON.

⁵ *The triple pillar*——] *Triple* is here used improperly for *third*, or *one of three*. One of the *triumvirs*, one of the three masters of the world. WARBURTON.

Ant.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd ⁶.

Cleo. I'll set a ⁷ bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. ⁸ Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me :—The sum ⁹.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony :

Fulvia, perchance, is angry ; Or, who knows

If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent

His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this ;*

Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that ;

Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love !

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,

You must not stay here longer, your dismissal

Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, Antony.—

Where's Fulvia's process ? Cæsar's, I would say ?—

Both ?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Ægypt's queen,

Thou blushest, Antony ; and that blood of thine

Is Cæsar's homager : else so thy cheek pays shame,

When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

⁶ *There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.]*

So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ They are but beggars that can count their worth.”

“ *Basia pauca cupit, qui numerare potest.*”

Mari. l. vi. ep. 36. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *bourn*—] Bound or limit. POPE.

⁸ *Then must thou needs find out new heaven, &c.]* Thou must set the boundary of my love at a greater distance than the present visible universe affords. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *The sum.*] Be brief, *sum* thy business in a few words.

JOHNSON.

Ant.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! ¹ and the wide arch

Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair, [*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do't; in which, I bind
On pain of punishment, the world ² to weet,
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her? —
I'll seem the fool I am not; ³ Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stir'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 embassadors.

¹ ——— and the wide arch

Of the rang'd empire fall! —]

Taken from the Roman custom of raising triumphal arches to perpetuate their victories. Extremely noble. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether Shakespeare had any idea but of a fabrick standing on pillars. The later editions have all printed the *raised* empire, for the *ranged* empire, as it was first given. JOHNSON.

The *rang'd empire* is certainly right. Shakespeare uses the same expression in *Coriolanus*:

“ ——— bury all which yet distinctly *ranges*,

“ In heaps and piles of ruin.”

Again, in *Much ado about Nothing*, act II. sc. ii: “ Whatsoever comes athwart his affection, *ranges* evenly with mine.”

STEEVENS.

² ——— to weet,] To know. POPE.

³ ——— Antony.

Will be himself.

Ant. But stir'd by Cleopatra. —]

But, in this passage, seems to have the old Saxon signification of *without, unless, except*. *Antony*, says the queen, *will recollect his thoughts*. *Unless kept*, he replies, *in commotion by Cleopatra*.

JOHNSON.

Ant. Fye, 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 people⁴. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Cleop. with their train.*]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Phil. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full forry,
That he approves the common liar⁵, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[*Exeunt.*]

⁴ *To-night we'll wander through the streets, &c.*] So, in fir Thomas North's *Translation of the Life of Antonius*: "—Some-time also when he would goe up and downe the citie disguised like a slave in the night, and would peere into poore mens' windowes and their shops, and scold and brawl with them within the house; Cleopatra would be also in a chamber maides array, and amble up and down the streets with him, &c." STEEVENS.

⁵ *That he approves the common liar,—*] Fame. That he *proves* the common liar, fame, in his case to be a true reporter.

MALONE.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Another part of the palace.

*Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer*⁶.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you prais'd so to the queen? O! that I knew this husband, which, you say, must⁷ change his horns with garlands.

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

⁶ *Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.*] The old copy reads: "Enter Enobarbus, *Lamprius*, a Southfayer, *Rannius*, *Lucillius*, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas."

Plutarch mentions his grandfather *Lamprias*, as his author for some of the stories he relates of the profuseness and luxury of Antony's entertainments at Alexandria. Shakespeare appears to have been very anxious in this play to introduce every incident and every personage he met with in his historian. In the multitude of his characters, however, *Lamprias* is entirely overlook'd, together with the others whose names we find in this stage-direction.

STEEVENS.

⁷ ———change *his horns with garlands.*] This is corrupt; the true reading evidently is: ———*must charge his horns with garlands*, i. e. make him a rich and honourable cuckold, having his horns hung about with garlands. WARBURTON.

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

So, Taylor the water-poet, describing the habit of a coachman: "———with a cloak of some py'd colour, with two or three *change* of laces about." *Change* of clothes in the time of Shakespeare signified *variety* of them. *Coriolanus* says that he has received "*change of honours*" from the Patricians. Act II. sc. i.

STEEVENS.

Char.

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

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enter Enobarbus.

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

Char. Good fir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than belov'd.

⁸ *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, ⁹ to whom
Herod

⁸ *I had rather beat my liver*—] To know why the lady is so averse from *beating* her *liver*, it must be remembered, that a heated liver is supposed to make a pimpled face. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage!*—] Herod paid homage to the Romans, to procure the grant of the kingdom of Judea; but I believe there is an allusion here to the theatrical character of this monarch, and to a proverbial expression founded on it. *Herod* was always one of the personages in the mysteries of our early stage, on which he was constantly represented as a fierce, haughty, blustering tyrant, so that *Herod of Jewry* became a common proverb, expressive of turbulence and rage. Thus, Hamlet says of a ranting player, that he "*out-herods Herod.*" And in this tragedy Alexas tells Cleopatra that "*not even Herod of Jewry dare look upon her when she is angry;*" i. e. not even a man as fierce as *Herod*. According to this explanation, the sense of the

Herod of Jewry may do homage! find me to marry with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress!

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

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs¹.

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

*Char.*² Then, belike, my children shall have no names: Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

*Sooth.*³ If every of your wishes had a womb,

present passage will be—Charmian wishes for a son who may arrive to such power and dominion that the proudest and fiercest monarchs of the earth may be brought under his yoke.

STEEVENS.

¹ — [*I love long life better than figs.*] This is a proverbial expression. STEEVENS.

² *Then, belike, my children shall have no names:—*] 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?* JOHNSON.

A *fairer fortune*, I believe, means—a more reputable one. Her answer then implies, that belike all her children will be bastards, who have no right to the name of their father's family. Thus says Launce in the third act of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "That's as much as to say *bastard* virtues, that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore *have no names.*" STEEVENS.

³ *If every of your wishes had a womb,
And foretold every wish a million.*]

This nonsense should be reformed thus:

*If ev'ry of your wishes had a womb,
And fertil ev'ry wish, —————*] WARBURTON.

For *foretel*, in ancient editions, the later copies have *foretold*. *Foretel* favours the emendation, which is made with great acuteness; yet the original reading may, I think, stand. *If you had as many wombs as you will have wishes, and I should foretel all those wishes, I should foretel a million of children.* It is an ellipsis very frequent in conversation; *I should shame you, and tell all*; that is, *and if I should tell all.* And is for *and if*, which was anciently, and is still provincially used for *if*. JOHNSON.

And

And foretel every wish, a million.

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

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

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to night, shall be—drunk to bed.

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

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

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

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

* *Char.* Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alex-
as,

* *Char.* *Our worser thoughts heav'ns mend.*

Alex. *Come, his fortune, his fortune. O, let him marry a woman, &c.]* Whose fortune does Alexas call out to have told? But, in short, this I dare pronounce to be so palpable and signal a transposition, that I cannot but wonder it should have slip't the observation of all the editors; especially of the sagacious Mr. Pope, who has made this declaration, *That if, throughout the plays, had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, he believes one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker.* But in how many instances has Mr. Pope's want of judgment falsified this opinion? The fact is evidently this; Alexas brings a fortune-teller to Iras and Charmian, and says himself, *We'll know all our fortunes.* Well; the soothsayer begins with the women; and some jokes pass upon the subject of husbands and chastity: after which, the women hoping for the satisfaction of

as,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, 'till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

having something to laugh at in Alexas's fortune, call him to hold out his hand, and wish heartily that he may have the prognostication of cuckoldom upon him. The whole speech, therefore, must be placed to Charmian. There needs no stronger proof of this being a true correction, than the observation which Alexas immediately subjoins on their wishes and zeal to hear him abused.

THEOBALD.

Alex.

Alex. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter Antony, with a Messenger, and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him : Go with us.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mes. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mes. Ay :

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst
Cæsar ;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst ?

Mes. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On :
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus ;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mes. Labienus (this is stiff news)

Hath, with his Parthian force, ^s extended Asia,
From

^s ——— *extended Asia,*] i. e. widened or extended the bounds
of the Lesser Asia. WARBURTON.

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

I believe Dr. Johnson's explanation right. So, in *Selimus Em-*
peror of the Turks, by T. Goff, 1638 :

“ Ay, though on all the world we *make extent*

“ From the south pole unto the northern bear.”

Again, in *Twelfth Night* :

“ ————this uncivil and unjust *extent*

“ Against thy peace.”

Again, in Massinger's *New Way to pay old Debts*, the Extortioner
says :

“ This manor is *extended* to my use,”

Mr. Tollet has likewise no doubt but that Dr. Johnson's explanation
is just ; “ for (says he) Plutarch informs us that Labienus was by
the Parthian king made general of his troops, and had over-run
Asia from Euphrates and Syria to Lydia and Ionia” To *extend* is
a law term used for to *seize* lands and tenements. In support of
his assertion he adds the following instance : “ Those wasteful
companions had neither lands to *extend* nor goods to be seized.

From Euphrates his conquering banner shook,
From Syria, to Lydia, and to Ionia;
Whilst——

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mef. O my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome :

Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase ; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth
weeds,

6 When our quick winds lie still ; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

Mef. At your noble pleasure.

[*Exit.*

Ant. From Sicyon how the news ? Speak there.

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an
one ?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will,

Ant. Let him appear.—

These strong Ægyptian fetters I must break,

Enter a second Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you ?

2 *Mef.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she ?

Savile's Translation of Tacitus, dedicated to Q. Elizabeth : and then observes, that "Shakespeare knew the legal signification of the term, as appears from a passage in *As you like it :*

"And let my officers of such a nature

"Make an *extent* upon his house and lands." STEEVENS.

6 *When our quick winds lie still ;———*] The sense is, that man, not agitated by censure, like foil not ventilated by *quick winds*, produces more evil than good. JOHNSON.

The *Tragedy of Cræsus*, 1604, seems to contain a similar allusion :

"Whose knowledge clouded is with *prosperous winds.*"

Some one, I forget who, has proposed to read—*minds*. It is at least a conjecture that deserves to be mentioned. STEEVENS.

2 *Mef.*

2 *Mef.* In Sicyon :

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

Ant. Forbear me.— [*Exit Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone ! Thus did I desire it :
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again ; ⁷ the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself : she's good, being gone ;
⁸ 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 !

⁷ ——— the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself ; ———]

The allusion is to the sun's diurnal course ; which rising in the east, and by revolution lowering, or setting in the west, becomes the opposite of itself. *WARBURTON.*

This is an obscure passage. The explanation which Dr. Warburton has offer'd is such, that I can add nothing to it ; yet perhaps Shakespeare, who was less learned than his commentator, meant only, that our pleasures, as they are *revolved* in the mind, turn to pain. *JOHNSON.*

I rather understand the passage thus : “ *What we often cast from us in contempt we wish again for, and what is at present our greatest pleasure, lowers in our estimation by the revolution of time ; or by a frequent return of possession becomes undesirable and disagreeable.*”
TOLLET.

I believe *revolution* means change of circumstances. This sense appears to remove every difficulty from the passage.—*The pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain.* *STEEVENS.*

⁸ *The hand could pluck her back, &c.]* The verb *could* has a peculiar signification in this place ; it does not denote *power* but *inclination*. The sense is, *the hand that drove her off would now willingly pluck her back again.* *REVISAL.*

Could, would and should, are a thousand times indiscriminately used in the old plays, and yet appear to have been so employed rather by choice than by chance. *STEEVENS.*

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, fir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far^r poorer moment: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, fir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, fir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, fir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a

² — *poorer moment*:—] For less reason; upon meaner motives.

man from him, ¹ it shews to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow ².

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
³ The cause of our expedience to the queen,
 And get her love to part. For not alone
 The death of Fulvia, with ⁴ more urgent touches,
 Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
 Of many our contriving friends in Rome

¹ —it shews to man the tailors of the earth, comforting therein, &c.] I have printed this after the original, which, though harsh and obscure, I know not how to amend. Sir. Tho. Hanmer reads, They shew to man the tailors of the earth comforting him therein. I think the passage, with somewhat less alteration, for alteration is always dangerous, may stand thus; *It shews to men the tailors of the earth, comforting them, &c.* JOHNSON.

The meaning is this. *As the gods have been pleased to take away your wife Fulvia, so they have provided you with a new one in Cleopatra; in like manner as the tailors of the earth, when your old garments are worn out, accommodate you with new ones.* ANONYMOUS.

² —the tears live in an onion &c.] So, in *The noble Soldier*, 1634: “So much water as you might squeeze out of an onion had been tears enough &c.” STEEVENS.

³ *The cause of our expedience*——] *Expedience* for expedition. WARBURTON.

⁴ —more urgent touches,] Things that touch me more sensibly, more pressing motives. JOHNSON.

5 Petition us at home : Sextus Pompeius
 Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
 The empire of the sea : our slippery people
 (Whose love is never link'd to the deserfer,
 6 Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
 Pompey the great, and all his dignities
 Upon his son ; who, high in name and power,
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the main soldier ; whose quality, going on,
 The sides o' the world may danger : Much is breeding,
 Which, like the 6 courser's hair, hath yet but life,
 And not a serpent's poison. 7 Say, our pleasure,

4 *Petition us at home:—*] Wish us at home ; call for us to reside at home. JOHNSON.

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

So, in Holinshed's *Description of England*, p. 224 : “ — A horse-haire laid in a pale full of the like water will in a short time stirre and become a living creature. But sith the certaintie of these things is rather proved by few &c.” STEEVENS.

Dr. Lister, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, showed that what were vulgarly thought animated horse-hairs, are real insects. I was also affirmed, that they moved like serpents, and were poisonous to swallow. TOLLET.

7 *——Say, our pleasure
 To such whose places under us require
 Our quick remove from hence.]*

Such is this passage in the first copy. The late editors have all altered it, or received it altered in silence thus :

*——Say, our pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, requires
 Our quick remove from hence.*

This is hardly sense. I believe we should read :

Their quick remove from hence.

Tell our design of going away to those, who being by their places obliged to attend us, must remove in haste. JOHNSON.

Surely the old reading with the slight amendment made by some former editor—*whose place is*—affords perfect sense.—“ Say to such whose place is under us, i. e. to our attendants, that our pleasure requires our quick remove from hence.” MALONE.

To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he
does:—

* I did not send you;—If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return. [*Exit Alex.*]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him
dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in
nothing.

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

Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and fullen.

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

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the fides of nature
Will not sustain it,

* *I did not send you;—*] You must go as if you came without
my order or knowledge. JOHNSON.

Ant.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the marry'd woman?—You may go;
'Would, she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and
true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your
going,

But bid farewell, and go: when you sh^d staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then;—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliss in our brows' bent⁹; none our parts so poor,
But was¹ a race of heaven: They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest foldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

⁹ — *in our brows' bent*; —] i. e. in the arch of our eyebrows. STEEVENS.

¹ — *a race of heaven*: —] i. e. had a smack or flavour of heaven. WARBURTON.

This word is well explained by Dr. Warburton; the *race* of wine is the taste of the soil. Sir T. Hanmer, not understanding the word, reads, *ray*. JOHNSON.

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
² Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords : Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome :
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction : The hated, grown to
strength,
Are newly grown to love : the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten ;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change : ³ My more particular,
And that which most with you should save my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me
freedom,

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

³ —— *My more particular,
And that which most with you should save my going,
Is Fulvia's death.*]

Thus all the more modern editions ; the first and second folios read *safe* : All corruptedly. Antony is giving several reasons to Cleopatra, which make his departure from Ægypt necessary ; most of them, reasons of state ; but the death of Fulvia, his wife, was a particular and private call. Cleopatra is jealous of Antony, and suspicious that he is seeking colours for his going. Antony replies to her doubts, with the reasons that obliged him to be absent for a time ; and tells her, that, as his wife Fulvia is dead, and so she has no rival to be jealous of, that circumstance should be his best plea and excuse, and have the greatest weight with her for his going. Who does not see now, that it ought to be read :

—— *should save my going.* THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton reads, I think rightly :

—— *safe my going.* JOHNSON.

It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die⁴?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd⁵; at the last, best:
See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. ⁶ 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 receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: By the fire,
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,

⁴ ——— *Can Fulvia die?*] That Fulvia was mortal, Cleopatra could have no reason to doubt; the meaning therefore of her question seems to be:—*Will there ever be an end of your excuses? As often as you want to leave me, will not some Fulvia, some new pretext be found for your departure?* She has already said that though age could not exempt her from some follies, at least it frees her from a childish belief in all he says. STEEVENS.

⁵ *The garboils she awak'd;*—] i. e. the commotion she occasioned. The word is used by Heywood in the *Rape of Lucrece*, 1616:

“ ——— thou Tarquin, dost alone survive,
“ The head of all those *garboiles*.”

Again, by Stanyhurst in his translation of the four first books of *Virgil's Æneid*, 1582:

“ Now manhood and *garboils* I chaunt and martial horror.”

Again, in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607: “ Days of mourning: by continuall *garboiles* were, however, numbered and encreas'd.” The word is derived from the old French *garbouil*, which Cotgrave explains by *hurlyburly*, *great stir*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *O most false love!*

*Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water?—]*

Alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend. JOHNSON.

So, in the first act of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, written by B. and Fletcher in conjunction with Shakespeare:

“ Balms and gums, and heavy cheers,

“ *Sacred vials fill'd with tears.*” STEEVENS.

Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well:
So Antony loves⁷.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I prythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong⁸ to Egypt: Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, prythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman⁹ 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,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,

And

⁷ *So Antony loves.]* i. e. uncertain as the state of my health is the love of Antony. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *to Egypt:—]* To me, the queen of Egypt. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *Herculean Roman—]* Antony traced his descent from *Antion* a son of *Hercules*. STEEVENS.

¹ *O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.]*

The plain meaning is, *My forgetfulness makes me forget myself.* But she expresses it by calling *forgetfulness Antony*; because *forgetfulness* had forgot her, as *Antony* had done. For want of apprehending this quaintness of expression, the Oxford editor is forced

And I am all-forgotten.

Ant. * But that your royalty

Holds

to tell us news, *That all forgotten is an old way of speaking, for apt to forget every thing.* WARBURTON.

I cannot understand the learned critic's explanation. It appears to me, that she should rather have said :

*O my remembrance is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.*

It was her memory, not her oblivion, that, like Antony, was forgetting and deserting her. I think a slight change will restore the passage. The queen, having something to say, which she is not able, or would not seem able to recollect, cries out :

O my oblivion!—'Tis a very Antony.

The thought of which I was in quest is a very Antony, is treacherous and fugitive, and has irrevocably left me :

And I am all forgotten.

If this reading stand, I think the explanation of Hanmer must be received. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is certainly just, but I cannot perceive any need of change. Cleopatra has something to say, which seems to be suppress'd by sorrow, and after many attempts to produce her meaning, she cries out: *O, this oblivious memory of mine is as false and treacherous to me as Antony is, and I forget every thing.* Oblivion, I believe, is boldly used for a memory apt to be deceitful.

If too great a latitude be taken in this explanation, we might with little violence read, as Mr. Edwards has proposed in his MS. notes :

Oh me! oblivion is a very Antony, &c. STEEVENS.

* *But that your royalty*

*Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.]*

i. e. *But that your charms hold me, who am the greatest fool on earth, in chains, I should have adjudged you to be the greatest.* That this is the sense is shewn by her answer :

'Tis sweating labour,

To bear such idleness so near the heart,

As Cleopatra, this.——— WARBURTON.

The sense may be:—*But that your queenship chuses idleness for the subject of your conversation, I should take you for idleness itself.* So Webster (who was often a very close imitator of Shakespeare) in his *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612 :

“ ——— how idle am I

“ *To question my own idleness!*”

Or

Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming's kill me³, when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurell'd victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

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

S C E N E IV.

Cæsar's palace in Rome.

Enter Octavius Cæsar, Lepidus, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
* One great competitor: From Alexandria
This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes

Or an antithesis may be designed between *royalty* and *subject*.—
But that I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, exalting you far above its influence, I should suppose you to be the very genius of idleness itself. STEEVENS.

³ *Since my becoming's kill me,* ———] There is somewhat of obscurity in this expression. In the first scene of the play Antony had called her:

“ ——— wrangling queen,
“ Whom every thing becomes.”

It is to this, perhaps, that she alludes. STEEVENS.

* *One great competitor:* ———] Perhaps, *Our great competitor.*
JOHNSON.

The lamps of night in revel : is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra ; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he : hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners : You shall find
there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness :
His faults, in him, seem^s as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness ; hereditary,
Rather than⁶ purchas'd ; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

^s ——— 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. Hanmer reads :

————— spots on ermine,
Or fires, by night's blackness. JOHNSON.

The meaning seems to be—*As the stars or spots of heaven are not obscured, but rather rendered more bright by the blackness of the night, so neither is the goodness of Antony eclipsed by his evil qualities, but, on the contrary, his faults seem enlarged and aggravated by his virtues.*

That which answers to the *blackness of the night*, in the counter-part of the simile, is *Antony's goodness*. His goodness is a ground which gives a relief to his faults, and makes them stand out more prominent and conspicuous.

It is objected, that stars rather beautify than deform the night. But the poet considers them here only with respect to their *prominence and splendour*. It is sufficient for him that their scintillations appear stronger in consequence of darkness, as jewels are more resplendent on a black ground than on any other.—That the *prominence and splendour* of the stars were alone in Shakespeare's contemplation, appears from a passage in *Hamlet*, where the same thought is less equivocally express'd :

“ ——— Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
“ *Stick fiery off indeed.*” MALONE.

⁶ ——— purchas'd ; —] Procur'd by his own fault or endeavour.

JOHNSON.

Ces.

Cæs. You are too indulgent : Let us grant, it is not
Amis to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy ;
To give a kingdom for a mirth ; to sit
And keep the turn of tipling with a slave ;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat : ⁷ 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
⁸ So great weight in his lightness : If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
⁹ 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 ¹ boys ; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

⁷ ————say, this becomes him ;
As his composure must be rare, indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish ; ———]

This seems inconsequent. I read :

And his composure, &c.

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

⁸ 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. JOHNSON.

⁹ 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 sur-
feits and dry bones. JOHNSON.

¹ ————boys ; who, being mature in knowledge,] For this Hanmer,
who thought the maturity of a boy an inconsistent idea, has put :

——— who, immature in knowledge :

but the words *experience* and *judgment* require that we read *mature* :
though Dr. Warburton has received the emendation. By *boys ma-
ture in knowledge*, are meant, *boys old enough to know their duty*.

JOHNSON.

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

² 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 ³ he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, 'till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
⁴ Goes to, and back, lacking the varying tide,

To

² *That only have fear'd Cæsar:—*] Those whom not *love* but *fear* made adherents to Cæsar, now shew their affection for Pompey. JOHNSON.

³ ——— *he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, 'till ne'er worth love,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd.*———]

Let us examine the sense of this in plain prose. *The earliest histories inform us, that the man in supreme command was always wish'd to gain that command, 'till he had obtain'd it. And he, whom the multitude has contentedly seen in a low condition, when he begins to be wanted by them, becomes to be fear'd by them.* But do the multitude fear a man, because they want him? Certainly, we must read:

Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.

i. e. *endear'd*, a favourite to them. Besides, the context requires this reading; for it was not fear, but love, that made the people flock to young Pompey, and what occasion'd this reflection. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ I shall be *lov'd*, when I am *lack'd*.” WARBURTON.

⁴ *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

the

To rot itself with motion⁵.

Mef. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; ⁶ which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
⁷ Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth ⁸ revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,

the tide? This is making a scourge of a weak ineffective thing, and giving it an active violence in its own power. All the old editions read *lacking*. 'Tis true, there is no sense in that reading; but the addition of a single letter will not only give us good sense, but the genuine word of our author into the bargain.

————— *Lacquiring the varying tide*,
i. e. floating backwards and forwards with the variation of the tide, like a page, or *lacquey*, at his master's heels. THEOBALD.

Theobald's conjecture may be supported by a passage in the fifth book of Chapman's translation of Homer's *Odyssey*:

“ ————— who would willingly

“ *Lacky* along so vast a lake of brine?”

Again, in his version of the 24th *Iliad*:

“ My guide to Argos either slip'd or *lackying* by thy side.”

Again, in the Prologue to the second part of *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

“ O that our power

“ Could *lacky* or keep pace with our desires!” STEEVENS.

⁵ Perhaps *another messenger* should be noted here, as entering with fresh news. STEEVENS.

⁶ ———— *which they ear* ————] *To ear*, is to *plow*; a common metaphor. JOHNSON.

To ear, is not, however, at this time, a common word. I meet with it in Turberville's *Falconry*, 1575:

“ ———— because I have a larger field to *ear*.”

Again, in Drayton's *Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy*:

“ So Troy, thought I, her stately head did rear,

“ Whose crazed ribs the furrowing plough doth *ear*.”

Again, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, b. i. fol. 26:

“ And *ere*n it with strength of plough.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *Lack blood to think on't*, ————] Turn pale at the thought of it. JOHNSON.

⁸ ———— *and flush youth* ————] *Flush youth* is youth ripened to manhood; *youth* whose blood is at the flow. STEEVENS.

Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
 Leave thy lascivious waffels^o. When thou once
 Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
 Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
 Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
 Though daintily brought up, with patience more
 Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
 The stale of horses¹, 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 borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
 So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
 Drive him to Rome: Time is it, that we twain
 Did shew ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
 Assemble me immediate council: Pompey
 Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
 I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
 Both what by sea and land I can be able,
 To 'front this present time.

^o ——— *thy lascivious waffels.* ———] *Wassel* is here put for intemperance in general. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ At wakes and *waffels*, meetings, markets, fairs.”

For a more particular account of the word, see *Macbeth*, act I. sc. *ult.* The old copy, however, reads *wassails*. STEEVENS.

¹ ——— *Thou didst drink*

The stale of horses, ———]

All these circumstances of Antony's distress, are taken literally from Plutarch. STEEVENS.

Cæs. 'Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewel.

Lep. Farewel, my lord: What you shall know
mean time
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt it not, sir; I knew it for my bond.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha,—Give me to drink ² 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.

² —*mandragora.*] A plant of which the infusion was supposed
to procure sleep. Shakspeare mentions it in *Othello*:

“Not poppy, nor *mandragora*,

“Can ever med’cine thee to that sweet sleep.” JOHNSON.

So, in Webster’s *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

“Come violent death,

“Serve for *mandragora*, and make me sleep.”

STEEVENS.

—*to drink mandragora.*] Gerard, in his *Herbal*, says of the
mandragoras: “Dioscorides doth particularly set downe many fa-
culties hereof, of which notwithstanding there be none proper un-
to it, save those that depend upon the drowsie and sleeping power
thereof.”

In Adlington’s *Apuleius* (of which the epistle is dated 1566) re-
printed 1639, 4to, bl. l. p. 187, lib. 10: “I gave him no poy-
son, but a doling drink of *mandragoras*, which is of such force,
that it will cause any man to sleepe, as though he were dead.”

PERCY.

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. O Charmian!

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou
mov'st?

The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm
³ And burgonet of man.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*
For so he calls me;—Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? ⁴ Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey

³ *And burgonet of man.*—] A *burgonet* is a kind of *helmet*.
So, in *Hen. VI*:

“This day I'll wear aloft my *burgonet*.”

So, in *Heywood's Iron Age*, 1632:

“I'll hammer on thy proof-steel'd *burgonet*.”

Again, in the *Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

“This, by the gods and my good sword, I'll set

“In bloody lines upon thy *burgonet*.” STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— *Broad-fronted Cæsar*,] Mr. Seyward is of opinion, that
the poet wrote—*bald-fronted Cæsar*. STEEVENS.

Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of Ægypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, ^s that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd, the last of many doubled kisses,
This orient pearl;—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, *the firm Roman to great Ægypt sends*
This treasure of an oyster: at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the east,
Say thou, *shall call her mistress.* So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an ^o arm-gaunt steed,

Who

^s ——— *that great medicine hath with his tinct gilded thee.*] Alluding to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold. The alchemists call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation, a *medicine*. JOHNSON.

Thus Chapman, in his *Shadow of Night*, 1594,
“O then, thou *great elixir* of all treasures.”

And on this passage he has the following note: “The philosopher's stone, or *philosophica medicina* is called the *great Elixir*, to which he here alludes.” Thus, in the *Canones Yemannes Tale* of Chaucer, late edit. v. 16330:

“——— the philosophre's stone,

“*Elixir* cleped, we seken fast eche on.” STEEVENS.

^o ——— *arm-gaunt steed*,] i. e. his steed worn lean and thin by much service in war. So, Fairfax:

“His *stall-worn* steed the champion stout bestrode.”

WARBURTON.

On this note Mr. Edwards has been very lavish of his pleasantries, and indeed has justly censured the misquotation of *stall-worn*, for *stall-worth*, which means *strong*, but makes no attempt to explain the

Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
 7 Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry ?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the
 extreams

Of hot and cold ; he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition !—Note him,
 Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man ; but note
 him :

He was not sad ; for he would shine on those
 That make their looks by his : he was not merry ;
 Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay

the word in the play. Mr. Seyward, in his preface to Beaumont, has very elaborately endeavoured to prove, that an *arm-gaunt* steed is a steed with *lean shoulders*. *Arm* is the Teutonic word for *want*, or *poverty*. *Arm-gaunt* may be therefore an old word, signifying, *lean for want*, ill fed. Edwards's observation, that a worn-out horse is not proper for Atlas to mount in battle, is impertinent ; the horse here mentioned seems to be a post-horse, rather than a war horse. Yet as *arm-gaunt* seems not intended to imply any defect, it perhaps means, a horse so slender that a man might clasp him, and therefore formed for expedition. Hammer reads :

— *arm-girt steed*. JOHNSON.

The following compound word which I find in Chaucer's description of a king of Thrace in the *Knight's Tale*, may support Dr. Johnson's explanation :

“ A wreth of gold *arm-gret*, of huge weight

“ Upon his hed &c.” late edit. v. 2147.

Armgrete is as *big as the arm*, and *arm-gaunt* may mean as *slender as the arm*. We still say, in vulgar comparison, *as long as my arm*, *as thick as my leg*, &c. Again, in the Booke of *Fysshing*, &c. bl. l. no date : “ — cut between Michelmas and Candellmas a fayre staff of a fadome and a half longe and *arm-great*, of havyll, &c.” Again, in *Lidgate* : “ — *Line-right*,” i. e. as strait as a line.

STEEVENS.

7 *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.”

JOHNSON.

The verb which Theobald would introduce, is found in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609 :

“ Deep clerks *sne dumbs* &c.” STEEVENS.

In Ægypt with his joy : but between both :
O heavenly mingle !—Be't 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. O that brave Cæsar !

Cleo. Be choak'd with such another emphasis !
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar !

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

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

Cleo. * My fallad days !

When

* *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, *Kógn*, which by ill luck proves just the contrary ; for that state which the Greeks designed by *Kógn*, 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. *Those,*
says

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'll⁹ unpeople Ægypt.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Messina, Pompey's House,

Enter¹ Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.

Pomp. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
 The deeds of justest men.

Men. Know, worthy Pompey,
 That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pomp. ² Whiles we are suitors to their throne,
 decays
 The thing we sue for.

Men,

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.

⁹ —unpeople Ægypt.] By sending out messengers. JOHNSON.

¹ The persons are so named in the first edition ; but I know not why Menecrates appears ; Menas can do all without him.

JOHNSON.

² *Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
 The thing we sue for.]*

This nonsense should be read thus :

*Whiles we are suitors to their throne, delay's
 The thing we sue for.*

Menecrates had said, *The gods do not deny that which they delay.* The other turns his words to a different meaning, and replies, *Delay is the very thing we beg of them, i. e. the delay of our enemies in making preparation against us : which he explains afterwards,*

wards,

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.

Pomp. I shall do well :
 The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
³ My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
 Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
 In Ægypt sits at dinner, and will make
 No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money, where
 He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,
 Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,
 Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus are in the field ;
 A mighty strength they carry.

Pomp. Where have you this ? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pomp. He dreams ; I know, they are in Rome to-
 gether,
 Looking for Antony : But all the charms of love,

wards, by saying, Mark Antony was tied up by lust in Ægypt ;
 Cæsar by avarice at Rome ; and Lepidus employed in keeping well
 with both. WARBURTON.

It is not always prudent to be too hasty in exclamation ; the
 reading which Dr. Warburton rejects as *nonsense*, is in my opinion
 right ; if *delay* be what they sue for, they have it, and the conso-
 lation offered becomes superfluous. The meaning is, *While we*
are praying, the thing for which we pray is losing its value.

JOHNSON.

³ In old editions,

*My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
 Says it will come to th' full.]*

What does the relative *it* belong to ? It cannot in *sense* relate to
hope, nor in *concord* to *powers*. The poet's allusion is to the *moon* ;
 and Pompey would say, he is yet but a half moon, or *crescent* ; but
 his hopes tell him, that crescent will come to a *full orb*.

THEOBALD.

Salt Cleopatra, soften ⁴ 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 fauce his appetite;
 That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
 Even 'till a Lethe'd dulness—How now Varrius?

Enter Varrius.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:

* ———*thy wan lip!*] In the old edition it is
 ———*thy wand lip!*

Perhaps, for *fond* lip, or *warm* lip, says Dr. Johnson. *Wand*, if it stand, is either a corruption of *wan*, the adjective, or a contraction of *wanned*, or *made wan*, a participle. So, in Hamlet:

“That, from her working, all his visage *wan'd*.”

Again, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*:

“———a cheek

“Not as yet *wan'd*.”

Or perhaps *waned* lip, i. e. decreased, like the moon, in its beauty. So, in the *Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613:

“And Cleopatra then to seek had been

“So firm a lover of her *wained* face.”

Again, in the *Skynner's Play*, among the Chester collection of *Mysteries*, MS. Harl. 1013. p. 152:

“O blessed be thou ever and aye

“Now *wayned* is all my woo.”

Yet this expression of Pompey's perhaps, after all, implies a wish only, that every charm of love may confer additional softness on the lips of Cleopatra: i. e. that her beauty may improve to the ruin of her lover. The epithet *wan* might have been added, only to shew the speaker's private contempt of it. It may be remarked, that the lips of Africans and Asiatics are paler than those of European nations. STEEVENS.

Shakespeare's orthography often adds a *d* at the end of a word. Thus, *vile* is (in the old editions) every where spelt *wild*. *Laund* is given instead of *lawn*: why not therefore *wan'd* for *wan* here?

If this however should not be accepted, suppose we read with the addition only of an apostrophe, *wan'd*; i. e. *waned*, declined, gone off from its perfection; comparing Cleopatra's beauty to the moon past the full. PERCY.

Mark

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Ægypt, 'tis
A space for farther travel ⁵.

Pomp. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm ⁶
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: ⁷ 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.

⁵ ——— *since he went from Ægypt, 'tis
A space for farther travel.*]

i. e. since he quitted Egypt, a space of time has elapsed in which
a longer journey might have been performed than from Egypt to
Rome. STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *would have don'd his helm*] To *don* is to *do on*, to put
on. So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

“Call upon our dame aloud,
Bid her quickly *don* her shroud.” STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *But let us rear*

*The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The near lust-wearied Antony.*]

Sextus Pompeius, upon hearing that Antony is every hour expected in Rome, does not much relish the news. He is twice the soldier, (says he) that 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 expedition, because it awaked Antony to arms, who was *near weary*, *almost* surfeited, of lascivious pleasures? Indolent and stupid editors, 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* tired of luxury, yet moved from that charm, upon Pompey's stirring, it was a reason for Pompey to pride himself upon being of such consequence. THEOBALD.

Could it be imagined, after this swelling exultation, that the first edition stands literally thus?

The neere lust wearied Antony. JOHNSON.

Men. I cannot hope³,
 Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together :
 His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar ;
 His brother warr'd upon him⁹ ; although, I think,
 Not mov'd by Antony.

Pomp. I know not, Menas,
 How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
 Were't not that we stand up against them all,
 'Twere pregnant they should 'square between them-
 selves ;

For they have entertained cause enough
 To draw their swords : but how the fear of us
 May cement their divisions, and bind up
 The petty difference, we yet not know.
 Be it as our gods will have it ! It only stands
² Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
 Come, Menas.

[*Exeunt.*

³ *I cannot hope, &c.*] The judicious editor of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer in four vols 8vo, 1775, observes that to *hope* on this occasion means to *expect*. So, in the *Reeve's Tale*, v. 4027 :

“ Our manciple I *hope* he wol be ded.” STEEVENS.

⁹ —warr'd upon him ; —] Thus the second folio ; the first *wan'd*. MALONE.

¹ —square —] That is, *quarrel*. So, in the *Shoemaker's Holiday, or the gentle Craft*, 1600 :

“ What ? *square* they, master Scott ? —

“ ———— Sir, no doubt :

“ Lovers are quickly in and quickly out.”

The same word is used both in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Titus Andronicus*, and in this play, act III. sc. xi :

“ Mine honesty and I begin to *square*.” STEEVENS.

² *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.

JOHNSON.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*Rome.**Enter Enobarbus, and Lepidus.*

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
³ Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shav't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way,

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony, and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.

³ *Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shav't to-day.*]

Alluding to the phrase, I will beard him. WARBURTON.

I believe he means, *I would meet him undressed, without shew of respect.* JOHNSON.

Cæs. 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 sourest points with sweetest terms,
⁴ Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our armics, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit^s.

Ant. Sit, fir!

Cæs. Nay, then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not.

⁴ *Nor curstness grow to the matter.*] Let not *ill-humour* be added to the real *subject* of our difference. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Cæs. Sit.*

Ant. Sit, fir!]

Antony appears to be jealous of a circumstance which seemed to indicate a consciousness of superiority in his too successful partner in power; and accordingly resents the invitation of Cæsar to be seated: Cæsar answers, *Nay then*—i. e. if you are so ready to resent what I meant an act of civility, there can be no reason to suppose you have temper enough for the business on which at present we are met. The former editors leave a full point at the end of this as well as the preceding speech. STEEVENS.

The following circumstance may serve to strengthen Mr. Steevens's opinion: When the fictitious Sebastian made his appearance in Europe, he came to a conference with the Conde de Lemos; to whom, after the first exchange of civilities, he said, *Conde de Lemos, be covered.* And being asked by that nobleman, by what pretences he laid claim to the superiority expressed by such permission, he replied, I do it by right of my birth; I am Sebastian. JOHNSON.

Cæs.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to found your
name

It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Ægypt: Yet, if you there
Did practise on my state⁶, your being in Egypt
Might be my question⁷.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent;
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me; and⁸ their contestation

Was

* *Did practise on my state*, —] To *practise* means to employ unwarrantable arts or stratagems. So, in the *Tragedie of Antonie*, done into English by the countess of Pembroke, 1595:

“ ——— nothing kills me so

“ As that I so my Cleopatra see

“ *Practise* with Cæsar.” STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *question*.] i. e. My theme or subject of conversation. So before:

“ Out of our *question* wipe him.”

See a note on *Hamlet*, act I: “Thou com'st in such a *questionable* shape, &c.” MALONE.

⁸ ——— *their contestation*

Was theam for you, you were the word of war.]

The only meaning of this can be, that the war, which Antony's wife and brother made upon Cæsar, was theam for Antony too to make war; or was the occasion why he did make war. But this is directly contrary to the context, which shews, Antony did neither encourage them to it, nor second them in it. We cannot doubt then, but the poet wrote:

——— *and their contestation*

Was theam'd for you.

i. e. The pretence of the war was on your account, they took up arms in your name, and you were made the theme and subject of their insurrection. WARBURTON.

Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; ⁹ my brother never

Did urge me in his act: I did enquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports ¹,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
² Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters

Be-

I am neither satisfied with the reading nor the emendation; *theam'd* is, I think, a word unauthorized, and very harsh. Perhaps we may read:

—— *their contestation*

Had *theme* from you, you were the word of war.

The dispute derived its subject from you. It may be corrected by mere transposition:

—— *their contestation*

You were theme for, you were the word— JOHNSON.

Was theam for you, I believe means only, *was proposed as an example for you to follow on a yet more extensive plan*; as *themes* are given for a writer to dilate upon. Shakespeare, however, may prove the best commentator on himself. Thus, in *Coriolanus*, act I. sc. i:

“ —— throw forth greater *themes*

“ For insurrection's arguing.”

Sicinius calls Coriolanus, “ —— the *theme* of our assembly.”

STEEVENS.

Was theam &c.] I cannot help thinking Dr. Warburton's conjecture right. *Theam'd* is such a word as Shakespeare would not scruple to use. In almost every one of his plays we meet substantives used as verbs. I read:

Was theam'd from you. MALONE.

⁹ —— *my brother never*

Did urge me in his act: ——]

i. e. Never did make use of my name as a pretence for the war.

WARBURTON.

¹ —— *true reports,*] *Reports for reporters.* Mr. Tollet observes that Holinshed, p. 1181, uses *records* for *vouchers*. STEEVENS.

² *Having alike your cause?* ——] The meaning seems to be, *having the same cause as you to be offended with me.* But why, because he was offended with Antony, should he make war upon Cæsar? May it not be read thus:

—— *Did he not rather*

Discredit

Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
³ As matter whole you have not to make it with,
 It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself,
 By laying defects of judgment to me; but
 You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so:

I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
 Very necessity of this thought, that I,
 Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
 Could not with graceful eyes ⁴ attend those wars
 Which ⁵ fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
 I would you had her spirit in such another:
 The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
 You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would, we had all such wives, that the men
 might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
 Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
 Shrewdness of policy too) I grieving grant,

*Discredit my authority with yours,
 And make the wars alike against my stomach,
 Hating alike our cause?* JOHNSON.

The old reading is immediately explained by Antony's being the
 partner with Octavius in the cause against which his brother fought.
 STEEVENS.

³ *As matter whole you have not to make it with,*] The original
 copy reads:

As matter whole you have to make it with.

Without doubt erroneously; I therefore only observe it, that the
 reader may more readily admit the liberties which the editors of
 this authour's works have necessarily taken. JOHNSON.

The old reading may be right. It seems to allude to Antony's
 acknowledged neglect in aiding Cæsar; but yet Antony does not
 allow himself to be faulty upon the present cause alledged against
 him. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *with graceful eyes* —] Thus the old copy reads, and
 I believe, rightly. We still say, *I could not look handsomely on*
 such or such a proceeding. The modern editors read—*grateful*.

STEEVENS.

⁵ — *fronted* —] i. e. *Opposed*. JOHNSON.

Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
' I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
' The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it:—But on, Cæsar;—
The article of my oath,——

⁶ *I told him of myself;—*] i. e. Told him the condition I was in, when he had his last audience. WARBURTON.

⁷ *The honour is sacred—*] *Sacred*, for unbroken, unviolated.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton seems to understand this passage thus; *The honour which he talks of me as lacking, is unviolated, I never lacked it.* This may perhaps be the true meaning, but before I read the note, I understood it thus: Lepidus interrupts Cæsar, on the supposition that what he is about to say will be too harsh to be endured by Antony; to which Antony replies, *No, Lepidus, let him speak; the security of honour on which he now speaks, on which this conference is held now, is sacred, even supposing that I lacked honour before.* JOHNSON.

I do not entirely agree with either of the learned commentators on this passage. Antony, in my opinion, means to say:—“The theme of honour which he now speaks of, namely the religion of an oath, for which he supposes me not to have a due regard, is sacred; it is a tender point, and touches my character nearly. Let him therefore urge his charge, that I may vindicate myself.”

MALONE.

Cæs.

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them;

The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected, rather;

And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it: Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Ægypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between you: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the
instant, you may, when you hear no more words of
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
forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no
more.

Eno. Go to then; * your considerate stone.

Cæs.

* ——— your considerate stone.] This line is passed by all the editors, as if they understood it, and believed it universally intelligible. I cannot find in it any very obvious, and hardly any possible meaning. I would therefore read:

Go to then, you considerate ones.

You who dislike my frankness and temerity of speech, and are so considerate and discreet, go to, do your own business. JOHNSON.

I believe, *Go to then, your considerate stone,* means only this: *If I must be chidden, henceforward I will be mute as a marble statue,*

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech : for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar, —

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia : great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa ;
If Cleopatra heard you, ' your reproof

Were

which seems to think, though it can say nothing. As silent as a stone, however, might have been once a common phrase. So, in the Interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1598 :

“ Bring thou in thine, Mido, and see thou be a stone.

“ *Mido.*] A stone! how should that be &c.

“ *Rebecca.*] I meant thou should'st nothing say.”

Again, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. l, no date :

“ Guy let it passe as still as stone,

“ And to the steward word spake none.”

Again, in *Gower, De Confessione Amantis*, b. i. fol. 17 :

“ But he lay still as any stone.”

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*, act III. sc. i :

“ A stone is silent and offendeth not.”

Again, Chaucer :

“ To riden by the way, dombe as the stone.”

Mr. Tollet explains the passage in question, thus : “ I will henceforth seem senseless as a stone, however I may observe and consider your words and actions.” STEEVENS.

“ I do not much dislike the matter, but

The manner of his speech : —]

I do not, says Cæsar, think the man wrong, but too free of his interposition ; for't cannot be, we shall remain in friendship: yet if it were possible, I would endeavour it, JOHNSON.

————— your reproof

Were well deserv'd —]

In the old edition :

————— your proof

Were well deserv'd —]

Which

Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar : let me hear Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife : whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men ;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing : truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths : her love to both
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke ;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak ?

Cæs. Not 'till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
To make this good ?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of impediment !—Let me have thy hand :
Further this act of grace ; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs !

Cæs. There is my hand.

Which Mr. Theobald, with his usual triumph, changes to *ap-
proof*, which he explains, *allowance*. Dr. Warburton inserted *re-
proof* very properly into Hanmer's edition, but forgot it in his own.

JOHNSON.

A sister

170 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly : Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts ; and never
Fly off our loves again !

Lep. Happily, amen !

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey ;

For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me : I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us :
Of us must Pompey presently be fought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he ?

Cæs. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land ?

Cæs. Great, and increasing : but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

'Would, we had spoke together ! Haste we for it ;
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness ;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.*

Mec. Welcome from Ægypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas !—
my honourable friend, Agrippa !—

² *Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ;*] Lest I be thought too willing to forget benefits, I must barely return him thanks, and then I will defy him, JOHNSON.

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested. You stay'd well by it in Ægypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of 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 her³.

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 them: the oars were
silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie

In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tiffue)

⁴ 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,

³ —be square to her.] i. e. if report *quadrates* with her, or suits with her merits. STEEVENS.

⁴ O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see, &c.] Meaning the Venus of Protogenes mentioned by Pliny, l. 35. c. 10.

WARBURTON.

5 And what they undid, did.

Ag. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, 6 tended her i' the eyes,
7 And made their bends adornings: at the helm

A

5 *And what they undid, did.*] It might be read less harshly:

And what they did, undid. JOHNSON.

7 6 *—tended her i' th' eyes.*] Perhaps *tended her* by th' eyes, discovered her will by her eyes. JOHNSON.

7 *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. WARBURTON.

That Cleopatra personated Venus, we know; but that Shakespeare was acquainted with the circumstance of homage being paid her by the Deities of the sea, is by no means as certain. The old term will probably appear the more elegant of the two to modern readers, who have heard so much about *the line of beauty*. The whole passage is taken from the following in sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch: "She disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the riuer of Cydnus, the poepe whereof was of gold, the sailes of purple, and the owers of siluer, which kept stroke in rowing after the founde of the musicke of flutes, howboyes, citherns, violls, and such other instruments as they played vpon in the barge. And now for the person of her selfe she was layed vnder a pauillion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and atired like the Goddesse Venus, commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretie faire boyes apparelled as painters do set forth God Cuplde, with little fannes in their hands, with the which they fanned wind vpon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also; the fairest of them were apparelled like the nymphes Nereides (which are the mermaidcs of the waters) and like the Graces, some steering the helme, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderfull passing sweete sauer of perfumes, that perfum-

ed

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

ed the wharves side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all alongst the riuer's side: others also ranne out of the citie to see her coming in. So that in thend, there ranne such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market place, in his imperiall seate to geve audience:" &c.

Had Shakespeare written *adore* instead of *adorn*, it has been observed that they were once synonymously used. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iv. c. 11:

"Congealed little drops which do the morn *adore*."

Again, in the *Elder Brother* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"And those true tears, falling on your pure chrystals,

"Should turn to armlets for great queens to *adore*."

STEEVENS.

I think *bends* or *bands* is the same word, and means in this place the severall *companies* of Nereids, that waited on Cleopatra. It is said in Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar* for May: "A fresh *bend* of lovely nymphs did attend on lady Flora." It is easy to conceive how these attendants being happily disposed in groups, might add new graces to the appearance of their mistress. So, in *Titus Andronicus*, act II. sc. iii: "Whom have we here? Rome's royal emperers? Unfurnish'd of her *well-beseeming troop*?" TOLLET.

Mr. Tollet may be right. So, in Tho. Drant's translation of the third epistle of *Horace*, 1567:

"*Quid studiosa cohors operum struit?*"

"What doth our busye *bende* of clarkes?"

Again, in Hall's *Chronicle*, *K. Henry VIII.* p. 75: "—should be set in the breste of the battaill or *bend* of footmen." Again, "——most goodly battaill or *bend* of footmen." STEEVENS.

And made their bends adornings:—] *Their bends*, I apprehend, refers to Cleopatra's eyes, and not to her gentlewomen. *Her attendants in order to learn their mistress's will, watched the motion of her eyes, the bends or movements of which added new lustre to her beauty.*

In our author we frequently find the word *bend* applied to the eye. Thus, in the first act of this play:

"Those his goodly eyes

—— now *bend*, now turn, &c."

Again:

"Eternity was in our lips and eyes,

"Bliss in our brows-*bent*."

Again,

A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her: and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; * which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Ag. Rare Ægyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she reply'd,
It should be better, he became her guest;
Which she intreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *no* woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Ag. Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropt.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the publick street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“ Although they wear their faces to the *bent*
“ Of the king's looks.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ All gaze and *bent* of amorous view.”

And lastly, in *Julius Cæsar*, which affords an instance exactly
apposite:

“ And that same *eye* whose *bent* doth awe the world.”

MALONE.

* ——— which, but for vacancy,

Had gone —]

Alluding to an axiom in the peripatetic philosophy then in vogue,
that *Nature abhors a vacuum*. WARBURTON.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale⁹
 Her infinite variety : Other women cloy¹
 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 riggish².

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
 The heart of Antony, Octavia is³
 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.]

⁹ ——— nor custom stale] This verb is used by Heywood in the
Iron Age, 1632 : “ One that hath *stal’d* his courtly tricks at home.”
 STEEVENS.

¹ ——— Other women cloy
 The appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry,
 Where most she satisfies. ———]

Almost the same thought, clothed nearly in the same expressions,
 is found in the old play of *Pericles* : “ Who starves the ears she
 feeds, and makes them hungry the more she gives them speech.”
 MALONE.

² ——— when she is riggish.] *Rigg* is an ancient word meaning a
 strumpet. So, in Whetstone’s *Castle of Delight*, 1576 :
 “ Then loath they will both lust and wanton love,
 “ Or else be sure such ryggs my care shall prove.”

Again :
 “ Immodest *rigg*, I Ovid’s counsel usde.” STEEVENS.

³ ——— Octavia is
 A blessed lottery to him.]

Dr. Warburton says, the poet wrote *allottery* : but there is no reason
 for this assertion. The ghost of Andrea in the *Spanish Tragedy*,
 says :

“ Minos in graven leaves of *lottery*
 “ Drew forth the manner of my life and death.”

FARMER.

So, in Stanyhurst’s translation of *Virgil*, 1582 :

“ By this hap escaping the filth of *lottarye* carnal.”

Again, in the *Honest Man’s Fortune*, by B. and Fletcher :

“ ——— fainting under
 “ Fortune’s false *lottery*.” — STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

*Enter Cæſar, Antony, Octavia between them; Attendants,
and a Soothſayer.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will some-
times

Divide me from your boſom.

Octa. All which time,
Before the gods my knee ſhall bow in prayers⁴
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, fir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemiſhes in the world's report:
I have not kept my ſquare; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear
lady.

Octa. Good night, fir.

Cæſ. Good night. [*Exeunt Cæſar, and Octavia.*]

Ant. Now, firrah! you do wiſh yourſelf in Ægypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor
you

Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reaſon?

Sooth. ⁵ I ſee it in

My

⁴ ———*ſhall bow in prayers*] The old copy reads:

—————*ſhall bow my prayers*

which I believe to be the true reading. The ſame conſtruction is
in *Coriolanus*, act I. ſc. i:

“*Shouting their emulation.*”

Again, in *K. Lear*, act II. ſc. ii:

“*Smile you my ſpeeches?*” STEEVENS.

⁵ *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 di-
viners pretend to when the fit of foretelling is upon them; but
then, I think verily, he would have wrote, *emotion*. I am per-
ſuaded, Shakeſpeare meant that the Soothſayer ſhould ſay, he ſaw
a rea-

My motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet
Hie you again to Ægypt.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore

a reason in his *thought* or *opinion*, though he gave that thought or opinion no utterance. *Notion* is a word which our author frequently chuses to express the mental faculties. See *K. Lear*, *Coriolanus*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*. THEOBALD.

I see it in

My motion, —]

i. e. the divinitory agitation. WARBURTON.

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. JOHNSON.

A *Fear* was a personage in some of the old moralities. Fletcher alludes to it in the *Maid's Tragedy*, where Aspasia is instructing her servants how to describe her situation in needle-work:

“ — and then a *Fear*:

“ Do that *Fear* bravely, wench.” —

Spenser had likewise personified *Fear*, in the 12th canto of the third book of his *Faery Queen*. In the sacred writings *Fear* is also a person: “I will put a *Fear* in the land of Egypt.”

Exodus.

The whole thought is borrowed from sir T. North's translation of Plutarch: “With Antonius there was a soothsayer or astronomer of Egypt, that coulede cast a figure, and iudge of mens natiuities, to tell them what should happen to them. He, either to please Cleopatra, or else for that he founde it so by his art, told Antonius plainly, that his fortune (which of it selfe was excellent good, and very great) was altogether blemished, and obscured by Cæsars fortune: and therefore he counselled him vterly to leaue his company, and to get him as farre from him as he could. For thy Demon said he, (that is to say, the good angell and spirit that keepeth thee) is affraied of his: and being coragious and high when he is alone, becometh fearefull and timerous when he commeth nere vnto the other.” STEEVENS.

Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him:—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and ' his quails ever
Beat mine, ³ in hoop'd, at odds. I will to Ægypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

¹ — *his quails* —] The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks. JOHNSON.

So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "For, it is said, that as often as they two drew cuts for pastime, who should have any thing, or whether they played at dice, Antonius alway lost. Oftentimes when they were disposed to see cockfight, or quails that were taught to fight one with another: Cæsars cockes or quails did euer overcome." STEEVENS.

² — *in hoop'd, at odds.* —] Thus the old copy. *In hoop'd* is *inclosed, confined*, that they may fight. The modern editions read: *Beat mine, in whoop'd-at odds.* — JOHNSON.

Shakespeare gives us the practice of his own time: and there is no occasion for *in whoop'd at*, or any other alteration. John Davies begins one of his epigrams upon *proverbs*:

"He sets cocke on the hoope," *in*, you would say;

"For cocking *in hoopes* is now all the play." FARMER.

The attempt at emendation, however, deserves some respect; as in *As you like it*, Celia says: "— and after that *out of all whooping.*" STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Ventidius.

I' the east my pleasure lies.—O, come, Ventidius,
 You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:
 Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

The same; a Street.

Enter Lepidus, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no farther: pray you,
 hasten

Your generals after.

Agg. Sir, Mark Antony

Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. 'Till I shall see you in your soldiers' dress,
 Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,

As I conceive the journey, be at mount *
 Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your stay 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.

The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some musick; ⁹ musick, moody food
 Of

* —at mount] i. e. Mount Misenum. STEEVENS.

⁹ —musick, moody food] The mood is the mind, or mental disposition. Van Haaren's panegyrick on the English begins, *Groot-moedig*

Of us that trade in love.

Omnes. The musick, ho!

Enter Mardian.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards: come,
Charmian.

Char. My arm is fore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman:—Come, you'll play with me, fir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shew'd, though it come
too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—

Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river: there,

My musick playing far off, I will betray

'Tawny-finn'd fishes: my bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an Antony,

And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when

You wager'd on your angling; when your diver

Did hang a salt-fish on his hook², which he

With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—O times!—

I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night

I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,

Ere the ninth hour, I drank him to his bed;

moedig Volk, [*great-minded nation*.] Perhaps here is a poor jest intended between *mood* the mind and *moods* of musick. JOHNSON.

Moody, in this instance, means *melancholy*. Cotgrave explains *moody*, by the French words, *morne* and *triste*. STEEVENS.

¹ *Tawny-finn'd fishes*;—] The first copy reads:

Tawney fine fish.—— JOHNSON.

² *Did hang a salt-fish &c.*] This circumstance is likewise taken from sir Tho. North's translation of the life of Antony in *Plutarch*.

STEEVENS.

Then

Then put my tires and mantles on him, ³ whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;—

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings ⁴ in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mef. Madam, madam,——

Cleo. Antony's dead?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free ⁵,

If so thou yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kifs; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mef. First, madam, he is well.

³ ———— whilst

I wore his sword Philippan.———]

We are not to suppose, nor is there any warrant from history, that Antony had any particular sword so called. The dignifying weapons, in this sort, is a custom of much more recent date. This therefore seems a compliment à posteriori. We find Antony, afterwards, in this play, boasting of his own prowess at Philippi.

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; &c.

That was the greatest action of Antony's life; and therefore this seems a fine piece of flattery, intimating, that his sword ought to be denominated from that illustrious battle, in the same manner as modern heroes in romance are made to give their swords pompous names. THEOBALD.

⁴ Ram thou thy fruitful tidings—] Shakespear probably wrote, (as sir T. Hanmer observes) *Rain thou* &c. *Rain* agrees better with the epithets *fruitful* and *barren*. So, in *Timon*:

“*Rain* sacrificial whisp'rings in his ear.”

Again; in the *Tempest*:

“———Heavens *rain* grace!” STEEVENS.

⁵ But well and free, &c.] This speech is but coldly imitated by B. and Fletcher in *The False One*:

“*Cleo.* What of him? Speak: if ill, Apollodorus,

“It is my happiness: and for thy news

“Receive a favour kings have kneel'd in vain for,

“And kiss my hand.” STEEVENS.

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,—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, is well,⁷
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
° I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail

Rich

° *Not like a formal man.*] *Formal*, for ordinary.

WARBURTON,

Rather decent, regular. JOHNSON.

By a *formal* man, Shakespeare means, a man *in his senses*. *Informal* women, in *Measure for Measure*, is used for women *beside themselves*. STEEVENS.

Formal man, I believe, only means a man *in form*, i. e. *shape*. You shall come in the *form* of a fury, and not in the *form* of a man. So, in *A mad World my Masters*, by Middleton, 1640:

“The very devil assum'd thee *formally*.”

i. e. assumed thy form. MALONE.

⁷ *I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st;
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.*—]

We surely should read *is well*. The messenger is to have his reward, if he says, that Antony is *alive*, in *health*, and *either friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him*. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this reading, being thoroughly convinced of its probability and propriety. STEEVENS.

° *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,

Rich pearls upon thee.

Mef. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mef. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou art an honest man.

Mef. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mef. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay

The good precedence; fye upon *but yet* :

But yet is as a jailor to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together: He's friends with Cæsar;

In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

Mef. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mef. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mef. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mef. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence, [*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and stew'd in brine,

mony, 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 *Mons. Petit de la Croix*, in the account there given of his coronation, book ii. chap. i. “ *Les princes du sang royal & les emirs repandirent à pleines mains sur sa tête quantité d'or & de pierreries selon la coutume.*” *WARBURTON.*

Smarting in lingring pickle.

Mes. Gracious madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud : the blow, thou hadst,
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage ;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mes. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a dagger**,

Mes. Nay, then I'll run :—

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself ;
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Ægypt into Nile !¹ 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 :—

² These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

* [*Draws a dagger.*] The old copy—*Draw a knife.*

STEEVENS.

¹ *Melt Ægypt into Nile!*—] So, in the first scene of this play :

“ Let Rome in Tyber melt, &c.” STEEVENS.

² *These hands do lack nobility, that they strike*

A meaner than myself; —]

This thought seems to be borrowed from the laws of chivalry, which forbid a knight to engage with his inferior. So, in *Albuznazar* :

“ Stay ; understand'st thou well the points of duel ?

“ Art born of gentle blood, and pure descent ?—

“ Was none of all thy lineage hang'd, or cuckold ?

“ Bastard, or bastinado'd ? is thy pedigree

“ As long and wide as mine ?—for otherwise

“ Thou wert most unworthy, and 'twere loss of honour

“ In me to fight,” STEEVENS.

A meaner

A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, fir.

Re-enter 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 thou again say, Yes.

Mes. He is married, madam.

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

Mes. Should I lye, madam?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didst;

So half my Ægypt were submerg'd³, 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 is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of
thee,

* That art not what thou'rt sure of!—Get thee hence:
The

³ — were submerg'd, —] *Submerg'd* is whelm'd under water. So, in the *Martial Maid*, by B. and Fletcher:

“ — spoil'd, lost, and *submerg'd* in the inundation &c.”

STEEVENS.

* *That art not what thou'rt sure of!* —] For this, which is not easily understood, fir Thomas Hanmer has given:

That say't but what thou'rt sure of!

The merchandise, which thou hast brought from
Rome,

Are all too dear for me; Lye they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [Exit Messenger.]

Char. Good your highness, patience.

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

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for it now. Lead me from hence,
I faint; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter:—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia's, her years,

I am not satisfied with the change, which, though it affords sense,
exhibits little spirit. I fancy the line consists only of abrupt starts.

O that this fault should make a knave of thee,

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 marriage.—Get thee
hence.*

Dr. Warburton has received sir T. Hanmer's emendation.

JOHNSON.

In *Measure for Measure*, act II. sc. ii. is a passage so much re-
sembling this, that I cannot help pointing it out for the use of
some future commentator, though I am unable to apply it with
success to the very difficult line before us:

“Drest in a little brief authority,

“Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,

“His glassy essence.” STEEVENS.

Thou art not what thou'rt sure of! —] i. e. Thou art not an
honest man, of which thou art thyself assured, but thou art in my
opinion a knave by thy master's fault alone. TOLLET.

^s —*the feature of Octavia,* —] By *feature* seems to be
meant the cast and make of her face. *Feature*, however, anciently
appears to have signified *beauty* in general. So, in Greene's
Farewel to Folly, 1617: “—rich thou art, featur'd thou art,
feared thou art.” Spenser uses *feature* for the whole turn of the
body. *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. 8:

“Thus when they had the witch disrobed quite,

“And all her filthy *feature* open shown.”

Again, in b. iii. c. 9:

“She also doft her heavy haberjeon

“Which the fair *feature* of her limbs did hide.”

STEEVENS.

Her

Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair :—bring me word quickly.—

[Exit Alexas.]

* Let him for ever go :—Let him not,—Charmian ;
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way he is a ⁷ Mars :—Bid you Alexas

[To Mardian.]

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Char-
mian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

Near Misenum.

Enter Pompey, and Menas, at one door, with drum and trumpet : at another, Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, with soldiers marching.

Pomp. Your hostages I have, so have you mine ;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,

That first we come to words ; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent :

Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know

If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword ;

And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,

That else must perish here.

* *Let him for ever go.* —] She is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger, but Antony. JOHNSON.

⁷ *The other way's a Mars.* :—] In this passage the sense is clear, but, I think, may be much improved by a very little alteration.

Cleopatra, in her passion upon the news of Antony's marriage, says :

Let him for ever go—Let him not—Charmian,—

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way he's a Mars.—

This, I think, would be more spirited thus :

Let him for ever go—let him—no,—Charmian ;

Though he be painted, &c. TYRWHITT.

Pomp.

Pomp. To you all three,
 The senators alone of this great world,
 Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,
 Wherefore my father should revengers want,
 Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
 Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
 There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
 That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And
 What made, all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
 With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
 To drench the Capitol; but that they would
 Have one man but a man? And that is it,
 Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
 The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
 To scourge the ingratitude that despightful Rome
 Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. ⁸ Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy
 sails,
 We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'it
 How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pomp. At land, indeed,
 Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
⁹ But, since the cuckow builds not for himself,
 Remain in't, as thou may'it.

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

⁸ *Thou canst not fear us—*] Thou canst not affright us with thy numerous navy. JOHNSON.

⁹ *But since the cuckow builds not for himself,*] Since, like the cuckow, that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can.

JOHNSON.

So, in P. Holland's translation of *Pliny*, b. x. ch. 9:

“ These (cuckows) lay alwaies in other birds' nests.”

STEEVENS.

What

What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pomp. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates: then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pomp. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pomp. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.

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

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

Lep. Well met here.

Pomp. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:

¹ *What counts hard fortune casts, &c.*] Metaphor from making marks or lines in casting accounts in arithmetick. WARBURTON.

I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

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

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pomp. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first,
Or last, your fine Ægyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pomp. I have fair 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 Cæsar² in a mattress.

Pomp. I know thee now; How far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pomp. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,

I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pomp. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

All. Shew us the way, sir.

Pomp. Come. [*Exeunt. Manent Enob. and Menas.*]

² ——— to Cæsar —] i. e. To Julius Cæsar. STEEVENS.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 191

Men. [*Aside.*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—

You and I have known, fir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, fir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

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

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

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

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, fir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

³ *I will praise any man that will praise me,*] The poet's art in delivering this humourous 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. True, fir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

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

Men. Pray you, fir?

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 marry'd but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, fir, will you aboard?

I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, fir: we have tis'd our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

Near mount Misenum.

On board Pompey's Galley.

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

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: ⁴ Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1 *Serv.* ⁵ They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* ⁶ As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the 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 lief have a reed that will do me no service, as ⁷ a partizan I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* ⁸ To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not
to

⁴ —*Some o' their plants*—] *Plants*, besides its common meaning, is here used for the *foot*, from the Latin. JOHNSON.

⁵ *They have made him drink alms-drink.*] A phrase, amongst good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy. WARBURTON.

⁶ *As they pinch one another by the disposition,*—] A phrase equivalent to that now in use, of *Touching one in a sore place*.

WARBURTON.

⁷ —*a partizan*—] A pike. JOHNSON.

⁸ *To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disfigure the cheeks.*] This speech seems to be mutilated; to supply the deficiencies is impossible, but perhaps the sense was originally approaching to this.

To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it, is a

to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaſter the cheeks.

A ſennet ſounded. Enter Caſar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, fir: They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain ſcales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowneſs, or the mean^o, if dearth,
Or foizon, follow¹: The higher Nilus ſwells,
The more it promiſes: as it ebbs, the ſeedſman
Upon the ſlime and ooze ſcatters his grain,
And ſhortly comes to harveſt.

Lep. You have ſtrange ſerpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your ſerpent of Ægypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your ſun: ſo is your crocodile.

Ant. They are ſo.

very ignominious ſtate; great offices *are the holes where eyes ſhould be, as in this*, if eyes be wanting, *pitifully diſaſter the cheeks.*

JOHNSON.

In the eighth book of the *Civil Wars*, by Daniel, ſt. 103, is a paſſage which reſembles this, though it will hardly ſerve to explain it. The earl of Warwick ſays to his confeſſor:

“ I know that I am *fix'd unto a ſphere*
“ *That is ordain'd to move.* It is the place
“ My fate appoints me; and the region where
“ I muſt, whatever happens there embrace.
“ Diſturbance, travail, labour, hope and fear,
“ Are of that clime, ingender'd in that place:
“ And action beſt, I ſee, becomes the beſt:
“ The ſtars that have moſt glory, have no reſt.”

STEEVENS.

^o —*the mean,*—] i. e. the middle. STEEVENS.

¹ Or *foizon follow*:—] *Foizon* is a French word ſignifying plenty, abundance. I am told that it is ſtill in common uſe in the North. STEEVENS.

Pomp.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 195

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 Ptolemies' Pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*

Pomp. Say in mine ear: What is't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, [*Aside.*

And hear me speak a word.

Pomp. Forbear me 'till anon.—This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, sir, like it self; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pomp. [*To Menas aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's the cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool.

Pomp. [*Rises, and walks aside.*] I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pomp. [*To Menas.*] Thou hast serv'd me with much
faith: What's else to say?—

Be jolly, lords.

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

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pomp. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's
twice.

Pomp. How shall that be?

Men. But entertain it,

And, though you think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pomp. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips²,
Is thine, if thou wilt have it.

Pomp. Shew me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable³;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine⁴.

Pomp. Ah, this thou should'st have done,

² ——— or sky inclips,] i. e. embraces. STEEVENS.

³ ——— Let me cut the cable;] So, in the old translation of Plu-
tarch: "Now in the midst of the feast, when they fell to be-
merie with Antonius loue vnto Cleopatra: Menas the pirate came
to Pompey, and whispering in his eare, said unto him: shall I cut
the gables of the ankers, and make thee Lord not only of Sicile
and Sardinia, but of the whole empire of Rome besides? Pompey
hauing pawsed a while vpon it, at length aunswered him: thou
shouldest haue done it, and neuer haue told it me, but now we
must content vs with that we haue. As for my selfe, I was ne-
uer taught to breake my faith, nor to be counted a traitor."

STEEVENS.

⁴ All then is thine.] The old copy reads: All there is thine.
If alteration be necessary, we might as well give: All theirs is
thine. All there, however, may mean all in the vessel. STEEVENS.

And

And not have spoke of it! In me, 'tis villany;
 In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,
 'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
 Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
 Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,
 I should have found it afterwards well done;
 But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this,
 I'll never follow 'thy pall'd fortunes more.—
 Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
 Shall never find it more.

Pomp. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him,
 Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pomp. Fill, 'till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the attendant who carries off Lepidus.*]

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears

The third part of the world, man; See'st not?

Men. The third part then he is drunk: 'Would it
 were all,

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; encrease the reels.

Men. Come.

Pomp. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—⁶ Strike the vessels, ho!
 Here

⁵ — *thy pall'd fortunes*—] *Palled*, is *wapid*, past its time of excellence; *palled* wine, is wine that has lost its original spriteliness. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Hist. of Clyomon Knight of the Golden Shield, &c.* 1599:

“Can comfort more the careful corps and over-palled spright.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — *Strike the vessels*,—] Try whether the casks found as empty. JOHNSON.

Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it,

I will make answer : but I had rather fast
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [To *Ant.*

Shall we dance now the Ægyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink.

Pomp. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands ;

'Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate lethe.

Eno. All take hands.——

Make battery to our ears with the loud music :—
The while, I'll place you : Then the boy shall sing ;
' The holding every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volly.

[*Musick plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*

I believe, *strike the vessels* means no more than *chink the vessels one against the other, as a mark of our unanimity in drinking, as we now say, chink glasses.* STEEVENS.

¹ In old editions :

The holding every man shall beat,——

The company were to join in the burden, which the poet styles, the Holding. But how were they to *beat* this with their *sides*? I am persuaded, the poet wrote :

The holding 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.

Mr. Theobald's emendation is very plausible ; and yet *beat* I believe to have been the poet's word, however harsh it may appear at present. In *Hen. VIII.* we find a similar expression :

“———let the music *knock* it.” STEEVENS.

The holding every man shall beat,——] Every man shall accompany the chorus by drumming on his sides, in token of concurrence and applause. JOHNSON.

S O N G.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
 Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne⁸ :
 In thy vats our cares be drown'd ;
 With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd ;
 Cup us 'till the world go round ;
 Cup us, 'till the world go round !

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good night.
 Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business
 Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part ;
 You see, we have burnt our cheeks : strong Enobarbe
 Is weaker than the wine ; and mine own tongue
 Splits what it speaks : the wild disguise hath almost
 Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good
 night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

Pomp. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir : give's your hand.

Pomp. ⁹ O, Antony, you have my father's house,
 But,

⁸ —with pink eyne ;] Dr. Johnson, in his *Dictionary* says a pink eye is a small eye, and quotes this passage for his authority. Pink eyne, however, may be red eyes : eyes inflamed with drinking, are very well appropriated to Bacchus. So, in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ —such ferret and such fiery eyes.”

So, Greene, in his *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592 : “ —like a pink-ey'd ferret.” Again, in a song sung by a drunken Clown in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594 :

“ Thou makest some to stumble, and many mo to fumble,
 “ And me have pinky eyne, most brave and jolly wine !”

STEEVENS.

⁹ O, Antony, you have my father's house,] The historian Paterculus says : “ Cum Pompeia quoque circa Misenum pax inita : Qui haud absurde cum in navi Cæsaremque et Antonium cæna exciperet, 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.

But what? we are friends: Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—

Menas I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd, sound
out. *[Sound a flourish, with drums.]*

Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain! Come! *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Plain in Syria.

Enter Ventidius, as after conquest; with Silius and other Romans, and the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou 'struck; and
now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes¹!
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,

The joke of which the learned editor seems to lament the loss, is not preserved in the old translation of Plutarch, and Shakespeare looked no further. STEEVENS.

¹ *Struck*] alludes to *darting*. Thou whose darts have so often struck others, art struck now thyself. JOHNSON.

² —*Thy Pacorus, Orodes!*] *Pacorus* was the son of *Orodes*, king of Parthia. STEEVENS,

Mesopotamia,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly : so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,

I have done enough : A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act : For learn this, Silius ;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he we serve's away.
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than person : Soffius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he atchiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain : and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him ; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, ¹ that,
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants 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 have jaded out o' the field.

¹ ——— that, without the which

A soldier, and his sword, grants scarce distinction :]

Grant, for afford. It is badly and obscurely expressed : but the sense is this, Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless. This was wisdom or knowledge of the world. Ventidius had told him the reasons why he did not pursue his advantages : and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight. WARBURTON.

Sil. Where is he now ?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens : whither with what haste

The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there ; pass along.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Rome.

Cæsar's House.

Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted ?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone ;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome : Cæsar is sad ; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness,

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one : O, how he loves Cæsar !

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony !

Eno. Cæsar ? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony ? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar ? How ? the nonpareil !

Agr. O Antony ! O thou ² 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, figures, scribes, ³ bards, poets,
cannot

Think,

²—————*Arabian bird!*] The phoenix. JOHNSON.

³—*bards, poets,*—] Not only the tautology of *bards* and *poets*,
but the want of a correspondent action for the *poet*, whose business
in

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love
To Antony. But as for Cæsar, kneel,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle*. So,—
This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa. [*Trumpets.*

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No further, fir.

in the next line is only to *number*, makes me suspect some fault in this passage, which I know not how to mend. JOHNSON.

I suspect no fault. The ancient *bard* sung his compositions to the harp; the *poet* only commits them to paper. Verses are often called *numbers*, and to *number*, a verb (in this sense) of Shakespeare's coining, is to *make verses*.

This puerile arrangement of words was much studied in the age of Shakespeare, even by the first writers.

So in *An excellent Sonnet of a Nymph*, by Sir P. Sidney; printed in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

- “Vertue, beautie, and speech, did strike, wound, charme,
- “My heart, eyes, eares, with wonder, love, delight:
- “First, second, last, did binde, enforce, and arme,
- “His works, showes, futes, with wit, grace, and vowes-might:
- “Thus honour, liking, trust, much, farre, and deepe,
- “Held, pearst, posselt, my judgment, sence, and will;
- “Till wrongs, contempt, deceite, did grow, steale, creepe,
- “Bands, favour, faith, to breake, defile, and kill.
- “Then grieffe, unkindnes, prooffe, tooke, kindled, taught,
- “Well grounded, noble, due, spite, rage, disdaine:
- “But ah, alas (in vaine) my mind, fight, thought,
- “Doth him, his face, his words, leave, shunne, refraine:
- “For nothing, time, nor place, can looffe, quench, ease,
- “Mine own, embraced, sought, knot, fire, disease.”

STEEVENS.

* They are his shards, and he their beetle.—] i. e. They are the wings that raise this heavy lumpish insect from the ground. So in *Macbeth*,

“———the shard-borne beetle.” STEEVENS.

Cæs.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself⁵ ;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and⁶ as my furthest
band

Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortress of it : for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious⁷, 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 ;
⁸ The elements be kind to thee, and make

Thy

⁵ *You take from me a great part of myself ;]*
So in the *Tempest* :

“ I have given you here a third of my own life.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *as my furthest band]* As I will venture the greatest
pledge of security, on the trial of thy conduct. JOHNSON.

⁷ ——— *therein curious,*] i. e. scrupulous, So in the *Taming
of a Shrew* :

“ For curious I cannot be with you.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *The elements be kind, &c.]* This is obscure. It seems to
mean, *May the different elements of the body, or principles of life,
maintain such proportion and harmony as may keep you cheerful.*

JOHNSON.

The elements be kind, &c. I believe means only, *May the four ele-
ments, of which this world is composed, unite their influences to make
thee cheerful.*

There is, however, a thought which seems to favour Dr. John-
son's explanation in *The two noble Kinsmen* by Beaumont, Fletcher,
and Shakespeare :

“ ——— My

Thy spirits all of comfort ! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother !—

Ant. The April's in her eyes ; It is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on :—Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house ; and—

Cæs. What, Octavia ?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue : the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep ?

Agr. He has a cloud in his face.

Eno. He were the worse for that were he a horse⁹ ;
So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus ?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring : and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

“ —My precious maid,

“ Those best affections that the heavens infuse

“ In their best temper'd pieces, keep enthron'd

“ In your dear heart !”

Again, in *Twelfth Night* :

“ Does not our life consist of the *four elements* ?—Faith, so
they say.”

And another, which may serve in support of mine,

“ —————the *elements*,

“ That know not what nor why, yet do effect

“ Rare issues by their operance.”

These parting words of Cæsar to his sister, may indeed mean no
more than the common compliment which the occasion of her
voyage very naturally required. He wishes *that serene weather
and prosperous winds may keep her spirits free from every apprehension
that might disturb or alarm them.* STEEVENS.

⁹ —were he a horse ;] A horse is said to have a *cloud in his face*,
when he has a black or dark-coloured spot in his forehead between
his eyes. This gives him a *four look*, and being supposed to in-
dicate an ill-temper, is of course regarded as a great blemish.

STEEVENS.

Eno.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum ;

What willingly he did confound, he wail'd :
 ' Believe it, 'till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
 You shall hear from me still ; the time shall not
 Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, fir, 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, farewel ! [Kisses Octavia.

Ant. Farewel ! [Trumpets sound. Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

The palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow ?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to :—Come hither, fir.

Enter Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
 Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
 But when you are well pleas'd.

¹ *Believe it, till I weep too.*] I have ventur'd to alter the tense of the verb here, against the authority of all the copies. There was no sense in it, I think, as it stood before. THEOBALD.

I am afraid there was better sense in this passage as it stood before, than Mr. Theobald's alteration will afford us. *Believe it,* (says Enobarbus) *that Antony did so,* i. e. *that he wept over such an event, till you see me weeping on the same occasion, when I shall be obliged to you for putting such a construction on my tears, which, in reality, (like his) will be tears of joy.* I have replaced the old reading. Theobald reads, "*still I wept too.*" STEEVENS.

Cleo-

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have : But how ? when Antony is gone,
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou
near.

Mef. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia ?

Mef. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where ?

Mef. Madam, in Rome

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

Cleo. Is she as tall as me ?

Mef. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak ? Is she shrill-tongu'd,
or low ?

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

Cleo. That's not so good :—he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her ? O Isis ! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian : Dull of tongue, and
dwarfish !—

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

Mef. She creeps ;

Her motion and her station³ are as one :

She shews a body rather than a life ;

A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain ?

Mef. Or I have no observance.

² *Is she as tall as me ?* &c. &c. &c.] This scene (says Dr. Gray) is a manifest allusion to the questions put by queen Elizabeth to sir James Melvil, concerning his mistress; the queen of Scots. Whoever will give himself the trouble to consult his Memoirs, will probably suppose the resemblance to be more than accidental.

STEEVENS.

³ ——— *her station*] *Station*, in this instance, means *the act of standing*. So in *Hamlet* :

“ A station like the herald Mercury.”

STEEVENS.

Char. Three in Ægypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't:—There's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mef. Madam, she was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Mef. And I do think, she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is it long, or
round?

Mef. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too,
They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what colour?

Mef. Brown, madam: And her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former 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 I so harry'd him⁴. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should
know.

⁴ —so harry'd him.—] To harry, is to use roughly. I meet with the word in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607:

“ He harried her, and midst a throng, &c.”

Again, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601,

“ Will harry me about instead of her.”

Holinshed, p. 735, speaking of the body of Rich. III. says, it was
“ harried on horseback, dead.”

The same expression had been used by Harding in his *Chronicle*. Again, Nash in his *Lenten Stuff*, 1599, “ —as if he were harrying and chasing his enemies.” STEEVENS.

Char.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Ifis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good
Charmian:—

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Antony's house at Athens.

Enter Antony, and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:

Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took it,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts; The good gods will mock
me presently

When I shall pray, O, *blefs my lord and husband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, *blefs my brother!* Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

^s *When the best hint was given him, he o'erlook'd.
Or did it from his teeth.]*

The first folio reads, *not look'd.* Dr. Thirlby advis'd the emen-
dation which I have inserted in the text. THEOBALD.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
 Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
 Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
 I lose myself: better I were not yours,
 Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
 Yourself shall go between us: ⁶ The mean time, lady,
 I'll raise the preparation of a war
 Shall stain your brother: Make your soonest haste;
 So your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lord.
 The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
 Your reconciler! ⁷ 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
 Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
 Choose your own company, and command what cost
 Your heart has mind to. [Exeunt.]

⁶ ——— the mean time, lady,
 I'll raise the preparation of a war
 Shall stain your brother; ———]

Thus the printed copies. But, sure, Antony, whose business here is to mollify Octavia, does it with a very ill grace: and 'tis a very odd way of satisfying her, to tell her the war, he raises, shall *stain*, i. e. cast an odium upon her brother. I have no doubt, but we must read, with the addition only of a single letter.

Shall strain your brother; ———

i. e. shall lay him under constraints; shall put him to such shifts, that he shall neither be able to make a progress against, or to prejudice me. Plutarch says, that Octavius, understanding the sudden and wonderful preparations of Antony, was astonish'd at it; for he himself was in many wants; and the people were sorely oppressed with grievous exactions. THEOBALD.

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

⁷ ——— wars 'twixt you twain would be, &c.] The sense is, that war between Cæsar and Antony would engage the world between them, and that the slaughter would be great in so extensive a commotion. JOHNSON.

S C E N E

SCENE V.

*The same.**Enter Enobarbus, and Eros.**Eno.* How now, friend Eros ?*Eros.* There's strange news come, sir.*Eno.* What, man ?*Eros.* Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.*Eno.* This is old ; What is the success ?*Eros.* Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him ⁸ 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 ; ⁹ upon his own appeal, seizes him : So the poor third is up, 'till death enlarge his confine.*Eno.* ¹ Then 'would thou had'st a pair of chaps, no more ;And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the other. Where is Antony ?*Eros.* He's walking in the garden—thus ; and spurns
The rush that lies before him : cries, *Fool, Lepidus !*
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.⁸ *rivalry.*] Equal rank. JOHNSON.⁹ *Upon his own appeal,*] To *appeal*, in Shakespeare, is to *accuse* ; Cæsar seized Lepidus without any other proof than Cæsar's accusation. JOHNSON.¹ *Then 'would thou had'st a pair of chaps, no more ; and throw between them all the food thou hast, they'll grind the other. Where's Antony ?*] This is obscure, I read it thus,*Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more,**And throw between them all the food thou hast,**They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony ?*

Cæsar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey upon between them. JOHNSON.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. ² More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Rome. Cæsar's house.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæccenas.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this: And
more;

In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—
I³ the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her

² — *More, Domitius;*] I have something *more* to tell you,
which I might have told at first, and delayed my news. Antony
requires your presence. JOHNSON.

³ *I³ the market-place,—*] So in the old translation of Plutarch.
“For he assembled all the people in the show place, where younge
men doe exercise them selues, and there vpon a high tribunall
siluered, he set two chayres of gold, the one for him selfe, and
the other for Cleopatra, and lower chaires for his children: then
he openly published before the assembly, that first of all he did
establish Cleopatra queene of Egypt, of Cyprvs, of Lydia, and of
the lower Syria, and at that time also, Cæsarion king of the same
realmes. This Cæsarion was supposed to be the sonne of Julius
Cæsar, who had left Cleopatra great with child. Secondly, he
called the sonnes he had by her, the kings of kings, and gaue
Alexander for his portion, Armenia, Media, and Parthia, when
he had conquered the contry: and vnto Ptolemy for his portion,
Phenicia, Syria, and Cilicia.” STEEVENS.

He

He gave the 'stablishment of Ægypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, + Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common shew-place, where they exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis^s
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Ag. 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.

Ag. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,

* For *Lydia*, Mr. Upton, from Plutarch, has restored *Lybia*.
JOHNSON.

In the translation from the French of Amyot, by Tho. North, in folio, 1597*, will be seen at once the origin of this mistake.—
“First of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Ægypt, of Cyprus, of *Lydia*, and the lower Syria.” FARMER.

^s — [*the goddess Isis*] So in the old translation of Plutarch.
“Now for Cleopatra, she did not onely weare at that time (but at all other times els when she came abroad) the apparell of the goddesse Isis, and so gaue audience vnto all her subjects, as a new Isis.” STEEVENS.

• I find the character of this work pretty early delineated:
“'Twas Greek at first, that Greek was Latin made,
That Latin French, that French to English straid:
'Thus 'twixt one Plutarch there's more difference,
Than i' th' same Englishman return'd from France.”

FARMER.

That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change: for what I have con-
quer'd,

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

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

Enter Octavia.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear
Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you
cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You
come not

Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear: the trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The 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.

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 griev'd ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. ⁶ 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 wrong'd sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
⁷ The kings o' the earth for war: He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of scepters.

⁶ *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 inor-
dinate 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.

⁷ Mr. Upton remarks, that there are some errors in this enu-
meration of the auxiliary kings: but it is probable that the au-
thour did not much wish to be accurate. JOHNSON.

Mr. Upton proposes to read:

“ ——— Polemon and Amintas

“ Of Lycaonia; and the king of Mede.”

And this obviates all impropriety. STEEVENS.

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

Cas. Welcome hither:

Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
'Till we perceived, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort^s;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you;
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his⁹ potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Octa,

^s Be of comfort.] The old copy—*Best* of comfort. STEEVENS.

⁹—*potent regiment*—] *Regiment*, is, government, authority; he puts his power and his empire into the hands of a false woman.

It may be observed, that *trull* was not, in our author's time, a term of mere infamy, but a word of slight contempt, as *wench* is now. JOHNSON.

Regiment is used for *regimen* or *government* by most of our ancient writers. The old translation of the *Schola Salernitana*, is called the *Regiment of Helth*.

Again, in Lylly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

“Or Hecate in Pluto's *regiment*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. x:

“So when he had resign'd his *regiment*.”

Trull is not employed in an unfavourable sense by G. Peele in the *Song of Coridon and Melampus*, published in *England's Helicon*:

“When swaines sweet pipes are puffed, and *trulls* are warme.”

Again,

Octa. Is it so, fir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Antony's camp, near the promontory of Actium.

Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast ' forspoke my being in these
wars;

And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Again, in *Dametas's Figge* in praise of his love, by John Wootton; printed in the same collection:

“ —be thy mirth seene;

“ Heard to each swaine, seene to each trull.” STEEVENS.

‘ —forspoke my being—] To *for speak*, is to *contradict*, to *speak against*, as *forbid* is to order negatively. JOHNSON.

Thus, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1580:

“ —thy life *for spoke* by love.”

To *for speak* likewise signified to *curse*. So in Drayton's *Epistle* from *Elinor Cobham* to *Duke Humphrey*:

“ Or to *for speak* whole flocks as they did feed.”

To *for speak*, in the last instance, has the same power as to *forbid* in *Macbeth*:

“ He shall live a man *forbid*.”

So to *for think* meant anciently to *repent*.

“ Therefore of it be not to boolde,

“ Lest thou *for think* it when thou art olde.”

Interlude of Youth, bl. l. no date.

And in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, b. i. to *for shape* is to *mishape*.

“ Out of a man into a stone

“ *For shape*, &c.”

To *for speak* has generally reference to the mischiefs effected by enchantment. So in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, “ ——— a witch, gossip to *for speak* the matter thus.” In Shakespeare it is the opposite of *bespeak*. STEEVENS.

Cleo.

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd against us? Why should
not we

Be there in person?*

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his
time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us? A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done: Here comes the em-
peror.

Enter Antony, and Canidius.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne³?—You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleo.

* *Is't not denounc'd against us? &c.*] I would read:

“Is't not? Denounce against us, why should not we

“Be there in person?” — TYRWHITT.

³ *And take in Toryne.*] To take in is to gain by conquest.
So in the 18th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“He took strong Ivery in, &c.”

Again, in Knolles's *Hist. of the Turks*:

“He sent, &c. to take in the other cities of Tunis.”

Again,

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muleteers⁴, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy⁵: No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute 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

Again, in the *Polyolbion*, Song I:

“Where *taking in* the towns pretended to belong

“Unto that Grecian lord, &c.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, chap. 3:

“He therefore, landing *took in* Crete, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁴ —*muleteers*,—] The old copy reads *milites*. MALONE.

⁵ *Their ships are yare; yours heavy*:—] So in sir Tho. North's *Plutarch*.—“Cæsar's ships were not built for pomp, high and great, &c. but they were light of *yarage*.” *Yare* generally signifies, *dextrous, manageable*.

So in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 101. b.

“The winde was good, the ship was *yare*.” STEEVENS.

The

The way which promises assurance ; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn ;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.—Thy business ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The news is true, my lord ; he is descried ;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

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

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. O noble emperor ⁶, do not fight by sea ;
Trust not to rotten planks : Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds ? Let the Ægypt-
tians,

* — *my Thetis!* —] Antony addresses Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph, because she had just promised him assistance in his naval expedition. STEEVENS.

⁶ *O noble emperor, &c.*] So in the old translation of *Plutarch*. “ Now, as he was setting his men in order of battel, there was a captaine, & a valliant man, that had serued Antonius in many battels & conflicts, & had all his body hacked & cut : who as Antonius passed by him, cryed out vnto him, & sayd : O, noble emperor, how commeth it to passe that you trust to these vile brittle shippes ? what, doe you mistrust these woundes of myne, and this sword ? let the Ægyptians and Phænicians fight by sea, and set vs on the maine land, where we vse to conquer, or to be slayne on our feete. Antonius passed by him, and sayd neuer a word, but only beckoned to him with his hand and head, as though he willed him to be of good corage, although indeede he had no great corage him selfe.” STEEVENS.

And

And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*

Sold. ° By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land

The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Jufteius,
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 ' 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.

Mef. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour; and throws
forth,

Each minute, some.

[*Exeunt.*

° By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows

Not in the power on't: ———]

That is, his whole conduct becomes, ungoverned by the right, or
by reason. JOHNSON.

' —distractions—] Detachments; separate bodies. JOHNSON.

The word is thus used by fir Paul Rycant in his *Maxims of
Turkish Polity*: " ———and not suffer his affections to wander on
other wives, slaves, or *distractions* of his love." STEEVENS.

S C E N E VIII.

*The same. A Plain.**Enter Cæsar, Taurus, Officers, &c.**Cæs.* Taurus.—*Taur.* My lord.*Cæs.* Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,

'Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed

The prescript of this scrowl: Our fortune lies

Upon this jump.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter Antony, and Enobarbus.**Ant.* Set we our squadrons on yon' side o' the hill,

In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place

We may the number of the ships behold,

And so proceed accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter Canidius, marching with his land army one way over the stage; and Taurus, the lieutenant of Cæsar, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight. Alarum. Enter Enobarbus.**Eno.* Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:² The Antoniad, the Ægyptian admiral,

With all their fixty, fly, and turn the rudder;

To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter Scarus.**Scar.* Gods, and goddeffes,

All the whole synod of them!

² *The Antoniad, &c.*] Which Plutarch says, was the name of Cleopatra's ship. POPE.*Eno.*

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. ³ The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kifs'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the ⁴ token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon' ⁵ ribald nag of Ægypt,
Whom

³ *The greater cantle*——] A piece or lump. POPE.

Cantle is rather a *corner*. Cæsar in this play mentions the *three-nook'd world*. Of this triangular world every triumvir had a corner. JOHNSON.

The word is used by Chaucer in the *Knight's Tale*, late edit. v. 3010:

“Of no partie ne *cantel* of a thing.” STEEVENS.

⁴ —— *token'd* ——] Spotted. JOHNSON.

The death of those visited by the plague was certain when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens*. So, in the comedy of *Two wise Men and all the rest Fools*, in seven acts, 1619: “A will and a tolling bell are as present death as *God's tokens*.” Again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

“His sickness, madam, rageth like a plague

“Once spotted, never cur'd.”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“For the *Lord's tokens* on you both I see.” STEEVENS.

⁵ —— *ribald* ——] A luxurious squanderer. POPE.

The word is in the old edition *ribaudred*, which I do not understand, but mention it, in hopes others may raise some happy conjecture. JOHNSON.

A *ribald* is a lewd fellow. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

“—— that injurious *riball* that attempts

“To vyolate my dear wyve's chastity.”

Again:

“Injurious strumpet and thou *ribald* knave.”

Ribaudred, the old reading, is, I believe, no more than a corruption. Shakespeare, who is not always very nice about his versification, might have written:

Yon ribald-rid nag of Ægypt,——

i. e. Yon strumpet who is common to every wanton fellow. It appears however from Barrett's *Alvaric*, 1580, that the word was sometimes written *ribaudrous*. STEEVENS.

—— *Yon ribald nag of Ægypt,*] I believe we should read—*bag*. What follows seems to prove it:

“—— She once being loost,

“The noble ruin of her *magic*, Antony,

“Claps on his sea-wing.—— TYRWHITT.

⁶ Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst o' the fight,—
 When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
 Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
 The brize upon her⁷, like a cow in June,
 Hoists sails, and flies.

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

Scar. She once being looft⁸,
 The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
 Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doating mallard,
 Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
 I never saw an action of such shame;
 Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
 Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
 And sinks most lamentably. Had our general

The brize, or cæstrum, the fly that stings cattle, proves that
nag is the right word. JOHNSON.

⁶ Whom leprosy o'ertake!—] *Leprosy*, an epidemical distemper
 of the Ægyptians; to which Horace probably alludes in the con-
 troverted line:

“*Contaminato cum grege turpium*

“*Morbo virorum.*” JOHNSON.

Leprosy was one of the various names by which the *Lues vene-
 rea* was distinguished. So, in Greene's *Disputation between a He
 Conycatcher and a She Conycatcher*, 1592: “Into what jeopardy
 a man will thrust himself for her that he loves, altho' for his sweete
 villanie he be brought to loathsome *leprosic*.” STEEVENS.

⁷ The brize upon her,——] The *brize* is the *gad-fly*. So, in
 Spenser:

“——— a *brize*, a scorned little creature,

“Through his fair hide his angry sting did threaten.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ ——being looft,] To *loof* is to bring a ship close to the wind.
 This expression is in the old translation of Plutarch. STEEVENS.

“Been

Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts ? Why then, good
night

Indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't ; and there will I attend
What further comes.

Can. 'To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse ; six kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony⁹, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IX.

The palace in Alexandria.

Enter Antony, with Eros, and other attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to bear me !—Friends, come hither ;
I am so¹ lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever :—I have a ship

⁹ *The wounded chance of Antony, —*] I know not whether the au-
thor, who loves to draw his images from the sports of the field,
might not have written :

The wounded chase of Antony, —
The allusion is to a deer wounded and chased, whom all other
deer avoid. *I will, says Enobarbus, follow Antony, though chased
and wounded.*

The common reading, however, may very well stand.

JOHNSON.

¹ *—so lated in the world, —*] Alluding to a benighted
traveller. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*, act III :

“ Now spurs the *lated* traveller apace.” STEEVENS.

Laden with gold; take that; divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Omnes. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and shew their shoulders.—Friends, be gone:
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doating.—Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, ² I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.

Enter Eros, and Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Iras.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fye, fye, fye.

Char. Madam,——

Iras. Madam; O good emprefs!——

Eros. Sir, sir,——

² —*I've lost command,*] I am not maker of my own emotions.

JOHNSON.

Surely, he rather means,—I *intreat* you to leave me, because
I have lost all power to *command* your absence. STEEVENS.

Ant.

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—³ He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; ⁴ and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended: ⁵ he alone

Dealt

³ ———— *He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer, —]*

In the Morisco, and perhaps anciently in the Pyrrhick dance, the dancers held swords in their hands with the points upward.

JOHNSON.

I am told that the peasants in Northumberland have a *sword-dance* which they always practise at Christmas. STEEVENS.

The Goths in one of their dances held swords in their hands with the points upwards, sheathed and unsheathed. Might not the Moors in Spain borrow this custom of the Goths who intermixed with them? TOLLET.

I believe it means that Cæsar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. There is a singular allusion in *Titus Andronicus*, act II. sc. 1:

“ ———— our mother, unadvis'd,

“ Gave you a *dancing rapier* by your side.” STEEVENS.

⁴ ———— *and 'twas I,*

That the mad Brutus ended: —]

Nothing can be more in character, than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the heroic love of one's country and public liberty, *madness*. WARBURTON.

⁵ ———— *he alone*

Dealt on *lieutenantry*, —]

I know not whether the meaning is, that Cæsar acted only as lieutenant at Philippi, or that he made his attempts only on lieutenants, and left the generals to Antony. JOHNSON.

Dealt on lieutenantry, I believe, means only, — *fought by proxy*, made war by his lieutenants, or, *on* the strength of his lieutenants. So, in the countess of Pembroke's *Antonie*, 1595:

“ ———— Cassius and Brutus ill betid,

“ March'd against us, by us twice put to flight,

“ But by my sole conduct; for all the time,

“ Cæsar heart-sick with fear and fever lay.”

To *deal on* any thing, is an expression often used in the old plays. So, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611:

“ You will *deal upon* men's wives no more.”

The prepositions *on* and *upon* are sometimes oddly employed by our ancient writers. So, in Drayton's *Miseries of Q. Margaret*:

“ That it amaz'd the *marchers*, to behold

“ Men so ill arm'd *upon* their bows so bold.”

Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war : Yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him ;
He is unquality'd with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me :—O !

Eros. Most noble sir, arise ; the queen approaches ;
Her head's declin'd, and ⁶ 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,
⁷ How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,
By looking back on what I have left behind
⁸ Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord !
Forgive my fearful sails ! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Ægypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ⁸ ty'd by the strings,

And

*Upon their bows must here mean on the strength of their bows—re-
lying on their bows.* Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden,*
&c. by Nashe, 1596 : “ At Wolfe's he is billeted, sweating and
dealing upon it most intently.” Again, in *Othello* :

“ *Upon malicious bravery dost thou come*

“ *To start my quiet.*”

Again, in *K. Richard III* :

“ — are they that I would have thee *deal upon.*”

STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— death will seize her, but

Your comfort, &c.]

*But has here, as once before in this play, the force of except, or
unless.* JOHNSON.

⁷ *How I convey my shame —*] How, by looking another way,
I withdraw my ignominy from your sight. JOHNSON.

⁸ —*ty'd by the strings*] That is, by the *heart-string.* JOHNSON.

So, in the *Tragedie of Antonie*, done into English by the coun-
tess of Pembroke, 1595 :

“ ———”

And thou should'st tow me after : O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st ; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must

To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness ; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror ; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say ; one of them rates
All that is won and lost : Give me a kiss ;
Even this repays me.—We sent our school-master,
Is he come back ?—Love, I am full of lead :—
Some wine, there, and our viands :——Fortune
knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E X.

Cæsar's camp, in Egypt.

Enter Cæsar, Dolabella, Thyreus⁹, with others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him ?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster¹ :

“ ——— as if his soule

“ Unto his ladies soule had been *enchained*,

“ He left his men &c.” STEEVENS.

⁹ —*Thyreus*,—] In the old copy always—*Thidias*. STEEVENS.

¹ —*his schoolmaster* :] The name of this person was *Euphronius*.

STEEVENS.

An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony :
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf²
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be it so ; Declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Ægypt : which not granted,
He lessens his requests ; and to thee sues

² ——— as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.]

Thus the old copy. To *whose* grand sea? I know not. Perhaps we should read :

To this grand sea.

We may suppose that the sea was within view of Cæsar's camp, and at no great distance. TYRWHITT.

The modern editors arbitrarily read :—*the* grand sea.

I believe the old reading is the true one. *His grand sea* may mean his *full tide of prosperity*. So, in *The two Noble Kinsmen* by B. and Fletcher :

“ ——— though I know

“ His *ocean* needs not my poor drops, yet they

“ Must yield their tribute here.”

There is a play-house tradition that the first act of this play was written by Shakespeare. Mr. Tollet offers a further explanation of the change proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt : “ Alexandria, towards which Cæsar was marching, is situated on the coast of the Mediterranean sea, which is sometimes called *mare magnum*. Pliny terms it, “ *imensa aquorum vastitas*.” I may add, that sir John Mandevile, p. 89, calls that part of the Mediterranean which washes the coast of Palestine, “ *the grete see*.” The passage, however, is capable of yet another explanation. *His grand sea* may mean the sea from which the dew-drop is exhaled. Shakespeare might have considered the sea as the source of dews as well as rain, *His* is used instead of *its*. STEEVENS.

To

To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This for him.

Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves

³ The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,

I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Ægypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit Ambassador.*]

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Dispatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise, [*To Thyreus.*
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: Women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe ⁴ how Antony becomes his flaw;

And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

³ *The circle of the Ptolemies* —] The diadem; the ensign of royalty. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *how Antony becomes his flaw*;] That is, how Antony conforms himself to this breach of his fortune, JOHNSON.

S C E N E XI.

*The palace in Alexandria.**Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.*

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. ^s Think, and die.

Cleo.

^s *Think, and die.*] Read:Drink, *and die.*

This reply of Enobarbus seems grounded upon a peculiarity in the conduct of Antony and Cleopatra, which is related by Plutarch: that, after their defeat at Actium, they instituted a society of friends, who entered into engagement to die with them, not abating, in the mean time, any part of their luxury, excess, and riot, in which they had liv'd before. HANMER.

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. JOHNSON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

Drink, *and die.*

And his emendation has been approved, it seems, by Dr. Warburton and Mr. Upton. Dr. Johnson, however, "has not advanced it into the page, not being convinced that it is necessary. *Think, and die*;" says he, "that is, *Reflect on your own folly, and leave the world*, is a natural answer." I grant it would be, according to this explanation, a very proper answer from a moralist or a divine; but Enobarbus, I doubt, was neither the one nor the other. He is drawn as a *plain, blunt soldier*; not likely, however, to offend so grossly in point of delicacy as sir T. Hanmer's alteration would make him. I believe the true reading is:

Wink, *and die.*

When the ship is going to be cast away, in the *Sea-voyage* of Beaumont and Fletcher, (act I. sc. i.) and Aminta is lamenting, Tibalt says to her:

" ——— Go, take your gilt

" Prayer-book, and to your business; *wink, and die*:"

insinuating plainly, that she was afraid to meet death with her eyes open. And the same insinuation, I think, Enobarbus might very naturally convey in his return to Cleopatra's desponding question.

TYRWHITT.

I ad-

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
 Lord of his reason. What though you fled
 From that great face of war, whose several ranges
 Frighted each other? why should he follow?
 The itch of his affection should not then
 Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
 When half to half the world oppos'd, ⁶ he being
 The

I adhere to the old reading, which may be supported by the following passage in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ ——— all that he can do

“ Is to himself; *take thought, and die* for Cæsar.”

Mr. Tollet observes that the expression of *taking thought*, in our old English writers is equivalent to *the being anxious or solicitous, or laying a thing much to heart*. So, says he, it is used in our translations of the New Testament. Matthew vi. 25, &c. So, in Holinshed, vol. III. p. 50, or anno 1140: “ ——— *taking thought* for the losse of his houses and money, he pined away and died.” In the margin thus: “ The bishop of Salisburie *dieth of thought*.” Again, in p. 833. Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, anno 1508: “ Christopher Hawis shortened his life by *thought-taking*.” Again, in p. 546, edit. 1614. Again, in Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. I. p. 234: “ ——— their mother died *for thought*.”—Mr. Tyrwhitt might have given additional support to the reading which he offers, from a passage in the second part of *K. Hen. IV*:

“ ——— led his powers to death,

“ And *winking* leapt into destruction.” STEEVENS.

After all that has been written upon this passage, I believe the old reading is right; but then we must understand *think and die* to mean the same as *die of thought, or melancholy*. In this sense is *thought* used below, act IV. sc. vi. and by Holinshed, *Chron. of Ireland*, p. 97. “ His father lived in the tower—where for thought of the young man his follie he died.” There is a passage almost exactly similar in the *Beggar's Bush* of Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. II. p. 423:

“ Can I not *think away* myself and die?” TYRWHITT.

⁶ ——— *be being*

The meered question: ———]

The *meered* question is a term I do not understand. I know not what to offer, except:

The mooted question. ———

That is, the *disputed* point, the subject of debate. *Mere* is indeed
 a boun-

The meered question: 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Amb. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy,
So she will yield us up.

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this 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' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay ⁷ his gay comparisons apart,

And

a *boundary*, and the *meered question*, if it can mean any thing, may,
with some violence of language, mean, the *disputed boundary*.

JOHNSON.

So, in Stanyhurst's translation of *Virgil*, b. iii. 1582:

“Whereto jointelye mearing a cantel of Italye neereth,”

Barrett in his *Alvearie* or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets
a *meere-stone* by *lapis terminalis*. *Question* is certainly the true
reading. So, in *Hamlet*, act I. sc. i:

“—— the king

“That was and is the *question* of these wars.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ —— his gay comparisons apart,

And answer me declin'd, ——]

I require of Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the
comparison

And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone : I'll write it ; follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Amb.*

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the shew^s
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes ; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness !—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

comparison of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer me man to man, in this *decline* of my age or power.

JOHNSON.

To lay his gay comparisons apart,] I suspect Shakespeare wrote,
his gay *caparisons*.

Let him divest himself of the splendid trappings of power, *his coin, ships, legions, &c.* and meet me in single combat.

Caparison is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries, for an ornamental dress.

So in *As you Like it*, act III. sc. 2 :

“ Though I am *caparison'd* like a man” —

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, act IV. sc. 2 :

“ With die and drab I purchas'd this *caparison*.”

The old reading is however supported by a passage in *Macbeth* :

“ ’Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof,

“ Confronted him with *self-comparisons*,

“ Point against point, rebellious.”

Dr. Johnson's explanation of *declin'd* is certainly right. So in *Timon* :

“ Not one accompanying his *declining* foot.” MALONE.

^s ——— *be stag'd to shew* ———]

So Goff, in his *Raging Turk*, 1631 :

“ ——— as if he *stag'd*

“ The wounded Priam ———” STEEVENS.

Eno.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square. [*Aside.*
 9 The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
 Our faith meer folly :—Yet, he, that can endure
 To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
 Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
 And earns a place i' the story.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. Cæsar's will ?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends ; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has ;
 Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
 Will leap to be his friend : For us, you know,
 Whose he is, we are ; and that is, Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd ; ' Cæsar intreats,
 Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
 Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on : Right royal.

9 *The loyalty, well held to fools, &c.*] After Enobarbus has said, that his honesty and he begin to quarrel, he immediately falls into this generous reflection : “ Though loyalty, stubbornly preserv'd to a master in his declin'd fortunes, seems folly in the eyes of fools ; yet he, who can be so obstinately loyal, will make as great a figure on record, as the conqueror.” I therefore read,

Though loyalty, well held, to fools does make

Our faith meer folly——

THEOBALD.

I have preserv'd the old reading : Enobarbus is deliberating upon desertion, and finding it is more prudent to forsake a fool, and more reputable to be faithful to him, makes no positive conclusion. Sir T. Hanmer follows Theobald ; Dr. Warburton retains the old reading. JOHNSON.

—— Cæsar intreats,

Not to consider in what case thou stand'st

Further than he is Cæsar.]

i. e. Cæsar intreats, that at the same time you consider your desperate fortunes, you wou'd consider he is Cæsar : That is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to restore them. WARBURTON.

Thyr.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [*Aside.*
I will ask Antony.—Sir, fir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit Enobarbus.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you would make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shrowd,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. ² Most kind messenger,

Say

² *Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this in disputation,
I kiss his conqu'ring hand:—*]

The poet certainly wrote,
*Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this; in deputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand:—*

i. e. by proxy; I depute you to pay him that duty in my name.

WARBURTON.

I am not certain that this change is necessary.—*I kiss his hand in disputation*—may mean, I own he has the better in the controversy.—I confess my inability to *dispute or contend* with him. To *dispute* may have no immediate reference to words or language by which controversies are agitated. So in *Macbeth*, “*Dispute it like a man;*” and *Macduff*, to whom this short speech is addressed, is *disputing* or contending with himself only. Again, in *Twelfth Night*.

Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation
I kiss his conquering hand : tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel :
3 Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Ægypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. 4 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.

Re-enter Antony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Night.—"For though my soul *disputes* well with my sense."—
If Dr. Warburton's change be adopted, we should read—"by
deputation" STEEVENS.

3 Tell him, that from his all-obeying breath, &c.—] *Doom* is de-
clared rather by an *all-commanding*, than an *all-obeying breath*. I
suppose we ought to read,

————— *all-obeyed breath.*

JOHNSON.

Perhaps there is no need of change. In the *Gentlemen of Verona*,
Shakespeare uses *longing*, a participle *active*, with a *passive* signi-
fication:

"To furnish me upon my *longing* journey."

i. e. my journey *long'd* for.

In the *Unnatural Combat*, by Massinger, the active participle is
yet more irregularly employed:

"For the recovery of a *strangling husband*."

i. e. one that *was to be* strangled. STEEVENS.

4 —Give me grace—] Grant me the favour. JOHNSON.

Ant.

Ant. Approach, there :—Ah, you kite!—Now,
 gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd,
 ho!

^s Like boys unto a mufs, kings would start forth,
 And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
 Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!—

Whip him :—Were't twenty of the greatest tri-
 butaries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
 So faucy with the hand of she here, (What's her
 name,

Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
 'Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
 And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
 Bring him again :—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
 Bear us an errand to him.— [*Exeunt Att. with Thyreus.*
 You were half blasted ere I knew you :—Ha!
 Have I my pillow left unprest in Rome,

^s Like boys unto a mufs,——] i, e. a scramble. POPE.
 So used by Ben Jonson in his *Magnetic Lady*:

“ —— nor are they thrown

“ To make a *mufs* among the gamesome suitors.”

And again in his *Bartholomew Fair*:

“ God's so, a *mufs*, a *mufs*, a *mufs*, a *mufs*!

Again, in Middleton's comedy of *A mad World my Masters*, 1608:

“ I would you could make such another *mufs*.

“ Do'st call it a *mufs*?”

Again, in the *Spanish Gypsie*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:

“ To see if thou be'st Alcummy or no,

“ They'll throw down gold in *musses*.”

STEEVENS.

FOR-

Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd

⁶ 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,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods feel our eyes⁷ ;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments ; make us
Adore our errors ; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this ?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher : nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's ; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out :—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this ?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand ; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts !—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to out-roar

⁶ *By one that looks on feeders ?*] One that waits at the table while others are eating. JOHNSON.

A *feeder*, or an *eater*, was anciently the term of reproach for a *servant*. So in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman* : “ Bar my doors. Where are all my *eaters* ? My *mouths* now ? bar up my doors, my varlets.” One who looks on *feeders*, is one who throws away her regard on *servants*, such as Antony would represent Thyreus to be. Thus in *Cymbeline* :

“ ———— that base wretch,

“ One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,

“ The very scraps o' the court.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ — *feel our eyes*] This passage should rather be pointed thus :
feel our eyes ; In our own filth drop our clear judgments.

TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this punctuation. Formerly,

——— feel our eyes

In our own filth ; &c.

STEEVENS.

* 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 Attendants, with Thyreus.

Attend. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?

Attend. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
 Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
 To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
 Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: hence-
 forth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
 Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
 Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,⁹
 He makes me angry with him: for he seems
 Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am,
 Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
 And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;
 When my good stars, that were my former guides,
 Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
 Into the abism of hell. If he mislike

* *The horned herd*,—] It is not without pity and indignation that the reader of this great poet meets so often with this low jest, which is too much a favourite to be left out of either mirth or fury.

JOHNSON.

⁹ — *thou say, &c.*] Thus in the old translation of Plutarch. "Whereupon Antonius caused him to be taken and well favouredly whipped, and so sent him vnto Cæsar: and bad him tell him that he made him angrie with him, bicause he shewed him self prowde and disdainfull towards him, and now specially when he was easie to be angered, by reason of his present miserie. To be short, if this mislike thee said he, thou hast Hipparchus one of my infranchised bondmen with thee: hang him if thou wilt, or whippe him at thy pleasure, that we may crie quittaunce." STEEVENS.

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, ¹ to quit me : Urge it thou :
Hence with thy stripes, begone. [Exit Thyreus.

Cleo. Have you done yet ?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd ; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony !

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points ?

Cleo. Not know me yet ?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me ?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven ingender hail,
And poison it in the source ; and the first stone
Drop in my neck : as it determines, so
Dissolve my life ! ² The next Cæsarion smite !
³ Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Ægyptians all,
³ By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless ; 'till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey !

Ant. I am satisfy'd :
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria ; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held ; our sever'd navy too

¹ — to quit me : —] To repay me this insult ; to requite me.
JOHNSON.

² — the next Cæsarion smite !] Cæsarion was Cleopatra's son by
Julius Cæsar. STEEVENS.

³ By the discattering of this pelleted storm,] This reading we
owe first, I presume, to Mr. Rowe : and Mr. Pope has very faith-
fully fallen into it. The old folios read, *discandering* : from
which corruption both Dr. Thirlby and I saw, we must retrieve
the word with which I have reform'd the text. THEOBALD.

Have knit again, ⁴ and fleet, threat'ning 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 is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-finew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
⁵ 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,

⁴ ——— and float,—] This is a modern emendation, perhaps right. The old reading is,

———— and fleet, ——— JOHNSON.

I have replaced the old reading. So in the tragedy of *Edward II.* by Marlow, 1622:

“This isle shall *fleet* upon the ocean.”

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

“Shall meet those Christians *fleeting* with the tide.”

Again, in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

“And envious snakes among the *fleeting* fish.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. ii. c. 7:

“And in frayle wood on Adrian gulfe doth *fleet*.”

Again, in *Harding's Chronicle*, 1543:

“The bodies *flete* amonge our shippes eche daye.”

Mr. Tollet has since furnished me with instances in support of this old reading, from Verstegan's *Restitution of decay'd Intelligence*, Holinshed's *Description of Scotland*, and Spenser's *Colin Clout's come home again*. STEEVENS.

The old reading should certainly be restored. *Fleet* is the old word for *float*. See Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1958, 2399, 4883.

TYRWHITT.

⁵ *Were nice and lucky*,—] *Nice*, for delicate, courtly, flowing in peace. WARBURTON.

Nice rather seems to be, *just fit for my purpose, agreeable to my wish*. So we vulgarly say of any thing that is done better than was expected, it is *nice*. JOHNSON.

Nice is *trifling*. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, act V. sc. ii:

“The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge.”

See a note on this passage. STEEVENS.

244 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Let's have one other gaudy night⁶ : 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, to have held it poor ; but, since my
lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them ; and to-night I'll
force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my
queen ;

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me ; for I will contend

Even with his pestilent scythe. [*Exeunt Ant. and Cleo.*]

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be
furious,

Is, to be frightened out of fear : and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge ; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain

Restores his heart : When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek

Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*]

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

Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.

Enter Cæsar, reading a letter ; Agrippa, Mecænas, &c.

Cæs. He calls me boy ; and chides, as he had
power

To beat me out of Ægypt : my messenger

⁶ —gaudy night.] This is still an epithet bestow'd on feast days in the colleges of either university. STEEVENS.

He hath whipp'd with rods ; dares me to personal
combat,

Cæsar to Antony : Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die ; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot^s 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 done ;
And feast the army : we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony !

[*Exeunt.*]

⁷ I have *many other ways to die* :—] What a reply is this to
Antony's challenge ? 'tis acknowledging that he should die under
the unequal combat ; but if we read,

He hath *many other ways to die* : mean time,
I laugh at his challenge.

In this reading we have poignancy, and the very repartee of Cæsar.
Let's hear Plutarch. *After this, Antony sent a challenge to Cæsar, to fight him hand to hand, and received for answer, that he might find several other ways to end his life.* UPTON.

I think this emendation deserves to be received. It had, before Mr. Upton's book appeared, been made by sir T. Hanmer.

JOHNSON.

Most indisputably this is the sense of Plutarch, and given so in the modern translations ; but Shakespeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old one. " Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight him : Cæsar answered, that he had many other ways to die, than so." FARMER.

^s *Make boot of* —] Take advantage of. JOHNSON.

S C E N E II.

*The palace at Alexandria.**Enter Antony, and Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.**Ant.* He will not fight with me, Domitius.*Eno.* No.*Ant.* Why should he not ?*Eno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,By sea and land I'll fight : or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well ?*Eno.* I'll strike ; and cry, ° *Take all.**Ant.* Well said ; come on.—

Call forth my household servants ; let's to-night

*Enter Servants.*Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest ;—so hast thou ;—
And thou ;—and thou ;—and thou :—you have
serv'd me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this ?*Eno.* [*Aside.*] 'Tis ' one of those odd tricks, which
sorrow shoots

Out of the mind.

° ——— *take all.*] Let the survivor take all. No composition, victory or death. JOHNSON.' —one of those odd tricks,—] I know not what obscurity the editors find in this passage. *Trick* is here used in the sense in which it is uttered every day by every mouth, elegant and vulgar : yet sir T. Hanmer changes it to *freaks*, and Dr. Warburton, in his rage of Gallicism, to *traits*. JOHNSON.*Ant.*

Ant. And thou art honest too.

I wish, I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapt up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Omnes. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:

Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;

May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; ² or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay 'till death:

² ——— or if,

A mangled shadow.]

Or if you see me more, you will see me *a mangled shadow*, only the external form of what I was. JOHNSON.

———— or if,

A mangled shadow.]

The thought is, as usual, taken from sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch: "So being at supper, (as it is reported) he commaunded his officers and household seruauntes that waited on him at his bord, that they should fill his cuppes full, and make as much of him as they could: for said he, you know not whether you shall doe so much for me to morrow or not, or whether you shall serue an other maister: and it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead bodie. This notwithstanding, perceiuing that his friends and men fell a weeping to heare him say so: to saue that he had spoken, he added this more vnto it, that he would not leade them to battell, where he thought not rather safely to returne with victorie, than valliantly to dye with honor."

STEEVENS.

R 4

Tend

Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't³?

Eno. What mean you, fir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an afs, am ⁴ 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 fall⁵! My hearty
friends,
You take me in too dolorous a fense:
For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you
To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than ⁶ death and honour. Let's to supper; come,
And drown confideration. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Before the Palace.

Enter a Company of Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

³ *And the gods yield you for't?*] i. e. reward you. See a note on *Macbeth*, act I. sc. vi. and another on *As you like it*, act V. sc. iv.

STEEVENS.

⁴—*onion-ey'd*—] I have my eyes as full of tears as if they had been fretted by onions. JOHNSON.

So in the *Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

“ I see something like a peel'd onion;

“ It makes me weep again.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ *Grace grow where these drops fall!*] So in *K. Richard II*:

“ Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,

“ I'll set a bank of rue, four herb of grace” STEEVENS.

⁶ — *death and honour.* —] That is, an honourable death.

UPTON.

1 *Sold.*

1 *Sold.* Nothing : What news ?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour : Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, fir, good night.

[*They meet with other soldiers.*]

2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

1 *Sold.* And you : Good night, good night.

[*They place themselves on every corner of the stage.*]

2 *Sold.* Here we : and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

1 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.

[*Musick of hautboys under the stage.*]

2 *Sold.* Peace, what noise ?

1 *Sold.* List, list !

2 *Sold.* Hark !

1 *Sold.* Musick i' the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It signs well, ⁷ does it not ?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean ?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,

Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk ; let's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do.

⁷ *Peace, what noise ?*] So in the old translation of Plutarch. " Furthermore, the selfe same night within litle of midnight, when all the citie was quiet, full of feare, and sorrowe, thinking what would be the issue and ende of this warre : it is said that so-dainly they heard a maruelous sweete harmonie of fundrie sortes of instrumentes of musicke, with the crie of a multitude of people, as they had bene dauncing, and had song as they vse in Bacchus feastes, with mouinges and turnings after the maner of the satyres : & it seemed that this daunce went through the city vnto the gate that opened to the enemies, & that all the troupe that made this noise they heard, went out of the city at that gate. Now, such as in reason sought the depth of the interpretation of this wonder, thought that it was the god vnto whom Antonius bare singular deuotion to counterfeate and resemble him, that did forsake them."

STEEVENS.

⁸ *It signs well, &c.*] i. e. it bodes well, &c. STEEVENS.

2 *Sold.*

2 *Sold.* How now, masters? [*Speak together.*

Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?

1 *Sold.* Ay; Is't not strange?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how it will give off.

Omnes. Content:—'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Antony, and Cleopatra, with Charmian, and others.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour,
Eros!

Enter Eros, with armour.

Come, good fellow, put thine⁹ iron on:—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

Ant. What's this for? Ah, let be, let be! thou
art

The armourer of my heart:—False, false; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;

We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.

⁹ —thine iron—] I think it should be rather,
—mine iron— JOHNSON.

¹ Nay, I'll help too.] These three little speeches, which in the other editions are only one, and given to Cleopatra, were happily disentangled by sir T. Hanmer. JOHNSON.

Eros.

Eros. ⁹ Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, 'till we do please
To doff it¹ for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this, than thou: Dispatch.—O love,
That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou should'st see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.

Off. A thousand, sir,
Early though it be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*]

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

Cap. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general!²

All. Good morrow, general!

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable, [*Kisses her.*]
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee

⁹ *Briefly, sir.*] That is, *quickly*, sir. JOHNSON.

¹ *To doff it* —] *To doff* is to *do off*, to put off. So, in *Macbeth*:

“*To doff their dire distresses.*” STEEVENS.

² *The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general!*] This speech, in the old copy, is erroneously given to Alexas. STEEVENS.

252 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt Ant. Officers, &c.*]

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Near Alexandria.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Antony, and Eros; a soldier
meeting them.*

³ *Sold.* The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once
prevail'd

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.

³ *Eros.* *The gods make this a happy day to Antony!*] 'Tis evident, as Dr. Thirlby likewise conjectured, by what Antony immediately replies, that this line should not be placed to Eros, but to the soldier, who, before the battle of Actium, advised Antony to try his fate at land. THEOBALD.

Eros.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men!—⁴ Dispatch.—Enobarbus!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Cæsar's camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Enobarbus, and others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
⁵ Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit Agrippa.*]

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world

⁴ — [*Dispatch, my Eros.*] Thus the modern editors. The old edition reads:

— *Dispatch Enobarbus.*

Perhaps, it should be:

— *Dispatch! To Enobarbus!* JOHNSON.

⁵ *Our will is, Antony be took alive;*] It is observable with what judgment Shakespeare draws the character of Octavius. Antony was his hero; so the other was not to shine: yet being an historical character, there was a necessity to draw him *like*. But the ancient historians, his flatterers, had delivered him down so fair, that he seems ready cut and dried for a hero. Amidst these difficulties 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.

Shall

° Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the vant,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt Cæsar, &c.*]

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry, on
Affairs of Antony; there did ⁷ 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 ⁸, with
His bounty over-plus: The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

° *Shall bear the olive freely,*] i. e. shall spring up every where spontaneously and without culture. WARBURTON.

⁷ — *persuade*] The old copy has *dissuade*, perhaps rightly. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, &c.*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Furthermore, he dealt very friendly and courteously with Domitius, and against Cleopatraes mynde. For, he being sicke of an agewe when he went, and tooke a little boate to go to Cæsar's campe, Antonius was very sory for it, but yet he sent after him all his caryage, trayne, and men: and the same Domitius, as though he gaue him to vnderstand that he repented his open treason, he died immediately after." STEEVENS.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus,
I tell you true: Best you safed the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [Exit.

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! '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, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

Before the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa, and others.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, ' and our oppression

' ——— *This blows my heart:*] All the latter editions have:

———— *This bows my heart:*

I have given the original word again the place from which I think
it unjustly excluded. *This generosity*, (says Enobarbus) swells *my
heart*, so that it will quickly break, *if thought break it not, a
swifter mean.* JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copy is supported by another passage in
this play, where the word *blow* is used in the same sense:

“ ——— Here on her breast

“ There is a vent of blood, and something *blown.*”

MALONE.

' ——— *and our oppression*] *Oppression* for opposition.

WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer has received *opposition*. Perhaps rightly.

JOHNSON.

Exceeds

Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Antony, and Scarus, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage
serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VIII.

Under the walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter Antony again in a march. Scarus, with
others.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: ²Run one
before,

And

² ——— 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

And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow,
 Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
 That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
 For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
 Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
 Each man's like mine; you have shewn all Hector's.
 Enter the city, clip your wives³, 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.

⁴ To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
 Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world,
 Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
 Through proof of harness⁵ to my heart, and there
 Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords!

O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
 The world's great snare uncaught?

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 gesta*: our feats, our glorious actions. A term then in common use. WARBURTON.

This passage needs neither correction nor explanation. Antony after his success intends to bring his officers to sup with Cleopatra, and orders notice to be given her of their *guests*. JOHNSON.

³ — clip your wives, —] To clip is to embrace. So, Shakespeare, in another play:

“ — Neptune's arms, who *clippeth* thee about.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ To this great fairy —] Mr. Upton has well observed, that *fairy*, which Dr. Warburton and sir T. Hanmer explain by *Inchantress*, comprises the idea of power and beauty. JOHNSON.

⁵ — proof of harness, —] i. e. armour of proof. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ At least we'll die with *harness* on our back.”

Harnois, French. *Arnese*, Ital. STEEVENS.

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl?
 though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown; yet
 have we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;—
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity

⁶ *Get goal for goal of youth.*—] At all plays of barriers, the boundary is called a *goal*; to *win a goal*, is to be a superiour in a contest of activity. JOHNSON.

⁷ ——— *it was a king's.*] So, in fir T. North's translation of Plutarch: "Then came Antony again to the palace greatly boasting of this victory, and sweetly kissed Cleopatra, armed as he was when he came from the fight, recommending one of his men of arms unto her, that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra, to reward his manliness, gave him an armour and head-piece of clean gold." STEEVENS.

⁸ *Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:*] i. e. hack'd as much as the men to whom they belong. WARBURTON.

Why not rather, *Bear our hack'd targets* with spirit and exultation, such as becomes the brave warriors that *own* them?

JOHNSON.

So, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*, 1612:

" ——— six days;—the seventh

" Be his that *owes* it."

Again, in *Astrophell his song to Phillida and Coridon*, published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

" Poor Coridon doth keepe the fields

" Though Phillida be she that *owes* them." STEEVENS.

To camp this host, we would all sup together ;
 And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
 Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
 With brazen din blast you the city's ear ;
 Make mingle with our rattling tabourines⁹ ;
 That heaven and earth may strike their sounds to-
 gether,
 Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IX.

Caesar's camp.

Enter a Centinel, and his company. Enobarbus follows.

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
 We must return to the court of guard¹ : The night
 Is shiny ; and, they say, we shall embattle
 By the second hour i' the morn.

1 Sold. This last day was a shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night !—

2 Sold. What man is this ?

1 Sold. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
 When men revolted shall upon record
 Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
 Before thy face repent !

Cent. Enobarbus !

3 Sold. Peace ; hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
 The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me ;

⁹ —tabourines ;] A *tabourin* was a small drum. It is often mentioned in our ancient romances. So, in the *History of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bl. l. no date : “ Trumpetes, clerons, *tabourins*, and other minstrelsy.” STEEVENS.

¹ —the court of guard:—] i. e. the guard-room, the place where the guard musters. The expression occurs again in *Othello*. STEEVENS.

That life, a very rebel to my will,
 May hang no longer on me : ² Throw my heart
 Against the flint and hardness of my fault ;
 Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
 And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
 Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
 Forgive me in thine own particular ;
 But let the world rank me in register
 A master-leaver, and a fugitive :

O Antony ! O Antony ! [Dies.

1 Sold. Let's speak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
 May concern Cæsar.

2 Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

Cent. Swoons rather ; for so bad a prayer as his
 Was never yet for sleep.

1 Sold. Go we to him.

2 Sold. Awake, fir, awake ; speak to us.

1 Sold. Hear you, fir ?

Cent. The hand of death hath raught him ³.

[Drums afar off.

⁴ Hark, how the drums demurely wake the sleepers :
 Let's bear him to the court of guard ; he is
 Of note : our hour is fully out.

² ——— [Throw my heart] The pathetick 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. JOHNSON.

³ [The hand of death hath raught him.] Raught is the ancient preterite of the verb to reach. So, in *Tancred and Guismond*, 1592 :

“ ——— she raught the cane,

“ And with her own sweet hand did give it me.”

Again :

“ Therewith she raught from her alluring locks

“ This golden tress.” STEEVENS.

⁴ [Hark, how the drums demurely —] Demurely for solemnly.

WARBURTON.

2 Sold. Come on then;
He may recover yet. [Exeunt, with the body.

SCENE X.

Between the two Camps.

Enter Antony, and Scarus, with their army.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
5 They have put forth the haven,
6 Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [Exeunt.

Enter Cæsar, and his army.

Cæs. 7 But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which,

5 They have put forth the haven. Further on.] These words, further on, though not necessary, have been inserted in the later editions, and are not in the first. JOHNSON.

6 Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour.]

i. e. where we may best discover their numbers, and see their motions. WARBURTON.

7 But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall; —]

i. e. unless we be 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 line thus :

Not being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which as I take't we shall not. WARBURTON.

“ But (says Mr. Lambe in his notes on the ancient metrical history of the Battle of Floddon) signifies without,” in which sense it is often used in the North. “Boots but spurs.” Vûlg.

Which, as I take it, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter Antony, and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder pine
does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit.]

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers^s
Say, they know not,——they cannot tell;——look
grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant; and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not. [Exit.]

Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.

Re-enter Antony.

Ant. All is lost;

“ Sic nonsense! love tak root *but* tocher-good;
“ Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood.”

Gent. Shepherd.

Again, in Kelly's Collection of Scots proverbs: “——He could eat me *but* falt.” Again: “He gave me whittings *but* bones.” Again, in Chaucer's *Persones Tale*, late edit. “Ful oft time I rede, that no man trust in his owen perfection, *but* he be stronger than Sampson, or holier than David, or wiser than Solomon.” *But* is from the Saxon *Butan*. Thus *butan leas*; absque falso, without a lye. Again, in the *Vintner's Play* in the Chester collection. Brit. Mus. MS. Harl. 2013. p. 29:

“*Abraham.* Oh comely creature *but* I thee kill

“I greeve my God and that full ill.”

See also Ray's *North Country Words*. STEEVENS.

“——*the augurers*] The old copy has *auguries*. This leads us to what seems most likely to be the true reading—*augurers*, which word is used in the last act:

“You are too sure an *augurer*.” MALONE.

This foul Ægyptian hath betrayed me :
 My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder
 They cast their caps up, and carouse together
 Like friends long lost.—⁹ Triple-turn'd whore ! 'tis
 thou

Hast sold me to this novice ; and my heart
 Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly ;
 For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
 I have done all :—Bid them all fly, be gone,
 O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more :
 Fortune and Antony part here ; even here
 Do we shake hands.—All come to this ?—The hearts
 That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave

⁹ —*Triple-turn'd whore!*—] She was first for Antony, then was supposed by him to have *turned* to Cæsar, when he found his messenger kissing her hand ; then she *turned* again to Antony, and now has *turned* to Cæsar. Shall I mention what has dropped into my imagination, that our author might perhaps have written *triple-tongued*? *Double-tongued* is a common term of reproach, which rage might improve to *triple-tongued*. But the present reading may stand. JOHNSON.

She was first for Julius Cæsar, then for Pompey the great, and afterwards for Antony. TOLLET.

¹ *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 *panther'd*, in a note, of which he is not injur'd 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. JOHNSON.

Spaniel'd is so happy a conjecture, that I think we ought to acquiesce in it. It is of some weight with me that *spaniel* was often formerly written *spannel*. Hence there is only the omission of the first letter, which has happened elsewhere in our poet, as in the word *cheer* &c. To *dog* them at the heels is not an uncommon expression in Shakespeare ; and in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act II. sc. ii. Helena says to Demetrius :

“ I am your *spaniel*—only give me leave,

“ Unworthy as I am, to *follow* you.” TOLLET.

Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
 That over-topp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
 O this false soul of Ægypt! ² this grave charm,—
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
 home;

Whose bosom was my crownet ³, my chief end,—
 Like a right gipsy ⁴, hath, at fast and loose,
 Be-

² ——— *this grave charm*, ———] I know not by what authority, nor for what reason, *this grave charm*, which the first, the only original copy exhibits has been through all the modern editions changed to *this gay* & c. By *this grave charm*, is meant, *this sublime, this majestic beauty*. JOHNSON.

I believe *grave charm* means only *deadly, or destructive piece of witchcraft*. In this sense the epithet *grave* is often used by Chapman in his translation of *Homer*. So, in the 19th book:

“ ——— but not far hence the fatal minutes are
 “ Of thy *grave* ruin.”

It seems to be employed in the sense of the Latin word *gravis*.

STEEVENS.

³ ——— *was my crownet, my chief end*, ———] Dr. Johnson supposes that *crownet* means last purpose, probably from *finis coronat opus*. Chapman, in his translation of the second book of *Homer*, uses *crown* in the sense which my learned coadjutor would recommend:

“ ——— all things have their *crown*.”

Again, in our author's *Cymbeline*:

“ My supreme *crown* of grief.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *Like a right gipsy, hath at fast and loose,
 Beguil'd me &c.*]

There is a kind of pun in this passage, arising from the corruption of the word *Egyptian* into *gipsy*. The old law-books term such persons as ramble about the country, and pretend skill in palmistry and fortune telling, *Egyptians*. *Fast and loose* is a term to signify a cheating game, of which the following is a description. A leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it would think he held it fast to the table; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends and draw it away. This trick is now known to the common people, by the name of *pricking at the belt or girdle*, and perhaps was practised by the Gypsies in the time of Shakespeare.

Sir J. HAWKINS.

Sir

Beguil'd me ^s to the very heart of loss.—

What, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ab, thou spell! Avaunt.—

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; ^o most monster-like, be shewn

For

Sir John Hawkins's supposition is confirm'd by the following Epigram in an ancient Collection called *Run and a great Cast*, by Tho. Freeman, 1614:

In Ægyptum suspensum. Epig. 95.

“ Charles the *Ægyptian*, who by juggling could
“ Make *fast or loose*, or whatsoere he would;
“ Surely it seem'd he was not his craft's master,
“ Striving to loose what struggling he made faster:
“ The hangman was more cunning of the twaine,
“ Who knit what he could not unknit againe.
“ You countrymen *Ægyptians* make such sots,
“ Seeming to loose indissoluble knots:
“ Had you been there, but to see the cast,
“ You would have won, had you but laid—'tis fast.”

STEEVENS.

9 ——— to the very heart of loss.—] To the utmost loss possible.

JOHNSON.

6 ——— most monster-like, be shewn

For poorest diminutives, for dolts; ———]

As the allusion here is to monsters carried about in shews, it is plain, that the words, *for poorest diminutives*, must mean for the least piece of money; we must therefore read the next word:

————— for dolts, ———

i. e. farthings, which shews what he means by *poorest diminutives*.

WARBURTON.

There was surely no occasion for the poet to shew what he meant by *poorest diminutives*. The expression is clear enough, and certainly requires no additional force from the explanation. I rather believe we should read:

For poorest diminutives, TO DOLTS; ———

This

For poor'st diminutives to 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' the moon;
 And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
 To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
 Under this plot: she dies for't.—Eros, ho! [Exit.]

This aggravates the contempt of her supposed situation; to be shewn, as monsters are, not only for the smallest pieces of money, but to the most stupid and vulgar spectators. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this truly sensible emendation. STEEVENS.

¹ *With her prepared nails.*—] i. e. with nails which she suffered to grow for this purpose. WARBURTON.

² *Let me lodge Lichas*—] Sir T. Hanmer reads thus:
 ———thy rage

Led thee lodge Lichas—and——

Subdue thy worthiest self.——

This reading, harsh as it is, Dr. Warburton has received, after having rejected many better. The meaning is, Let me do something in my rage, becoming the successor of Hercules.

JOHNSON.

Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' th' moon,] This image our poet seems to have taken from Seneca's *Hercules*, who says Lichas being launched into the air, sprinkled the clouds with his blood. Sophocles, on the same occasion, talks at a much soberer rate.

WARBURTON.

Shakespeare might have taken part of this imagery from Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

“ To see this wanton, with her bastard, blown

“ And hang'd upon the high horns of the moon.”

STEEVENS.

SCENE

S C E N E XI.

Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield⁹; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd¹.

Char. To the monument;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more at parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: Hence, Mardian;
And bring me how he takes my death.—To the mo-
nument. [Exeunt.

S C E N E XII.

The same.

Enter Antony, and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. ² Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A

⁹ *Than Telamon for his shield;—*] i. e. than *Ajax Telamon* for the armour of *Achilles*, the most valuable part of which was the shield. *The boar of Thessaly* was the boar killed by *Meleager*.

STEEVENS.

¹ *Was never so emboss'd.*] A hunting term: when a deer is hard run and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *imboft*. A dog also, when he is strained with hard running, will have his knees swelled, and then he is said to be *imboft*, from the French word *bosse*, which signifies a tumour. HANMER.

² *Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish, &c.*] So, *Aristophanes, Nubes*, v. 345:

"Ἦδη ποτ' ἀναείψας εἶδες τοῦτέστιν Κενταύρω ομοίαν;

"Ἢ παρδαλι, ἢ λύκω, ἢ ταύρω;

Sir W. RAWLINSON.

Perhaps

A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
 A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory
 With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
 And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these
 signs;

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a
 thought,

³ The rack dislimns; and makes it indistinct,
 As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros⁴, now thy captain is
 Even such a body: here I am Antony;
 Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
 I made these wars for Ægypt; and the queen,—
 Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
 Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
 A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has

Perhaps Shakespeare received the thought from P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* b. ii. c. 3: "——our eiefight testifieth the same, whiles in one place there appeareth the resemblance of a waine or chariot, in another of a beare, the figure of a bull in this part, &c." or from Chapman's *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:

"Like to a mass of clouds that now seem like

"An elephant, and straightways like an ox,

"And then a mouse &c." STEEVENS.

³ *The rack dislimns; —*] i. e. The fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture. STEEVENS.

⁴ *My good knave, Eros, —*] *Knave* is servant. So, in *A Mery Geste of Robyn Hooode*, bl. l. no date:

"I shall thee leude lyttle John my man,

"For he shall be thy *knave*."

Again, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Degore*, bl. l. no date:

"He sent the chyld to her full rathe

"With much money by his *knave*." STEEVENS.

Pack'd

5 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.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter Mardian.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once;
And that she hath discharg'd: What thou would'st do,
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
The name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

5 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 metaphor was taken, should belong to, and suit the dignity of the subject to which the metaphor is transferred: thereby providing at once for the integrity of the figure, and the nobleness of the thought. And this by the word *triumph*, which either signifies Octavius's conquest, or what we now call, contractedly, the *trump* at cards, then called the *triumph* or the *triumphing sort*.

WARBURTON.

This explanation is very just, the thought did not deserve so good an annotation. JOHNSON.

A passage in Ben Jonson's *Fortunate Isles*, a masque, I think sufficiently supports Dr. Warburton's etymology:

“The kings and queens that *triumph* in the cards.”

This use of the word comes to us from the French, who at this day call the *trump* at cards, *le triomphe*. STEEVENS.

Mar.

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck off;—

[*Exit Mardian.*]

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a foldier:—Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—

[*Exit Eros.*]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture:—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further: Now all labour
Marrs what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: 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,

⁶ The battery from my heart, —] I would read:

This battery from my heart. — JOHNSON.

⁷ — thy continent,] i. e. the thing that contains thee. So,
in another of our author's plays: "You shall find in him the con-
tinent of what part a gentleman would see. STEEVENS.

⁸ — Seal then, and all is done. —] Metaphor taken from
civil contracts, where, when all is agreed on, the sealing compleats
the contract; so he hath determined to die, and nothing remain'd
but to give the stroke. The Oxford editor not apprehending this,
alters it to

— sleep then, —] WARBURTON.

I believe the reading is:

— 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. JOHNSON.

And

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 271

And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra dy'd,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman, less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come, indeed) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then would'st kill me: do't, the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!

Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,

Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus⁹ with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck¹, his face subdu'd

⁹ — pleach'd arms, —] Arms folded in each other.

JOHNSON.

A passage very like this occurs in Thomas Kyd's translation of Robert Garnier's *Cornelia*, published in 1593:

"Now shalt thou march (thy hands fast bound behind thee)

"Thy head hung down, thy cheeks with tears besprent,

"Before the victor; whiie thy rebel son

"With crowned front triumphing follows thee."

STEEVENS.

¹ *His corrigible neck,* —] *Corrigible* for *corrected*, and afterwards *penetrative* for *penetrating*. So Virgil has "*penetrabile frigus*" for "*penetrans frigus*," in his *Georgicks*. STEEVENS.

To

To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd feat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
* His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free³, swor'st thou not
then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents un purpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein⁴ the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee.— [Turning from him.

* *His baseness that ensued?*] The poor conquered wretch that followed. JOHNSON.

³ *When I did make thee free, &c.*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Now he had a man of his called Eros, whom he loued and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to sweare vnto him, that he should kill him when he did commaunde him: and then he willed him to keepe his promise. His man drawing his sworde, list it vp as though he had ment to haue striken his maister: but turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into him selfe, and fell downe dead at his maister's foot. Then said Antonius, O noble Eros, I thanke thee for this, and it is valliantly done of thee, to shew me what I should do to my selfe, which thou couldest not doe for me. Therewithall he tooke his sword, and thrust it into his bellie, and so fell downe vpon a litle bed. The wounde he had, killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a litle when he was layed: and when he came somewhat to him selfe againe, he praied them that were about him to dispatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out and tormenting him selfe: vntill at last there came a secretarie vnto him called Diomedes, who was commaunded to bring him into the tombe or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that she was aliuie, he verie earnestlie prayed his men to carie his bodie thither, and so he was caried in his men's armes into the entry of the monument." STEEVENS.

* — *the worship of the whole world* —] The *worship*, is the dignity, the authority. JOHNSON.

Eros.

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,

My captain, and my emperor! let me say,

Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewel, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then:—Thus do I escape the
forrow [*Eros kills himself.*

Of Antony's death.

[*Dies.*

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what

I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros

Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me

A nobleness in record: ' But I will be

A bridegroom in my death, and run into't

As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,

Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[*Falling on his sword.*

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—

The guard?—how!—O, dispatch me.

Enter Dercetas, and Guards.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make an
end

Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

— *But I will be*

A bridegroom in my death, &c.]

This thought has occurred before in *Measure for Measure*:

I will encounter darkness as a bride,

And hug it in my arms.

STEEVENS.

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?

[*Exit Dercetas.*]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,
and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a pro-
phesying fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd² with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was
dead;

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I
pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The
guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

² *She had dispos'd with Cæsar.*] To dispose, in this instance, perhaps signifies to make terms, to settle matters. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter a Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra
bides ;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

i Guard. Woe, woe, are we, fir, you may not live
to wear

All your true followers 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.

A Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras, above.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence,

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not :

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter Diomedes.

As that which makes it.—How now ? is he dead ?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter Antony, borne by the guard.

Cleo. ³ O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling ⁴
stand

The varying shore o' the world!—O Antony!
Antony, Antony!

Help, Charmian, help; Iras, help; help, friends
Below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace:

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Ægypt, dying; only
⁵ I here importune death a while, until

Of

³ O sun

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling stand
The varying shore o' th' world! —]

The varying shore o' th' world! i. e. of the earth, where light and darkness make an incessant variation. But then, if the sun should set on fire the whole sphere, in which he was supposed to move, how could the earth stand darkling? On the contrary, it would be in perpetual light. Therefore, if we allow Cleopatra not to be quite mad, we must believe she said,

Turn from th' great sphere—

i. e. forsake it, fly off from it: and then indeed the consequence would be, that the *varying shore* would become *invariably dark*.

WARBURTON.

She desires the sun to burn his own orb, the vehicle of light, and then the earth will be dark.

JOHNSON.

⁴ —darkling—] i. e. without light. So in the *Two angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

“—my mother hath a torch, your wife

“Goes darkling up and down.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ *I here importune death*—] *I solicit death to delay; or, I trouble death by keeping him in waiting.* JOHNSON.

I here importune death a while, until

Of many thousand kisses the poor last

I lay upon thy lips.—Come down.

Cleo.

Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not,

Dear, dear, my lord, pardon; I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall

Be brooch'd with me⁶; if knife, drugs, serpents,
have

Edge,

Cleo. I dare not,

Dear, dear, my lord, your pardon; that I dare not,
Lest I be taken.—

What curious hobbling versification do we encounter here in the last line but one? Besides, how inconsistently is the lady made to reply? Antony says, he only holds life, till he can give her one last kiss: and she cries, she dares not: What dares she not do? kiss Antony? But how should she? she was above, lock'd in her monument; and he below, on the outside of it. With a very slight addition, I think, I can cure the whole; and have a warrant from Plutarch for it into the bargain.

Now Plutarch says, that "Antony was carried in his men's arms into the entry of the monument: Notwithstanding, Cleopatra would not open the gates, but came to the high windows, and cast out certain chains and ropes, &c."—So that Antony might very reasonably desire her to come down, and she as reasonably excuse herself for fear of being 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. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Be brooch'd with me.*] *Be brooch'd*, i. e. *adorn'd*. A *brooch* was an ornament formerly worn in the hat. So in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, "Honour's a good *brooch* to wear in a man's hat at all times." Again, in his *Staple of News*:

"The very *brooch* o' the bench, gem of the city."

Again, in the *Magnetic Lady*:

"The *brooch* to any true state cap in Europe."

The Rev. Mr. Lambe observes in his notes on the ancient metrical *History of Floddon Field*, that *brooches* in the North are buckles set with stones, such as those with which shirt-bosoms and handkerchiefs are clasped. STEEVENS.

—be *brooch'd* with me.

Brooch is properly a *bodkin*, or some such instrument (originally a spit) and ladies' bodkins being headed with gems, it sometimes stands for an ornamental trinket or jewel in general, in which

Edge, sting, or operation⁷, I am safe.
 Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
 And⁸ still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
 Demuring upon me. — But come, come, Antony, —
 Help me, my women, — we must draw thee up; —
 Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone,

Cleo. ⁹ 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-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
 And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little, —
 Wishers were ever fools; — O, come, come, come; —

[*They draw Antony up to Cleopatra.*

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd:
¹ Quicken with kissing; — had my lips that power,
 Thus would I wear them out.

sense it is perhaps used at present, or as probably in its original one, for *pinned up*, as we now say *pin up the basket*; *brooch'd with me*, i. e. pinned up, compleated with having me to adorn his triumph. PERCY.

⁷ — *if knife, drugs, serpents, have*

Edge, sting, or operation.]

Here is the same irregular position of the words, that Mr. Warner would avoid or amend in *Hamlet*: and yet Shakespeare seems to have attended to this matter in the very play before us, act III. sc. ii. TOLLET.

This thought occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*:

“ If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

“ Unty'd I still my virgin knot will keepe.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ — *still conclusion, —*] Sedate determination; silent coolness of resolution. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Here's sport, indeed! —*] I suppose the meaning of these strange words is, *here's trifling, you do not work in earnest.*

JOHNSON.

¹ *Quicken with kissing —*] That is, *Revive by my kiss.*

JOHNSON.

So in Heywood's *Royal King, &c.* 1637:

“ And quickens most where he would most destroy.”

STEEVENS.

All

All. A heavy fight!

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 false² huswife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!—

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:—
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust,
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,⁴
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more.— [Antony dies.]

² *Give me some wine, &c.*] This circumstance, like almost every other, Shakespeare adopted from Plutarch. Sir Tho. North, in his translation, says,—“Antony made her cease from lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was athirst, or else for that thereby to hasten his death. When he had dronke, he earnestly prayed her, and perswaded that she would seeke to save her life, if she could possible, without reproache and dishonor: and that she should chiefly trust Proculeius above any man else about Cæsar.”

STEEVENS.

³ —*huswife Fortune*—] This despicable line has occurred before. JOHNSON.

⁴ *The miserable change, &c.*] This speech stands thus in Sir Tho. North's translation of Plutarch.—“As for himself, she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his days; but rather, that she should think him the more fortunate, for the former triumphs and honours he had received, considering that while he lived, he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world, and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Roman, by another Roman.”

STEEVENS.

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 sty? — O, see, my women,
 The crown o' the earth doth melt: — My lord! —
 O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
 ' The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys, and girls,
 Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
 And there is nothing left remarkable
 Beneath the visiting moon. [*She faints.*

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam! —

Char. O madam, madam, madam, —

Iras. Royal Ægypt! empress!

Char. ⁶ Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cleo.

⁵ *The soldier's pole* —] He at whom the soldiers pointed, as at a pageant held high for observation. JOHNSON.

⁶ The common copies,

*Peace, peace, *Iras.**

Cleo. No more but a meer woman, —

Cleopatra is fallen into a swoon; her maids endeavour to recover her by invoking her by her several titles. At length, Charmian says 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 several titles, to see which best pleased her; and this was highly in character: the ancients thought that not only men, but gods too, had some names, which above others they much delighted in, and would soonest answer to; as we may see by the hymns of Orpheus, Homer, and Callimachus. The poet, conforming to this notion, makes the maids say, *Sovereign lady, madam, royal Ægypt, empress.* And now we come to the place in question: Charmian, when she saw none of these titles had their effect, invokes her by a still more flattering one;

Peace, peace, Isis!

for so it should be read and pointed: i. e. Peace, we can never move her by these titles: let us give her her favourite name of the

Cleo. No more—but e'en a woman; and commanded

the goddess Isis. And now Cleopatra's answer becomes pertinent and fine:

No more but a mere woman; and commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks—

i. e. I now see the folly of assuming to myself these flattering titles of divinity. My misfortunes, and my impotence in bearing them, convince me I am a mere woman, and subject to all the passions of the meanest of my species. Here the poet has followed history exactly, and, what is more, his author *Plutarch in Antonio*; who says that Cleopatra assumed the habit and attributes of that goddess, and gave judgments or rather oracles to her people under the quality of the NEW ISIS. Κλειοπάτρα μιν γὰρ καὶ τότε καὶ τὸν ἄλλον χρόνον εἰς πλῆθος ἐξιῶσα, πολλὴν ἑτέραν ἰσάν ΙΣΙΔΟΣ ἐλάμβανε, καὶ ΝΕΑ ΙΣΙΣ ἐχρημάτιζε. WARBURTON.

Of this note it may be truly said, that it at least deserves to be right, nor can he, that shall question the justness of the emendation, refuse his esteem to the ingenuity and learning with which it is proposed.

Hanmer had proposed another emendation, not injudiciously. He reads thus:

Iras. Royal Ægypt! empress!

Cleo. Peace, peace, Iras.

No more but a mere woman, &c.

That is, *no more an empress, but a mere woman.*

It is somewhat unfortunate that the words, *mere woman*, which so much strengthen the opposition to either *empress* or *Isis*, are not in the original edition, which stands thus:

No more but in a woman, &c.

Mere woman was probably the arbitrary reading of Rowe. I suppose, however, that we may justly change the ancient copy thus:

No more, but e'en a woman,

which will enough accommodate either of the editors.

I am inclined to think that she speaks abruptly, not answering her woman, but discoursing with her own thoughts:

No more—but e'en a woman,

I have no more of my wonted greatness, but am even a woman, on the level with other women; were I what I once was,

———It were for me

To throw my scepter, &c.

If this simple explanation be admitted, how much labour has been thrown away. *Peace, peace, Iras*, is said by Charmian, when she sees the queen recovering, and thinks speech troublesome. JOHNSON,

By

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
 And does the meanest chares?—It were for me
 To throw my scepter at the injurious gods;
 To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
 'Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
 Patience is fottish; and impatience does
 Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,
 To rush into the secret house of death,
 Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
 What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Char-

mian?
 My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
 Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good firs, take heart:—
 We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's

noble,
 Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
 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.*]

—*the meanest chares.*—] i. e. task-work. Hence our
 term *chare-woman*. So in Heywood's *Tarquin and Lucrece*, 1630:
 "She, like a good wife, is teaching her servants sundry *chares*."
 Again, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"——— spins,
 "Cards, and does *chare-work*."—

Again,
 "Augment my task into a treble *chare*."

Again, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:
 "Well I must trudge to do a certain *chare*."

STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp.

² Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mæcenas, Gallus, Proculeius, and train.

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield ;
Being so frustrated, tell him, he mocks
The pauses that he makes ?

¹ *Dol.* Cæsar, I shall. [Exit Dolabella.
Enter

³ Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, and Menas.] But Menas and Menebrates, we may remember, were two famous pirates, linked with Sextus Pompeius, and who assisted him to infest the Italian coast. We nowhere learn, expressly in the play, that Menas ever attached himself to Octavius's party. Notwithstanding the old folios concur in marking the entrance thus, yet in the two places in the scene, where this character is made to speak, they have marked in the margin, *Mec.* so that, as Dr. Thirlby sagaciously conjectured, we must cashier Menas, and substitute Mæcenas in his room. Menas, indeed, deserted to Cæsar no less than twice, and was preferred by him. But then we are to consider, Alexandria was taken, and Antony kill'd himself, anno U. C. 723. Menas made the second revolt over to Augustus, U. C. 717 ; and the next year was slain at the siege of Belgrade in Pannonia, five years before the death of Antony.

THEOBALD.

⁴ *He mocks the pauses that he makes.*] i. e. he plays wantonly with the intervals of time which he should improve to his own preservation. Or the meaning may be—being thus defeated in all his efforts, and left without resource, tell him that these affected pauses and delays of his in yielding himself up to me, are mere idle mockery. *He mocks the pauses,* may be a licentious mode of expression for—*he makes a mockery of us by these pauses ;* i. e. he trifles with us.

STEEVENS.

¹ *Dol. Cæsar, I shall.*] I make no doubt but it should be marked here, that Dolabella goes out. 'Tis reasonable to imagine he should presently depart upon Cæsar's command ; so that the speeches, placed to him in the sequel of this scene, must be trans-

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, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack : ² The round world

Should

transferred to Agrippa, or he is introduced as a mute. Besides, that Dolabella should be gone out, appears from this, that when Cæsar asks for him, he recollects that he had sent him on business.

THEOBALD.

² ——— *The round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets, &c.]*

I think here is a line lost, after which it is in vain to go in quest. The sense seems to have been this: *The round world should have shook, and this great alteration of the system of things should send lions into streets, and citizens into dens.* There is sense still, but it is harsh and violent. JOHNSON.

I believe we should read—*The ruin'd world, i. e. the general disruption of elements should have shook, &c.* Shakespeare seems to mean that the death of so great a man ought to have produced effects similar to those which might be expected from the dissolution of the universe, when all distinctions shall be lost. To *shake* any thing out, is a phrase in common use among our ancient writers. So Holinshed, p. 743: —“ God's providence *shaking* men out of their shifts of supposed safetie, &c.”

Perhaps, however, Shakespeare might mean nothing more here than merely an earthquake, in which the shaking of the *round world* was to be so violent as to toss the inhabitants of woods into cities, and the inhabitants of cities into woods. STEEVENS.

The

Should have shook lions into civil streets,
 And citizens to their dens :—The death of Antony
 Is not a single doom ; in the name lay
 A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar ;
 Not by a publick minister of justice,
 Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,
 Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
 Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
 Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,
 I robb'd his wound of it ; behold it stain'd
 With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends ?
 The gods rebuke me, ¹ but it is a tidings
 To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,
 That nature must compel us to lament
 Our most perfisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
² Waged equal with him.

Agr.

—*The round world*—] The defective metre of this line strongly supports Dr. Johnson's conjecture, *that something is lost*. I believe only two words are wanting. Perhaps the passage originally stood thus :

*A greater crack. The round world should have shook,
 Thrown raging lions into civil streets,
 And citizens to their dens.*— MALONE.

The sense, I think, is complete and plain, if we consider *shook* (more properly *shaken*) as the participle past of a verb *active*. The metre would be improved if the lines were distributed thus :

—*The round world should have shook
 Lions into civil streets, and citizens
 Into their dens.* TYRWHITT.

¹ ——— but it is a 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. JOHNSON.

² *Waged equal with him.*] For *waged*, the modern editions have *weighed*. JOHNSON.

It

Ag. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity : but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony !

I have follow'd thee to this ;—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies³. 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,
Unreconciliable, ⁴ should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season ;

It is not easy to determine the precise meaning of the word
wage. In *Othello* it occurs again :

“ To wake and *wage* a danger profitless.”

It may signify to *oppose*. The sense will then be, *his taints and honours* were an equal match ; i. e. were opposed to each other in just proportions, like the counterparts of a wager. STEEVENS.

³ ——— But we do lance

Diseases in our bodies.———]

The old copy reads :

—— But we do launch,

Diseases in our bodies.

Perhaps rightly—and the meaning may be : “ I have followed thee to the death. But why do I lament thy fall ? We are all mortal. Our fate is destin'd at our birth ; and when we *launch* on the sea of life, the principles of decay are interwoven with our constitution.” MALONE.

⁴ —— should divide

Our equalness to this.———]

That is, *should have made us*, in our equality of fortune, disagree to a pitch like this, that one of us must die. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter an Egyptian.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

Ægypt. ⁵ A poor Ægyptian yet: The queen my
mistress,

Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her: 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 ⁶ 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.

⁵ *A poor Ægyptian yet; the queen my mistress, &c.*] If this punctuation be right, the man means to say, that he is *yet an Ægyptian*, that is, *yet a servant of the queen of Ægypt*, though soon to become a subject of Rome. JOHNSON.

⁶ ————— *her life in Rome*

Would be eternal in our triumph:—]

Hanmer reads judiciously enough, but without necessity:

Would be eternalling our triumph:

The sense is, *If she dies here, she will be forgotten, but if I send her in triumph to Rome, her memory and my glory will be eternal.*

JOHNSON.

The following passage in the *Scourge of Venus*, &c. a poem, 1614, will sufficiently support the old reading:

“ If some foule-swelling ebon cloud would fall,
“ For her to hide herself eternal in.” STEEVENS.

Pro.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit Proculeius.*]

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius?

[*Exit Gallus.*]

All. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being fortune, he's but ⁷ fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; And it is great ⁸

To

⁷ ————fortune's knave,] The servant of fortune. JOHNSON.

⁸ ————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 dugg:)
The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.*

That

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, below, Proculeius, Gallus, &c.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Ægypt ;
And bids thee study on what fair demands

That this line in hooks was the substance of that lost, is evident from its making sense of all the rest : which are to this effect, *It is great to do that which frees us from all the accidents of humanity, lulls our over-wearied nature to repose, (which now sleeps, and has no more appetite for worldly enjoyments,) and is equally the nurse of Cæsar and the beggar.* WARBURTON.

I cannot perceive the loss of a line, 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*, show, I think, a mind not intent upon the business before it. The difficulty of the passage, if any difficulty there be, arises only from this, that the act of suicide, and the state which is the effect of suicide are confounded. Voluntary death, says she, is an act *which bolts up change* ; it produces a state,

*Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.*

Which has no longer need of the gross and terene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level.

The speech is abrupt, but perturbation in such a state is surely natural. JOHNSON.

It has been already said in this play, that

“ ———our *dungy* earth, alike

“ Feeds man as beast.”——

and Mr. Tollet observes, “ that in *Herodotus*, book iii. the Æthiopian king, upon hearing a description of the nature of wheat, replied, that he was not at all surprized, if men, who eat nothing but *dung*, did not attain a longer life.” Shakespeare has the same epithet in the *Winter's Tale* :

“ ———the face to sweeten

“ Of the whole *dungy* earth.”——

Again, in *Timon* :

“ ———the earth's a thief

“ That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen

“ From general *excrement.*” STEEVENS.

Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Ægypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;

You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy; and you shall find
A conqueror, ⁹ 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 ¹ send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.

Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

⁹ ——— *that will pray in aid for kindness,*] *Praying in aid* is a law term, used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question.

HANMER.

¹ ——— *send him*

The greatness he has got. ———]

I allow him to be my conqueror; I own his superiority with complete submission. JOHNSON.

[*Aside.*]

[*Aside.*] ² You see how easily she may be surpriz'd ;
 [*Here Gallus and guard ascend the monument, and enter behind.*

Guard her, 'till Cæsar come. [*Exit.*

Iras. Royal queen !

Char. O Cleopatra ! thou art taken, queen !—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a dagger.*

Proculeius rushes in, and disarms the queen.

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold :

Do not yourself such wrong, ³ who are in this
 Reliev'd,

² *Char.* [*You see how easily she may be surpriz'd.*] Here Charmian, who is so faithful as to die with her mistress, by the stupidity of the editors is made to countenance and give directions for her being surprized by Cæsar's messengers. But this blunder is for want of knowing, or observing, the historical fact. When Cæsar sent Proculeius to the queen, he sent Gallus after him with new instructions : and while one amused Cleopatra with propositions from Cæsar, through the crannies of the monument, the other scaled it by a ladder, entered it at a window backward, and made Cleopatra, and those with her, prisoners. I have reformed the passage therefore, (as, I am persuaded, the author designed it;) from the authority of Plutarch. THEOBALD.

This line in the first edition is given not to Charmian, but to Proculeius ; and to him it certainly belongs, though perhaps misplaced. I would put it at the end of his foregoing speech :

Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

[*Aside to Gallus.*] *You see, how easily she may be surpriz'd.*

Then while Cleopatra makes a formal answer, Gallus, upon the hint given, seizes her, and Proculeius, interrupting the civility of his answer :

————— *your flight is pity'd*

Of him that caus'd it

Cries out :

Guard her 'till Cæsar come. JOHNSON.

³ ————— *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 ?*

Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of
 4 languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
 Do not abuse our master's bounty, by
 The undoing of yourself: let the world see
 His nobleness well acted, which your death
 Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
 Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
 5 Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
 6 If idle talk will once be necessary,

I'll

which will not agree with *reliev'd*; but will direct us to the genuine word, which is:

Bereav'd, but not betray'd.

i. e. *bereaved* of death, or of the means of destroying yourself, but not *betrayed* to your destruction. By the particle *too*, in her reply, she alludes to her being before *bereaved* of Antony. And thus his speech becomes correct, and her reply pertinent. WARBURTON.

I do not think the emendation necessary, since the sense is not made better by it, and the abruptness in Cleopatra's answer is more forcible in the old reading. JOHNSON.

* —*languish*—] For *languish*, I think we may read,—*anguish*.
JOHNSON.

Languish is the true reading. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, act I. sc. ii:

“ One desperate grief cure with another's *languish*.”

STEEVENS.

5 *Worth many babes and beggars!*] Why, death, wilt thou not rather seize a queen; than employ thy force upon *babes* and *beggars*.
JOHNSON.

6 *If idle talk will once be necessary,*] This nonsense should be reformed thus:

If idle time will once be necessary.

i. e. if *repose* be necessary to cherish life, I will not sleep.

WARBURTON.

I do not see that the nonsense is made sense by the change. Sir T. Hanmer reads:

If idle talk will once be necessary;

Neither is this better. I know not what to offer better than an *easy*

I'll not sleep neither : This mortal house I'll ruin,
 Do Cæsar what he can. Know, fir, 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 censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Ægypt
 Be gentle grave unto me ! rather on Nilus' mud
 Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
 Blow me into abhorring ! rather make
 My country's high pyramides my gibbet ?
 And hang me up in chains !

easy explanation. That is, *I will not eat, and if it will be necessary now for once to waste a moment in idle talk of my purpose, I will not sleep neither.* In common conversation we often use *will be*, with as little relation to futurity. As, Now I am going, it *will be* fit for me to dine first. JOHNSON.

Once may mean *sometimes*. Of this use of the word I have already given instances, both in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *K. Hen. VIII.* The meaning of Cleopatra seems to be this. If *idle talking* be sometimes necessary to the prolongation of life, why I will not *sleep* for fear of *talking idly in my sleep*.

The sense designed, however, may be—If it be necessary to talk of performing impossibilities, why, I'll not sleep neither.

STEEVENS.

If idle talk will once be necessary,

I'll not sleep neither : —]

I suspect our author wrote :

I'll not speak neither. MALONE.

⁷ *My country's high pyramides my gibbet,*] The poet seems to have designed we should read—*pyramides*, Lat. instead of *pyramids*, and so the folio reads. The verse will otherwise be defective. Thus, in *Dr. Faustus*, 1604 :

“ Besides the gates and high *pyramides*

“ That Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.”

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, 1590 :

“ Like to the shadows of *pyramides*.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602. b. xii. c. 73 :

“ The theaters, *pyramides*, the hills of half a mile.”

Mr. Tollet observes, “ that Sandys in his *Travels*, as well as Drayton in the 26th song of his *Polyolbion*, uses *pyramides* as a quadrisyllable. STEEVENS.

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: as for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard,

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,

[To Cleopatra.]

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. *[Exit Proculeius.]*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun, and moon; which kept their course, and
lighted

The

* *A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little o' the earth.*

Dol. *Most sovereign creature! —*

What a blessed limping verse these *hemistichs* give us! Had none of the editors an ear to find the hitch in its pace? There is but a syllable wanting, and that, I believe verily, was but of a single letter. I restore:

The little O o' th' earth.

The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
 Crested the world: his voice was property'd
 As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends⁹;
 But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
 He was as rattling thunder. ¹ For his bounty,
 There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
 That grew the more by reaping: His delights
 Were dolphin-like; they shew'd his back above
 The element they liv'd in: In his livery
 Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands
 were
 As plates ² dropt from his pocket.

Dol.

i. e. the little orb or circle. Our poet in other passages chuses to express himself thus. THEOBALD.

⁹ —and *that to friends*;] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read, with no less obscurity:

—————when *that to friends*. STEEVENS.

¹ ————— For his bounty,

*There was no winter in't; an Antony it was,
 That grew the more by reaping:—————]*

There was certainly a contrast both in the thought and terms, design'd here, which is lost in an accidental corruption. How could an Antony grow the more by reaping; I'll venture, by a very easy change, to restore an exquisite fine allusion; which carries its reason with it too, why there was no *winter* in his bounty.

————— For his bounty,

*There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
 That grew the more by reaping.*

I ought to take notice, that the ingenious Dr. Thirlby likewise started this very emendation, and had mark'd it in the margin of his book. THEOBALD.

I cannot resist the temptation to quote the following beautiful passage from B. Jonson's *New Inn*, on the subject of liberality.

“ He gave me my first breeding, I acknowledge;

“ Then show'd his bounties on me, like the hours

“ That open-handed sit upon the clouds,

“ And press the liberality of heaven

“ Down to the laps of thankful men.” STEEVENS.

² *As plates*——] *Plates* mean, I believe, *silver money*. So, in Marlow's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

Dol. Cleopatra, —

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man

As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You'lye, up to the hearing of the gods. But, if there be, or ever were one such, It's past the fize of dreaming: Nature wants stuff To vie strange forms with fancy; ' yet, to imagine An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy, Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam:

“ *What's the price of this slave 200 crowns? —*

“ *And if he has, he's worth 300 plates.*”

Again:

“ *Rat'st thou this Moor but at 200 plates?*” STEEVENS.

³ ——— *yet to imagine*

*An Antony were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.*

This is a fine sentiment; but by the false reading and pointing becomes unintelligible. Though when set right, obscure enough to deserve a comment. Shakespeare wrote:

— — — *yet to imagine*

*An Antony, were nature's prize 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.*

The sense of which is this, *Nature, in general, has not materials enough to furnish out real forms, for every model that the boundless power of the imagination can sketch out: [Nature wants matter to vie strange forms with fancy.] But though this be true in general, that nature is more poor, narrow, and confined than fancy, yet it must be owned, that when nature presents an Antony to us, she then gets the better of fancy, and makes even the imagination appear poor and narrow: or in our author's phrase, [condemns shadows quite.] The word prize, which I have restored, is very pretty, as figuring a contention between Nature and Imagination about the larger extent of their powers; and Nature gaining the prize by producing Antony.* WARBURTON.

In this passage I cannot discover any temptation to critical experiments. The word *piece*, is a term appropriated to works of art. Here Nature and Fancy produce each their *piece*, and the *piece* done by Nature had the preference. Antony was in reality *past the fize of dreaming*; he was more by Nature than Fancy could present in sleep. JOHNSON.

To *vie* was a term at cards. See a note on the *Taming of the Shrew*, p. 451. STEEVENS.

Your

Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots⁴
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.

Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will; I know it.

All. Make way there,—Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius, and Attendants.

Cæs. Which is the queen of Ægypt?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [*Cleo. kneels.*]

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you, rise; rise, Ægypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:

The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,

I cannot project mine own cause so well

To

⁴ ———shoots] The old copy reads ———suites. STEEVENS.

⁵ I cannot project mine own cause so well] Project signifies to invent a cause, not to plead it; which is the sense here required. It is plain that we should read:

I cannot procter my own cause so well.

The technical term, to plead by an advocate. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

I cannot parget my own cause——

meaning, I cannot whitewash, varnish, or gloss my cause. I believe

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To make it clear; but do confess, I have
 Been laden with like frailties, which before
 Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
 We will extenuate rather than enforce :
 If you apply yourself to our intents,
 (Which towards you are most gentle) you shall find
 A benefit in this change : but if you seek
 To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
 Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
 Of my good purposes, and put your children
 To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
 If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world : 'tis yours ;
 and we

Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
 Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
 I am possess'd of : 'tis exactly valued ;

Not

lieve the present reading to be right. To *project a cause* is to *represent a cause* ; to *project it well*, is to *plan or contrive a scheme of defence*. JOHNSON.

The old reading may be the true one. Sir John Harington in his *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, p. 79, says : "I have chosen Ajax for the *project* of this discourse." Yet Hanmer's conjecture may be likewise countenanced ; for the word he wishes to bring in, is used in the 4th eclogue of Drayton :

"Scorn'd paintings, *pargit*, and the borrow'd hair."

And several times by Ben Jonson. So, in the *Silent Woman* :

"—— she's above fifty too, and *pargets*." STEEVENS.

"—— 'tis exactly valued,

Not petty things admitted. —]

Sagacious editors ! Cleopatra gives in a list of her wealth, says, 'tis exactly valued, but that petty things are not *admitted* in this list : and then she appeals to her treasurer, that she has reserved nothing to herself. And when he betrays her, she is reduced to the shift of exclaiming against the ingratitude of servants, and of making apologies for having secreted certain trifles. Who does not see, that we ought to read :

Not petty things omitted ?

For

Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,

I had rather feel my lips⁷, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made
known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back?
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, soul-less villain, dog!
O rarely base⁸!

Cæs. Good queen, let us intreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this⁹;
That

For this declaration lays open her falshood; and makes her angry
when her treasurer detects her in a direct lie. THEOBALD.

Notwithstanding the wrath of Mr. Theobald, I have restored
the old reading. She is angry afterwards, that she is accused of
having reserv'd more than petty things. Dr. Warburton and sir
T. Hanmer follow Theobald. JOHNSON.

⁷ —*feel my lips*, —] Sew up my mouth. JOHNSON.

It means, close up my lips as effectually as the eyes of a hawk
are closed. To *feel* hawks was the technical term. STEEVENS.

⁸ *O rarely base!*] i. e. base in an uncommon degree.

STEEVENS.

⁹ *O Cæsar*, &c.] This speech of Cleopatra is taken from sir
Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, where it stands as follows.

“O Cæsar, is not this great shame and reproach, that thou hav-
ing

That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
 Doing the honour of thy lordliness
 To one so meek, that mine own servant should
 Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
 Addition of his envy ! Say, good Cæsar,
 That I some lady trifles had reserv'd,
 Immoment toys, things of such dignity
 As we greet modern friends withal ; and say,
 Some nobler token I have kept apart
 For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
 Their mediation ; must I be unfolded
 With one that I have bred ? The gods ! It smites me
 Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence ;

[To Seleucus.

Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits
 Through the ashes of my chance :—Wert thou a
 man,

Thou

ing vouchsafed to take the pains to come unto me, and hast done me this honour, poor wretch and caitiff creature, brought into this pitiful and miserable estate, and that mine own servants should come now to accuse me. Though it may be that I have reserved some jewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me (poor soul) to set out myself withal ; but meaning to give some pretty presents unto Octavia and Livia, that they making means and intercession for me to thee, thou mightest yet extend thy favour and mercy upon me, &c." STEEVENS.

¹ Parcel the sum of my disgraces by] To parcel her disgraces, might be expressed in vulgar language, to bundle up her calamities.

JOHNSON.

² Through the ashes of my chance :—] Or fortune. The meaning is, Begone, or I shall exert that royal spirit which I had in my prosperity, in spite of the imbecillity of my present weak condition. This taught the Oxford editor to alter it to *mischance*.

WARBURTON.

Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits

Through the ashes of my chance :—]

Thus Chaucer in his *Canterbury Tales*, late edit. v. 3180 :

“ Yet in our *aschen* cold is fire yreken.”

And thus (as the learned editor of the *Cant. Tales* has observed) Mr. Gray in his *Church-yard Elegy* :

“ Even in our *ashes* live their wonted fires.”

Mr.

Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus. [*Exit Seleucus.*]

Cleo. ' Be it known, that we, the greatest, are mis-
thought

For

Mr. Gray refers to the following passage in the 169 (171) sonnet of *Petrarch*, as his original :

“ *Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio foco,*
“ *Fredda una lingua, e due begli occhi chiusi*
“ *Rimaner dopo noi pien di faville.*” Edit. 1564. p. 271.
STEEVENS.

° *Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thought*
For things that others do; and when we fall,
We answer others' merits, in our names
Are therefore to be pitied.]

This false pointing has rendered the sentiment, which was not very easy at best, altogether unintelligible. The lines should be pointed thus :

Be't known, that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do. And when we fall
We answer. Others' merits, in our names
Are therefore to be pitied.

i. e. *We monarchs, while in power, are accused and blamed for the miscarriages of our ministers; and when any misfortune hath subjected us to the power of our enemies, we are sure to be punished for those faults. As this is the case, it is but reasonable that we should have the merit of our ministers' good actions, as well as bear the blame of their bad. But she softens the word merit into pity. The reason of her making the reflexion was this: her former conduct was liable to much censure from Octavius, which she would hereby artfully insinuate was owing to her evil ministers. And as her present conduct, in concealing her treasures, appeared to be her own act, she being detected by her minister; she begs, that as she now answers for her former minister's miscarriages, so her present minister's merit in this discovery might likewise be placed to her account: which she thinks but reasonable. The Oxford editor is here again at his old work of altering what he did not understand, and so transforms the passage thus :*

————— *and when we fall,*
We pander other's merits with our names;
And therefore to be pitied. WARBURTON.

I do not think that either of the criticks have reached the sense of the author, which may be very commodiously explained thus :

We suffer at our highest state of elevation in the thoughts of mankind for that which others do; and when we fall, those that
con-

For things that others do ; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our names,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest : still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd ;
Make not your thoughts your prisons : no, dear
queen ;

For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend ; And so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord !

Cæs. Not so : Adieu. [*Exeunt Cæsar, and his train.*]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I
should not

Be noble to myself : But hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers Charmian.*]

Iras. Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again :
I have spoke already, and it is provided ;
Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

contented themselves only to think ill before, call us to *answer in our own names for the merits of others.* We are therefore to be pitied. *Merits* is in this place taken in an ill sense, for actions meriting censure.

If any alteration be necessary, I should only propose,

Be't known, that we at greatest, &c. JOHNSON.

^a *Make not your thoughts your prisons ;—*] I once wished to read,
Make not your thoughts your poison : —

Do not destroy yourself by musing on your misfortune. Yet I would change nothing, as the old reading presents a very proper sense. *Be not a prisoner in imagination, when in reality you are free.*

JOHNSON.

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit Charmian.*

Cleo. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will 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: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and ² scald rhimers
Ballad us out o' tune: the ³ quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see

² ——— scald rhimers] Sir T. Hanmer reads,
——— stall'd rhimers.

Scald was a word of contempt, implying poverty, disease, and filth. JOHNSON.

³ — quick comedians] The gay inventive players. JOHNSON.

Some squeaking Cleopatra ⁴ boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
⁵ Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter Charmian.

Shew me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, *Iras*, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed:
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee
leave

To play 'till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise? [*A noise within.*]

⁴ —*boy my greatness,*] The parts of women were acted on the stage by boys. HANMER.

Nash, in *Pierce Pennyleffe his Supplication*, &c. 1595, says, "Our players are not as the players beyond sea, a sort of squirting bawdy comedians, that have whores and common courtesans to play women's parts, &c." To obviate this impropriety of men representing women, T. Goff, in his tragedy of the *Raging Turk*, 1631, has no female character. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Their most absurd intents.*—] Why should Cleopatra call Cæsar's designs *absurd*? She could not think his intent of carrying her in triumph, such, with regard to his own glory: and her finding an expedient to disappoint him, could not bring it under that predicament. I much rather think the poet wrote,

Their most assur'd intents——

i. e. the purposes, which they make themselves most sure of accomplishing. THEOBALD.

I have preserved the old reading. The design certainly appeared *absurd* enough to Cleopatra, both as she thought it unreasonable in itself, and as she knew it would fail. JOHNSON.

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your highness' presence ;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. What a poor instrument
[*Exit Guard.*

May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me : Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant : ⁶ now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [Exit Guard.
Hast thou ⁷ the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That

⁶ ——— now the fleeting moon

No planet is of mine.]

Alluding to the Ægyptian devotion paid to the moon under the name of Isis. WARBURTON.

I really believe that our poet was not at all acquainted with the devotion that the Ægyptians paid to this planet under the name of Isis ; but that Cleopatra having said, *I have nothing of woman in me*, added, by way of amplification, that she had not *even the changes of disposition peculiar to the sex, and which sometimes happen as frequently as those of the moon* ; or that she was not, like the sea, governed by the moon. So, in *Richard III* :—" I being govern'd by the watry moon, &c." Why should she say on this occasion that she no longer made use of the forms of worship peculiar to her country ?

Fleeting is inconstant. So in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616 : " If thou bee'st daunted on thy marriage day, thou wilt be *fleeting* hereafter." Again, in Green's *Metamorphosis*, 1617 :—" to shew the world she was not *fleeting*." STEEVENS.

⁷ —the pretty worm of Nilus—] *Worm* is the Teutonick word for *serpent* ; we have the *blind-worm* and *slow-worm* still in our language, and the Norwegians call an enormous monster, seen sometimes in the northern ocean, the *sea-worm*. JOHNSON.

That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those, that do die of it, do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lye; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she dy'd of the biting of it, what pain she felt,—Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm: ^s 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.

So, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633:

“ Those coals the Roman Portia did devour,
“ Are not burnt out, nor have th' Ægyptian worms
“ Yet lost their stings.”

Again, in the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631:

“ — I'll watch for fear
Of venomous worms.” STEEVENS.

In the Northern counties, the word *worm* is still given to the serpent species in general. I have seen a Northumberland ballad, entituled, *The laidly Worm of Spindleston Heughs*, i. e. The loathsome or foul serpent of Spindleston Craggs; certain rocks so called, near Bamburg Castle.

Shakespeare uses *worm* again in the same sense. See the Second part of *King Henry VI*.

“ The mortal *worm* might make the sleep eternal.

PERCY.

Again, in the old version of the *New Testament*, Acts xxviii.
“ Now when the barbarians sawe the *worme* hang on his hand, &c.”

TOLLET.

^s 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 contrary way, and all and half change places. WARBURTON.

Probably Shakespeare designed that confusion which the critick would disentangle. STEEVENS.

Cleo. Farewel.

Cloven. You must think this, look you, that the worm ⁹ will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewel.

Cloven. 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.

Cloven. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Cloven. You must not think I am so simple, but I know, the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil drefs her not. But, truly, these fame 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; farewel.

Cloven. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy o' the worm.

[*Exit.*

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have Immortal longings in me: Now no more The juice of Ægypt's grape shall moist this lip:— Yare, yare ¹, good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear

An-

⁹ *will do his kind.*] The serpent will act according to his nature. JOHNSON.

So in Heywood's *If you know not Me you know Nobody*, 1633:

“ Good girls, they do their kind.”

Again, in the ancient black letter romance of *Syr Tryamour*, no date:

“ He dyd full gentlylly his kinde.”

STEEVENS.

¹ *Yare, yare,*—] i. e. make haste, be nimble, be ready. Many instances of the use of the word have been already given. So in the old bl. romance of *Syr Eglamour of Artoys*:

“ Ryght soone he made him yare.”

Antony call ; I see him rouse himself
 To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock
 The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
 To excuse their after wrath : Husband, I come :
 Now to that name my courage prove my title !
 I am fire, and air ; my other elements
 I give to baser life.—So,—have you done ?
 Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
 Farewel, kind Charmian ;—Iras, long farewell.

[*applying the asp.*

Have I the aspick in my lips ? Dost fall² ? [To Iras.
 If thou and nature can so gently part,
 The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
 Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still ?
 If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
 It is not worth leave-taking. [Iras dies.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain ; that I
 may say,

The gods themselves do weep !

Cleo. This proves me base :

If she first meet the curled Antony,
 He'll make demand of her ; and spend that kifs,
 Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal
 wretch,
 With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate

[To the asp.

Of life at once untie : poor venomous fool,
 Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak !

Again,

“ To hym she went full yare,

“ Syr, she sayde, how do you fare ?”

Again,

“ They busked and made them yare.” STEEVENS.

² — *Dost fall?*] Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp
 to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, or I know not
 why she should fall so soon. STEEVENS.

³ *He'll make demand of her.*] He will enquire of her concerning
 me, and kifs her for giving him intelligence. JOHNSON.

That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, as
Unpolicy'd⁴!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep⁵?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—

⁶ O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—

[Applying another asp to her arm.]

What should I stay—

[Dies.]

⁴ ————^{as}
Unpolicy'd!]

i. e. an asp without more policy than to leave the means of death within my reach, and thereby deprive his triumph of its noblest decoration. STEEVENS.

⁵ [That sucks the nurse asleep?] Before the publication of this piece, *The Tragedy of Cleopatra*, by Daniel, 1599, had made its appearance; but Dryden is more indebted to it than Shakespeare. Daniel has the following lines:

“ Better than death death's office thou dischargest,
“ That with one gentle touch can free our breath;
“ And in a pleasing sleep our soul enlargest,
“ Making ourselves not privy to our death.—
“ Therefore come thou, of wonders wonder chief,
“ That open canst with such an easy key
“ The door of life; come gentle, cunning thief,
“ That from ourselves so steal'st ourselves away.”

Dryden says on the same occasion:

“ —Welcome thou kind deceiver!
“ Thou best of thieves; who with an easy key
“ Dost open life, and, unperceiv'd by us,
“ Even steal us from ourselves: Discharging so
“ Death's dreadful office better than himself,
“ Touching our limbs so gently into slumber,
“ That death stands by, deceiv'd by his own image,
“ And thinks himself but sleep.” STEEVENS.

⁶ O Antony! nay, I will take thee too.] As there has been hitherto no break in this verse, nor any marginal direction, *thee* necessarily must seem to refer to Antony. But Cleopatra is here designed to apply one aspick to her arm, as she had before clapp'd one to her breast. And the last speech of Dolabella in the play is a confirmation of this.

The like is on her arm.

THEOBALD.

Char. In this wild world ⁷?—So, fare thee well.
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A las unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! ⁸ Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 Guard. Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.—

[Charmian applies the asp.]

O, come; apace, dispatch:—I partly feel thee.

1 Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's
beguil'd.

2 Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—call
him.

1 Guard. What work is here?—Charmian, is this
well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings ⁹.

Ah, soldier!

*[Charmian dies.
Enter*

⁷ *In this wild world?*] Thus the old copy. I suppose she means by this *wild* world, this world which by the death of Antony is become a *desert* to her. A *wild* is a desert. Our author, however, might have written *wild* (i. e. *wile* according to ancient spelling) for worthless. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *Your crown's awry;*] This is well amended by the editors. The old editions had,

———— *Your crown's away.* JOHNSON.

So, in Daniel's *Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1599:

“ And senseless, in her sinking down, she *wryes*

“ The diadem which on her head she wore;

“ Which Charmian (poor weak feeble maid) espies,

“ And hastes to right it as it was before;

“ For Eras now was dead.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *Descended of so many royal kings.*] Almost these very words are found in sir T. North's translation of Plutarch; and in Daniel's
play

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here ?

2 Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this : Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So fought'st to hinder.

Enter Cæsar, and Attendants.

Within. A way there, a way for Cæsar !

Dol. O, fir, you are too sure an augurer ;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last :

She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths :—
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them ?

1 Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her
figs ;

This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1 Guard. O Cæsar,

This Charmian liv'd but now ; she stood, and spake :
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress ; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden drop'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness !—

If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling : but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

play on the same subject. The former book is not uncommon, and therefore it would be impertinent to crowd the page with every circumstance which Shakespeare has borrowed from the same original. STEEVENS.

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 the aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she dy'd ; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions 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.*]

* —something blown ;] The flesh is somewhat *puffed* or *swollen*.
JOHNSON.

So, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Beuys* of Hampton,
bl. 1. no date :

“ That with venim upon him throwen,
“ The knight lay then to-blowen.”

Again, in the romance of *Syr Isenbras*, bl. 1. no date :

“ With adders all your bestes ben flaine,
“ With venyme are they blowe.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady* :

“ —What is *blown*, pufst ? speak English.—
“ Tainted an' please you, some do call it.
“ She *swells* and so *swells*, &c.” STEEVENS.

THIS play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last.

last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superbi, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others: the most tumid speech in the play is that which Cæsar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connexion or care of disposition. JOHNSON.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

NEWTON AND BERNOULLI 219

The first part of the paper is devoted to the derivation of the law of the inverse square of the distance from the law of the universal gravitation. This is done by considering the motion of a body in a circular orbit and showing that the centripetal force is proportional to the square of the velocity divided by the radius of the orbit. This force is then equated to the gravitational force, and the law of the inverse square is derived.

In the second part of the paper, Newton shows that the law of the inverse square is consistent with the law of the universal gravitation. This is done by considering the motion of a body in a parabolic orbit and showing that the force is proportional to the square of the distance from the focus of the orbit.

The third part of the paper is devoted to the derivation of the law of the conservation of momentum. This is done by considering the collision of two bodies and showing that the total momentum is conserved.

In the fourth part of the paper, Newton shows that the law of the conservation of momentum is consistent with the law of the universal gravitation. This is done by considering the motion of a body in a parabolic orbit and showing that the total momentum is conserved.

The fifth part of the paper is devoted to the derivation of the law of the conservation of energy. This is done by considering the motion of a body in a parabolic orbit and showing that the total energy is conserved.

In the sixth part of the paper, Newton shows that the law of the conservation of energy is consistent with the law of the universal gravitation. This is done by considering the motion of a body in a parabolic orbit and showing that the total energy is conserved.

The seventh part of the paper is devoted to the derivation of the law of the conservation of angular momentum. This is done by considering the motion of a body in a parabolic orbit and showing that the total angular momentum is conserved.

In the eighth part of the paper, Newton shows that the law of the conservation of angular momentum is consistent with the law of the universal gravitation. This is done by considering the motion of a body in a parabolic orbit and showing that the total angular momentum is conserved.

The ninth part of the paper is devoted to the derivation of the law of the conservation of the Laplace-Runge-Lenz vector. This is done by considering the motion of a body in a parabolic orbit and showing that the total Laplace-Runge-Lenz vector is conserved.

In the tenth part of the paper, Newton shows that the law of the conservation of the Laplace-Runge-Lenz vector is consistent with the law of the universal gravitation. This is done by considering the motion of a body in a parabolic orbit and showing that the total Laplace-Runge-Lenz vector is conserved.

The eleventh part of the paper is devoted to the derivation of the law of the conservation of the Runge-Lenz vector. This is done by considering the motion of a body in a parabolic orbit and showing that the total Runge-Lenz vector is conserved.

In the twelfth part of the paper, Newton shows that the law of the conservation of the Runge-Lenz vector is consistent with the law of the universal gravitation. This is done by considering the motion of a body in a parabolic orbit and showing that the total Runge-Lenz vector is conserved.

The thirteenth part of the paper is devoted to the derivation of the law of the conservation of the Laplace-Runge-Lenz vector. This is done by considering the motion of a body in a parabolic orbit and showing that the total Laplace-Runge-Lenz vector is conserved.

In the fourteenth part of the paper, Newton shows that the law of the conservation of the Laplace-Runge-Lenz vector is consistent with the law of the universal gravitation. This is done by considering the motion of a body in a parabolic orbit and showing that the total Laplace-Runge-Lenz vector is conserved.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Persons Represented.

Timon, *A noble Athenian.*

Lucius,
Lucullus, } *Lords.*
Sempronius, }

Apemantus, *a Philosopher.*

Alcibiades.

Flavius, *Steward to Timon.*

Flaminius,
Lucilius, } *Timon's Servants.*
Servilius, }

Caphis,
Varro, } *Servants.*
Philo,
Titus, }

Lucius,
Hortensius, }

Ventidius, *one of Timon's Friends.*

Cupid *and Maskers.*

Strangers.

Phrynia, } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*
Timandra, }

Thievès, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant; with Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens; *and the Woods not far from it.*

TIMON OF ATHENS¹.

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

Athens.

A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant, ² at several doors.

Poet. Good day, fir³.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet.

¹ *Timon of Athens.*] The story of the Misanthrope is told in almost every collection of the time, and particularly in two books, with which Shakespeare was intimately acquainted; the *Palace of Pleasure*, and the *English Plutarch*. Indeed from a passage in an old play, called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, I conjecture that he had before made his appearance on the stage. FARMER.

The passage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment* or *Pasquil and Katherine*, 1601, is this:

“Come, I'll be as sociable as *Timon of Athens*.”

But the allusion is so slight, that it might as well have been borrowed from Plutarch or the Novel.

Mr. Strutt the engraver, to whom our antiquaries are under no inconsiderable obligations, has in his possession a MS. play on this subject.

² In the old copy: *Enter, &c. Merchant and Mercer, &c.*

STEEVENS.

³ *Poet. Good day, fir.*] It would be less abrupt, to begin the play thus:

Poet. Good day.

Pain. Good day, fir: I am glad you're well. FARMER.

Poet. I have not seen you long; How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, fir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known:

⁴ But what particular rarity? what strange,

Which

subject. It appears to have been written, or transcribed, about the year 1600. There is a scene in it resembling Shakespeare's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead of *warm water* he sets before them *stones painted like artichokes*, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods attended by his faithful steward, who (like Kent in *K. Lear*) has disguised himself to continue his services to his master. Timon, in the last act is followed by his fickle mistress, &c. after he was reported to have discovered a hidden treasure by digging. The piece itself (though it appears to be the work of an academick) is a wretched one. The personæ dramatis are as follows.

The actors names.

Timon.

Laches, his faithful servant.

Eutrapelus, a dissolute young man.

Gelasimus, a citty heyre.

Pseudocheus, a lying traveller.

Demeas, an orator.

Philargurus, a covetous churlish ould man.

Hermogenes, a fidler.

Abyssus, a usurer.

Lollo, a cuntrey clowne, Philargurus sonne.

Stilpo, } Two lying philosophers.

Speusippus, }

Grunnio, a lean servant of Philargurus.

Obba, Tymon's butler.

Pædio, Gelasimus page.

Two serjeants.

A sailor.

Callimela, Philargurus daughter.

Blatte, her prattling nurse.

SCENE, Athens.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *But what particular rarity, &c.]* Our author, it is observable, has made his poet in this play a knave. But that it might not reflect upon the *profession* he has made him only a pretender to it, as appears from his having drawn him, all the way, with a false taste and judgment. One infallible mark of which is, a fondness for every thing strange, surprizing, and portentous; and, a disregard for

Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magick of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; the other's a jeweller;

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; ' breath'd; as it
were

To an untirable and continue goodnes:
He pass⁶.

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't: For the lord Timon,
sir?

for whatever is common, or in nature. Shakespear therefore has
with great delicacy of judgment put his poetaster upon this inquiry.

WARBURTON.

The learned commentator's note must shift for itself. I cannot
but think that this passage is at present in confusion. The poet
asks a question, and stays not for an answer, nor has his question
any apparent drift or consequence. I would range the passage
thus:

Poet. Ay, that's well known.

*But what particular rarity? what so strange,
That manifold record not matches?*

Pain. See!

Poet. Magick of bounty, &c.

It may not be improperly observed here, that as there is only
one copy of this play, no help can be had from collation, and more
liberty must be allowed to conjecture. JOHNSON.

⁵ — breath'd as it were

To an untirable and continue goodnes.]

Breathed is inured by constant practice; so trained as not to be wea-
ried. To breathe a horse, is to exercise him for the course.

JOHNSON.

— continue —] This word is used by many ancient En-
glish writers. Thus, by Chapman in his version of the 4th book
of the *Odysey*:

“ Her handmaids join'd in a continue yell.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *He pass⁶.*] i. e. he exceeds, goes beyond common bounds.
So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“ Why this pass⁶, master Ford.” STEEVENS.

Jew.

Jew. If he will ⁷ touch the estimate : But, for that—

Poet. ⁸ *When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.*

Mer. 'Tis a good form. [Looking on the jewel.

Jew. And rich : here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, fir, in some work, some de-
dication

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipt idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, ⁹ which oozes

From whence 'tis nourished : The fire i' the flint

Shews not, 'till it be struck ; our gentle flame

Provokes itself, ¹ and, like the current, flies

Each

⁷ — touch the estimate :—] Come up to the price.

JOHNSON.

⁸ *When we for recompence &c.*] We must here suppose the poet busy in reading his own work ; and that these three lines are the introduction of the poem addressed to Timon, which he afterwards gives the painter an account of. WARBURTON.

⁹ — which oozes] The folio copy reads,—which uses. The modern editors have given it,—which issues. JOHNSON.

The only ancient copy reads : *Our poesie is as a gowne which uses.* STEEVENS.

¹ — and, like the current flies

Each bound it chafes. ———]

Thus the folio reads, and rightly. In later editions—*chafes.*

WARBURTON.

This speech of the poet is very obscure. He seems to boast the copiousness and facility of his vein, by declaring that verses drop from a poet as gums from odoriferous trees, and that his flame kindles itself without the violence necessary to elicit sparkles from the flint. What follows next? that it, *like a current, flies each bound it chafes.* This may mean, that it expands itself notwithstanding all obstructions : but the images in the comparison are so ill-sorted, and the effect so obscurely expressed, that I cannot but think something omitted that connected the last sentence with the former. It is well known that the players often shorten speeches to quicken the representation : and it may be suspected, that they some-

Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, fir. When comes your book forth?

Poet. ² Upon the heels of my presentment³, fir. Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis : ⁴ this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable : ⁵ How this grace

Speaks

sometimes performed their amputations with more haste than judgment. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the sense is, that having *touch'd on one subject, it flies off in quest of another.* The old copy seems to read :

Each bound it chafes. —

The letters *f* and *s* are not always to be distinguished from each other, especially when the types have been much worn, as in the first folio. If *chafes* be the true reading, it is best explained by the “*—se sequiturque fugitque—*” of the Roman poet.

STEEVENS.

² *Upon the heels &c.*] As soon as my book has been presented to lord Timon. JOHNSON.

³ *—presentment, —*] The patrons of Shakespeare's age do not appear to have been all *Timons*.

“ I did determine not to have dedicated my play to any body, because *forty shillings* I care not for, and above, few or none will bestow on these matters.” Preface to a *Woman is a Weathercock*, by N. Field, 1612. STEEVENS.

⁴ *—this comes off well and excellent.*] By this we are to understand what the painters call the *goings off* of a picture, which requires the nicest execution. WARBURTON.

The note I understand less than the text. The meaning is : The figure rises well from the canvas. *C'est bien relevé.*

JOHNSON.

What is meant by this term of applause I do not exactly know. It occurs again in the *Widow*, by B. Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton :

“ It comes off very fair yet.”

Again, in *A Trick to catch the old One*, 1616 : “ Put a good tale in his ear, so that it comes off cleanly, and there's a horse and man for us, I warrant thee.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *—how this grace*

Speaks its own standing? —]

This relates to the attitude of the figure ; and means that it stands

Speaks his own standing? what a mental power
This eye shoots forth? how big imagination
Moves in this lip? to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; Is't good?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature: ° artificial strife

Lives

judiciously on its own centre. And not only so, but that it has a graceful standing likewise. Of which the poet in *Hamlet*, speaking of another picture, says:

“ A *Station* like the Herald, Mercury,
“ New-lighted on a heav'n-kissing hill.”

which lines Milton seems to have had in view, where he says of Raphael:

“ At once on th' eastern *cliff of Paradise*
“ He *lights*, and to his proper shape returns.
“ — Like *Maia's son* he stood.” WARBURTON.

This sentence seems to me obscure, and, however explained, not very forcible. *This grace speaks his own standing*, is only, *The gracefulness of this figure shews how it stands*. I am inclined to think something corrupted. It would be more natural and clear thus:

————— *how this standing*
Speaks his own graces? —————

How this posture displays its own gracefulness. But I will indulge conjecture further, and propose to read:

————— *how this grace*
Speaks understanding? what a mental power
This eye shoots forth? ————— JOHNSON.

The passage, to my apprehension at least, *speaks its own meaning*, which is, how the graceful attitude of this figure proclaims that it stands firm on its centre, or gives evidence in favour of its own fixure. *Grace* is introduced as bearing witness to *propriety*. A similar expression occurs in *Cymbeline*, act II. sc. iv:

“ ——— never saw I figures
“ So likely to *report themselves*.” STEEVENS.

° ——— *artificial strife*] *Strife* for action or motion.

WARBURTON.

Strife is either the contest or act with nature.

“ *Hic ille est Raphael, timuit, quo sospite vinci*
“ *Rerum magna parens, & moriente mori.*”

Or it is the contrast of forms or opposition of colours. JOHNSON.
So,

Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens;—Happy men?⁷!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see⁸ this confluence, this great flood of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: ² no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

So, in some lines under one of Faithorne's heads:

"Faithorne, with nature at a noble *strife*,

"Hath paid the author a great share of life, &c."

STEEVENS.

⁷ —Happy men!] I think we had better read: —Happy man! It is the happiness of *Timon*, and not of the senators, upon which the Poet means to exclaim. STEEVENS.

⁸ *This confluence, this great flood of visitors.*]

"*Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.*" JOHNSON.

⁹ *Halts not particularly,* —] My design does not stop at any single characters. JOHNSON.

¹ *In a wide sea of wax:—*] Anciently they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron stile. HANMER.

² —no levell'd malice] Why this epithet to malice? which belongs to all actions whatsoever, which have their aim or level. Shakespeare wrote:

—no leven'd malice,

which is not only a proper epithet for the acidity of that passion, but answers well to the next words *infects*, and *leaving no tract behind*, as any thing fermenting or corrosive does. WARBURTON.

To level is to aim, to point the shot at a mark. Shakespeare's meaning is, my poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or levelled at any single person; I fly like an eagle into the general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage. JOHNSON.

Pain. How shall I understand you ?

Poet. ³ I'll unbolt to you.

You see, how all conditions, how all minds,
 (As well of ⁴ glib and slippery creatures, as
 Of grave and austere quality) tender down
 Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune,
 Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
 Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
 All sorts of hearts; yea, from the ⁵ glass-fac'd flatterer
 To Apemantus, that few things loves better
 Than to abhor himself; ⁶ even he drops down
 The knee before him, and returns in peace
 Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
 Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base o' the mount
 Is ⁷ rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
 That labour on the bosom of this sphere
⁸ To propagate their states: amongst them all,
 Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
 One do I personate of Timon's frame,
 Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;

³ *I'll unbolt* —] I'll open, I'll explain. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *glib and slipp'ry creatures,* —] Hanmer, and Warburton after him, read, *natures*. *Slippery* is *smooth*, unresisting.

JOHNSON.

⁵ — *glass-fac'd flat' rer*] That shows in his own look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *even he drops down &c.*] Either Shakespeare meant to put a falshood into the mouth of his poet, or had not yet thoroughly planned the character of Apemantus; for in the ensuing scenes, his behaviour is as cynical to Timon as to his followers.

STEEVENS.

⁷ — *rank'd with all deserts,* —] *Cover'd with ranks* of all kinds of men. JOHNSON.

⁸ *To propagate their states:* —] *To propagate*, for to make.

WARBURTON.

To advance or improve their various conditions of life.

JOHNSON.

Whose

Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis⁹ conceiv'd to scope.

This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
' In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on :

All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
² Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrop, and ³ through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these ?

Poet When Fortune, in her shift and change of
mood,

Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down⁴,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

⁹ ——— *conceiv'd to scope.*] Properly imagined, appositely, to the purpose. JOHNSON.

¹ *In our condition.*] *Condition*, for art. WARBURTON.

² *Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear.*] The sense is obvious, and means, in general, *flattering him*. The particular kind of flattery may be collected from the circumstance of its being offered up in *whispers*: which shews it was the calumniating those whom Timon hated or envied, or whose vices were opposite to his own. This offering up, to the person flattered, the murdered reputation of others, Shakespeare, with the utmost beauty of thought and expression, calls *sacrificial whisperings*, alluding to the victims offered up to idols. WARBURTON.

³ ——— *through him*

Drink the free air.]

That is, catch his breath in affected fondness. JOHNSON.

⁴ ——— *let him slip down.*] The old copy reads:

——— *let him sit down:*

The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS,

Pain. 'Tis common :
 A thousand moral paintings I can shew⁵,
 That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
 More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
 To shew lord Timon, that mean eyes⁶ have seen
 The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter Timon, addressing himself courteously to every suitor.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you? [*To a messenger.*]

Mes. Ay, my good lord : five talents is his debt ;
 His means most short, his creditors most strait :
 Your honourable letter he desires
 To those have shut him up ; which failing him,
 7 Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius ! Well ;
 I am not of that feather, to shake off
 My friend when he must need me. I do know him
 A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
 Which he shall have : I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Mes. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him : I will send his ransom ;

⁵ *A thousand moral paintings I can shew,*] Shakespeare seems to intend in this dialogue to express some competition between the two great arts of imitation. Whatever the poet declares himself to have shewn, the painter thinks he could have shewn better.

JOHNSON.

⁶ — *mean eyes* —] i. e. inferior spectators. So, in *Wotton's Letter to Bacon*, dated March the last, 1613 : " Before their majesties, and almost as many other meaner eyes, &c." TOLLET.

⁷ *Periods his comfort.*] *To period* is, perhaps, a verb of Shakespeare's introduction into the English language. I find it however used by Heywood, after him, in *A Maidenhead well Lost*, 1634 :

" How easy could I *period* all my care."

Again, in the *Country Girl*, by T. B. 1647 :

" To *period* our vain grievings."

Again, in *The Acknowledgement*, a poem by Barton Holyday :

" 'Tis some poor comfort that this mortal scope

" Will *period*." — STEEVENS.

And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—

⁸'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Mef. All happiness to your honour⁹! [Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father,

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: What of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before
thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy
creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
'The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,

⁸ 'Tis not enough &c.] This thought is better expressed by Dr. Madden in his Elegy on archbishop Boulter:

“ — He thought it mean

“ Only to help the poor to beg again.” JOHNSON.

⁹ — your honour!] The common address to a lord in our author's time, was *your honour*, which was indifferently used with your lordship. See any old letter, or dedication of that age.

STEEVENS.

Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. ¹ Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity is in youth.

Tim. [To *Lucil.*] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in future,
all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:

¹ *Therefore he will be, Timon:—*] The thought is closely expressed, and obscure: but this seems the meaning: *If the man be honest, my lord, for that reason he will be so in this; and not endeavour at the injustice of gaining my daughter without my consent.*

WARBURTON.

I rather think an emendation necessary, and read:

Therefore well be him, Timon:

His honesty rewards him in itself.

That is, *If he is honest, bene sit illi, I wish him the proper happiness of an honest man, but his honesty gives him no claim to my daughter.* The first transcriber probably wrote *will be him*, which the next, not understanding, changed to, *he will be.* JOHNSON.

I think Dr. Warburton's explanation is best, because it exacts no change. So, in *K. Hen. VIII*:

“——— May he continue

“ Long in his highness' favour; and do justice

“ For truth's sake and his conscience.” STEEVENS.

What

What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: ² Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you! [*Exit. Lucil. and old Ath.*]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting; which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outside; These ³ pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
² Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: Give me your hand;

² ——— never may

*That state, or fortune, fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!*]

i. e. may I never have any accession of fortune which you are not the author of. An odd strain of complaisance. We should read:

Which is not own'd to you.

i. e. which I will not acknowledge you laid the foundation of in this generous act. **WARBURTON.**

The meaning is, let me never henceforth consider any thing that I possess, but as *owed* or *due* to you; held for your service, and at your disposal; **JOHNSON.**

³ ——— pencil'd figures are

Even such as they give out.——]

Pictures have no hypocrisy; they are what they profess to be.

JOHNSON.

We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?

Tim. A meer satiety of commendations.

If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would ⁴ unclaw me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated

As those, which sell, would give: But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,

⁵ Are prized by their masters: believe it, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common
tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

⁶ Enter Apemantus.

Jew. We will bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

⁷ *Tim.* Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. 'Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow;
When

⁴ —unclaw me quite.] To unclaw, is to *unwind* a ball of thread.
To unclaw a man, is to draw out the whole mass of his fortunes.

JOHNSON.

⁵ Are prized by their masters:—] Are rated according to the
esteem in which their possessor is held. JOHNSON.

⁶ Enter Apemantus.] See this character of a cynic finely drawn
by Lucian, in his *Auction of the Philosophers*; and how well Shake-
speare has copied it. WARBURTON.

⁷ *Tim.* Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. 'Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest, —]

The first line of Apemantus's answer is to the purpose; the se-
cond absurd and nonsensical; which proceeds from the loss of a
speech dropt from between them, that should be thus restored:

Tim.

When thou art Timon's dog, * and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Poet. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; What's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus;

Apem. 'Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow.

[*Poet.* When will that be?]

Apem. When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

WARBURTON.

I think my punctuation may clear the passage without any greater effort. JOHNSON.

* *When thou art Timon's dog, —*] When thou hast gotten a better character, and instead of being Timon, as thou art, shalt be changed to Timon's dog, and become more worthy of kindness and salutation. JOHNSON.

When thou art Timon's dog, —] This is spoken *δεικτικῶς*, as Mr. Upton says somewhere:—striking his hand on his breast.

“Wot you who named me first the kinge's dogge?” says Aristippus in *Damon and Pythias*. FARMER.

Tim.

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing⁹, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flatter'd, is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

⁹ *Not so well as plain-dealing,*—] Alluding to the proverb: "Plain dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die beggars."

Apem. ' That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—
Art thou not a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Mes. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship¹.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.
You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence,
'Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,
Shew me this piece.—I am joyful of your fights.—

¹ *That I had no angry wit, to be a lord.—*] This reading is absurd, and unintelligible. But, as I have restored the text, *that I had so hungry a wit, to be a lord*, it is satirical enough of conscience, viz. I would hate myself, for having no more wit than to covet so insignificant a title. In the same sense, Shakespeare uses *lean-witted* in his *Richard II.*

“ And thou a lunatick, *lean-witted*, fool.”

WARBURTON.

The meaning may be, I should hate myself for *patiently enduring to be a lord*. This is ill enough expressed. Perhaps some happy change may set it right. I have tried, and can do nothing, yet I cannot heartily concur with Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

If I hazard one conjecture, it is with the smallest degree of confidence. By an *angry wit* Apemantus may mean *the poet*, who has been provoking him. The sense will then be this: *I should hate myself, because I could prevail on no captious wit (like him) to take the title in my stead.* The *Revisal* reads:

That I had so wrong'd my wit to be a lord. STEEVENS.

² *All of companionship.*] This expression does not mean barely that they all belong to one company, but that *they are all such as Alcibiades honours with his acquaintance, and sets on a level with himself.* STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Alcibiades, with the rest.

Most welcome, fir!

Apem. So, so; there!—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet
knaves,

And all this courtesy! ' The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alc. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, fir:

' Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but Apemantus.*]

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 *Lord.* That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omit'st it.

2 *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast?

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat
fools.

3 ——— *The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.]*

Man is exhausted and degenerated; his *strain* or lineage is worn
down into monkey. JOHNSON.

4 *Ere we depart, —] Who depart?* Though Alcibiades was
to leave Timon, Timon was not to depart. Common sense favours
my emendation. THEOBALD.

Theobald proposes *do part*. Common sense may favour it, but
an acquaintance with the language of Shakespeare would not have
been quite so propitious to his emendation. *Depart* and *part* have
the same meaning.

“Hath willingly *departed* with a part.” *K. John*.

i. e. Hath willingly *parted* with a part of the thing in question.
Again, *Spenser*:

“And to *depart* them, if that so he may.” STEEVENS.

2 *Lord.*

2 *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 *Lord.* Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.

1 *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,

And taste lord Timon's bounty? he out-goes
The very heart of kindness.

2 *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed^s, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding

⁶ All use of quittance.

1 *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2 *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*]

^s —no meed,—] *Meed*, which in general signifies reward or recompence, in this place seems to mean *desert*. So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

“And yet thy body *meeds* a better grave.”

i. e. deserves. Again, in a comedy called *Look about you*, 1600:

“Thou shalt be rich in honour, full of speed;

“Thou shalt win foes by fear, and friends by *meed*.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ *All use of quittance,*] i. e. All the customary returns made in discharge of obligations. WARBURTON.

S C E N E II.

Another apartment in Timon's house.

Hautboys playing loud musick. A great banquet serv'd in ; and then enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, and other Athenian Senators, with Ventidius. Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods to remember
My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich :
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius : you mistake my love ;
I gave it freely ever ; and there's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives :
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them ; Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven.

*7 If our betters play at that game, we must not dare,
To imitate them ; Faults that are rich are fair.]*

These two lines are absurdly given to Timon. They should be read thus :

Tim. *If our betters play at that game, we must not.*

Apem. *Dare to imitate them. Faults that are rich are fair.*

This is said satirically and in character. It was a sober reflection in Timon ; who by *our betters* meant the gods, which require to be repaid for benefits received ; but it would be impiety in men to expect the same observance for the trifling good they do. Apemantus, agreeably to his character, perverts this sentiment ; as if Timon had spoke of earthly grandeur and potentates, who expect largest returns for their favours ; and therefore, ironically replies as above. WARBURTON.

I can-

Ven. A noble spirit.

[They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.]

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony

Was but devis'd at first

To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,

Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;

But where there is true friendship, there needs none.

Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,

Than they to me.

[They sit.]

1 Lord. My lord, we always have confest it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confest it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

Apem. No; you shall not make me welcome:

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fye, thou art a churl; you have got a humour there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:—

They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est*,

But yonder man is ever angry.—

Go, let him have a table by himself;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril, Timon;

I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian,

Therefore welcome: * I myself would have no power:

I pr'y-

I cannot see that these lines are more proper in any other mouth than Timon's, to whose character of generosity and condescension they are very suitable. To suppose that by *our betters* are meant the gods, is very harsh, because to imitate the gods has been hitherto reckoned the highest pitch of human virtue. The whole is a trite and obvious thought, uttered by Timon with a kind of affected modesty. If I would make any alteration, it should be only to reform the numbers thus:

Our betters play that game; we must not dare

To imitate them: faults that are rich are fair.

JOHNSON.

* —[*I myself would have no power.*] If this be the true reading, the sense is, *all Athenians are welcome to share my fortune; I would*

I pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. ' I scorn thy meat; 'twould choak me, for
I should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!
It grieves me, to see ' so many dip their meat
In one man's blood; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks, they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that

myself have no *exclusive right or power in this house*. Perhaps we might read, *I myself would have no poor*. I would have every Athenian consider himself as joint possessor of my fortune.

JOHNSON.

I should think, *I myself would have no power*, referred to the subsequent rather than to the preceding words—*I claim no extraordinary power in right of my being master of the house: I wish not by my commands to impose silence on any one: but though I myself do not enjoin you to silence, let my meat stop your mouth.* MALONE.

I understand Timon's meaning to be: *I myself would have no power to make thee silent, but I wish thou would'st let my meat make thee silent*. Timon, like a polite landlord, disclaims all power over the meanest or most troublesome of his guests. TYRWHITT.

' *I scorn thy meat; 'twould choak me, for I should
Ne'er flatter thee*——]

A very pretty reason why his meat would choak him, *because* he should never flatter him. We should read and point this nonsense thus:

*I scorn thy meat; 'twould choak me 'fore
I should e'er flatter thee.*

i. e. before I should ever flatter thee. WARBURTON.

Of this emendation there is little need. The meaning is, I could not swallow thy meat, for I could not pay for it with flattery; and what was given me with an ill will would stick in my throat. JOHNSON.

² —— *so many dip their meat
In one man's blood; ——*]

The allusion is to a pack of hounds trained to pursuit by being gratified with the blood of an animal which they kill, and the wonder is that the animal on which they are feeding *cheers them* to the chase. JOHNSON.

Sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him : it has been prov'd.
If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at
meals ;

Lest they should spy my ² wind-pipe's dangerous notes :
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. ³ My lord, in heart ; and let the health go
round.

² *Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way !

A brave fellow !—he keeps his tides well. Timon,
Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.
Here's that, which is too weak to be a finner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire :
This, and my food, are equals ; there's no odds.
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

² ——— *wind-pipe's dangerous notes :*] The notes of the wind-pipe
seem to be only the indications which shew where the wind-pipe is.

JOHNSON.

Shakespeare is very fond of making use of musical terms, when
he is speaking of the human body, and *wind-pipe*, and *notes* favour
strongly of a quibble. STEEVENS.

³ *My lord, in heart ;*] That is, *my lord's health with sincerity.*
An emendation has been proposed thus :

My love in heart ; ———

but it is not necessary. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Queen of Corinth*, by B. and Fletcher :

“ I will be never more *in heart* to you.”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

——— “ By heart, and *in heart*, boy.”

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* p. I. act IV. sc. i :

“ ——— *in heart* desiring still

“ You may behold, &c.”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act V. sc. ii :

“ ——— Dost thou not wish *in heart*,

“ The chain were longer, and the letter short ?”

STEEVENS.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE:

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
 I pray for no man but myself:
 Grant I may never prove so fond,
 To trust man on his oath, or bond;
 Or a harlot, for her weeping;
 Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;
 Or a keeper with my freedom;
 Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
 Amen. So fall to't:
 Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[Eats and drinks.

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves ⁴ for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: ⁵ How had you been my friends else?
 why

⁴ for ever perfect] That is, arrived at the perfection of happiness. JOHNSON.

⁵ How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands,] The Oxford editor alters *charitable* title to *char.*

why have you that charitable title from thousands, ⁶ did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your behalf; and thus far ⁷ I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and ⁸ would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often

character and title. He did not know that *charitable* signifies, dear, endearing; nor consequently understood what Milton meant by,

“ Relations dear, and all the *charities*

“ Of father, son, and brother——”

Alms, in English, are called *charities*, and from thence we may collect that our ancestors knew well in what the virtue of almsgiving consisted; not in the *act*, but the *disposition*.

WARBURTON.

⁶—*did not you chiefly belong to my heart?*] I think it should be inverted thus: *did I not chiefly belong to your hearts.* Lucius wishes that Timon would give him and the rest an opportunity of *expressing some part of their zeals.* Timon answers that, *doubtless the gods have provided that I should have help from you; how else are you my friends? why are you stiled my friends, if—what? if I do not love you.* Such is the present reading; but the consequence is not very clear: the proper close must be, *if you do not love me,* and to this my alteration restores it. But, perhaps, the old reading may stand. JOHNSON.

Why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart?] I believe Shakespeare wrote, “ Why have you not that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart?” i. e. *Why do not thousands more give you that charitable title of friends, if it were not that my heart hath a peculiar and principal claim to your friendship?* REVISAL.

Why have you, &c.] The meaning is probably this. Why are you distinguished from thousands by that title of endearment, was there not a particular connection and intercourse of tenderness between you and me. JOHNSON.

⁷ *I confirm you.*] I fix your characters firmly in my own mind. JOHNSON.

⁸—*they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and——*] This passage I have restored from the old copy. STEEVENS.

wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits : and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends ? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes ! ⁹ O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born ! ¹ Mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks : to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st ² to make them drink, Timon.

² *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, ³ like a babe sprung up.

Apem.

⁹ *O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born !*] For this Hanmer writes, *O joy, e'en made a joy ere't can be born*; and is followed by Dr. Warburton. I am always inclinable to think well of that which is approved by so much learning and sagacity, yet cannot receive this alteration. Tears being the effect both of joy and grief, supplied our author with an opportunity of conceit, which he seldom fails to indulge. Timon, weeping with a kind of tender pleasure, cries out, *O joy, e'en made away, destroyed, turned to tears, before it can be born, before it can be fully possessed.*

JOHNSON.

¹ *Mine eyes, &c.*] In the original edition the words stand thus : *Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks. To forget their faults, I drink to you.* Perhaps the true reading is this, *Mine eyes cannot hold out*; they *swater*. *Methinks, to forget their faults, I will drink to you.* Or it may be explained without any change. *Mine eyes cannot hold out water*, that is, cannot keep water from breaking in upon them. JOHNSON.

² ——— to make them drink, ———] Hanmer reads,
——— to make them drink thee :

and is again followed by Dr. Warburton, I think without sufficient reason. The covert sense of Apemantus is, *what thou lovest, they get.* JOHNSON.

³ ——— like a babe ———] That is a *weeping babe*. JOHNSON.

I question if Shakespeare meant the propriety of allusion to be carried quite so far. To look for *babies* in the eyes of another, is no uncommon expression.

So, in *Love's Mistress*, by Heywood, 1636 :

“ Joy'd in his looks, look'd *babies* in his eyes.”

Again, in *The Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612 :

“ She makes him sing songs to her, looks fortunes in his sils, and *babies* in his eyes.”

Again,

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much.

Sound Tucket.

Tim. What means that trump?—How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom:

The ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;

They

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song the 11th:

“Whist in their chrystal eyes he doth for *Cupid's* look.”

Again, in the *Loyal Subject*, by B. and Fletcher:

“—Can you look *babies*, sifter,

“In the young gallant's eyes?”

STEEVENS.

Does not Lucullus dwell on Timon's metaphor by referring to circumstances preceding the birth, and means joy was conceived in their eyes, and sprung up there, like the motion of a babe in the womb? TOLLET.

³ In former copies:

There *taste, touch*, all *pleas'd from thy table rise*,

They *only now* ————]

The *five senses* are talked of by Cupid, but three of them only are made out; and those only in a very heavy unintelligible manner. It is plain therefore we should read,

Th'ear, *taste, touch*, smell, *pleas'd from thy table rise*,

These *only now*, &c.

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:—

Musick, make their welcome.

[*Exit Cupid.*]

1 *Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Musick. *Re-enter Cupid, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing, and playing.*

3 *Apem.* Heyday! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

4 They dance! 6 they are mad women.

Like

i. e. the five senses, Timon, acknowledge thee their patron; four of them, viz. the *bearing, taste, touch, and smell*, are all feasted at thy board; and these ladies come with me to entertain your *sight* in a masque. Massinger, in his *Duke of Millaine*, copied the passage from Shakespeare; and apparently before it was thus corrupted; where, speaking of a banquet, he says;

————— *All that may be had*

To please the eye, the ear, taste, touch, or smell,

Are carefully provided. —————

WARBURTON.

5 *They dance! They are mad women,*

Like madness, is the glory of this life;

As this pomp shews to a little oil and root.]

This is Apemantus's reflection on the masque of ladies: and for its obscurity, would become any Pagan philosopher. The *first* line is a complete sentence: the *second* is the beginning of a new reflection; and the third, the conclusion of it by a similitude. Hence it appears, that some lines are dropt out and lost from between the second and third verses. I conjecture the sense of the whole might be this, *The glory of human life is like the madness of this mask; it is a false aim at happiness, which is to be obtained only by sobriety and temperance in a private and retired life. But superficial judges will always prefer pomp and glory; because in outward appearance it has so much the advantage: as great as this pompous supper appears to have above my oil and root. This, in my opinion, was the sentiment that connected the second and third lines together: which for the future should be read with asterisks between them.* WARBURTON.

When I read this passage, I was at first of the same opinion with this learned man; but, upon longer consideration, I grew less confident, because I think the present reading susceptible of explanation

Like madness is the glory of this life,
 As this pomp shews to a little oil, and root.
 We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
 And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
 Upon whose age we void it up again,
 With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's
 not

Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
 Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift?
 I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
 Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done;
 Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon;
 and, to shew their loves, each singles out an Amazon,
 and all dance, men with women; a lofty strain or two
 to the hautboys, and cease,*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace,
 fair ladies,
 Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
 Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
 You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre,
 And entertain'd me with^s mine own device;
 I am to thank you for it.

planation, with no more violence to language than is frequently found in our author. *The glory of this life is very near to madness,* as may be made appear from *this pomp*, exhibited in a place where a philosopher is feeding on *oil and roots*. When we see by example how few are the necessaries of life, we learn what madness there is in so much superfluity. JOHNSON.

⁶ *They dance!*—] I believe *They dance* to be a marginal note only; and perhaps we should read,

These are mad women.

TYRWHITT.

⁷ *Of their friends' gift?*] That is, given them by their friends.

JOHNSON.

⁸ ——— *mine own device:*] The mask appears to have been design'd by Timon to surprise his guests. JOHNSON.

1 *Lady.*

1 *Lady*. ³ My lord, you take us even at the best ².

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would
not hold

Taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you.
Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord. [*Exeunt*.

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour; [*Aside*.

Else I should tell him,—Well,—i'faith, I should,

When all's spent, ' he'd be cross'd then, an he could,

'Tis pity, bounty had not ² eyes behind;

³ *My lord*,——] This answer seems rather to belong to one
of the ladies. It was probably only mark'd *L* in the copy.

JOHNSON.

In the old copy this speech is given to the 1 *Lord*. I have ventured to change it to the 1 *Lady*, as the author of the *Revisal*, and Mr. Edwards, as well as Dr. Johnson, concur in the emendation. There may not, however, be sufficient reason for the change; especially if the preceding line, " I am to thank *you* for it," be addressed to the *lords* by whom this masque appears to have been contrived. STEEVENS.

² ——even at the best.] Perhaps we should read,

——ever at the best.

So, act III. sc. vi,

Ever at the best.

TYRWHITT.

Take us even at the best, I believe, means, you have seen the best we can do. They are supposed to be hired dancers, and therefore there is no impropriety in such a confession. STEEVENS.

¹ ——*he'd be cross'd then, if he could*:] The poet does not mean here, that he would be *cross'd* in humour, but that he would have his hand *cross'd* with money, if he could. He is playing on the word, and alluding to our old silver penny, used before K. Edward the first's time, which had a *cross* on the reverse with a crease, that it might be more easily broke into halves and quarters, half-pence and farthings. From this penny, and other pieces, was our common expression derived, *I have not a cross about me*; i. e. not a piece of money. THEOBALD.

² ——*eyes behind*;] To see the miseries that are following her. JOHNSON.

That

That man might ne'er be wretched ³ for his mind.

[Exit, and returns with the casket.]

¹ Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

² Lord. Our horses.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word

To say to you:—Look you, my good lord, I must

Intreat you, honour me so much, as ⁴ to

Advance this jewel; accept, and wear it, kind my lord.

¹ Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate

Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,

Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:

I pr'ythee, let us be provided

To shew them entertainment.

Flav. [Aside.] I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

² Serv. May it please your honour, lord Lucius,

Out of his free love, hath presented to you

Four milk-white horses, trapt in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now? what news?

³ ———for his mind] For nobleness of soul. JOHNSON.

⁴ —————to

Advance this jewel; ———

To prefer it; to raise it to honour by wearing it. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter a third Servant.

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company tomorrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; And let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.—

Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To shew him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good:
His promises fly so beyond his state,

That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word; he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books,
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such that do even enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*]

Tim. You do yourselves much wrong, you hate
too much
Of your own merits:—Here, my lord; a trifle of
our love.

2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will
receive it.

3 *Lord.* O, he is the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

2 *Lord.* O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,
In that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know,
no man
Can justly praise, but what he does affect:

I weigh

I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
 I tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
 So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
 Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
 And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
 Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
 It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
 Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
 Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alc. In defiled land, my lord.

1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound,——

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinite endear'd,——

Tim. All to you³.—Lights! more lights.

1 Lord. The best of happiness,

Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Ti-
 mon!—

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c.]

¹ I tell you true.——] The other modern editions:

I'll tell you.—— JOHNSON.

² ——'tis not enough to give;

Methinks, I could deal kingdoms——]

Thus the passage stood in all editions before Hanmer's, who re-
 stored *my thanks*. JOHNSON.

I have displaced the words inserted by sir T. Hanmer. What
 I have already given, says Timon, is not sufficient on the occa-
 sion: Methinks I could *deal* kingdoms, i. e. I could dispense
 them on every side with an ungrudging distribution, like that with
 which I could deal out cards. STEEVENS:

² I' defiled land,——] This is the old reading, which appa-
 rently depends on a very low quibble. Alcibiades is told, that
his estate lies in a pitch'd field. Now *pitch*, as Falstaff says, *doth*
defile. Alcibiades therefore replies, that his estate lies in *defiled*
land. This, as it happened, was not understood, and all the edi-
 tors published:

I defy land,—— JOHNSON.

³ All to you.——] i. e. all good wishes, or all happiness to you.
 So, *Macbeth*:

“All to all.” STEEVENS.

Apem. What a coil's here!

⁴ Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums!

⁵ I doubt, whether their legs be worth the fums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs!
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.

⁴ Serving of becks, ———] This nonsense should be read:

Serring of becks, ———

from the French *ferrer*, to join close together. A metaphor taken from the billing of pigeons. WARBURTON.

The commentator conceives *beck* to mean the *mouth* or the *beak*, after the French, *bec*, whereas it means a salutation made with the head. So Milton:

“Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles.”

To serve a *beck*, is to offer a salutation. JOHNSON.

To serve a *beck*, means, I believe, to pay a courtly obedience to a *nod*. Thus, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

“And with a low *beck*

“Prevent a sharp check.”

Again, in *The Play of the Four P's*, 1569:

“Then I to every soul again,

“Did give a *beck* them to retain.”

In *Merry Tricks or Ram-alley*, 1611, I find the same word:

“I had my winks, my *becks*, treads on the toe.”

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

“—— wanton looks,

“And privy *becks*, favouring incontinence.”

Again, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

“And he that with a *beck* controuls the heavens.”

It happens then that the word *beck* has no less than four distinct significations. In Drayton's *Polyolbion*, it is enumerated among the appellations of *small streams of Water*. In Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, it has its common meaning—a sign of invitation made by the hand. In *Timon*, it appears to denote a bow, and in Lyly's play, a nod of dignity or command, as well as in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

“Yea Sylla with a *beck* could break thy neck.”

Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568:

“For what, O Lord, is so possible to man's judgment

“Which thou canst not with a *beck* perform incontinent?”

STEEVENS.

See Surrey's Poems, p. 29:

“And with a *becke* full lowe he bowed at her feete.”

TYRWHITT.

⁵ I doubt, whether their legs &c.] He plays upon the word *leg*, as it signifies a limb and a bow or act of obeisance. JOHNSON.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'ries.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not fullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for,
If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left
To rail upon thee; and then thou would'st sin the
faster.

Thou giv'st so long, Timon, ⁶ I fear me, thou
Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:
What need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay,
If you begin to rail once on society,
I am sworn, not to give regard to you.
Farewel; and come with better musick. [Exit.

Apem. So;—
Thou wilt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then, I'll
lock

⁷ Thy heaven from thee. O, that men's ears should
be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [Exit.

⁶ ——— I fear me, thou

Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:]

i. e. be ruined by his securities entered into. But this sense is flat,
and relishes very little of the salt in Apemantus's other reflections.
We should read:

————— *give away thyself in proper shortly.*

i. e. in person; thy proper self. This latter is an expression of
our author's in the *Tempest*:

“ And ev'n with such like valour men hang and drown

“ Their *proper selves*.” WARBURTON

Hanmer reads very plausibly:

————— *thou*

Wilt give away thyself in perpetuum. JOHNSON.

I am satisfied with Dr. Warburton's explanation of the text,
but cannot concur in his emendation. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Thy heaven—]* The pleasure of being flattered. JOHNSON.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A publick place in the city.**Enter a Senator.*

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to
Ifidore;

He owes nine thousand;—besides my former sum;
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.

If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
* Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses: † No porter at his gate;

But

* In old editions:

*Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight**And able horse. ———]*

“ If I want gold (says the senator) let me steal a beggar's dog, and give it Timon, the dog coins me gold. If I would sell my horse, and had a mind to buy *ten* better instead of him; why, I need but give my horse to Timon, to gain this point; and it presently fetches me *an horse*.” But is that gaining the point propos'd? The first folio reads, less corruptly than the modern impressions:

——— And able horses. ———

Which reading, joined to the reasoning of the passage, gave me the hint for this emendation. THEOBALD.

Instead of *ten* horses the old copy reads *twenty*. The passage which Theobald would alter, means only this. *If I give my horse to Timon, it immediately foals, and not only produces more, but able horses.* The same construction occurs in *Much ado about Nothing*: “——— and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too.”

STEEVENS.

† ——— No porter at his gate;

But rather one that smiles, and still invites]

I imagine that a line is lost here, in which the behaviour of a furly porter was described. JOHNSON.

There

But rather one that smiles, and still invites
 All that pass by. It cannot hold; ' no reason
 Can found his state in safety.—Caphis, ho!
 Caphis, I say!

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, sir; What is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord
 Timon;

Importune him for my monies; be not ceas'd¹
 With slight denial; nor then silenc'd², when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap
 Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, firrah,

There is no occasion to suppose the loss of a line. *Sternness* was
 the characteristic of a porter. There appeared at Killingworth
 castle, "a porter, tall of parson, big of lim, and *stearn* of counti-
 nauns." FARMER.

¹ ——— *no reason*

Can found his state in safety. —]

The supposed meaning of this must be, *No reason*, by *sounding*,
 fathoming, or trying, *his state*, can find it *safe*. But as the words
 stand, they imply, that *no reason can safely found his state*. I read
 thus:

———— *no reason*

Can found his state in safety. —

Reason cannot find his fortune to have any *safe* or solid *foundation*.

The types of the first printer of this play were so worn and de-
 faced, that *f* and *s* are not always to be distinguished. JOHNSON.

² ——— *be not ceas'd*] i. e. stopp'd. So, in *Claudius Tiberius*
Nero, 1607:

"Why should Tiberius' liberty be *ceas'd*."

Again, in the *Valiant Welchman*, 1615:

"———— pity thy people's wrongs,

"And *cease* the clamours both of old and young."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, b. v. ch. 28:

"By war the queen that was, did *cease* her husband's tra-
 gic reign."

Again, in Holinshed, p. 643: "The king desiring them to *cease*
 their people." STEEVENS.

³ ——— *nor then silenc'd*, —] The old copy reads—*when*.

STEEVENS.

My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
 Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
 And my reliances on his fracted dates
 Has smit my credit: I love, and honour him;
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger:
 Immediate are my needs; and my relief
 Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull⁴,
⁵ Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, fir.

Sen. I go, fir?—⁶ take the bonds along with you,
 And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, fir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁴ ——— a naked gull,] A gull is a bird as remarkable for the poverty of its feathers, as a phoenix is supposed to be for the richness of its plumage. STEEVENS.

⁵ Which flashes &c.] *Which*, the pronoun relative; relating to *things*; is frequently used, as in this instance; by Shakspeare, instead of *who*, the pronoun relative, applied to *persons*. The use of the former instead of the latter is still preserved in the Lord's prayer. STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— take the bonds along with you;
 And have the dates in. Come.]

Certainly, ever since bonds were given, the date was put in when the bond was entered into: and these bonds Timon had already given, and the time limited for their payment was lapsed. The Senator's charge to his servant must be to the tenour as I have amended the text; Take good notice of the dates, for the better computation of the interest due upon them. THEOBALD.

Theobald's emendation may be supported by the following instance in *Macbeth*:

“Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt.”
 STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

*Timon's hall.**Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.*

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot; Takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue; ⁷ Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be dorie? He will not hear, 'till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunt-
ing.

Enter Caphis, with the servants of Isidore and Varro.

Fye, fye, fye, fye!

Caph. ⁸ Good even, Varro: What,

You

⁷ ——— *Never mind**Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.]*

Nothing can be worse, or more obscurely expressed: and all for the sake of a wretched rhyme. To make it sense and grammar, it should be supplied thus:

——— *Never mind**Was [made] to be so unwise, [in order] to be so kind.*

i. e. Nature, in order to make a profuse mind, never before endowed any man with so large a share of folly. WARBURTON.

Of this mode of expression, conversation affords many examples: "I was always to be blamed, whatever happened." "I am in the lottery, but I was always to draw blanks." JOHNSON.

⁸ *Good even, Varro:—*] It is observable, that this *good evening* is before dinner; for Timon tells Alcibiades, that they will go forth again as soon as dinner's done, which may prove that by *dinner* our author meant not the *cæna* of ancient times, but the mid-day's repast. I do not suppose the passage corrupt: such inadvertencies neither author nor editor can escape.

There is another remark to be made. Varro and Isidore sink a few lines afterwards into the servants of Varro and Isidore. Whether

You come for money ?

Var. Is't not your business too ?

Caph. It is ;— And your's too, Isidore ?

Isid. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd !

Var. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.— With me ? What is your will ?

[*They present their bills.*]

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues ? Whence are you ?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month :
My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own ; and humbly prays you,

ther servants, in our author's time, took the names of their masters, I know not. Perhaps it is a slip of negligence. JOHNSON.

In the old copy it stands : *Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.*

STEEVENS.

Good even, or, as it is sometimes less accurately written, *Good den*, was the usual salutation from *noon*, the moment that Good morrow became improper. This appears plainly from the following passage. *Romeo and Juliet*, act II. sc. iv :

" *Nurse.* God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

" *Mercutio.* God ye *good den*, fair gentlewoman.

" *Nur.* Is it *good den* ?

" *Merc.* 'Tis no less I tell you ; for the hand of the dial is now upon *noon*."

So, in Hamlet's greeting to Marcellus. Act I. scene i. Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, not being aware, I presume, of this wide sense of *Good even*, have altered it to *Good morning* ; without any necessity, as from the course of the incidents, precedent and subsequent, the day may well be supposed to be turn'd of *noon*.

TYRWHITT.

That

That with your other noble parts you'll suit⁹,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,

I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Ifid. From Ifidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's
wants,—

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,
And past.—

Ifid. Your steward puts me off, my lord; and I
Am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[*Exeunt Alcibiades, &c.*

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you.

[*To Flavius.*

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd,
With clamorous demands of broken bonds¹,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,

The time is unagreeable to this business:

Your importunacy cease, 'till after dinner;

That I may make his lordship understand

Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends: See them well enter-
tain'd. [Exit Timon.

Flav. Pray draw near. [Exit Flavius.

⁹ *That with your other noble parts you'll suit,*] i. e. that you will behave on this occasion in a manner consistent with your other noble qualities. STEEVENS.

¹ — of broken bonds,] The first folio reads:

— of debt; broken bonds. STEEVENS.

² Enter Apemantus, and a Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus;

Let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Ifid. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself.—Come away.

[To the Fool.

Ifid. [To Var.] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question. ³ Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All,

² Enter Apemantus, and a Fool.] I suspect some scene to be lost, in which the entrance of the fool, and the page that follows him, was prepared by some introductory dialogue, in which the audience was informed that they were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtesan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularities. JOHNSON.

³ Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds, &c.] This is said so abruptly, that I am inclined to think it misplaced, and would regulate the passage thus:

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question.

All. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want! Speak, &c.

Thus every word will have its proper place. It is likely that the passage transposed was forgot in the copy, and inserted in the margin, perhaps a little beside the proper place, which the transcriber

All. What are we, Apemantus ?

Apem. Affes.

All. Why ?

Apem. That you ask me, what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen ?

All. Gramercies, good fool : How does your mistress ?

Fool. ⁴ She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. ⁵ 'Would, we could see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good ! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my master's page ⁶.

scriber wanting either skill or care to observe, wrote it where it now stands. JOHNSON.

⁴ *She's e'en setting on water to scald &c.*] The old name for the disease got at Corinth was the *brenning*, and a sense of *scalding* is one of its first symptoms. JOHNSON.

The same thought appears in the *Old Law*, by Massinger :

“ — look parboil'd

“ As if they came from Cupid's *scalding* house.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ *'Would we could see you at Corinth.*] A cant name for a bawdy-house, I suppose, from the dissoluteness of that ancient Greek city ; of which Alexander ab Alexandro has these words : “ CORINTHI super mille prostitutæ in templo Veneris assiduæ degere, & inflammata libidine quæstui meretricio operam dare, et velut sacrorum ministræ Deæ famulari solebant.” Milton, in his *Apology for Smectymnuus*, says : “ Or searching for me at the Bordellos, where, it may be, he has lost himself, and raps up, without pity, the sage and rheumatic old prelates, with all her young *Corinthian* laity, to enquire for such a one. WARBURTON.

⁶ — *my master's page.*] In the first passage the Fool speaks of his *master*, in the second of his *mistress*. In the old copy it is *master* in both places. It should rather, perhaps, be *mistress* in both, as it is in a following and a preceding passage :

“ All. How does your *mistress* ?”

“ Fool. My *mistress* is one, and I am her fool.”

STEEVENS.

Page. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Can't not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp'd a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[*Exit.*

Apem. Even so, thou out-run'st grace.
Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All. Ay; 'would they serv'd us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hang-man serv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my master's house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-master, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. What is a whore-master, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee.

thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than's ⁷ artificial one: He is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon, and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

Flav. Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt Apemantus, and Fool.*]

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leifures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:

Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;

⁷ —his artificial one:—] Meaning the celebrated philosopher's stone, which was in those times much talked of. Sir Thomas Smith was one of those who lost considerable sums in seeking of it.
JOHNSON.

Sir Richard Steele was one of the last eminent men who entertained hopes of being successful in this pursuit. His laboratory was at Poplar, a village near London, and is now converted into a garden house. STEEVENS.

And that unaptness * made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord!

At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,
° Though you hear now, yet now's too late a time;
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim.

* ——— made your minister] So the original. The later editions have all:

——— made you minister JOHNSON.

The construction is:— *And made that unaptness your minister.*

MALONE.

° *Though you hear now too late, yet now's a time;*] i. e. Though it be now too late to retrieve your former fortunes, yet it is not too late to prevent by the assistance of your friends, your future miseries. Had the Oxford editor understood the sense he would not have altered the text to,

Though you hear me now, yet now's too late a time.

WARBURTON.

I think Hammer right, and have received his emendation.

JOHNSON.

* ——— and at length

How goes our reckoning?]

This steward talks very wildly. The lord indeed might have asked, what a lord seldom knows:

How

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. ² O my good lord, the world is but a word;
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falshood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders ³; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retir'd me to ⁴ a wasteful cock,

And

How goes our reckoning?

But the steward was too well satisfied in that matter. I would read therefore:

Hold good our reckoning?

The Oxford editor would appropriate this emendation to himself, by altering it to *make good*. WARBURTON.

It is common enough, and the commentator knows it is common to propose interrogatively, that of which neither the speaker nor the hearer has any doubt. The present reading may therefore stand. JOHNSON.

² *O my good lord, the world is but a world;]* The folio reads:
— *but a word;*

And this is the right. The meaning is, as the *world* itself may be comprised in a word, you might give it away in a breath.

WARBURTON,

³ *With riotous feeders;—]* *Feeders* are servants, whose low debaucheries are practis'd in the *offices* of a house. See a note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, act III. sc. xi: “—one who looks on *feeders*.” It appears that what we now call *offices*, were anciently called *houses of office*. So, in Chaucer's *Clerkes Tale*, late edit. v. 8140:

“*Houses of office* stuffed with plente

“*Ther mayst thou see of deinteous vittaille.*”

STEEVENS.

⁴ — *a wasteful cock,]* i. e. a *cockloft*, a garret. And a *wasteful cock*, signifies a garret lying in waste, neglected, put to no use.

HANMER.

Hanmer's explanation is received by Dr. Warburton, yet I think them both apparently mistaken. A *wasteful cock* is a *cock* or pipe with

And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?

What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord
Timon's?

Great Timon's, noble, worthy, royal Timon's?

Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:

No villainous bounty yet hath past my heart^s;

Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

Why dost thou weep? Can't thou the conscience
lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;

If I would broach the vessels of my love,

with a turning stopple *running to waste*. In this sense, both the terms have their usual meaning; but I know not that *cock* is ever used for *cockloft*, or *wasteful* for *lying in waste*, or that lying in waste is at all a phrase. JOHNSON.

Whatever be the meaning of the present passage, it is certain, that *lying in waste* is still a very common phrase. FARMER.

A *wasteful cock* is what we now call a *waste pipe*; a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of cisterns and other reservoirs, by carrying off their superfluous water. This circumstance served to keep the idea of Timon's unceasing prodigality in the mind of the steward, while its remoteness from the scenes of luxury within the house, was favourable to meditation. COLLINS.

^s *No villainous bounty yet hath past my heart;*

Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.]

Every reader must rejoice in this circumstance of comfort which presents itself to Timon, who, although beggar'd through want of prudence, consoles himself with reflection that his ruin was not brought on by the pursuit of guilty pleasures. STEEVENS.

And

• And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance blefs your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are
crown'd,

That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there,—Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will dispatch you severally,—You, to lord
Lucius,—

To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his
Honour to-day,—You, to Sempronius,—
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,
That my occasions have found time to use them
Toward a supply of money: let the request
Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus? hum!—

Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators, [*To Flavius.*
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing) bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that⁷ I knew it the most general way)

⁶ *And try the arguments—*] *Arguments* for natures.

WARBURTON.

How *arguments* should stand for natures I do not see. But the
licentiousness of our author forces us often upon far fetched expo-
sitions. *Arguments* may mean *contents*, as the *arguments* of a book;
or for *evidences* and *proofs*. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *I knew it the most gen'ral way*] *General* is not speedy, but
compendious, the way to try many at a time. JOHNSON.

To them to use your signet, and your name ;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true ? can't be ?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would ; are sorry—you are honour-
able,—

But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wretch—would all were well—'tis
pity—

And so, ⁸ intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, ⁹ and these hard fractions,
With certain ¹ half-caps, and ² cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

⁸ *Intending*] is regarding, turning their notice to other things.

JOHNSON.

To *intend* and to *attend* had anciently the same meaning. See
in the *Spanish Curate* of Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ Good sir, *intend* this business.” STEEVENS.

So, in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, &c. 1595 :

“ Tell this man that I am going to dinner to my lord maior,
and that I can not now *intend* his tittle-tattle.”

Again, in Pasquil's *Night-Cap*, a poem, 1623 :

“ For we have many secret ways to spend,

“ Which are not fit our husbands should *intend*.”

MALONE.

⁹ —and these hard fractions,] An equivocal allusion to fractions
in decimal arithmetic: So Flavius had, like Littlewit, in *Bartho-
lomew-Fair*, a conceit left in his misery. WARBURTON.

This is, I think, no conceit in the head of Flavius, who, by
fractions, means broken hints, interrupted sentences, abrupt remarks.

JOHNSON.

¹ — half-caps, —] A *half-cap* is a cap slightly moved, not
put off. JOHNSON.

² — cold-moving nods,] All the editions exhibit these as two
distinct adjectives, to the prejudice of the author's meaning ; but
they must be joined by a hyphen, and make a compound adjecti-
ve out of a substantive and a particle, and then we have the true
sense of the phrase ; *cold-moving*, *cold-provoking* ; nods so discour-
aging, that they chilled the very ardor of our petition, and froze
us into silence. THEOBALD.

Tim.

Tim. You gods reward them!—

† pr'ythee, man, look cheerly : These old fellows
 † Have their ingratitude in them hereditary :
 Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows ;
 'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind ;
 And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
 Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy †.—
 Go to Ventidius,—Pr'ythee, be not sad,
 Thou art true, and honest ; ingenuously I speak,
 No blame belongs to thee :—Ventidius lately
 Bury'd his father ; by whose death, he's stepp'd
 Into a great estate : when he was poor,
 Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
 I clear'd him with five talents : Greet him from me ;
 Bid him suppose, some good necessity
 Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
 With those five talents :—that had, give it these
 fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
 That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. † I would, I could not think it ; That
 thought is bounty's foe ;
 Being † free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

‡ *Have their ingratitude in them hereditary :*] *Hereditary*, for by natural constitution. But some distempers of natural constitution being called *hereditary*, he calls their ingratitude so.

WARBURTON.

† *And nature, as it grows again toward earth ;
 Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.—*]

The same thought occurs in *The Wife for a Month* of Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ Beside, the fair soul's old too, it grows covetous,

“ Which shows all honour is departed from us,

“ And we are earth again.” STEEVENS.

‡ *'Would I could not :—*] The original edition has,
I would, I could not think it, that thought, &c.

It has been changed, to mend the numbers, without authority.

JOHNSON.

‡ *Free,*] is *liberal*, not *parsimonious*. JOHNSON.

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

Lucullus's house in Athens.

Flaminius waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectfully welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and

—'very respectfully welcome, &c.] i.e. respectfully. So in *K. John*,
"Besides, 'tis too *respective*, &c." STEEVENS.

often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his; I ha' told him on't; but I could never get him from't.

Re-enter servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise: Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observ'd thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone firrah. [*To the Servant, who goes out.*]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou know'st well enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares¹ for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ; ² And we alive, that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee. [*Throwing the money away.*]

Lucul. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit Lucullus.*]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!

¹ —three solidares—] I believe this coin is from the mint of the poet. STEEVENS.

² And we alive, that liv'd?—] i. e. And we who were alive then, alive now. As much as to say, *in so short a time.*

Let molten coin be thy damnation ³,
 Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
 Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
⁴ It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
 I feel my master's passion! This slave,
 Unto his honour ⁵, has my lord's meat in him:
 Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
 When he is turn'd to poison?
 O, may diseases only work upon't!
 And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of
⁶ nature
 Which my lord paid for, be of any power
 To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

A publick street.

Enter Lucius, with three strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

³ *Let molten coin be thy damnation,*] Perhaps the poet alludes to the punishment inflicted on M. Aquilius by Mithridates. In the *Shepherd's Calendar*, however, Lazarus declares himself to have seen in hell "a great number of wide cauldrons and kettles, full of boiling lead and oyle, with other hot metals molten, in the which were plunged and dipped the covetous men and women, for to fullfill and replenish them of their insatiate covetise."

STEEVENS.

⁴ *It turns in less than two nights?*—] Alluding to the turning or ascence of milk. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Unto his honour*—] Thus the old copy. What Flaminius seems to mean is,—This slave (to the honour of his character) has, &c. The modern editors read, *unto this hour*, which may be right.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *—of nurture*] The common copies read *nature*. The emendation is sir T. Hanmer's. JOHNSON.

Of nature is surely the most expressive reading. Flaminius considers that nutriment which Lucullus had for a length of time received at Timon's table, as constituting a great part of his animal system. STEEVENS.

I *Stran.*

1 *Stran.* ⁷ We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents ⁸; nay, urg'd extremely for't, and shew'd what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How?

2 *Stran.* I tell you, deny'd, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am asham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour shew'd in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have receiv'd some small kindneses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; ⁹ yet, had he mistook him, and sent

⁷ *We know him for no less,*—] That is, *we know him* by report to be *no less* than you represent him, though we are strangers to his person. JOHNSON.

⁸ —*to borrow so many talents;*—] Such is the reading of the old copy. The modern editors read arbitrarily, *fifty talents*. *So many* is not an uncommon colloquial expression for an indefinite number. The stranger might not know the exact sum.

STEEVENS.

⁹ —*yet had he mistook him, and sent to me,*—] We should read,

———— mislook'd him,

i. e. overlooked, neglected to send to him. WARBURTON.

I rather read, *yet had he not mistook him, and sent to me.*

JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards proposes to read, *yet had he missed him*. Lucius has just declared that he had had fewer presents from Timon, than Lucullus had received, who therefore ought to have been the first to assist him. Yet, says he, had Timon *mislook him*, or overlooked that circumstance, and sent to me, I should not have denied, &c. STEEVENS.

to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honour'd lord,—

[*To Lucius.*

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what hath he sent? I am so much endear'd to that lord; he's ever sending; How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents¹.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.
² If his occasion were not virtuous,

¹ ———[with so many talents.] Such again is the reading with which the old copy supplies us. Probably the exact number of the *talents wanted* was not expressly set down by Shakespeare. If this was the case, the player who represented the character spoke of the first number that was uppermost in his mind; and the printer, who copied from the playhouse books, put down an indefinite for the definite sum, which remained unspecified. The modern editors read again in this instance, *fifty talents*. Perhaps the servant brought a note with him which he tender'd to Lucullus. STEEVENS.

² *If his occasion were not virtuous,] Virtuous*, for strong, forcible, pressing. WARBURTON.

The meaning may more naturally be;—If he did not want it for a good use. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explication is certainly right.—We had before:

“Some good necessity touches his friend.” MALONE.

I should not urge it ³ half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shewn myself honourable? how unluckily it happen'd, ⁴ that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour?—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and, I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use my own words to him?

³ —*half so faithfully.*] *Faithfully*, for fervently. Therefore, without more ado, the Oxford editor alters the text to *fervently*. But he might have seen, that Shakespeare used *faithfully* for fervently, as in the former part of the sentence he had used *virtuous* for forcible. WARBURTON.

⁴ —*that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour?*—] Though there is a seeming plausible antithesis in the terms, I am very well assured they are corrupt at the bottom. For a little *part* of what? *Honour* is the only substantive that follows in the sentence. How much is the antithesis improved by the sense which my emendation gives? “That I should purchase for a little *dirt*, and undo a great deal of honour!” THEOBALD.

This emendation is received, like all others, by sir T. Hamer, but neglected by Dr. Warburton. I think Theobald right in suspecting a corruption; nor is his emendation injudicious, though perhaps we may better read, *purchase the day before for a little park*. JOHNSON.

I am satisfied with the old reading, which is sufficiently in our author's manner. By purchasing what brought me but little honour, I have lost the more honourable opportunity of supplying the wants of my friend. STEEVENS.

Ser. Yes, fir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[Exit Servilius.]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed ;
And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly speed.

[Exit.]

1 Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius ?

2 Stran. Ay, too well.

1 Stran. Why, this is the world's sport ;
And just of the same piece is every ⁵ flatterer's soul.
Who can call him his friend,
That dips in the same dish ? for, in my knowing,
Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse ;
Supported his estate ; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages : He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip ;
And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape !)
He does deny him, ⁶ in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

⁵ —*flatterer's spirit.*] This is Dr. Warburton's emendation.
The other editions read,

Why this is the world's soul ;

Of the same piece is every flatterer's sport.

Mr. Upton has not unluckily transposed the two final words, thus :

Why, this is the world's sport :

Of the same piece is every flatterer's soul.

The passage is not so obscure as to provoke so much enquiry.
This, says he, is the soul or spirit of the world: every flatterer
plays the same game, makes sport with the confidence of his
friend. JOHNSON.

I have adopted Upton's transposition rather than Dr. Warburton's alteration. STEEVENS.

⁶ —*in respect of his,*] i. e. considering Timon's claim for what he asks. WARBURTON.

— *in respect of his,*] That is, *in respect of his* fortune, what Lucius denies to Timon is in proportion to what Lucius possesses, less than the usual alms given by good men to beggars.

JOHNSON.

3 Stran.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
7 I would have put my wealth into donation⁸,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy fits above conscience. [Exeunt.]

7 *I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,]*

Hanmer reads,

*I would have put my wealth into partition,
And the best half should have attorn'd to him.*

Dr. Warburton receives *attorn'd*. The only difficulty is in the word *return'd*, which, since he had received nothing from him, cannot be used but in a very low and licentious meaning.

JOHNSON.

8 *Had his necessity made use of me, I would have put my fortune into a condition to be alienated, and the best half of what I had gained myself, or received from others, should have found its way to him.* Either such licentious exposition must be allowed, or the passage remain in obscurity, as some readers may not chuse to receive Hanmer's emendation.

There is, however, such a word as *attorn'd*. See Holinshed's *Reign of K. Richard II.* p. 481: "—they plainly told him they would not *attorne* to him, nor be under his jurisdiction, &c." The following lines in *Hamlet*, act II. sc. ii. persuade me that my explanation of—*put my wealth into donation*— is very doubtful:

"Put your dread pleasures more into command
"Than to entreaty."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, act III. sc. iv:

"And mad'st me put into contempt the suits
"Of princely fellows, &c."

Perhaps the stranger means to say, I would have treated my wealth as a present originally received from him, and on this occasion have return'd him the half of that whole for which I supposed myself to be indebted to his bounty. STEEVENS.

S C E N E III.

*Sempronius's House.**Enter Sempronius, with a Servant of Timon's.*

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum! 'Bove
all others?

He might have try'd lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
° They have all been touch'd, and found base me-
tal; for
They have all deny'd him?

Sem. How! have they deny'd him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus deny'd him?
And does he send to me? Three? hum!——
It shews but little love or judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge? ' His friends, like phy-
sicians,
Thrive, give him over; Must I take the cure upon
me?

He

° *They have all been touch'd, —*] That is, *tried*, alluding to the
touchstone. JOHNSON.

° ——— *his friends like physicians*

Thriv'd, *give him over?*]

I have restored this old reading, only amending the pointing,
which was faulty. Mr. Pope, suspecting the phrase, has substi-
tuted *three* in the room of *thriv'd*, and so disarmed the poet's fa-
tire. Physicians *thriv'd* is no more than physicians *grown rich*:
Only the adjective passive of this verb, indeed, is not so common
in use; and yet it is a familiar expression, to this day, to say, *Such*
a one is well thriven on his trade. THEOBALD.

The original reading is,

——— *his friends, (like physicians)*

Thrive, *give him over:*]

which Theobald has misrepresented. Hanmer reads, *try'd*, plau-
sibly enough. Instead of *three* proposed by Mr. Pope, I should
read *thrice*. But perhaps the old reading is the true. JOHNSON.

Per.

He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,
 That might have known my place: I see no sense for't,
 But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
 For, in my conscience, I was the first man
 That e'er receiv'd gift from him:
 And does he think so backwardly of me now,
 That I'll requite it last? No:
 So it may prove an argument of laughter
 To the rest, and I'mongst lords be thought a fool.
 I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
 He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
 I had such a courage to do him good. But now
 return,
 And with their faint reply this answer join;
 Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[Exit.

Serv. Excellent! ² Your lordship's a goodly vil-

Perhaps we should read—*shriv'd*. They give him over *shriv'd*; that is, *prepared for immediate death by shrift*. TYRWHITT.

Perhaps the following passage in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy* is the best comment after all:

“ ——— Physicians thus

“ *With their hands full of money, use to give o'er*

“ Their patients.”

The passage will then mean:—“ His friends, like physicians, thrive by his bounty and fees, and either *relinquish, and forsake him*, or give his case up as desperate.” *To give over* in the *Taming of the Shrew* has no reference to the irremediable condition of a patient, but simply means to leave, to forsake, to quit:

“ And therefore let me be thus bold with you

“ *To give you over* at this first encounter,

“ Unless you will accompany me thither.” STEEVENS.

¹ *I had such a courage—*] Such an ardour, such an eager desire.

JOHNSON.

² *Excellent, &c.*] I suppose the former part of this speech to have been originally written in verse, as well as the latter; though the players having printed it as prose (omitting several syllables necessary to the metre) it cannot now be restored without such additions as no editor is at liberty to insert in the text.

STEEVENS.

lain. ³ The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick; he cross'd himself by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man. ⁴ will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul? ⁵ takes virtuous copies to be wicked;

³ — *The devil knew not what he did,* —] I cannot but think that the negative *not* has intruded into this passage, and the reader will think so too, when he reads Dr. Warburton's explanation of the next words. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *will set him clear.* —] *Set him clear* does not mean acquit him before heaven; for then *the devil* must be supposed to know what he did: but it signifies puzzle him, outdo him at his own weapons. WARBURTON.

How the devil, or any other being, should be *set clear* by being puzzled and *outdone*, the commentator has not explained. When in a crowd we would have an opening made, we say, *Stand clear*, that is, *out of the way of danger*. With some affinity to this use, though not without great harshness, to *set clear*, may be to *set aside*. But I believe the original corruption is the insertion of the negative, which was obtruded by some transcriber, who supposed *crossed* to mean *thwarted*, when it meant, *exempted from evil*. The use of *crossing*, by way of protection or purification, was probably not worn out in Shakespeare's time. The sense of *set clear* is now easy; he has no longer the guilt of tempting man. To cross himself may mean, in a very familiar sense, *to clear his score, to get out of debt, to quit his reckoning*. He knew not *what he did*, may mean, he knew not how much good he was doing himself. There is then no need of emendation. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Dr. Warburton's explanation is the true one. *Clear* is an adverb, or so used; and Dr. Johnson's Dictionary observes that *to set* means, in Addison, to embarrass, to distress, to perplex. — If then the devil made men politic, he has thwarted his own interest, because the superior cunning of man will at last puzzle him, or be above the reach of his temptations. TOLLET.

⁵ — *takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those &c.*] This is a reflection on the puritans of that time. These people were then set upon a project of new modelling the ecclesiastical and civil government according to scripture rules and examples; which makes him say, that *under zeal* for the word of God, they *would set whole realms on fire*. So Sempronius pretended to that warm affection and generous jealousy of friendship, that is affronted, if any other be applied to before it. At best the similitude is an awkward one: but it fitted the audience, though not the speaker.

WARBURTON.

like

like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set
whole realms on fire

Of such a nature is his politick love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,

Save only the gods: Now his friends are dead,

Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards

Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd

Now to guard sure their master.

And this is all a liberal course allows;

Who cannot keep his wealth, must ^o keep his house.

[Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Timon's hall.

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortensius, ⁷ Lucius, and other servants of Timon's creditors, who wait for his coming out.

Var. Well met; good morrow, Titus, and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius?

What, do we meet together?

Luc. Ay, and, I think,
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luc. And fir Philotus too!

Phi. Good day^a at once.

⁶ ——— *keep his house.*] i. e. keep within doors for fear of duns.

JOHNSON.

⁷ ——— *Lucius,* ———] Lucius is here again for the servant of Lucius. JOHNSON.

Luc.

Luc. Welcome, good brother. What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him: You must consider, that ^a a prodigal's course Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable. I fear,

'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse; That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll shew you how to observe a strange event. Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift, For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Mark, how strange it shows, Timon in this should pay more than he owes: And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels, And send for money for 'em.

Hor. ⁹ I am weary of this charge, the gods can witness:

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth, And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

Var. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: What's yours?

Luc. Five thousand mine,

^a ——— a prodigal's course

Is like the sun's; ———]
That is, like him in blaze and splendour.

"*Sales occidere et redire possunt.*" Catul. JOHNSON.

⁹ I am weary of this charge, ———] That is, of this commission, of this employment. JOHNSON.

Var. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine;

'Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Flaminius! fir, a word: Pray, is my lord Ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent. *[Exit Flaminius.]*

Enter Flavius in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, fir?

Var. By your leave, fir,——

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, fir.

'Else, surely, his had equall'd.] Should it not be, *Else, surely, mine had equall'd.* JOHNSON.

The meaning, I think is:—The confidence reposed in your master was greater than that reposed in mine, else, surely, the sum demanded from him, i. e. from your master, would have been equal to that demanded from mine: which equality would have been produced by the demand on my master being raised from three thousand crowns to five thousand.

A large sum may be equalized to a small one as well by addition to the smaller, as by subtraction from the greater.—The words mean the same as if Varro's servant had said:—*else surely the two demands had been equal.*

The passage however may be explained thus—*His* may refer to *mine*; as if he had said: Your master's confidence was above *my master's*; else surely *his*, i. e. the sum demanded from my master (for that is the last antecedent) had been equal to the sum demanded from yours. MALONE.

Flav.

Flav. Ay, if money were as certain as your waiting,

'Twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your fums and bills,
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they would smile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the interest in their gluttonous maws;
You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. [Exit.]

Var. How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

Tit. No matter what; he's poor,
And that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader
Than he that has no house to put his head in?
Such may rail 'gainst great buildings.

² Enter Servilius.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know
Some answer.

Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen,
To repair some other hour, I should
Derive much from it: for, take it on my soul,
My lord leans wond'rously to discontent:
His comfortable temper has forsook him;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:
And, if he be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Serv. Good gods!

² Enter Servilius.] It may be observed that Shakespeare has unskilfully filled his Greek story with Roman names. JOHNSON.

Tit.

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!

Enter Timon, in a rage.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my jail?

The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, shew me an iron heart?

Luc. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Here's mine.

Var. And mine, my lord.

Caph. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em³, cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in fums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours?—and yours?

³ *Knock me down with 'em:* —] Timon quibbles. They present their written *bills*; he catches at the word, and alludes to the *bills*, or battle-axes, which the ancient soldiery carried, and were still used by the watch in Shakespeare's time. See the scene between Dogberry &c. in *Much ado about Nothing*; and Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, 1615:

“ ——— write them a *bill*. ———

“ I'll watch them for that, 'tis no time of night to use our *bills*.”

Again, in Heywood's *If you know not Me you know Nobody*, 1633, second Part, sir John Gresham says to his creditors: “ Friends, you cannot beat me down with *your bills*.” Again, in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: “ ——— they durst not *strike down* their customers with large *bills*.” STEEVENS.

1 *Var.* My lord,—

2 *Var.* My lord,

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!

[*Exit.*

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive, our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may be well call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon, and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:

Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so:—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly?—Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius⁴, all; I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,

You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care; go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*

* *Lucius, Lucullus, &c.*] The old copy reads: *Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius Vllorxa: all.* STEEVENS.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

*The Senate-house.**Senators, and Alcibiades.*

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to't; the
fault's bloody;

'Tis necessary, he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise 'em.

Alc. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 *Sen.* Now, captain?

Alc. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;

For pity is the virtue of the law,

And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy

Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,

Hath stept into the law, which is past depth

To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.

5 He is a man, 6 setting his fate aside,

Of comely virtues:

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardise;

(An honour in him, which buys out his fault)

But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,

Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

5 *He is a man, &c.*] I have printed these lines after the original copy, except that, for *an honour*, it is there, *and honour*. All the later editions deviate unwarrantably from the original, and give the lines thus:

He is a man, setting his fault aside,

Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault;

Nor did he soil, &c. JOHNSON.

6 — *setting his fault aside,*]

We must read:

——— *this fault.* ——— WARBURTON.

The reading of the old copy is, — *setting his fate aside*, i. e. putting this action of his, which was pre-determined by fate, out of the question. STEEVENS.

He did oppose his foe :

And with such sober ⁷ and unnoted passion

⁸ He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

¹ *Sen.* ⁹ You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :

Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring man-slaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born :

⁷ ——— and unnoted passion] Unnoted, for common, bounded.
WARBURTON.

⁸ He did behave his anger, ———] Behave, for curb, manage.
But the Oxford editor equips the old poet with a more modern
phrase :

He did behave in's anger, ———

A paltry clipt jargon of modern fops, for *behave himself*.

WARBURTON.

The original copy reads not *behave* but *beboove*. I do not well
understand the passage in either reading. Shall we try a daring
conjecture ?

————— with such sober and unnoted passion

He did behold his adversary shent,

As if he had but prov'd an argument.

He looked with such calmness on his slain adversary. I do not
suppose that this is right, but put it down for want of better.

JOHNSON.

Cuncta prius tentanda.

I would rather read :

————— and unnoted passion

He did behave, ere was his anger spent.

Unnoted passion means, I believe, an uncommon command of his
passion, such a one as has not hitherto been observed. *Behave his
anger* may, however, be right. In sir W. Davenant's play of the
the *Just Italian*, 1630, *behave* is used in as singular a manner :

“ How well my stars *behave* their influence.”

Again :

“ ——— You an Italian, sir, and thus

“ *Behave* the knowledge of disgrace !”

In both these instances, to *behave* is to *manage*. STEEVENS.

⁹ You undergo too strict a paradox,] You undertake a paradox
too hard. JOHNSON.

He's

He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe; and make his
wrongs

His outsidings; to wear them like his raiment, care-
lessly;

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?

Alc. My lord,—

¹ *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alc. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,

And not endure all threats? sleep upon it,

And let the foes quietly cut their throats,

Without repugnancy? If there be

Such valour in the bearing, ² what make we

Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,

That stay at home, if bearing carry it;

³ The ass, more captain than the lion; and the fel-
low,

Loaden

¹ ——— and made his wrongs

His outsidings; wear them like his raiment carelessly;]

It should be read and pointed thus:

————— and make his wrongs

His outside wear; hang like his raiment, carelessly.

WARBURTON;

The present reading is better. JOHNSON.

² ——— what make we

Abroad? ———]

What do we, or what have we to do in the field. JOHNSON.

³ *The ass, more than the lion; &c.]* Here is another arbitrary regulation, the original reads thus:

————— what make we

Abroad? why then, women are more valiant

That stay at home, if bearing carry it:

And the ass more captain than the lion,

The fellow, loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,

If wisdom &c.

Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
 If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
 As you are great, be pitifully good :
 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood ?
 To kill, I grant, is ⁴ sin's extreamest gust ;
 But, in defence, ⁵ by mercy, 'tis most just.
 To be in anger, is impiety ;
 But who is man, that is not angry ?
 Weigh but the crime with this.

2 Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain ? his service done

I think it may be better adjusted thus :

—— *what make we*

Abroad ? why then the women are more valiant

That stay at home ;

If bearing carry it, then is the ass

More captain than the lion, and the felon

Loaden with irons wiser, &c. JOHNSON.

As the words—*more captain than the lion*—are found in the old copy, on what principle can they be changed, however harsh the phrase may sound to our ears ?—That it was the author's, appears, I think, not only from the introduction to this speech of Alcibiades :—

“ My lord, then under favour pardon me

“ If I speak like a *captain* : ”——

but from Shakespeare's 66th Sonnet, where the word *captain* is used with at least as much harshness as in the text :

“ And captive good attending *captain* ill.”

Again, in another of his Sonnets :

“ Like stones of worth they thinly placed are

“ Or *captain* jewels in the carcanet.” MALONE.

⁴ —— *sin's extreamest gust* ; } *Gust*, for aggravation.

WARBURTON.

Gust is here in its common sense ; the utmost degree of *appetite* for sin. JOHNSON.

I believe *gust* means *rashness*. The allusion may be to a sudden *gust of wind*. STEEVENS.

⁵ —— *by mercy, 'tis most just.*] By *mercy* is meant *equity*. But we must read :

—— *'tis made just.* WARBURTON.

Mercy is not put for *equity*. If such explanation be allowed, what can be difficult ? The meaning is, *I call mercy herself to witness, that defensive violence is just.* JOHNSON.

At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alc. Why, I say, my lords, he has done fair service,

And slain in fight many of your enemies :
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty ⁶ with 'em; he
7 Is a sworn rioter : he has a sin
That often drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner :
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him : in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions : 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alc. Hard fate ! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none) yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both :
And, for I know, ⁸ your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honours to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore ;

⁶ — with 'em ; —] The folio, *with him.* JOHNSON.

⁷ *He's a sworn rioter ; he has a sin*

That often drowns him, and takes valour prisoner.]

What is a *sworn rioter*? We should read :

He's a swol'n rioter, —

that is, given to all excesses, as he says of another, in another place, *so surfeit-swoln* or *swell'd.* WARBURTON.

A *sworn rioter* is a man who practises riot, as if he had by an oath made it his duty. JOHNSON.

⁸ — your reverend ages love

Security, —]

He charges them obliquely with being usurers. JOHNSON.

For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alc. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What?

Alc. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, ⁹I should prove so base,
To sue, and be deny'd such common grace:
My wounds ake at you.

1 *Sen.* ¹Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me?

Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain
thee,
Attend our weightier judgment.

²And, not to swell our spirit,

He

⁹ — *I should prove so base,*] *Base*, for dishonour'd.

WARBURTON.

¹ *Do you dare our anger?*

² *'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;*]

This reading may pass, but perhaps the author wrote:

— *our anger?*

² *'Tis few in words, but spacious in effect.* JOHNSON.

² *And (not to swell our spirit)]* What this nonsense was intended to mean I don't know, but it is plain Shakespeare wrote:

And now to swell your spirit:

i. e. to provoke you still more. WARBURTON.

Not to swell our spirit, I believe, means, *not to put ourselves into any tumour of rage*, take our definitive resolution. So, in *K. Hen. VIII.* act III. sc. i:

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,

So

He shall be executed presently. [Exeunt Senate.

Alc. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts.—All those, for this?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Ha! banishment?
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.

'Tis

So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
They swell and grow as terrible as storms.

STEEVENS.

3 In former copies:

— *And lay for hearts.*

'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;

But surely, even in a soldier's sense of honour, there is very little in being at odds with all about him; which shews rather a quarrelsome disposition than a valiant one. Besides, this was not Alcibiades's case. He was only fallen out with the Athenians. A phrase in the foregoing line will direct us to the right reading. I will *lay*, says he, *for hearts*; which is a metaphor taken from card-play, and signifies to game deep and boldly. It is plain then the figure was continued in the following line, which should be read thus:

'Tis honour with most hands to be at odds;

i. e. to fight upon odds, or at disadvantage; as he must do against the united strength of Athens: and this, by soldiers, is accounted *honourable*. Shakespeare uses the same metaphor on the same occasion, in *Coriolanus*:

“He lurch'd all swords.” WARBURTON.

I think *hands* is very properly substituted for *lands*. In the foregoing line, for, *lay for hearts*, I would read, *play for hearts*.

JOHNSON.

I do not conceive that to *lay for hearts* is a metaphor taken from card-play, or that *lay* should be changed into *play*. We should now say to *lay out for hearts*, i. e. the affections of the people; but

'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers as little should brook wrongs, as gods.

[Exit.

S C E N E VI.

Timon's house.

Enter divers Senators at several doors.

1 *Sen.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2 *Sen.* I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Sen.* ⁴ Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encounter'd: I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Sen.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 *Sen.* I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Sen.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Sen.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

but *lay* is used singly, as it is here, by Jonson, in *The Devil is an Ass*, vol. IV. p. 33:

“*Lay* for some pretty principality.” TYRWHITT.

⁴ *Upon that were my thoughts tiring*, —] A hawk, I think, is said to *tire*, when she amuses herself with pecking a pheasant's wing, or any thing that puts her in mind of prey. To *tire* upon a thing, is therefore, to be *idly employed upon it*. JOHNSON.

So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

“ — the vulture *tires*

“ Upon the eagle's heart.” STEEVENS.

2 *Sen.*

2 *Sen.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1 *Sen.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Sen.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Sen.* What of you?

3 *Sen.* He sent to me, fir,—Here he comes.

Enter Timon, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both :—And how fare you?

1 *Sen.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 *Sen.* The swallow follows not summer more willingly, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the musick awhile; if they will fare so harshly as on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

1 *Sen.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, fir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Sen.* My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*]

2 *Sen.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, fir.

2 *Sen.* If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together.

2 *Sen.* All cover'd dishes!

1 *Sen.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Sen.* Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1 *Sen.* How do you? What's the news?

3 *Sen.* Alcibiades is banish'd : Hear you of it ?

Both. Alcibiades banish'd !

3 *Sen.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 *Sen.* How ? how ?

2 *Sen.* I pray you, upon what ?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near ?

3 *Sen.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 *Sen.* This is the old man still.

3 *Sen.* Will't hold ? will't hold ?

2 *Sen.* It does : but time will—and so—

3 *Sen.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress : your diet shall be in all places alike⁵. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place : Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves prais'd : but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another : for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains : If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are.—⁶ The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing blefs them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.]

⁵ — your diet shall be in all places alike.—] See a note on the *Winter's Tale*, act I. sc. i. STEEVENS.

⁶ — The rest of your fees, —] We should read—*foes*.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm
water

⁷ Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled ⁸ you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[*Throwing water in their faces.*]

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long ⁹,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, ¹ time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and ² minute-jacks!
Of man, and beast, the ³ infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?

Soft, take thy physick first,—thou too,—and thou;—
[*Throws the dishes at them.*]

⁷ *Is your perfection.*—] *Perfection* for exact or perfect likeness.
WARBURTON.

Your *perfection*, is the *biggest of your excellence.* JOHNSON.

⁸ — and *spangled you with flatteries,*] We should certainly
read:

— and *spangled with your flatteries.* WARBURTON.

The present reading is right. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *Live loath'd, and long,*] This thought has occurred twice
before:

“ — let not that part

“ Of nature my lord paid for, be of power

“ To expel sickness, but *prolong his hour* :

Again:

“ Gods keep you *old enough &c.*” STEEVENS.

¹ — *time's flies,*] Flies of a season. JOHNSON.

² — *minute-jacks!*] Hanmer thinks it means *Jack-a-lantern*,
which shines and disappears in an instant. What it was I know
not; but it was something of quick motion, mentioned in
Richard III. JOHNSON.

A *minute-jack* is what was called formerly a *Jack of the clock-
house*; an image whose office was the same as one of those at St.
Dunstan's church in Fleet-street. See Sir John Hawkins's note
on a passage in *Richard III.* vol. VII. STEEVENS.

³ — *the infinite malady*] Every kind of disease incident to man
and beast. JOHNSON.

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
 What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
 Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
 Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
 Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [Exit.

Re-enter the Senators.

1 *Sen.* How now, my lords?

2 *Sen.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 *Sen.* Pish! did you see my cap?

4 *Sen.* I have lost my gown.

1 *Sen.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?

2 *Sen.* Did you see my cap?

3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.

4 *Sen.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Sen.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Sen.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Sen.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [Exeunt.

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

Without the walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
 That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
 And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
 Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
 Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And

And minister in their steads ! to general filths
 Convert o' the instant, green virginity !
 Do't in your parents' eyes ! bankrupts, hold fast ;
 Rather than render back, out with your knives,
 And cut your trusters' throats ! bound servants, steal ;
 Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
 And pill by law ! maid, to thy master's bed ;
 Thy mistress is ' o' the brothel ! son of sixteen,
 Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping fire,
 With it beat out his brains ! piety, and fear,
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
 Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
 Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries,
 And ² yet confusion live !—Plagues, incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On Athens, ripe for stroke ! thou cold sciatica,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners ! lust and liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth ;
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot ! itches, blains,
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms ; and their crop
 Be general leprosy ! breath infect breath ;
 That their society, as their friendship, may
 Be meerly poison ! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But nakedness, thou detestable town !
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banns !
 Timon will to the woods ; where he shall find

¹ —*i' the brothel !*] So Hanmer. The old copies read, *o' th' brothel.* JOHNSON.

The old reading is the true one. The sense is, Go, maid, with security to thy master's bed, *for thy mistress is a bawd to thy amours.*

STEEVENS.

²—*yet confusion*—] Hanmer reads, *let confusion* ; but the meaning may be, *though by such confusion all things seem to hasten to dissolution, yet let not dissolution come, but the miseries of confusion continue.* JOHNSON.

The

The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
 The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all)
 The Athenians both within and out that wall!
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
 To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!
 Amen. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Timon's house.

³ *Enter Flavius, with two or three servants.*

¹ *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where is our
 master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to
 you?

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
 I am as poor as you.

¹ *Serv.* Such a house broke!
 So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
 One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
 And go along with him!

² *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
 From our companion, thrown into his grave;
 So his familiars + from his buried fortunes
 Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
 Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
 A dedicated beggar to the air,

³ *Enter Flavius,*] Nothing contributes more to the exaltation
 of Timon's character than the zeal and fidelity of his servants.
 Nothing but real virtue can be honoured by domesticks; nothing
 but impartial kindness can gain affection from dependants.

JOHNSON.

⁴ ——— from *his buried fortunes*] The old copies have *to* instead
 of *from*. The correction is Hanmer's; but the old reading might
 stand. JOHNSON.

With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some;

[*Giving them money.*

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

5 O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?

5 O, the fierce wretchedness —] I believe *fierce* is here used
for *hasty, precipitate*. Perhaps it is employed in the same sense by
Ben Jonson in his *Poetaster*:

“ And Lupus, for your *fierce* credulity,

“ One fit him with a larger pair of ears.”

In another play our author has *fierce vanities*. In all instances it
may mean *glaring, conspicuous, violent*. So in Ben Jonson's *Bar-*
tholomew Fair, the Puritan says:

“ Thy hobby-horse is an idol, a *fierce* and rank idol.”

Again, in *King John*:

“ O vanity of sickness! *fierce* extremes

“ In their continuance will not feel themselves.”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ With all the *fierce* endeavour of your wit.”

STEEVENS.

Who'd

Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
 But in a dream of friendship?
 To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
 But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
 Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
 Undone by goodness! ⁶ Strange, unusual blood,
 When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
 Who then dares to be half so kind again?
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
 My dearest lord,—blest, to be most accur'd,
 Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
 He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
 Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
 Supply his life, or that which can command it.
 I'll follow, and enquire him out:
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit.

⁶ — *Strange, unusual blood,*] Of this passage, I suppose, every reader would wish for a correction: but the word, harsh as it is, stands fortified by the rhyme, to which, perhaps, it owes its introduction. I know not what to propose. Perhaps,

— *strange unusual mood,*
 may, by some, be thought better, and by others worse.

JOHNSON.

I should suppose, that the steward meant to apostrophize Timon's ungrateful and unnatural friends; by calling them

— *strange unusual brood!*
 who could treat excess of liberality as they would have treated excess of guilt.

The following passage, however, is in the 5th book of Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, fol. iii. b.

“ And thus of thiike unkinde *blood*

“ Stant the memorie unto this daie.”

Gower is speaking of the ingratitude of one Adrian, a lord of Rome.

In the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1619, attributed to Shakespeare, *blood* seems to be used for *inclination, propensity*:

“ For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden.”

Strange, unusual blood, may therefore mean, strange unusual disposition. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE III.

*The woods.**Enter Timon.*

Tim. ⁷ O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth

Rotten humidity; below ⁸ thy sister's orb
 Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;

The greater scorns the lesser: ⁹ Not nature,

To

⁷ O blessed *breeding sun*, —] The sense, as well as elegance of the expression, requires that we should read,

O blessing-breeding sun, —

i. e. Thou that before used to breed blessings, now breed curses and contagion; as afterwards he says,

Thou sun that comfort'st, burn.

WARBURTON.

I do not see that this emendation much strengthens the sense.

JOHNSON.

⁸ — *thy sister's orb*] That is, the moon's, this *sublunary* world. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *Not nature*,

To whom all sores lay siege, —

He had said the brother could not bear great fortune without despising his brother. He now goes further, and asserts that even human nature cannot bear it, but with contempt of its common nature. The sentence is ambiguous, and, besides that, otherwise obscure. I am persuaded, that our author had Alexander here principally in mind; whose uninterrupted course of successes, as we learn from history, turned his head, and made him fancy himself a *God*, and contemn his human origin. The poet says, *even nature*, meaning nature in its greatest perfection: And Alexander is represented by the ancients as the most accomplished person that ever was, both for his qualities of mind and body, a kind of master-piece of nature. He adds,

To whom all sores lay siege, —

i. e. Although the imbecility of the human condition might easily have informed him of his error. Here Shakespeare seems to have had an eye to Plutarch, who, in his life of Alexander, tells us

To whom all fores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.

¹ Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord ;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.

that it was that which stagger'd him in his sober moments concerning the belief of his divinity. Ἐλεγεν δὲ μάλιχα συνευαι θνητὸς ὡς ἐν τῷ καθεύδειν· καὶ συννοοῦσιν ὡς ἀπὸ μιᾶς ἐξηγόμενον ἀσθενείας τῆ φύσει καὶ τὸ ποιεῖν καὶ τὸ ἠδόμενον. WARBURTON.

I have preserved this note rather for the sake of the commentator than of the author. How *nature, to whom all fores lay siege*, can so emphatically express *nature in its greatest perfection*, I shall not endeavour to explain. The meaning I take to be this: *Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother*; for this is the general depravity of human nature, which, *besieged as it is by misery*, admonished as it is of want and imperfection, when *elevated by fortune, will despise beings of nature like its own.*

JOHNSON.

¹ *Raise me this beggar, and deny't that lord,*] Where is the sense and English of *deny't that lord*? Deny him what? What preceding noun is there to which the pronoun *it* is to be referr'd? And it would be absurd to think the poet meant, deny to *raise* that lord. The antithesis must be, let fortune *raise* this beggar, and let her *strip* and *despoil* that lord of all his pomp and ornaments, &c. which sense is completed by this slight alteration,

————— and denude that lord.

So lord Rea in his relation of M. Hamilton's plot, written in 1630:

“ All these Hamiltons had *denuded* themselves of their fortunes
“ and estates.”

And Charles the First, in his message to the parliament, says:

“ *Denude* ourselves of all.”—Clar. vol. III. p. 15. octavo edit.

WARBURTON.

I believe the former reading to be the true one. Raise me that beggar, and deny a proportionable degree of elevation to that lord. A lord is not so high a title in the state, but that a man originally poor might be raised to one above it. We might read *devest* that lord. *Devest* is an English law phrase. Shakespeare uses the word in *K. Lear*:

“ Since now we will *devest* us, both of rule, &c.”

The word which Dr. Warburton would introduce, is not, however, uncommon. I find it in the *Tragedie of Cræsus*, 1604:

“ As one of all happiness *denuded.*”

STEEVENS.

It is the pastor lards the brother's sides,
The want that makes him leave. Who dares, who
dares,

In

^a *It is the pasture lards the beggar's sides,*] This, as the editors have ordered it, is an idle repetition at the best; supposing it did, indeed, contain the same sentiment as the foregoing lines. But Shakespeare meant a quite different thing: and having, like a sensible writer, made a smart observation, he illustrates it by a similitude thus:

*It is the pasture lards the weather's sides,
The want that makes him lean.*——

And the similitude is extremely beautiful, as conveying this satirical reflection; there is no more difference between man and man in the esteem of superficial and corrupt judgments, than between a fat sheep and a lean one. WARBURTON.

This passage is very obscure, nor do I discover any clear sense, even though we should admit the emendation. Let us inspect the text as I have given it from the original edition.

*It is the pastour lards the brother's sides,
The want that makes him leave.*

Dr. Warburton found the passage already changed thus:

*It is the pasture lards the beggar's sides,
The want that makes him lean.*

And upon this reading of no authority, raised another equally uncertain.

Alterations are never to be made without necessity. Let us see what sense the genuine reading will afford. Poverty, says the poet, *bears contempt hereditary, and wealth native honour.* To illustrate this position, having already mentioned the case of a poor and rich brother, he remarks, that this preference is given to wealth by those whom it least becomes; *it is the pastour that greases or flatters the rich brother, and will grease him on till want make him leave.* The poet then goes on to ask, *Who dares to say this man, this pastour, is a flatterer;* the crime is universal; through all the world *the learned pate, with allusion to the pastour, ducks to the golden fool.* If it be objected, as it may justly be, that the mention of a pastour is unsuitable, we must remember the mention of *grace and cherubims* in this play, and many such anachronisms in many others. I would therefore read thus:

*It is the pastour lards the brother's sides,
'Tis want that makes him leave.*

The obscurity is still great. Perhaps a line is lost. I have at least given the original reading. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakespeare wrote *pasturer*, for I meet with such a word

Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods?

⁷ Why this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;

⁸ Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;

Make the hoar leprosy ⁹ ador'd; place thieves,

And give them title, knee, and approbation,

With senators on the bench: this is it,

¹ That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;

She,

⁷ ———— *Why this*

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides:]

Aristophanes, in his *Plutus*, act V. sc. ii. makes the priest of Jupiter desert his service to live with Plutus. WARBURTON.

⁸ *Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:]* i. e. men who have strength yet remaining to struggle with their distemper. This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their last agonies, to make their departure the easier. But the Oxford editor, supposing *stout* to signify *healthy*, alters it to *sick*, and this he calls emending.

WARBURTON.

⁹ ———— *the hoar leprosy* ————] So in P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* b. xxviii. ch. 12. ———— "the foul white leprosie called *elephantiasis*." STEEVENS.

¹ *That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;]* *Waped* or *wappen'd* signifies both sorrowful and terrified, either for the loss of a good husband, or by the treatment of a bad. But gold, he says, can overcome both her affection and her fears. WARBURTON.

Of *wappened* I have found no example, nor know any meaning. To *awhape* is used by Spenser in his *Hubberd's Tale*, but I think not in either of the senses mentioned. I would read *wained*, for *decayed by time*. So our author in *Richard the Third*:

"A beauty-waining and distressed widow." JOHNSON.

In the comedy of the *Roaring Girl*, by Middleton and Decker, 1611, I meet with a word very like this, which the reader will easily explain for himself, when he has seen the following passage:

"Moll. And there you shall *wap* with me.

"Sir B. Nay, *Moll*, what's that *wap*?"

"Moll. *Wappening* and niggling is all one, the rogue my man can tell you."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Gypsies Metamorphosed*:

"Boarded at Tappington,

"Bedded at *Wappington*."

She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous fores
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
² To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
 Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee

Again, in *Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London*, 1610. "Niggling is company-keeping with a woman: this word is not used now, but *wapping*, and thereof comes the name *wapping-morts* for whores."

It must not, however, be concealed, that Chaucer, in the *Complaint of Annelida*, line 217, uses the word with the sense in which Dr. Warburton explains it:

"My sewertye in *waped* countenance."

Wappened, according to the quotations I have already given, would mean—*The widow whose curiosity and passions had been already gratified*. So in *Hamlet*:

"The instances that second marriage move,
 "Are base respects of *thrift*, but none of *love*."

And if the word *defunct*, in *Othello*, be explained according to its primitive meaning, the same sentiment may be discovered there. There may, however, be some corruption in the text.

STEEVENS.

² *To the April day again*———] That is, *to the wedding day*, called by the poet, satirically, *April day*, or *fool's day*.

JOHNSON.

The *April day* does not relate to the *widow*, but to the other *diseased female*, who is represented as the *outcast of an hospital*. She it is whom gold embalms and spices to the *April day again*: i. e. gold restores her to all the *freshness and sweetness* of youth. Such is the power of gold, that it will

"——make black, white; foul, fair;

"Wrong, right; &c."

A quotation or two may perhaps support this interpretation. Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 262, edit. 1633: "Do you see how the spring time is full of flowers, decking itself with them, and not aspiring to the fruits of autumn? What lesson is that unto you, but that in the *April of your age* you should be like *April*."

Again, in Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, 1607, "He is a young man, and in the *April of his age*. Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman*, chap. iii. calls *youth* "the *April of man's life*." Shakespeare's Sonnet entitled *Love's Cruelty*, has the same thought:

"Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee

"Calls back the lovely *April of her prime*."

Daniel's 31st sonnet has, "——the *April of my years*." Master Fenton "smells *April and May*." TOLLET.

3 Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*—] Ha! a drum?—+ Thou'rt quick,
 But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*]

Enter Alcibiades, with drum and fife, in warlike manner, and Phrynia and Tymandra.

Alc. What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,

For shewing me again the eyes of man!

Alc. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
 That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
 That I might love thee something.

Alc. I know thee well;

But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I
 know thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
 With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
 Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
 Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
 Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
 For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tym. 5 I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
 To

3 *Do thy right nature.*—] Lie in the earth where nature laid thee. JOHNSON.

4 ——— *Thou'rt quick,*] Thou hast life and motion in thee. JOHNSON.

5 *I will not kiss thee,*—] This alludes to an opinion in former times, generally prevalent, that the venereal infection transmitted to another, left the infector free. I will not, says Timon, take the rot from thy lips by kissing thee. JOHNSON.

To thine own lips again.

Alc. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give :
But then renew I could not, like the moon ;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee ?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it, Timon ?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none : If
6 Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
Thou art a man ! if thou dost perform, confound
thee,

For thou art a man !

Alc. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alc. I see them now ; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Tyman. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the
world

Voic'd so regardfully ?

Tim. Art thou Tymandra ?

Tyman. Yes.

Tim. 7 Be a whore still ! they love thee not, that
use thee ;

Give

Thus the *Humorous Lieutenant* says :

“ He has some wench, or such a toy to kiss over,

“ Before he go : 'would I had such another,

“ To draw this foolish pain down.”

STEEVENS.

6 ——— If

Thou wilt not promise, &c.]

That is, however thou may'st act, since thou art man, hated man,
I wish thee evil. JOHNSON.

9 *Be a whore still ! They love thee not that use thee ;*

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust :

Make use of thy salt hours, &c.]

There is here a slight transposition. I would read :

—— *They love thee not that use thee,*

Leaving

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
 Make use of thy salt hours : season the slaves
 For tubs, and baths ; bring down rose-checked
 youth
 To the tub-fast, and the diet.

Tyman.

*Leaving with thee their lust ; give them diseases,
 Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves
 For tubs and baths ; — JOHNSON.*

To the tub-fast, and the diet.] One might make a very long and vain search, yet not be able to meet with this preposterous word *tub-fast*, which has notwithstanding passed current with all the editors. We should read *tub-fast*. The author is alluding to the lues venerea, and its effects. At that time the cure of it was performed either by guaiacum, or mercurial unctions : and in both cases the patient was kept up very warm and close ; that in the first application the sweat might be promoted ; and lest, in the other, he should take cold, which was fatal. “ The regimen for the course of guaiacum (says Dr. Freind in his *History of Physick*, vol. II. p. 380.) was at first strangely circumstantial ; and so rigorous, that the patient was put into a dungeon in order to make him sweat ; and in that manner, as Fallopius expresses it, the bones, and the very man himself was macerated.” Wiseman says, in England they used a *tub* for this purpose, as abroad, a cave, or oven, or dungeon. And as for the unction, it was sometimes continued for thirty-seven days (as he observes, p. 375.) and during this time there was necessarily an extraordinary *abstinence* required. Hence the term of the *tub-fast*. WARBURTON.

So, in Jasper Maine’s *City Match*, 1639 :

“ ——— You had better match a ruin’d bawd,
 “ One ten times cur’d by sweating, and the *tub*.”

Again, in *The Family of Love*, 1608, a doctor says : “ — O for one of the hoops of my Cornelius’ *tub*, I shall burst myself with laughing else.” Again, in *Monsieur D’Olive*, 1606 : “ Our embassy is into *France*, there may be employment for thee : Hast thou a *tub* ?”

The *diet* was likewise a customary term for the regimen prescribed in these cases. So, in *Springs to catch Woodcocks*, a collection of Epigrams, 1606 :

“ Priscus gave out &c. ———
 “ Priscus had tane the *diet* all the while.”

Again, in another Collection of ancient Epigrams called the *Masive*, &c :

“ She took not *diet* nor the sweat in season.”

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Knight of the Burning Pestle* :

“ ——— whom

Tyman. Hang thee, monster!

Alc. Pardon him, sweet Tymandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost
trouble?

I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why, fare thee well:

Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alc. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest;
and

Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alc. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains, thou wast born
To conquer my country.

Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go on;

* Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

“ ———whom I *in dict* keep,

“ Send lower down into the cave,

“ And in a *tub* that's heated smoaking hot, &c.”

Again, in the same play:

“ ———caught us, and put us in a *tub*,

“ Where we this two months sweat, &c.

“ This bread and water hath our *dict* been, &c.”

STEEVENS.

² *Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: ———]*

This is wonderfully sublime and picturesque. WARBURTON.

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
 In the sick air : Let not thy sword skip one :
 Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
 He is an usurer : Strike me the counterfeit matron,
 It is her habit only that is honest,
 Herself's a bawd : Let not the virgin's cheek
 Make soft thy trenchant sword ; for those milk-paps,
 That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
 Are

³ *That through the window barne*—] How the words come to be blundered into this strange nonsense, is hard to conceive. But it is plain Shakespeare wrote :

— *window-lawn* —

i. e. lawn almost as transparent as glass windows. WARBURTON.
 The reading is more probably :

— *window-bars* —

The virgin that shews her bosom through the lattice of her chamber. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is almost confirmed by the following passage in *Cymbeline* :

“ ——— or let her beauty

“ *Look through a casement to allure false hearts,*

“ And be false with them.”

Shakespeare at the same time might aim a stroke at this indecency in the women of his own time, which is animadverted on by several contemporary dramatists. So, in the ancient interlude of the *Repentance of Marie Magdalene*, 1567 :

“ Your garments must be worne alway,

“ That your *white pappes* may be seene if you may. —

“ If young gentlemen may see your white skin,

“ It will allure them to love, and soon bring them in.

“ Both damsels and wives use many such feates.

“ I know them that will lay out their *faire teates*.”

And all this is addressed to Mary Magdalen. STEEVENS.

I believe we should read nearly thus :

— *nor those milk-paps,*

That through the widow's barb bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ.”

The use of the doubled negative is so common in Shakespeare, that it is unnecessary to support it by instances. The *barbe*, I believe, was a kind of *veil*. *Cressida*, in *Chaucer*, who appears as a *widow*, is described as wearing a *barbe*, *Troilus and Cressida*, b. II. v. 110. in which place Caxton's edition (as I learn from the Glossary) reads *wimple*, which certainly signifies a *veil*, and was probably substituted as a synonymous word for *barbe*, the more antiquated reading

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
Set them down horrible traitors : Spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools † exhaust their
mercy ;

Think it a †bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it fans remorse : Swear against objects⁶ ;
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes ;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers :
Make large confusion ; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself ! Speak not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou gold yet ? I'll take the gold thou
giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse
upon thee !

Phr. and Tym. Give us some gold, good Timon :
Hast thou more ?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
7 And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your

reading of the manuscripts. *Unbarbed* is used by Shakespeare for
uncovered, in *Coriolanus*, act III. sc. v :

“ Must I go shew them my *unbarbed* sconce ? ”

See also Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. V. p. 317, new edit. where the
ladies, mourning at the funeral of Q. Mary, are mentioned as
having *their barbes above their chinnes*. TYRWHITT.

⁴ — *exhaust their mercy* ;] For *exhaust*, sir T. Hanmer, and
after him Dr. Warburton, read *extort* ; but *exhaust* here signifies
literally to *draw forth*. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *bastard*, —] An allusion to the tale of Oedipus.

JOHNSON.

⁶ *Swear against objects* ;] Sir Tho. Hanmer reads :

— *gainst all objects* :

Perhaps *objects* is here used *provincially* for *abjects*. FARMER.

⁷ *And to make whore a bawd*.—] The power of gold, indeed,
may be supposed great, that can make a whore forsake her trade ;
but what mighty difficulty was there in making a whore turn
bawd ? And yet, 'tis plain, here he is describing the mighty power

Your aprons mountant : You are not oathable,—
 Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
 Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
 The immortal gods that hear you⁸,—spare your
 oaths,

⁹ I'll trust to your conditions : Be whores still ;
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up ;
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
 And be no turn-coats : ¹ Yet may your pains, six
 months,

Be

of gold. He had before shewn, how gold can persuade to any
 villainy ; he now shews that it has still a greater force, and can
 even turn from vice to the practice, or at least, the semblance of
 virtue. We must therefore read, to restore sense to our author :

And to make whole a bawd.

i. e. not only make her quit her calling, but thereby restore her to
 reputation. WARBURTON.

The old edition reads :

And to make whores a bawd.

That is, *enough to make a whore leave whoring, and a bawd leave
 making whores.* JOHNSON.

⁸ *The immortal gods that hear you, —*] The same thought is
 found in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act I. sc. iii :

“ Though you with swearing shake the throned gods.”

Again, in the *Winter's Tale* :

“ Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with
 oaths.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *I'll trust to your conditions : —*] You need not swear to
 continue whores, I will trust to your inclinations. JOHNSON.

¹ *— Yet may your pains, six months,*

Be quite contrary : —]

This is obscure, partly from the ambiguity of the word *pains*, and
 partly from the generality of the expression. The meaning is this :
 he had said before, follow constantly your trade of debauchery :
 that is (says he) for six months in the year. Let the other six be
 employed in quite contrary pains and labour, namely, in the se-
 vere discipline necessary for the repair of those disorders that your
 debaucheries occasion, in order to fit you anew to the trade ; and
 thus let the whole year be spent in these different occupations.
 On this account he goes on, and says, *Make false hair, &c.* But
 for, *pains six months*, the Oxford editor reads *pains exterior*. What
 he means I know not. WARBURTON.

The

Be quite contrary : And thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead ;—some that were hang'd,

The explanation is ingenious, but I think it very remote, and would willingly bring the author and his readers to meet on easier terms. We may read :

—————*Yet may your pains six months,*
Be quite contraried.—————

Timon is wishing ill to mankind, but is afraid lest the whores should imagine that he wishes well to them ; to obviate which he lets them know, that he imprecates upon them influence enough to plague others, and disappointments enough to plague themselves. He wishes that they may do all possible mischief, and yet take *pains six months* of the year in vain.

In this sense there is a connection of this line with the next. Finding *your pains contraried*, try new expedients, *thatch your thin roofs*, and *paint*.

To *contrary* is an old verb. Latymer relates, that when he went to court, he was advised not to *contrary* the king. JOHNSON.

—————*Yet may your pains six months*
Be quite contrary :—————]

I believe this means,—*Yet for half the year at least, may you suffer such punishment as is inflicted on barlots in houses of correction.*

STEEVENS.

² —*thatch your poor thin roofs, &c.*] About the year 1595, when the fashion became general in England of wearing a greater quantity of hair than was ever the produce of a single head, it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off. I have this information from Stubbs's *Anatomy of Abuses*, which I have often quoted on the article of dress. To this fashion the writers of Shakespeare's age do not appear to have been reconciled. So, in *A Mad World my Masters*, 1603 : “—to wear perriwigs made of *another's hair*, is not this against kind ?” Again, in Drayton's *Mooncalf*:

“ And with large fums they slick not to procure
“ *Hair from the dead*, yea, and the most unclean ;
“ To help their pride they nothing will disdain.”

Again, in Shakespeare's 68th Sonnet :

“ Before the golden tresses of the dead,
“ The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
“ To live a second life on second head,
“ Ere *beauty's dead fleece* made another gay.”

Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, b. ix. c. 47, is likewise very severe on this fashion. Stowe informs us, that “ women's *periwigs* were first brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris.” STEEVENS.

No matter :—wear them, betray with them : whore
still ;

Paint 'till a horse may mire upon your face,
A pox of wrinkles !

Phr. and Tym. Well, more gold ;—What then ?—
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions low

In hollow bones of man ; strike their sharp shins,
And marr ³ men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly ⁴ : hoar the flamen ⁵,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself : down with the nose,
Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away
Of him, ⁶ that his particular to foresee,

Smells

³ ——— *mens' spurring.* ———] Hanmer reads—*sparring*, properly enough, if there be any ancient example of the word.

JOHNSON.

Spurring is certainly right. The disease that enfeebled their *shins*, would have this effect. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Nor sound his quilllets shrilly* :—] *Quilllets* are subtilties. So, in *Law Tricks &c.* 1608 : “ ——— a quillet well applied !”

STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— *hoar the flamen,*] Mr. Upton would read *hoarse*, i. e. make hoarse ; for to be *boary* claims reverence. Add to this (says he) that *hoarse* is here most proper, as oppos'd to *scolds*. It may, however, mean,—Give the flamen the *boary leprosy*. So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623 :

“ ——— shew like *leprosy*,

“ The whiter the fouler.”

And before, in this play :

“ Make the *boar leprosy* ador'd.” STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *that his particular to foresee*] In this beautiful passage there is a strange jumble of metaphors. *To smell in order to foresee*, is using the benefit of the senses in a very absurd way. The sense too, is as bad as the expression : Men do not forsake and betray the public in order to *foresee* their own particular advantage, but to provide for it. *Foreseeing* is not the consequence of betraying, but one of the causes of it. Without doubt we should read :

Of him, that his particular to forefend,

Smells from the general weal. ———

Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate
ruffians bald;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. and Tym. More counsel, with more money,
bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have
given you earnest.

Alc. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Fare-
wel, Timon;

i. e. provide for, secure. *Forefend* has a great force and beauty in this place, as signifying not barely to *secure*, but to make a *previous provision for securing*. WARBURTON.

The metaphor is apparently incongruous, but the sense is good. To *foresee his particular*, is to *provide for his private advantage*, for which *he leaves the right scent of publick good*. In hunting, when hares have cross'd one another, it is common for some of the hounds to *smell from the general weal, and foresee their own particular*. Shakespeare, who seems to have been a skilful sportsman, and has alluded often to falconry, perhaps, alludes, here to hunting.

To the commentator's emendation it may be objected, that he used *forefend* in the wrong meaning. To *forefend*, is, I think, never to *provide for*, but to *provide against*. The verbs compounded with *for* or *fore* have commonly either an evil or negative sense.

JOHNSON.

And ditches grave you all!] To *grave* is to entomb. The word is now obsolete, though sometimes used by Shakespeare and his contemporary authors. So, in lord Surrey's Translation of the fourth book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

“Cinders (think'st thou) mind this? or *graved* ghostes?”
To *ungrave* was likewise to turn out of a grave. Thus, in Marston's *Sophonisba*:

“—and me, now dead,

“Deny a grave; hurl us among the rocks

“To stanch beasts hunger: therefore, thus *ungrav'd*,

“I seek slow rest.” STREEVENS.

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it.

Get thee away, and take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him.—Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Tymandra.*]

Tim. [*Digging.*] That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,

Should yet be hungry! — Common mother, thou
 ' Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
 Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
 Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed,
 Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
 The gilded newt, and ² eyeless venom'd worm,
 With all the abhorred births ³ below crisp heaven

¹ *Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast*] This image is taken from the ancient statues of Diana Ephesia Multimammia, called *παραβάλλος φύσις πάντων Μήτηρ*; and is a very good comment on those extraordinary figures. See Montfaucon, *l'Antiquité expliquée*, l. iii. c. 15. Helioid, alluding to the same representations, calls the earth, ΓΑΙ' ΕΥΡΥΣΤΕΡΝΟΣ.

WARBURTON.

Whose infinite breast means no more than whose boundless surface. Shakespeare probably knew nothing of the statue to which the commentator alludes.

STEEVENS.

² — *eyeless venom'd worm*;] The serpent, which we, from the smallness of his eyes, call the *blind worm*, and the Latins, *cæcilia*.

JOHNSON.

³ — *below crisp heaven*,] We should read *cript*, i. e. vaulted, from the Latin *crypta*, a vault.

WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton declares for *crisp*, curled, bent, hollow. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakespeare means *curl'd*, from the appearance of the clouds. In the *Tempest*, Ariel talks of riding

On the *curl'd* clouds.

Chaucer in his *House of Fame*, says,

“ Her here that was *oundie* and *crips*.”

i. e. *wavy* and *curled*.

Again, in the *Philosopher's Satires*, by Robert Anton.

“ Her face as *beauteous* as the *crisped* morn.” STEEVENS.

Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
 Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
 From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
 Enscar thy fertile and conceptious womb⁴,
⁵ Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
 Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves and bears;
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above⁶
 Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
⁷ Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
 Whereof

⁴ *Enscar thy fertile and conceptious womb.*] So in *K. Lear*:
 “Dry up in her the organs of encrease.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *Let it no more bring out ungrateful man!*] This is an absurd reading. Shakespeare wrote,

—————*bring out to ungrateful man!*

i. e. fruits for his sustenance and support; but let it rather teem with monsters to his destruction. Nor is it to be pretended, that this alludes to the fable: for he is speaking of what the earth now brings forth; which thought he repeats afterwards:

Dry up thy harrow'd veins, and plow-torn leas, &c.

WARBURTON.

It is plain that *bring out* is *bring forth*, with which the following lines correspond so plainly, that the commentator might be suspected of writing his note without reading the whole passage.

JOHNSON.

⁶ ———the *marbled mansion*——] So Milton, *B. in. l. 564*:

“Through the pure *marble air*——” STEEVENS.

⁷ *Dry up thy marrows, veins, and plow-torn leas;*] The integrity of the metaphor absolutely requires that we should read,

Dry up thy harrow'd veins, and plow-torn leas.

Mr. Theobald owns that this gives a new beauty to the verse, yet, as *unctuous morsels* follows, *marrows* might have gone before, and mean *the fat of the land*. That is, because there is a metaphor afterwards that suits it, it may be admitted, though it violates the metaphor in the place it is used in. But this unhappy critic never considered that men ought to earn this *fat* before they eat it. From this emendation the Oxford editor has sprung another, and reads,

Dry up thy meadows, vineyards——— WARBURTON.

I cannot concur to censure Theobald as a critic very unhappy. He was weak, but he was cautious: finding but little power in his mind, he rarely ventured far under its conduct. This timidity hindered

Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on^s the cunning of a carper.

hindered him from daring conjectures, and sometimes hindered him happily.

This passage, among many others, may pass without change. The genuine reading is not *marrows*, *veins*, but *marrows*, *vines*: the sense is this; *O nature! cease to produce men, enfear thy womb*; but if thou wilt continue to produce them, at least cease to pamper them; *dry up thy marrows*, on which they fatten with *unctuous morsels*, thy *wines*, which give them *liquorish draughts*, and thy *plow-torn leas*. Here are effects corresponding with causes, *liquorish draughts* with *vines*, and *unctuous morsels* with *marrows*; and the old reading literally preserved. JOHNSON.

* ——— *the cunning of a carper.*] For the philosophy of a Cynic, of which sect Apemantus was; and therefore he concludes:

————— *Do not assume my likeness.* WARBURTON.

Cunning here seems to signify *counterfeit appearance*. JOHNSON.

The *cunning of a carper*, is the insidious art of a critic. Shame not these woods, says Apemantus, by coming here to find fault. *Maurice Kyffin* in the preface to his translation of Terence's *Andria*, 1588, says; "Of the *curious carper* I look not to be favoured." Again *Ursula* speaking of the sarcasms of *Beatrice*, observes,

"Why sure, such *carping* is not commendable."

There is no apparent reason why Apemantus (according to Dr. Warburton's explanation) should ridicule his own sect. STEEVENS.

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
 By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee;
 And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
 Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
 And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;
 Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome,
 To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
 That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
 Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like
 thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool; What, think'st
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
 Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these⁹ moist trees,
 That have out-liv'd the eagle¹, page thy heels,
 And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
 Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste
 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,—
 Whose naked natures live in all the spight
 Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoufed trunks,
 To the conflicting elements expos'd,
 Answer meer nature²,—bid them flatter thee;
 O! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

⁹ —*moist trees,*] Hanmer reads very elegantly,
 ——— *moist trees.* JOHNSON.

Shakespeare uses the same epithet in *As you like it*, Act IV.

“ Under an oak, whose boughs were *moist* with age.”

STEEVENS.

¹ ——— *outliv'd the eagle,* ———] *Aquila Senectus* is a proverb. I
 learn from *Turberwile's* book of falconry 1575, that the great age
 of this bird has been ascertained from the circumstance of its al-
 ways building its *eyrie*, or nest, in the same place. STEEVENS.

² *Answer mere nature,* ———] So in *K. Lear*, Act II.

“ And with presented nakedness outface

“ The winds, &c.” STEEVENS.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

³ *Tim.* Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Out-lives incertain pomp, ⁴ is crown'd before:

² *Tim.* Always a villain's office or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?]

Mr. Warburton proposes a correction here, which, though it opposes the reading of all the printed copies, has great justness and propriety in it. He would read:

What! and know't too?

The reasoning of the text, as it stands in the books is, in some sort, concluding backward; or rather making a *knave's* and a *villain's* office different; which, surely, is absurd. The correction quite removes the absurdity, and gives this sensible rebuke. "What! Dost thou *please* thyself in *vexing* me, and at the same time *know* it to be the office of a *villain* or *fool*?" THEOBALD.

Such was Dr. Warburton's first conjecture, but afterwards he adopted Sir T. Hanmer's conjecture:

What a knave thou!

but there is no need of alteration. Timon had just called Apemantus *fool*, in consequence of what he had known of him by former acquaintance; but when Apemantus tells him, that he comes to *vex* him, Timon determines that to *vex* is either *the office of a villain or a fool*; that to *vex by design* is *villainy*, to *vex without design* is *folly*. He then properly asks Apemantus whether he takes delight in *vexing*, and when he answers, *yes*, Timon replies, *What! and knave too?* I before only knew thee to be a *fool*, but I now find thee likewise a *knave*. This seems to be so clear as not to stand in need of a comment. JOHNSON.

⁴ — is crown'd before:] Arrives sooner at *high wish*; that is. at the *completion of its wishes*. JOHNSON.

The one is filling still, never compleat;
The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content⁵.

Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not⁶ by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; ⁷ but bred a dog.
⁸ Hadst thou, like us, from our ⁹ first swath, pro-
ceeded

The

⁵ *Worse than the worst, content.*] This line, defective both in sense and metre, might be thus supplied:

“ *Worse than the worst contented is most happy.*”

“ I have repeated this conjecture, *in the words in which it was sent to be inserted in the last edition*, merely as it serves to introduce the following explanation of the passage, being now convinced myself that no alteration should be attempted.”

TYRWHITT.

Best states contentless have a wretched being, a being worse than that of the worst states that are content. This one would think too plain to have been mistaken. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *by his breath,* —] It means, I believe, by his *counsel*, by his *direction*. JOHNSON.

— *by his breath,* — I believe, is meant *his sentence*. To *breathe* is as licentiously used by Shakespeare in the following instance from *Hamlet*:

“ Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes,

“ The youth you *breathe* of, guilty, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁷ — *but bred a dog.*] Alluding to the word *Cynic*, of which sect Apemantus was. WARBURTON.

⁸ *Hadst thou, like us,* —] There is in this speech a fullen haughtiness, and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful.

There is in a letter, written by the earl of Essex, just before his execution, to another nobleman, a passage somewhat resembling this, with which, I believe every reader will be pleased, though it is so serious and solemn that it can scarcely be inserted without irreverence.

“ God grant your lordship may quickly feel the comfort I now enjoy in my unfeigned conversion, but that you may never feel the torments I have suffered for my long delaying it. *I had none but*

The sweet degrees¹ that this brief world affords
 To such as may the passive drugs of it
 Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
 In general riot; melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
 The icy² precepts of respect, but follow'd
 The sugar'd game before thee. ³ But myself,
 Who had the world as my confectionary;
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men

but deceivers to call upon me, to whom I said, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow breasts, they would not have been so humble; or if my delights had been once tasted by them, they would not have been so precise. But your lordship hath one to call upon you, that knoweth what it is you now enjoy; and what the greatest fruit and end is of all contentment that this world can afford. Think, therefore, dear earl, that I have staked and buoyed all the ways of pleasure unto you, and left them as sea-marks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue. For shut your eyes never so long, they must be open at the last, and then you must say with me there is no peace to the ungodly." JOHNSON.

⁹ —*first swath*—] From infancy. *Swath* is the dress of a new-born child. JOHNSON.

So in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1625:

"No more their cradles shall be made their tombs,
 "Nor their soft *swaths* become their winding sheets."

STEEVENS.

¹ *The sweet degrees*—] Thus the folio. The modern editors have, without authority, read *Through*, &c. but this neglect of the preposition was common to many other writers of the age of Shakespeare. STEEVENS.

² —*precepts of respect*,—] Of obedience to laws. JOHNSON.

Respect, I believe, means the *qu'en dira't on?* the regard of Athens, that strongest restraint on licentiousness: the *icy precepts*, i. e. that cool hot blood. STEEVENS.

³ ——— *But myself*,] The connection here requires some attention. *But* is here used to denote opposition; but what immediately precedes is not opposed to that which follows. The adverbative particle refers to the two first lines.

Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm

With favour never claspt; but bred a dog.

————— *But myself,*

Who had the world as my confectionary, &c.

The intermediate lines are to be considered as a parenthesis of passion. JOHNSON.

At duty, more than I could frame employment,
 (That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush⁴
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows) I to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burden:
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate
 men?

They never flatter'd thee; What hast thou given?
 If thou wilt curse,—thy father,⁵ that poor rag,
 Must be thy subject; who in spight, put stuff
 To some she beggar, and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
⁶ Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

Apem.

⁴ ——— [*with one winter's brush, &c.*] So in Massinger's *Maid of Honour*:

“ ——— O summer friendship,
 “ Whose flatt'ring leaves that shadow'd us in our
 “ Prosperity, with the least gust drop off
 “ In the autumn of adversity.” STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— [*that poor rag,*] If we read *poor rogue*, it will correspond rather better to what follows. JOHNSON.

In *Richard III.* Margaret calls Gloster *rag of honour*; and in the same play, the overweening *rags* of France are mentioned. The old reading, I believe, should stand. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Thou hadst been knave and flatterer.*] Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to shew how well he could have written satires. Shakespeare has here given a specimen of the same power by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus, that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns.

Dr. Warburton explains *worst* by *lowest*, which somewhat weakens the sense, and yet leaves it sufficiently vigorous.

I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtilty of discrimination with which Shakespeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now resemble. JOHNSON.

Knave is here to be understood of a man who endeavours to recommend himself by a hypocritical appearance of attention, and superfluity of fawning officiousness; such a one as is called in *King Lear*,

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal,

Tim. I, that I am one now :

Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—

That the whole life of Athens were in this!

Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*]

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him something.*]

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself⁷.

Apem. So I shall mend my own, by the lack of
thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest :

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather,
where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my
mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Lear, a finical superserviceable rogue.—If he had had virtue enough
to attain the profitable vices, he would have been profitably vicious.

STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *take away thyself.*] This thought seems to have been
adopted from Plutarch's life of Antony. It stands thus in Sir
Tho. North's translation. "Apemantus said unto the other; O,
here is a trimme banquet *Timon*. *Timon* answered againe, yea,
said he, *so thou wert not here.*" STEEVENS.

Apem.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: When thou wast in thy guilt, and thy perfume, they mock'd thee ⁸ for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. ⁹ Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated medlers sooner, thou shouldst have lov'd thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was belov'd after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou had'st some means to keep a dog.

⁸ —for too much curiosity;] i. e. for too much finical delicacy. The Oxford editor alters it to *courtesy*. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has explained the word justly. So in Jervas Markham's *English Arcadia* 1606. " — for all those eye-charming graces, of which with such *curiosity* she had boasted." So in *Hobby's* translation of *Castiglione's Cortegiano*, 1556, " A waiting gentlewoman should flee *affection* or *curiosity*." *Curiosity* is here inserted as a synonyme to *affection* which means *affection*. *Curiosity* likewise seems to have meant *capriciousness*. So in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593. " Pharicles hath shewn me some curtesy, and I have not altogether requited him with *curiosity*: he hath made some shew of love, and I have not wholly seem'd to mislike."

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Ay, though it look like thee.*] Timon here supposes that an objection against hatred, which through the whole tenor of the conversation appears an argument for it. One would have expected him to have answered,

Yes, for it looks like thee.

The old edition, which always gives the pronoun instead of the affirmative particle, has it,

I, though it look like thee.

Perhaps we should read,

I thought it look'd like thee. JOHNSON.

Apem.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou liv'dst but as a breakfast to the wolf; if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion³; and thy defence, absence. What beast couldst

¹ *the unicorn, &c.*] The account given of the unicorn is this: that he and the lion being enemies by nature, as soon as the lion sees the unicorn he betakes himself to a tree: the unicorn in his fury, and with all the swiftness of his course, running at him, sticks his horn fast in the tree, and then the lion falls upon him and kills him. *Gesner Hist. Animal.* HANMER.

See a note on *Julius Cæsar*, Act II. Sc. i. STEEVENS.

² *thou wert german to the lion,*] This seems to be an allusion to Turkish policy:

“Bears, like the *Turk*, no brother near the throne.”—*Pope*.

STEEVENS.

³ —were *remotion*;] i. e. removal from place to place. So in *King Lear*:

“’Tis the *remotion* of the duke and her.” STEEVENS.

thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, and see'st not thy loss in transformation?

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. * Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.
‡ A plague on thee!

Apem. Thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy, but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away.

* *Thou art the cap, &c.]* i. e. the property, the bubble.

WARBURTON.

I rather think, the *top*, the *principal*.

The remaining dialogue has more malignity than wit.

JOHNSON.

‡ *A plague on thee!*

Apem. *Thou art too bad to curse.]*

In the former editions, this whole verse was placed to Apemantus: by which, absurdly, he was made to curse Timon, and immediately to subjoin that he was too bad to curse. THEOBALD.

Thou

'Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose
A stone by thee.

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*Apemantus retreats backward, as going.*]

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought
But even the meer necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*]

6 'Twixt natural son and fire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
7 Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That folder'ft close impossibilities,
And mak'ft them kifs! that speak'ft with every
tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch^s of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue

6 'Twixt natural son and fire! ———]

Διὰ τῆτος ἔκ ἀδελφῆς

Διὰ τῆτος ἔκ τοῦ ἡνῆος. *Anac.* JOHNSON.

7 Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap! ———]

The imagery is here exquisitely beautiful and sublime.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton might have said—Here is a very elegant turn
given to a thought more coarsely expressed in *King Lear*:

“ ——— yon simpering dame,

“ Whose face *between her forks* prefaces snow.”

STEEVENS.

* —O thou touch of hearts!] *Touch*, for *touchstone*.

STEEVENS.

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 'twere so;—

But not 'till I am dead!—I'll say, thou hast gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly:

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.

[*Exit Apemantus.*]

* More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor
them.

*Enter Thieves.**

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is
some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remain-
der: The meer want of gold, and the falling-from
of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he
care not for't, he will supply us easily; If he covet-
ously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him,
'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

All. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

* *More things like men? —*] This line, in the old edition,
is given to Apemantus, but it apparently belongs to Timon.
Hanmer has transposed the foregoing dialogue according to his
own mind, not unskillfully, but with unwarrantable licence.

JOHNSON.

2 *Enter Thieves.*] The old copy reads, — *Enter the Banditti.*

STEEVENS.

All.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, ³ you want much of meat.

Why should you want? Behold ⁴, the earth hath roots;
 Within this mile break forth an hundred springs:
 The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;
 The bounteous hufwife, nature, on each bush
 Lays her full mefs before you. Want? why want?

I Thief. We cannot live on grafs, on berries, water,
 As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and
 fishes;

³ ——— you want much of meat.] Thus both the player and
 poetical editor have given us this passage; quite *sand-blind*, as
 honest Launcelot says, to our author's meaning. If these poor
 thieves wanted *meat*; what greater want could they be cursed with,
 as they could not live on grafs, and berries, and water? but I
 dare warrant the poet wrote,

——— you much want of meet.

i. e. Much of what you ought to be; much of the qualities be-
 fitting you as human creatures. THEOBALD.

Such is Mr. Theobald's emendation, in which he is followed
 by Dr. Warburton. Sir T. Hanmer reads,

——— you want much of men.

They have been all busy without necessity. Observe the series of
 the conversation. The thieves tell him, that they are *men that
 much do want*. Here is an ambiguity between *much want* and
want of much. Timon takes it on the wrong side, and tells them
 that their *greatest want is*, that, like other men, *they want much
 of meat*; then telling them where meat may be had, he asks,
Want? why want? JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read,—your greatest want is that you want
 much of *me*—rejecting the two last letters of the word. The
 sense will then be—your greatest want is that you expect supplies
 of *me* from whom you can reasonably expect nothing. Your ne-
 cessities are indeed desperate, when you apply for relief to one in
 my situation. STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— the earth hath roots, &c.]

Vile olus, et duris hærentia mora rubetis

Pugnantis stomachi composuere famem:

Flumine vicino stultus fitit.

I do not suppose these to be imitations, but only to be similar
 thoughts on similar occasions. JOHNSON.

You

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con⁵;
 That you are thieves profess; that you work not
 In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
⁶ In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
 Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
 'Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
 And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
 His antidotes are poison, and he slays
 More than you rob: ⁷ take wealth and lives to-
 gether;
 Do villainy, do, since you profess to do't,
 Like workmen: I'll example you with thievery.
 The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
 Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
⁸ The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves

The

⁵ ———— *Yet thanks I must you con,*] To *con thanks* is a very common expression among our old dramatic writers. So in the *Story of King Darius*, 1565, an interlude:

“ Yea and well said, I *con* you no thanke.”

Again, in *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, by Nash, 1595: “ It is well done to practise thy wit; but I believe our lord will *con thee little thanks* for it.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *In limited professions.* ———— *Limited*, for legal.

WARBURTON.

⁷ ———— *take wealth and life together.*] Hanmer. The first copy has,

————— *take wealth and lives together.*

The later editors gave it,

————— *take wealth and live together.*

JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read .

————— he slays

More than you rob, takes wealth and lives together.

STEEVENS.

⁸ *The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves*

The moon into salt tears. ————

The *sea* melting the *moon* into tears, is, I believe, a secret in philosophy, which no body but Shakespeare's deep editors ever dreamed of. There is another opinion, which, 'tis more reasonable to believe that our author may allude to, viz. that the saltness of the sea is caused by several ranges, or *mounds* of rock-salt under water,

The moon into salt tears ; the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture ' stolen
From

water, with which *resolving* liquid the sea was impregnated. This I think a sufficient authority for changing *moon* into *mounds*.

WARBURTON.

I am not willing to receive *mounds*, which would not be understood but by him that suggested it. The *moon* is supposed to be humid, and perhaps a source of humidity, but cannot be *resolved* by the *surges* of the sea. Yet I think *moon* is the true reading. Here is a circulation of thievery described : The sun, moon, and sea all rob, and are robbed. JOHNSON.

Mounds is too far-fetch'd. He says simply, that the *sun*, the *moon*, and the *sea*, rob one another by turns, but the *earth* robs them all : the *seas*, i. e. *liquid surge*, by supplying the *moon* with moisture, robs her in turn of the *soft* tears of *dew* which the poets always fetch from this planet. *Soft* for *salt* is an easy change. In this sense Milton speaks of *her moist continent*, *Par. Lost*, b. v. l. 422. And, in *Hamlet*, Horatio says :

“ ——— the *moist* star

“ Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands.

STEEVENS.

The *moon* is the governess of the floods, “ but cannot be resolved by the surges of the sea.” This seems incontestable, and therefore an alteration of the text appears to be necessary. I propose to read :

———— *whose liquid surge resolves*

The main into salt tears ; ———

i. e. resolves the *main land* or the continent into sea. In Bacon, and also in Shakespeare's *King Lear*, act. III. sc. 1, *main* occurs in this signification, and the earth is mentioned in the preceding line, as here it is in the same verse :

“ Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,

“ Or swell the curled waters 'bove the *main*.”

The thought is like that in *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, lib. xv :

“ ——— *resolutaque tellus*

“ *In liquidas rorescit aquas :*”

which Sandys thus translates :

“ Resolved earth to water rarifies.”

Earth melting to sea is not an uncommon idea in our poets. So in *Ben Jonson*, edit. 1756, vol. v. p. 381 :

“ Melt earth to sea, sea flow to air.”

So, in Shakespeare's *King Henry IV.* part II. act III. sc. i. “ The continent melt itself into the sea.” I might add that in Chaucer, *mone*, which is very near to the traces of the old reading, seems to mean the globe of the earth, or a map of it, from

From general excrement : each thing's a thief ;
 The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
 Have

the French, *monde*, the world ; but I think *main* is the true reading here, and might easily be mistaken for *moon* by a hasty transcriber, or a careless printer, who might have in their thoughts the *moon*, which is mentioned in a preceding line. TOLLET.

I cannot say for a certainty whether *Albumazar* or this play was first written, as *Timon* made its earliest appearance in the folio, 1623. Between *Albumazar* and the *Alchemist* there has been likewise a contest for the right of eldership. The original of *Albumazar* was an Italian comedy called *Lo Afrologo*, written by Battista Porta, the famous physiognomist of Naples, and printed at Venice in 1606. The translator is said to have been a Mr. Tomkins, a Fellow of Trinity College. The *Alchymist* was brought on in 1610, which is four years before *Albumazar* was performed for the entertainment of King James ; and Ben Jonson in his title-page boldly claims the merit of having introduced a new subject and new characters on the stage :

————— *petere inde coronam*

Unde prius nulli velarint tempora musæ.

The play of *Albumazar* was not entered on the books of the Stationers' Company till April 28, 1615. In *Albumazar*, however, such examples of thievery likewise occur :

*The world's a theatre of theft : Great rivers
 Rob smaller brooks ; and them the ocean.
 And in this world of ours, this microcosm,
 Guts from the stomach steal ; and what they spare
 The meseraicks filch, and lay't ? the liver ;
 Where (lest it should be found) turn'd to red nectar,
 'Tis by a thousand thievish veins convey'd,
 And hid in flesh, nerves, bones, muscles, and sinews,
 In tendons, skin, and hair ; so that the property
 Thus alter'd, the theft can never be discover'd.
 Now all these pilf'ries, couch'd, and compos'd in order,
 Frame thee and me : Man's a quick mass of thievery.*

STEEVENS.

Puttenham, in his *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, quotes some one of a "reasonable good facilitie in translation, who finding certaine of Anacreon's odes very well translated by Ronfard the French poet—comes our minion, and translates the same out of French into English:" and his strictures upon him evince the publication. Now this identical ode is to be met with in Ronfard ! and as his works are in few hands, I will take the liberty of transcribing it.

“ La

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away;
 Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;
 All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
 Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
 But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this
 I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!
 Amen. [Exit.

3 *Thief*. He has almost charm'd me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 *Thief*. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Thief*. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Thief*. Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.

[Exeunt.

“ La terre les eaux va boivant,
 L'arbre la boit par sa racine,
 La mer falee boit le vent,
 Et le soleil boit la marine.
 Le soleil est beu de la lune,
 Tout boit soit en haut ou en bas:
 Suivant ceste reigle commune,
 Pourquoy donc ne boirons-nous pas ?”

Edit. fol. p. 507.

FARMER.

—by a composure—] i. e. composition, composit.

STEEVENS.

2 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.] i. e. 'Tis the common malice of mankind that makes one give such advice to another, as may prove to his detriment. One would think this easy enough. But the Oxford editor reads, 'Tis in his malice to mankind, that he thus advises us, not to have us thrive in our mystery. Which is making compleat nonsense of the whole reflection: For if Timon gave this advice out of his malice to his species, he was in earnest, and so far from having any design that they should not thrive in their mystery, that his utmost wish was that they might. WARBURTON.

Hanmer's emendation, though not necessary, is very probable, and very unjustly charged with nonsense. The reason of his advice, says the thief, is malice to mankind, not any kindness to us, or desire to have us thrive in our mystery. JOHNSON.

3 Let us first see peace in Athens, &c.] This and the concluding little speech have in all the editions been placed to one speaker:

F f 2

But,

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Woods, and Timon's Cave.

Enter Flavius.

Flav. O you gods!

Is you despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!

⁴ What an alteration of honour has
Desperate want made!

What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!

⁵ How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,

⁶ When man was wish'd to love his enemies:

⁷ Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo

Those that would mischief me, than those that do!

He

But, it is evident, the latter words ought to be put in the mouth of the *second* thief, who is repenting, and leaving off his trade.

WARBURTON.

⁴ *What change of honour desperate want has made!*] We should read,

What an alteration of humour————WARBURTON.

The original copy has,

What an alteration of honour has desperate want made!

The present reading is certainly better, but it has no authority. To change *honour* to *humour* is not necessary. *An alteration of honour*, is an alteration of an *honourable state* to a state of disgrace.

JOHNSON.

I have replaced the old reading. STEEVENS.

⁵ *How rarely does it meet—*] *Rarely* for *sitly*; not for *seldom*.

WARBURTON.

⁶ *When man was wish'd* ——] We should read *will'd*. He forgets his Pagan system here again. WARBURTON.

⁷ *Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo*

Those that would mischief me, than those that do!]

But why so? Was there ever such an *afs*, I mean, as the transcriber? Shakespeare wrote it:

Grant

He has caught me in his eye : I will present
My honest grief unto him ; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master !

Timon comes forward from his cave.

Tim. Away ! what art thou ?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir ?

Tim. Why dost ask that ? I have forgot all
men ;

Then, if thou grant'st thou art a man, I have
Forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not :

I ne'er had honest man about me, I ; all

I kept were ^s knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,

Grant, I may ever love, and rather too,

Those that would mischief me, than those that woo !

The steward, affected with his master's misfortune and meditating on the cause of it, says, What an excellent precept is that of loving our enemies ; grant that I might love them to chuse, rather than flatterers. All here is sensible, and to the purpose, and makes the whole coherent. But when once the transcribers had blundered *too* to *woo* in the first line, they were obliged, in their own defence, in the second line, to alter *woo* to *do*. WARBURTON.

In defiance of this criticism, I have ventured to replace the former reading, as more suitable to the general spirit of these scenes, and as free from the absurdities charged upon it. It is plain, that in this whole speech *friends* and *enemies* are taken only for those who *profess friendship* and *profess enmity* ; for the *friend* is supposed not to be more kind, but more dangerous than the *enemy*. In the emendation, *those that would mischief* are placed in opposition to *those that woo*, but in the speaker's intention *those that woo* are *those that mischief* most. The sense is, *Let me rather woo or care for those that would mischief, that profess to mean me mischief, than those that really do me mischief under false professions of kindness.* The Spaniards, I think, have this proverb ; *Defend me from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myself.* This proverb is a sufficient comment on the passage. JOHNSON.

^s *Knave* is here in the compound sense of a *servant* and a *rascal*. JOHNSON.

Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—
then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust, and laughter. ⁹ *Pity's sleeping*:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth
lasts,

To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
¹ It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.

⁹ ——— *Pity's sleeping*:] I do not know that any correction is
necessary, but I think we might read:

————— *eyes do never give,*

But thorough lust and laughter, pity sleeping:

Eyes never flow (to give is to dissolve as saline bodies in moist
weather) *but by lust or laughter, undisturbed by emotions of pity.*

JOHNSON.

^x *It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.*] i. e. It almost turns
my dangerous nature to a dangerous nature; for, by *dangerous*
nature is meant *wildness*. Shakespeare wrote,

It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.

i. e. It almost reconciles me again to mankind. For fear of that,
he puts in a caution immediately after, that he makes an excep-
tion but for one man. To which the Oxford editor says, *rectè.*

WARBURTON.

This emendation is specious, but even this may be controvert-
ed. To *turn wild* is to *distract*. An appearance so unexpected,
says Timon, *almost turns my savageness* to distraction. Accord-
ingly he examines with nicety lest his phrenzy should deceive
him:

Let me behold thy face. Surely this man

Was born of woman.

And to this suspected disorder of mind he alludes:

Perpetual-sober, gods! —————

Ye powers whose intellects are out of the reach of perturbation.

JOHNSON.

—Let me behold thy face.—Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—But one;
No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,
I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
' If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I shew, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange it
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest man,
Here, take;—the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:

¹ *If not a usuring*—] *If not* seems to have slip't in here, by an error of the press, from the preceding line. Both the sense and metre would be better without it. TYRWHITT.

But thus condition'd ; Thou shalt build ² from men ;
 Hate all, curse all : shew charity to none ;
 But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
 Ere thou relieve the beggar : give to dogs
 What thou deny'st to men ; let prisons swallow 'em,
³ Debts wither 'em to nothing : Be men like blasted
 woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods !
 And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay, and comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st curses,
 Stay not ; but fly, whilst thou art blest and free :
 Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E II.

The same.

⁴ *Enter Poet, and Painter.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far
 where he abides,

Poet.

² ——— *from men ;*] Away from human habitations. JOHNSON.
³ *Debts wither them.*] *Debts wither them to nothing.*—Folio.

JOHNSON.

I have replaced the reading of the folio. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Enter Poet and Painter.*] The Poet and the Painter were with-
 in view when Apemantus parted from Timon, and might then
 have seen Timon, since Apemantus, standing by him could
 see them ; But the scenes of the thieves and steward have passed
 before their arrival, and yet passed, as the drama is now conduct-
 ed, within their view. It might be suspected that some scenes are
 transposed, for all these difficulties would be removed by introduc-
 ing the Poet and Painter first, and the thieves in this place.
 Yet I am afraid the scenes must keep their present order ; for the
 Painter alludes to the thieves when he says, *he likewise enriched
 poor straggling soldiers with great quantity.* This impropriety is
 now heightened by placing the thieves in one act, and the Poet
 and Painter in another : but it must be remembered, that in the
 original edition this play is not divided into separate acts, so that
 the

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Tymandra had gold of him: he likewise enrich'd poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis said, he gave his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends?

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this suppos'd distress of his: it will shew honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, ⁵ the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most court-

the present distribution is arbitrary, and may be changed if any convenience can be gained, or impropriety obviated by alteration.

JOHNSON.

⁵ — *the deed is*—] In the old edition: — *the deed of saying is quite out of use.* JOHNSON.

The old copy has been, I apprehend unnecessarily, departed from. *The deed of saying*, though a harsh expression, is perfectly intelligible, and much in Shakespeare's manner.—*The doing of that which we have said we would do, the accomplishment and performance of our promise, is, except among the lower classes of mankind, quite out of use.* So, in *Hamlet*:

“As he, in his peculiar act and force,

“May give his *saying deed*.” MALONE.

I have restored the old reading. STEEVENS.

ly and fashionable : performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Re-enter Timon from his cave, unseen.

Tim. Excellent workman ! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him : ° It must be a personating of himself : a satire against the softness of prosperity ; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work ? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men ? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him :
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True ;
? When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find

° — *It must be a personating of himself :—*] *Personating*, for representing simply. For the subject of this projected satire was *Timon's case*, not his *person*. WARBURTON.

? *When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,*] We should read :

————— black cornette night.

A *cornette* is a woman's head-dress for the night. So, in another place he calls her *black-brow'd night*. WARBURTON.

Black-corner'd night is probably corrupt, but *black cornette* can hardly be right, for it should be *black-cornetted night*. I cannot propose any thing, but must leave the place in its present state.

JOHNSON.

An anonymous correspondent sent me this observation : “ As the shadow of the earth's body, which is round, must be necessarily conical over the hemisphere which is opposite to the sun, should we not read *black-coned* ? See *Paradise Lost*, book IV.”

To this observation I might add a sentence from Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, b. ii : “ Neither is the night any thing else but the shade of the earth. Now the figure

Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's
gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plow'st the foam;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail! worthy Timon.

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you!

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. ^s Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

gure of this shadow resembleth a pyramis pointed forward, or a
top turned upside down."

I believe, nevertheless, that Shakespeare, by this expression,
meant only, Night which is as obscure as a *dark corner*. In *Mea-*
sure for Measure, Lucio calls the Duke, "a duke of dark corners."
STEEVENS.

^s *Let it go naked, men may see't the better:*] The humour of this
reply is incomparable. It insinuates not only the highest con-
tempt of the flatterer in particular, but this useful lesson in general,
that the images of things are clearest seen through a simplicity of
phrase; of which, in the words of the precept, and in those which
occasion'd it, he has given us examples. WARBURTON.

Pain.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite
you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men: You have heard that
I have gold;

I am sure, you have: speak truth: you are honest
men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a counter-
feit⁹

Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction,
[*To the Poet.*

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,

I must needs say, you have a little fault:

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I,

You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour

To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

⁹ ——— a counterfeit] It has been already observed, that a *portrait* was so called in our author's time.

“ ———What find I here?

“ Fair Portia's counterfeit!” *Merchant of Venice.*

STEEVENS.

Both

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,
That he's a 'made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them² in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this,—³ But two in
company,—

Each

¹ ——— *a made-up villain.*] That is a villain that adopts qualities and characters not properly belonging to him; a hypocrite.

JOHNSON.

² ——— *in a draught,*] That is, *in the jakes.* JOHNSON.

³ ——— *But two in company—*] This is an imperfect sentence, and is to be supplied thus, *But two in company spoils all.* WARB.

This passage is obscure. I think the meaning is this: *but two in company*, that is, stand apart, *let only two be together*; for even when each stands single there are two, he himself and a villain.

JOHNSON.

But, in the North, signifies, *without.* See a note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, act IV.

This passage may likewise receive some illustration from another in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. "My master is a kind of knave; but that's all one, if he be but *one knave.* The sense is, each man is a *double villain*, i. e. a villain with more than a single share of guilt. See Dr. Farmer's note on the third act of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, &c. Again, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578. "Gö, and a *knave with thee.*" Again, in *The Storye of King Darius*, 1565, an interlude:

" ——— if

Each man apart,—all single, and alone,—
 Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.—
 If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[To the Painter.

Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside

[To the Poet.

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—

Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye
 slaves:

You have work for me, there is payment: Hence!

You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—

Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Flavius, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with
 Timon;

For he is set so only to himself,
 That nothing, but himself, which looks like man,
 Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his cave:

It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
 To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike

Men are not still the same: 'Twas time, and griefs,
 That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
 Offering the fortunes of his former days,
 The former man may make him: Bring us to him,
 And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—

Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!

“ ———— if you needs will go away,

“ Take *two knaves* with you by my faye.”

There is a thought not unlike this in *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher.—“ Take to your chamber when you please, there goes a black one with you, lady.” STEEVENS.

Look

Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak,
and be hang'd!

For each true word, a blister, and each false
Be as a cauterizing⁴ to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

¹ *Sen.* Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

² *Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back
the plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

¹ *Sen.* O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators, with one consent of love,

Intreat thee back to Athens; who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie

For thy best use and wearing.

² *Sen.* They confess,

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:

⁵ And now the publick body,—which doth seldom

Play the recanter,—feeling in itself

A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal

⁶ Of its own fall, ⁷ restraining aid to Timon;

And

⁴ —a cauterizing] The old copy reads, *cantberizing*; the poet might have written, *cancerizing*. STEEVENS.

⁵ And now ———] So Hamner. The old editions have,
Which now ——— JOHNSON.

⁶ Of its own fall. ———] The Oxford editor alters *fall* to *fault*, not knowing that Shakespeare uses *fall* to signify dishonour, not destruction. So in *Hamlet*,

What a falling off was there! WARBURTON.

The truth is, that neither *fall* means *disgrace*, nor is *fault* a necessary emendation. *Falling off* in the quotation is not *disgrace* but

And sends forth us, to make theirorrowed render^s;
 Together with a recompence more fruitful
⁹ Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
 Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
 As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
 And write in thee the figures of their love,
 Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
 Surprize me to the very brink of tears:
 Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
 And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

¹ *Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
 And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take
 The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
² Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name

Live

but *defection*. The Athenians *had sense*, that is, felt the danger of their own fall, by the arms of Alcibiades. JOHNSON.

⁷ ——— *restraining aid to Timon*;] I think it should be *restraining aid*, that is, with-holding aid that should have been given to Timon. JOHNSON.

⁸ ——— *orrowed render*,] Thus the old copy. *Render* is *confession*. So in *Cymbeline*, act IV. sc. iv.

“ ——— may drive us to a *render*

“ Where we have *liv'd*.”

The modern editors read *tender*. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Than their offence can weigh down by the dram*;] This which was in the former editions can scarcely be right, and yet I know not whether my reading will be thought to rectify it. I take the meaning to be, We will give thee a recompence that our offences cannot outweigh, *heaps of wealth down by the dram*, or delivered according to the exactest measure. A little disorder may perhaps have happened in transcribing, which may be reformed by reading:

————— *Ay, ev'n such heaps*

And sums of love and wealth, down by the dram,

As shall to thee ————— JOHNSON.

¹ Allow'd with absolute power, ———] This is neither English nor sense. We should read,

Hallow'd with absolute power, —————

i. e. Thy person shall be held *sacred*. For absolute power being an attribute of the Gods, the ancients thought that he who had it,

Live with authority :—so soon shall we drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 Sen. And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1 Sen. Therefore, Timon,——

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore I will, sir; Thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know,—and, tell him, Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle² in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow; ³ My long sickness

in society was become sacred, and his person inviolable: On which account the Romans called the tribunitial power of the emperors, *sacrosancta potestas*. WARBURTON.

Allowed is licensed, privileged, uncontrolled. So of a buffoon, in *Love's Labour lost*, it is said, that he is *allowed*, that is, at liberty to say what he will, a privileged scoffer. JOHNSON.

² *There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp.*] A *whittle* is still in the midland counties the common name for a pocket clasp knife, such as children use. Chaucer speaks of a "Sheffield *thwittell*." STEEVENS.

³ —— *My long sickness*] The disease of life begins to promise me a period. JOHNSON.

Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
 And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
 Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
 And last so long enough!

1 *Sen.* We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
 One that rejoices in the common wreck,
 As common bruit doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 *Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass
 through them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
 In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;

And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
 Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
 Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
 That nature's fragil vessel doth sustain
 In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do
 them:—

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree⁴, which grows here in my close,
 That mine own use invites me to cut down,
 And shortly must I fell it; Tell my friends,
 Tell Athens, ⁵ in the sequence of degree,
 From high to low throughout, that whoso please
 To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
 Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
 And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.

⁴ *I have a tree, &c.*] Perhaps Shakespeare was indebted to Chaucer's *Wife of Bath's prologue*, for this thought. He might however have found it in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. I. Nov. 28. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *in the sequence of degree,*] Methodically, from highest to lowest. JOHNSON.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens, Timon hath made his everlasting mansion Upon the beached verge of the salt flood, Which once a day with his embossed froth⁶ The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come, And let my grave-stone be your oracle.— Lips, let four words go by, and language end: What is amiss, plague and infection mend! Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain! Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[*Exit Timon.*]

1 Sen. His discontents are unremoveably Coupled to nature.

2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return, And strain what other means is left unto us

⁷ In our dear peril.

1 Sen. It requires swift foot.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The Walls of Athens.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files

⁶ — embossed froth] When a deer was run hard and foamed at the mouth, he was said to be *emboss'd*. See a note on the first scene of the *Taming of the Shrew*. The thought is from *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. I. Nov. 28. STEEVENS.

⁷ In our dear peril.] So the folios, and rightly. The Oxford editor alters *dear* to *dread*, not knowing that *dear*, in the language of that time, signified *dread*, and is so used by Shakespeare in numberless places. WARBURTON.

Dear may in this instance signify *immediate*. It is an enforcing epithet with not always a distinct meaning. To enumerate the seemingly various senses in which it may be supposed to have been used by our author, would at once fatigue the reader and myself.

STEEVENS.

As full as thy report?

Mef. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon.

Mef. I met a courier*, one mine ancient friend^s;—
Who, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:—this man was
riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 Sen. Here come our brothers.

3 Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choak the air with dust: In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to the woods.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description, this should be the place,
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath out-stretch'd his span:
Some beast read this; there does not live a man.

Dead,

* —a courier,—] The players read—a *currier*. STEEVENS.

^s —one mine ancient friend;] Mr. Upton would read,
—— once mine ancient friend. STEEVENS.

^s Some beast read this; here does not live a man.] Some beast read
what? The soldier had yet only seen the rude pile of earth heap'd
up

Dead, fure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb?

I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;
Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

S C E N E VI.

Before the walls of Athens.

Trumpets found. Enter Alcibiades, with his powers.

Alc. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach.

[*Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon the walls.*
'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; 'till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,

up for Timon's grave, and not the *inscription* upon it. We should read,

Some beast rear'd this; ———

The soldier seeking, by order, for Timon, sees such an irregular mole, as he concludes must have been the workmanship of some beast inhabiting the woods; and such a cavity as must either have been so over-arched, or happened by the casual falling in of the ground. WARBURTON.

Notwithstanding this remark, I believe the old reading to be the right. *The soldier had only seen the rude heap of earth.* He had evidently seen something that told him *Timon was dead*; and what could tell that but his tomb? The tomb he sees, and the inscription upon it, which not being able to read, and finding none to read it for him, he exclaims peevishly, *some beast read this*, for it must be read, and in this place it cannot be read by man.

There is something elaborately unskilful in the contrivance of sending a soldier, who cannot read, to take the epitaph in wax, only that it may close the play by being read with more solemnity in the last scene. JOHNSON.

Have wander'd with our 'traverst arms, and breath'd
 Our sufferance vainly : Now ² the time is flush,
³ When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
 Cries, of itself, *No more*: now breathless wrong
 Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
 And purfy insolence shall break his wind,
 With fear, and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble, and young,
 When thy first griefs were but a meer conceit,
 Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause to fear,
 We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
 To wipe out our ingraturudes with loves
⁴ Above their quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo ⁵
 Transformed Timon to our city's love,
 By humble message, and by promis'd means;
 We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
 The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours
 Were not erected by their hands, from whom
 You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such,

¹ —traverst arms—] Arms across. JOHNSON.

² — the time is flush.] A bird is *flush* when his feathers are grown, and he can leave the nest. *Flush* is *mature*. JOHNSON.

³ *When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
 Cries of itself, No more:—]*

The marrow was supposed to be the original of strength. The image is from a camel kneeling to take up his load, who rises immediately when he finds he has as much laid on as he can bear.

WARBURTON.

⁴ *Above their quantity.] Their* refers to *rages*. WARBURTON.

⁵ — *So did we woo*

Transformed Timon to our city's love,

By humble message, and by promis'd means;]

Promis'd means must import the recruiting his sunk fortunes; but this is not all. The senate had wooed him with humble message, and promise of general reparation. This seems included in the slight change which I have made—

— *and by promis'd mends*. THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton agrees with Mr. Theobald, but the old reading may well stand. JOHNSON.

That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall

For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
 Who were the motives that you first went out;
 ' Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
 Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
 Into our city with thy banners spread:
 By decimation, and a tithed death,
 (If thy revenges hunger for that food,
 Which nature loaths) take thou the destin'd tenth;
 And by the hazard of the spotted die,
 Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended;
 For those that were, it is ' not square, to take,
 On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
 Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
 Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
 Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
 Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall

*' Shame, that they wanted cunning in excess,
 Hath broke their hearts. —]*

i. e. in other terms, — Shame, that they were not the cunningest men alive, hath been the cause of their death. For *cunning in excess* must mean this or nothing. O brave editors! They had heard it said, that too much wit in some cases might be dangerous, and why not an absolute want of it? But had they the skill or courage to remove one perplexing comma, the easy and genuine sense would immediately arise. "Shame in excess (i. e. extremity of shame) that they wanted cunning (i. e. that they were not wise enough not to banish you) hath broke their hearts."

THEOBALD.

I have no wish to disturb the manes of Theobald, yet think some emendation may be offered that will make the construction less harsh, and the sentence more serious. I read:

*Shame that they wanted, coming in excess,
 Hath broke their hearts.*

Shame which they had so long wanted, at last coming in its utmost excess. JOHNSON.

' — not square —] Not regular, not equitable.

JOHNSON.

With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, 'till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your ⁸ uncharged ports:
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—⁹ not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedy'd by your publick laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keep your words.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea:

⁸ ——— uncharged ports:] That is, unguarded gates.

JOHNSON.

⁹ ——— not a man

Shall pass his quarter, ———]

Not a soldier shall quit his station, or be let loose upon you; and,
if any commits violence, he shall answer it regularly to the law.

1

JOHNSON.

And,

And, on his grave-stone, this insculpture; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

[*Alcibiades reads the epitaph.*]

*Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked caitiffs
left!*

*Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here
thy gait.*

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhor'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst ² our brain's flow, and those our droplets
which

From niggard nature fall, ³ yet rich conceit

Taught

¹ ——— *caitiffs left!*] This epitaph is found in sir Tho. North's translation of Plutarch, with the difference of one word only, viz. *wretches* instead of *caitiffs*. STEEVENS.

² — *our brain's flow,* —] Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read, ——— *brine's flow,* ———

Our brain's flow is *our tears*; but we may read *our brine's flow, our salt tears*. Either will serve. JOHNSON.

— *our brain's flow* is right. So in sir Giles Goosecap, 1606:

“ I shed not the tears of my *brain*.”

Again, in the *Miracles of Moses*, by Drayton:

“ But he from *rocks* that fountains can command,

“ Cannot yet stay *the fountains of his brain*.” STEEVENS.

³ ——— *yet rich conceit*

Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye

On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead

Is noble Timon, of whose memory

Hereafter more. ———]

All the editors, in their learning and sagacity, have suffered an unaccountable absurdity to pass them in this passage. Why was Neptune to weep on Timon's faults forgiven? Or, indeed, what faults had Timon committed, except against his own fortune and happy situation in life? But the corruption of the text lies only in the bad pointing, which I have disengaged and restored to the

true

Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
 On thy low grave.—On:—Faults forgiven.⁴—Dead
 Is noble Timon; of whose memory
 Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
 And I will use the olive with my sword:
 Make war breed peace; make peace stint war; make
 each
 Prescribe to other, as each other's leach⁵.—
 Let our drums strike. [Exeunt.]

true meaning. Alcibiades's whole speech, as the editors might have observed, is in breaks, betwixt his reflections on Timon's death and his addresses to the Athenian senators: and as soon as he has commented on the place of Timon's grave, he bids the senate set forward; tells 'em, he has forgiven their faults; and promises to use them with mercy. THEOBALD.

⁴ —On:—*Faults forgiven.*—] I suspect that we ought to read:

On thy low grave.—One fault's forgiven. Dead
 Is noble Timon, &c.

One fault (viz. the ingratitude of the Athenians to Timon) is forgiven, i. e. exempted from punishment by the death of the injured person. TYRWHITT.

⁵ —*leach.*] i. e. physician. STEEVENS.

THE play of *Timon* is a domestic tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendship.

In this tragedy, are many passages perplexed, obscure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify, or explain, with due diligence; but having only one copy, cannot promise myself that my endeavours shall be much applauded. JOHNSON.

This play was altered by Shadwell, and brought upon the stage in 1678. In the *modest* title-page he calls it *Timon of Athens, or the Man-hater, as it is acted at the Duke's Theatre, made into a play.*

STEEVENS.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Persons Represented.

Saturninus, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.*

Bassianus, *Brother to Saturninus, in love with Lavinia.*

Titus Andronicus, *a noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

Marcus Andronicus, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.*

Marcus, }
Quintus, } *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*
Lucius, }
Mutius, }

Young Lucius, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

Publius, *Son to Marcus the Tribune, and Nephew to Titus Andronicus.*

Sempronius.

Alarbus, }
Chiron, } *Sons to Tamora.*
Demetrius, }

Aaron, *a Moor, belov'd by Tamora.*

Captain, from Titus's Camp.

Æmilius, *a Messenger.*

Goths, and Romans.

Clown.

Tamora, *Queen of the Goths, and afterwards married to Saturninus.*

Lavinia, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *Rome; and the Country near it.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

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

Before the Capitol in Rome.

*Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the senate.
Then enter Saturninus and his followers, at one door;
and Bassianus and his followers, at the other; with drum
and colours.*

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;

And,

[*Titus Andronicus.*] It is observable, that this play is printed in the quarto of 1611, with exactness equal to that of the other books of those times. The first edition was probably corrected by the author, so that here is very little room for conjecture or emendation; and accordingly none of the editors have much molested this piece with officious criticism. JOHNSON.

There is an authority for ascribing this play to Shakespeare, which I think a very strong one, though not made use of, as I remember, by any of his commentators. It is given to him, among other plays, which are undoubtedly his, in a little book, called *Palladis Tamia, or the Second Part of Wit's Commonwealth*, written by Francis Meres, Maister of arts, and printed at London in 1598. The other tragedies, enumerated as his in that book, are *King John*, *Richard the Second*, *Henry the Fourth*, *Richard the third*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. The comedies are, the *Midsommer Night's Dream*, the *Gentlemen of Verona*, the *Errors*, the *Love's Labour's Lost*, the *Love's Labour Won*, and the *Merchant of Venice*. I have given this list, as it serves so far to ascertain the date of these plays; and also, as it contains a notice of a comedy of Shakespeare, the *Love's Labour Won*, not included in any collection of his works; nor, as far as I know, attributed to him by any other

And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords :

I am

other authority. If there should be a play in being, with that title, though without Shakespeare's name, I should be glad to see it; and I think the editor would be sure of the publick thanks, even if it should prove no better than the *Love's Labour's Lost*.

TYRWHITT.

The work of criticism on the plays of this author, is, I believe, generally found to extend or contract itself in proportion to the value of the piece under consideration; and we shall always do little where we desire but little should be done. I know not that this piece stands in need of much emendation; though it might be treated as condemned criminals are in some countries,—any experiments might be justifiably made on it.

The author, whoever he was, might have borrowed the story, the names, the characters, &c. from an old ballad, which is entered in the Books of the Stationers' Company immediately after the play on the same subject. "John Danter] Feb. 6. 1593. A book entitled *A Noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus*."

"Enter'd unto him also the ballad thereof."

Entered again April 19. 1602, by Tho. Pavyer.

The reader will find it in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, vol. I. Dr. Percy adds that "there is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakespeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally writ by him; for not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the induction to Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* in 1614, as one that had then been exhibited "five and twenty or thirty years:" which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakespeare was but 25: an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces, and if it does not clear him entirely of it, shews at least it was a first attempt."

Though we are obliged to Dr. Percy for his attempt to clear our great dramatic writer from the imputation of having produced this sanguinary performance, yet I cannot admit that the circumstance of its being discreditably mentioned by Ben Jonson, ought to have any weight; for Ben has not very sparingly censured the *Tempest*, and other pieces which are undoubtedly among the most finished works of Shakespeare. The whole of Ben's Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, is a malicious sneer on him.

Sir W. Painter in his *Palace of Pleasure*, tom. II. speaks of the story of *Titus* as well known, and particularly mentions the cruel-

ty

I am his first-born son, that was the last
 That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
 Then let my father's honours live in me,
 Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Baf. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of
 my right,—

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
 Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
 Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
 And suffer not dishonour to approach
 The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
 To justice, continence, and nobility:
 But let desert in pure election shine;
 And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft, with the crown.

Mar. Princes, that strive by factions, and by
 friends,

Ambitiously for rule and empery!
 Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
 A special party, have, by common voice,
 In election for the Roman empery,
 Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
 For many good and great deserts to Rome;
 A nobler man, a braver warrior,

ty of *Tamora*: and in *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594, is the following allusion to it:

“ ——— as welcome shall you be
 “ To me, my daughter, and my son in law,
 “ As *Titus* was unto the Roman senators,
 “ When he had made a conquest on the *Goths*.”

Whatever were the motives of Heming and Condell for admitting this tragedy among those of Shakespeare, all it has gained by their favour is, to be delivered down to posterity with repeated remarks of contempt,—a Therfites babbling among heroes, and introduced only to be derided.

See the notes at the conclusion of this volume. STEEVENS.

He

Lives not this day within the city walls :
 He by the senate is accited home,
 From weary wars against the barbarous Goths ;
 That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
 Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
 Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
 This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
 Our enemies' pride : Five times he hath return'd
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
 In coffins from the field ;——

And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
 Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
 Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
 Let us intreat,—By honour of his name,
 Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
 And in the Capitol and senate's right,
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore,——
 That you withdraw you, and abate your strength ;
 Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my
 thoughts !

Baf. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
 In thy uprightnes and integrity,
 And so I love and honour thee, and thine,
 Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons,
 And her, to whom our thoughts are humbled all,
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends ;
 And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
 Commit my cause in ballance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my
 right,
 I thank you all, and here dismiss you all ;
 And to the love and favour of my country

Commit myself, my person, and the cause;
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates and let me in.

Baf. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

[They go up into the senate-house]

S C E N E II.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. Romans, make way; The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter Mutius and Marcus: after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then Quintus and Lucius. After them, Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, the queen of Goths, Alarbus, Chiron, and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, prisoners; soldiers, and other attendants. They set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. ³ Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning
weeds!

Lo,

³ *Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!*] I suspect that the poet wrote:

————— *in my mourning weeds!*

i. e. Titus would say; Thou, Rome, art victorious, though I am a mourner for those sons which I have lost in obtaining that victory. **WARBURTON.**

Thy is as well as *my*. We may suppose the Romans in a grateful ceremony, meeting the dead sons of Andronicus with mourning habits. **JOHNSON.**

Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears ;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—

* Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead !
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love ;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial among their ancestors :
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my
sword.

Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*They open the tomb.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead were wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars !
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more ?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones ;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,

Or that they were in mourning for their emperor who was just
dead. STEEVENS.

* *Thou great defender of this Capitol,*] Jupiter, to whom the Ca-
pitol was sacred. JOHNSON.

Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth⁵.

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren,—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke?
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for king and common weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these;
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods⁶?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself⁷, madam, and pardon me:
These are their brethren, whom you Goths behold
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,

⁵ *Nor we disturb'd by prodigies on earth.*] It was supposed by the ancients, that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to their friends and relations, to solicit the rites of funeral. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?*

Draw near them then in being merciful:]

“Homines enim ad deos nulla re propius accedunt, quam salutem hominibus dando.” *Cicero pro Ligario.*

From this passage Mr. Whalley infers the learning of Shakespeare. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Patient yourself, &c.*] This verb is used by other dramatic writers. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

“*Patient yourself, we cannot help it now.*”

Again, in *K. Edward I.* 1599:

“*Patient your highness, 'tis but mother's love.*”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, b. xii. ch. 75:

“*Her, weeping ripe, he laughing, bids to patient her awhile.*” STEEVENS.

Religiously they ask a sacrifice :

To this your son is mark'd ; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him ! and make a fire straight ;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, 'till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt Mutius, Marcus, Quintus,
and Lucius, with Alarbus.*

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety !

Cbi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous ?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest ; and we survive

To tremble under Titus' threatening look.

Then, madam, stand resolv'd ; but hope withal,

* The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy,

With opportunity of sharp revenge

Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,

May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,

(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen)

To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

* *The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy*

With opportunity of sharp revenge

Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent, &c.]

I read, against the authority of all the copies :

————— *in her tent.*

i. e. in the tent where she and the other Trojan captive women were kept : for thither Hecuba by a wile had decoyed Polymnestor, in order to perpetrate her revenge. This we may learn from Euripides's *Hecuba* ; the only author, that I can at present remember, from whom our writer must have gleaned this circumstance.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald should first have proved to us that our author understood Greek, or else that this play of Euripides had been translated. In the mean time, because neither of these particulars are verified, we may as well suppose he took it from the old story-book of the *Trojan War*, or the old translation of *Ovid*. See *Metam.* xiii. The writer of the play, whoever he was, might have been misled by the passage in *Ovid* : “ —vadit ad artificem,” and therefore took it for granted that she found him in *his tent*. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus, and Lucius.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites : Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so ; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewel to their souls.

[Then sound trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb.]

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons ;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps !
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges ; here no storm,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep :

Enter Lavinia.

In peace and honour rest you here my sons !

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long ;
My noble lord and father, live in fame !
Lo ! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies ;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome :
O, blefs me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortune Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age, to glad my heart ! —
Lavinia, live ; out-live thy father's days,
² And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise !

Mar.

² And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise !] This absurd wish is made sense of, by changing *and* into *in*. WARBURTON.

To live in fame's date is, if an allowable, yet a harsh expression.

470 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
What! should I 'don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chose with proclamations to-day;
To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully;
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country;
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,

To outlive an eternal date, is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame. JOHNSON.

—don this robe, &c,] i. e. do on this robe, put it on. So, in *Hamlet*:

“Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes.” STEEVENS.

But

But not a sceptre to controll the world :

Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery¹.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell ?—

Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus.—

Sat. Romans, do me right ;

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not

'Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor :—

Andronicus, 'would thou were ship'd to hell,

Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturninus ! interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee !—

Tit. Content thee, prince ; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do 'till I die ;
My faction, if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be : and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages ;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus ?

Mar. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you : and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine ; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal :
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor !*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create

¹ Titus, thou shalt *obtain* and *ask* the empery.] Here is rather too much of the ἕσπερ ἀπέρεσθαι. & STEEVENS.

Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor;
And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*

[*A long flourish, till they come down,*

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my emperess,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;

[*To Tamora,*

To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of
cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way,

Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes : Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord²; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go :
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free :
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[*Seizing Lavinia.*]

Tit. How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The Emperor courts Tamora in dumb shew.*]

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's
guard?

Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surpriz'd.

Sat. Surpriz'd! By whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exit Bassianus with Lavinia.*]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her
back.

² *Lav.* Not I, my lord;—] It was pity to part a couple who seem to have corresponded in disposition so exactly as Saturninus and Lavinia. Saturninus, who has just promised to espouse her, already wishes he were to choose again; and she who was engaged to Bassianus (whom she afterwards marries) expresses no reluctance when her father gives her to Saturninus. Her subsequent raillery to Tamora is of so coarse a nature, that if her tongue had been all she was condemned to lose, perhaps the author, (whoever he was) would have escaped censure on the score of poetic justice.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What! villain boy,
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [*Titus kills Mutius.*]

Mut. Help, Lucius, help!

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so;
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me:
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are
these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that ³ changing
piece,

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome ⁴.

Tit.

³ ————*changing-piece,*] Spoken of Lavinia. *Piece* was then, as it is now, used personally as a word of contempt. JOHNSON, So in *Britannia's Pastorals* by Brown, 1613.

“ ————her husband, weaken'd *piece,*

“ Must have his cullis mix'd with ambergrease;

“ Pheasant and partridge into jelly turn'd,

“ Grated with gold.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *To ruffle in the common-wealth of Rome.*] A *ruffler* was a kind of cheating bully; and is so called in a statute made for the punishment of vagabonds in the 27th year of K. Henry VIII. See

Greene's

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—

That, like the stately Phœbe 'mong her nymphs,

Dost over-shine the gallant'st dames of Rome,—

If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,

Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,

And will create thee emperess of Rome.

Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman Gods,—

Sith priest and holy water are so near,

And tapers burn so bright, and every thing

In readiness for Hymeneus stands,—

I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,

Or climb my palace, 'till from forth this place

I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven to Rome I swear,

If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,

She will a handmaid be to his desires,

A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon: Lords, accompany

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,

Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,

Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:

There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manet Titus Andronicus.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride;—

Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,

Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Greene's *Groundwork of Coney-catching*, 1592. Hence, I suppose, this sense of the verb, to *ruffle*. *Rufflers* are likewise enumerated among other vagabonds, by Holinshed, vol. I. p. 183.

STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, and Marcus.

Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done!

In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified;
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

[*Titus' sons speak.*

Sons. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall? What villain was it spoke that word?

[*Titus' son speaks.*

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despight?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but intreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded.

My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Luc. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*The brother and the sons kneel.*

Mar.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to interr

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.

The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax^s

That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals:

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,

Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:—

The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put him in the tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy
friends.

'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—

[*They all kneel, and say;*

No man shed tears ' for noble Mutius;

He lives in fame, that dy'd in virtue's cause.

^s *The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax,
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.]*

This passage alone would sufficiently convince me, that the play before us was the work of one who was conversant with the Greek tragedies in their original language. We have here a plain allusion to the *Ajax* of Sophocles, of which no translation was extant in the time of Shakespeare. In that piece, Agamemnon consents at last to allow Ajax the rites of sepulture, and Ulysses is the pleader, whose arguments prevail in favour of his remains. STEEVENS.

¹ *No man shed tears, &c.]* This is evidently a translation of the distich of Ennius:

Nemo me lacrumis decoret: nec funera fletu

Facit. quor' volito vivu' per ora virum. STEEVENS.

Mar. My lord,——to step out of these dreary dumps,—

How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome ?

Tit. I know not, Marcus ; but, I know, it is ;
If by device, or no, the heavens can tell :
Is she not then beholden to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far ?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. *Re-enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron, and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, at one door : At the other door, Bassianus and Lavinia, with others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize ;
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord : I say no more,
Nor wish no less ; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife ?
But let the laws of Rome determine all ;
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir : You are very short with us ;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know,—
By all the duties which I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd ;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be controul'd in that he frankly gave :
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine ;
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,

A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak, indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; The gods of Rome fore-
fend,

I should be author to dishonour you!
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.

My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part;
And so supplant us for ingratitude,
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin)
Yield at intreats, and then let me alone:
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traiterous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know, what 'tis to let a
queen

Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in
vain.—

[*Aside.*]

Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,—

Take

Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my emprefs hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Bassianus, I have past
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his
highness,
That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be
friends:

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's intreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:—
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
 To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
 With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-jour*.
Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*]

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

Before the Palace.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
 Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
 Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash;
 Advanc'd above pale envy's threatening reach.
 As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
 And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
 Gallops the zodiack in his glistering coach,
 And over-looks the highest-peering hills;
 So Tamora.—

³ Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
 And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
 Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
 To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
 And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
 Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
 And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
 Than is Prometheus ty'd to Caucasus.

² In the quarto, the direction is, *Manet Aaron*, and he is before made to enter with Tamora, though he says nothing. This scene ought to continue the first act. JOHNSON.

³ Upon her wit———] We should read,
 Upon her will——— WARBURTON.

I think *wit*, for which she is eminent in the drama, is right.
 JOHNSON.

Away with flavish weeds, and idle thoughts !
 I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
 To wait upon this new-made emperess.
 To wait, said I ? to wanton with this queen,
 This goddess, this Semiramis ;—this queen,
 This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
 And see his shipwreck, and his common-weal's.
 Holla ! what storm is this ?

Enter Chiron, and Demetrius, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd ;
 And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all ;
 And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
 'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
 Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate :
 I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
 To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace ;
 And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
 And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs !—These lovers will not keep
 the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
 Gave you a dancing rapier by your side ⁴,
 Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends ?
 Go to ; have your lath glu'd within your sheath,
 'Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
 Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave ? *[They draw.]*

Aar. Why, how now, lords ?

⁴ ——— a dancing rapier by your side,] So in *All's Well that Ends Well*, act II. sc. i.

————— no sword worn
 But one to dance with. STEEVENS.

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
 And maintain such a quarrel openly?
 Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
 I would not for a million of gold,
 The cause were known to them it most concerns:
 Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
 Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
 For shame, put up.

Chi. ' Not I; 'till I have sheath'd
 My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
 Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
 That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Dem. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
 Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue,
 And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.—
 Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
 This petty brabble will undo us all.—
 Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
 It is to jut upon a prince's right?
 What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
 Or Bassianus so degenerate,
 That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
 Without controulment, justice, or revenge?
 Young lords, beware!—an should the emperess
 know

This discord's ground, the musick would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
 I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
 choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
 How furious and impatient they be,

⁵ *Not I, till I have sheath'd, &c.*] This speech, which has been all along given to Demetrius, as the next to Chiron, were both given to the wrong speaker; for it was Demetrius that had thrown out the reproachful speeches on the other. WARBURTON.

And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose⁶,
To atchieve her I do love.

Aar. To atchieve her!—How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill⁷
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive⁸, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aside.*

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to
court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe⁹,

And

⁶ — a thousand deaths would I propose,] Whether Chiron means he would contrive a thousand deaths for others, or imagine as many cruel ones for himself, I am unable to determine.

STEEVENS.

⁷ — more water glideth by the mill, &c.] A Scots proverb.
“Mickle water goes by the miller when he sleeps.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ — to steal a shive.] A shive is a slice. So in the Tale of *Argentile and Curan* in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602:

“A sheeve of bread as browne as nut.”

Demetrius is again indebted to a Scots proverb:

“It is safe taking a shive of a cut loaf.” STEEVENS.

⁹ — struck a doe,] Mr. Holt is willing to infer from this passage that *Titus Andronicus* was not only the work of Shakespeare, but one of his earliest performances, because the stratagems of his former profession seem to have been yet fresh in his mind. I had made the same observation in *K. Henry VI.* before I had seen his; but when we consider how many phrases are borrowed from the sports of the field, which were more followed in our author's time, than any other amusement; I do not think there is much in either his remark or my own.—Let me add, that we have here De-

metrius

And born her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;

Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,

To square¹ for this? Would it offend you then

That both should speed?

Chi. 'Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that you
jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do

That you affect; and so must you resolve;

That what you cannot, as you would, atchieve,

You must perforce accomplish as you may.

Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste

Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than lingering languishment²

metrius, the son of a queen, demanding of his brother prince if he has not often been reduced to practise the common artifices of a deer-stealer:—an absurdity right worthy of the rest of the piece. STEEVENS.

¹ *To square for this.*—] *To square* is to quarrel. So in the *Midsommer-Night's Dream*:

———— they never meet,

But they do *square*.————

Again, in Drart's translation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, 1567:

“ Let them not sing twixt act and act,

“ What *squareth* from the rest.”

But to *square*, which in the last instance signifies to *differ*, is now used only in the very opposite sense, and means to *agree*.

STEEVENS.

² *A speedier course than lingering languishment*] The old copy reads:

———— this *lingering*, &c.

which may mean, *this coy languishing dame, this piece of reluctant softness*. STEEVENS.

Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
 My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand ;
 There will the lovely Roman ladies troop :
 The forest walks are wide and spacious ;
 And many unfrequented plots there are,
 Fitted ³ by kind for rape and villainy :
 Single you thither then this dainty doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words :
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
 Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit,
 To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
 We will acquaint with all that we intend ;
 And she shall file our engines with advice ⁴,
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.
 The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears :
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull ;
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your
 turns :

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
 And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardise.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, 'till I find the stream
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,

Per Styga, per Manes vehor ⁵.—— [*Exeunt.*

³———by kind——] That is, by *nature*, which is the old signification of *kind*. JOHNSON.

⁴ — file *our engines with advice*,] i. e. remove all impediments from our designs by advice. The allusion is to the operation of the file, which, by conferring smoothness, facilitates the motion of the wheels which compose an engine or piece of machinery.

STEEVENS.

⁵ *Per Styga, &c.*] These scraps of Latin are, I believe, taken, though not exactly, from some of Seneca's tragedies. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

*Changes to a Forest.**Enter Titus Andronicus and his three Sons, with hounds and horns, and Marcus.*

Tit. The hunt is up, ⁷ the morn is bright and grey,
 The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green :
 Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
 And wake the emperor, and his lovely bride,
 And rouse the prince ; and ring a hunter's peal,
 That all the court may echo with the noise.
 Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
 To tend the emperor's person carefully :
 I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal: then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty ;—
 Madam, to you as many and as good !—
 I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
 Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you ?

⁶ The division of this play into acts, which was first made by the editors in 1623, is improper. There is here an interval of action, and here the second act ought to have begun. JOHNSON.

⁷ ——— *the morn is bright and grey,*] i. e. bright and yet not red, which was a sign of storms and rain, but *gray*, which foretold fair weather. Yet the Oxford editor alters *gray* to *gay*.

WARBURTON.

Surely the Oxford editor is in the right ; unless we reason like the Witches in *Macbeth*, and say,

“ Fair is foul, and foul is fair.” STEEVENS.

Lav. I say, no ;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport :—Madam, now ye shall see
Our Roman hunting. [*To Tamora.*]

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor
hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

A desert part of the forest.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think, that I had
none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem ;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy ;
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest^s,
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

^s ———for their unrest,] *Unrest*, for *disquiet*, is a word frequently used by the old writers. So in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605,

“ Thus therefore will I rest me, in *unrest*.”

Thus in *Eliosto Libidinoso*, an ancient novel, by John Hinde, 1606 ;

“ For the ease of whose *unrest*,

“ Thus his furie was exprest.”

Again, in *An excellent pastoral Dittie*, by Shep. Tonie ; published in *England's Helicon*, 1614 :

“ With lute in hand did paint out her *unrest*.” STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou
sad,

When every thing doth make a gleeful boast ?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush ;
The snake lies rolled in the chearful sun ;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow ² on the ground :
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And—whilst the babling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—

⁰ *That have their alms, &c.]* This is obscure. It seems to mean only, that they who are to come at this gold of the empress are to suffer by it. JOHNSON.

¹ *My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad?] In the course of the following notes several examples of the savage genius of Ravenscroft, who altered this play in the reign of K. Charles II. are set down for the entertainment of the reader. The following is a specimen of his descriptive talents. Instead of the line with which this speech of Tamora begins, she is made to say :*

The emperor, with wine and luxury o'ercome,
Is fallen asleep—in's pendant couch he's laid
That hangs in yonder grotto rock'd by winds,
Which rais'd by art do give it gentle motion :
And troops of slaves stand round with fans perfum'd,
Made of the feathers pluck'd from Indian birds,
And cool him into golden slumbers—
This time I chose to come to thee, my Moor.
My lovely Aaron, wherefore, &c. —

An emperor who has had too large a dose of love and wine, and in consequence of satiety in both, falls asleep on a bed which partakes of the nature of a sailor's hammock and of a child's cradle, is a curiosity which only Ravenscroft could have ventured to describe on the stage. I hope I may be excused for transplanting a few of his flowers into the barren desert of our comments on this tragedy. STEEVENS.

² — a chequer'd shadow —] Milton has the same expression :

“ — many a maid

“ Dancing in the chequer'd shade.” STEEVENS.

Let

Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise :
 And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
 The wandring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
 Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
 Whilst hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
 Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
 Saturn is dominator over mine³ :

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
 My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?
 My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
 Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
 To do some fatal execution?
 No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
 Hark, Tamora,—the emperess of my soul,
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
 This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
 His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day;
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,

³ ——— *though Venus govern your desires,
 Saturn is dominator over mine.*]

The meaning of this passage may be illustrated by the astronomical description of *Saturn*, which *Venus* gives in *Greene's Planetomachia*, 1585. "The star of *Saturn* is especially cooling, and somewhat drie, &c."

Again, in the *Sea Voyage*. by B. and Fletcher.

- " ——— for your aspect
 " You're much inclin'd to melancholy, and that
 " Tells me the *fullen Saturn* had predominance
 " At your nativity, a malignant planet!
 " And if not qualified by a sweet conjunction
 " Of a soft ruddy wench, born under *Venus*,
 " It may prove fatal." COLLINS.

And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood,
 Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
 And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll:—
 Now question me no more, we are espied,
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than
 life!

Aar. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes:
 Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
 To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*]

Enter Bassianus, and Lavinia.

Bas. Whom have we here? Rome's royal emperess,
 Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
 Or is it Dian, habited like her;
 Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
 To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
 Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
 Thy temples should be planted presently
 With horns, as was Acteon's; and the hounds
 Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
 Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle emperess,
 'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
 And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
 Are singled forth to try experiments:
 Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!

⁴ *Should drive upon thy new transformed limbs,*] The author of the *Revisal* suspects that the poet wrote:

Should thrive upon thy new transformed limbs,
 as the former is an expression that suggests no image to the fancy.
 But *drive*, I think, may stand, with this meaning: *the bounds*
should pass with impetuous haste, &c. So in *Hamlet*:

Pyrrhus at Priam drives, &c.

i. e. flie with impetuosity at him. STEEVENS.

'Tis

'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Baf. Believe me, queen, your ^s swarth Cimmerian

Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.

Why are you sequester'd from all your train?

Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,

And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,

Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,

If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,

Great reason that my noble lord be rated

For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,

And let her ^{joy} her raven-colour'd love;

This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Baf. The king, my brother, shall have note of
this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him ⁶ noted
long:

Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron, and Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious
mother,

Why does your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,

A barren and detested vale, you see, it is:

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,

O'ercome with moss, and baleful misletoe.

⁵ —swarth Cimmerian] Swarth is black. The Moor is called Cimmerian, from the affinity of blackness to darkness. JOHNSON.

⁶ —noted long.] He had yet been married but one night.

JOHNSON.

Here

Here never shines the sun ⁷; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

And, when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,

⁸ Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew;

And leave me to this miserable death.

And then they call'd me, foul adulterers,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect.

And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:

Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs Bassianus.*

Chi. And this for me, struck home to shew my
strength.

[*Stabbing him likewise.*

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Ta-
mora!

For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

⁷ Here never shines the sun, &c.] Mr. Rowe seems to have thought on this passage in his *Jane Shore*:

“ This is the house where the sun never dawns,

“ The bird of night sits screaming o'er its roof,

“ Grim spectres sweep along the horrid gloom,

“ And nought is heard but wailings and lamentings.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.] This is said in fabulous physiology, of those that hear the groan of the mandrake torn up. JOHNSON.

The same thought and almost the same expressions occur in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

Tam. Give me thy poinard; you shall know, my boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her; First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:

This minion stood upon her chastity,

Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,

° And with that painted hope she braves your mightiness:

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,

And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire, Let not this wasp out-live, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that sure.—

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy

That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, intreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: Let it be your glory, To see her tears; but be your heart to them,

As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam?

° *And with that painted hope she braves your mightiness;*] Lavinia stands upon her chastity and nuptial vow: and upon the merit of these braves the queen. But why are these called a *painted hope*? We should read,

And with this painted cope ———

i. e. with this gay covering. It is well expressed. Her reasons were of a religious nature; and are therefore called a painted cope, which is a splendid ecclesiastic vestment: It might be called *painted*, likewise, as insinuating that her virtue was only pretended.

WARBURTON.

Painted hope is only *specious* hope, or ground of confidence more plausible than solid. JOHNSON.

O, do not teach her wrath ; she taught it thee :
 The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble ;
 Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—
 Yet every mother breeds not sons alike ;
 Do thou intreat her shew a woman pity. [*To Chiron.*]

Chi. What ! would'st thou have me prove myself
 a bastard ?

Lav. 'Tis true the raven doth not hatch a lark :
 Yet have I heard, (O could I find it now !)
 The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
 To have his princely paws par'd all away.
 Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,
 The whilst their own birds famish in their nests :
 O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
 Nothing so kind, but something pitiful !

Tam. I know not what it means ; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee : for my father's sake,
 That gave thee life, when well he might have slain
 thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
 Even for his sake am I now pitiless :—
 Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
 To save your brother from the sacrifice ;
 But fierce Andronicus would not relent :
 Therefore away with her, use her as you will ;
 The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
 And with thine own hands kill me in this place :
 For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long ;
 Poor I was slain, when Bassianus dy'd.

Tam. What begg'st thou then ? fond woman, let
 me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg ; and one thing
 more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell :
 O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
 And tumble me into some loathsome pit ;

Where

Where never man's eye may behold my body :
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee :
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away ; for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace ? no womanhood ? Ah beastly creature !

The blot and enemy to our general name !
Confusion fall——

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth,—Bring thou
her husband ; [*Dragging off Lavinia.*
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewel, my sons : see, that you make her
sure :

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
'Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflow'r. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Aaron, with Quintus and Marcus.

Aar. Come on, my lords ; the better foot before :
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mar. And mine, I promise you ; wer't not for
shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep a while.

[*Marcus falls into the pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fallen ? What subtle hole is
this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars ;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers ?

A very

A very fatal place it seems to me :—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall ?

Mar. O brother, with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find
them here ;

That he thereby may have a likely gues,
How these were they, that made away his brother.

[*Exit Aaron.*]

Mar. Why dost not comfort me and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole ?

Quin. I am surprized with an uncouth fear :
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints ;
Mine heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mar. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone ; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit my eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise :
O, tell me how it is ; for ne'er 'till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mar. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he ?

Mar. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,

Which

¹ *A precious ring, ———*] There is supposed to be a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Mr. Boyle believes the reality of its existence. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Gesta Romanorum*, history the sixth : “ He farther beheld and saw a carbuncle in the hall that lighted all the house.” Again, in *Lydgate's Description of king Priam's Palace*, l. 2 :

“ And for most chese all dirkeness to confound,

“ A carbuncle was set as kyng of stones all,

“ To recomforte and gladden all the hall.

Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shews the ragged entrails of this pit :
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Coeetus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out ;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mar. And I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more ; I will not lose again,
'Till thou art here aloft, or I below :
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[Falls in.

Enter the Emperor, and Aaron.

Sat. Along with me :—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

Mar. The unhappy son of old Andronicus ;

“ And it to enlumine in the black night
“ With the freshnes of his ruddy light.”

Again, in the *Muse's Elysum*, by Drayton :

“ Is that admired, mighty stone,
“ The *carbuncle* that's named ;
“ Which from it such a flaming light
“ And radiancy ejecteth,
“ That in the very darkest night
“ The eye to it directeth.”

Chaucer, in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, attributes the same properties to the *carbuncle* :

“ Soche light ysprang out of the stone.” STEEVENS.

Brought

Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but jest;
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, with Attendants; Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing
grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy:
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[*She giveth Saturninus a letter;*

Saturninus reads the letter:

*An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman—Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder tree:
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[*Shewing it.*

Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life :—

[*To Titus.*

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wond'rous
thing!

How easily murder is discovered?

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of mine accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them—

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see, thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with
them.

[*Exeunt severally.*

S C E N E V.

*Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, ravish'd;
her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning
so;

And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy
hands.

Dem. She has no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the
cord. ; [*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.*

Enter Marcus to Lavinia.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so
fast?

Cousin, a word; Where is your husband?—

* If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hand

Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in;

And might not gain so great a happiness,

As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—

* *If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!*] If this
be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it
by waking. JOHNSON.

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
 Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
 Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
 Coming and going with thy honey breath.
 But, sure, some Tereus hath deflow'ed thee;
 And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.
 Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
 And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
 As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,—
 Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
 Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
 Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
 O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
 That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
 Sorrow conceal'd, like an oven stopp'd,
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
 Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
 But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
 A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That better could have sew'd than Philomel.
 O, had the monster seen those lily hands
 Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;
 He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
 Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
 Which that sweet tongue hath made;
 He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
 O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [Exeunt,

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

A street in Rome.

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Marcus and Quintus bound, passing on the stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
 And for these bitter tears, which you now see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

[Andronicus lieth down, and the Judges pass by him.]

For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write
 My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
 O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain,

[Exeunt.]

That shall distil from these ³two ancient urns,
 Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
 In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;
 In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

³ — *two ancient urns,*] Oxford editor.—Vulg. *two ancient ruins.*
 JOHNSON.

Enter Lucius, with his sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:—
Grave tribunes, once more I intreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
All bootless unto them, they would not pity me.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet,
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tygers;
Tygers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine: How happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter

Enter Marcus, and Lavinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her:—
Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handleless ⁴ in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height, before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too ⁵;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
Now, all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
Where like a sweet melodious bird it sung
Sweet vary'd notes, enchanting every ear!

⁴ ——— *in thy father's sight?*] We should read *sight*.

WARBURTON.

⁵ — I'll chop off my hands too,] Perhaps we should read:
————— or chop off, &c.

It is not easy to discover how Titus, when he had chopp'd off one of his hands, would have been able to have chopp'd off the other.

STEEVENS.

LUC.

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself; as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. 'Twas my deer; and he, that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have maddened me; What shall I do,
Now I behold thy lovely body so?
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and, for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this:—
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her
husband:

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;

⁶ *It was my deer;—*] The play upon *deer* and *dear* has been used by Waller, who calls a lady's girdle,

“The pale that held my lovely *deer*.” JOHNSON.

Witness the sorrow, that their sister makes.—
 Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
 Or make some signs how I may do thee ease.
 Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
 And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain;
 Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
 How they are stain'd; like meadows, yet not dry
 With miry slime left on them by a flood?
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
 'Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
 Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
 What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
 Plot some device of further misery,
 To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your
 grief,

See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece:—good Titus, dry thine
 eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
 Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
 For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
 Had she a tongue to speak, now she would say
 That to her brother which I said to thee;
 His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
 Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
 O, what a sympathy of woe is this!
 As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
 Sends thee this word,—That if thou love thy sons,
 Let

Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king : he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive ;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor ! O, gentle Aaron !
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise ?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand ;
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off ?

Luc. Stay, father ; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent : my hand will serve the turn :
My youth can better spare my blood than you ;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended
Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,
Writing destruction on the enemies' castle ?

O,

⁷ *Writing destruction on the enemies' castle?*] Thus all the editions. But Mr. Theobald, after ridiculing the sagacity of the former editors at the expence of a great deal of awkward mirth, corrects it to *casque* ; and this, he says, he'll stand by : And the Oxford editor, taking his security, will stand by it too. But what a slippery ground is critical confidence ! Nothing could bid fairer for a right conjecture ; yet 'tis all imaginary. A close helmet, which covered the whole head, was called a *castle*, and, I suppose, for that very reason. Don Quixote's barber, at least as good a critic as these editors, says, (in Shelton's translation, 1612,) " I know what is a helmet, and what a morrion, and what a close castle, and other things touching warfare." Lib. iv. cap. 18. And the original, *celada de encaxe*, has something of the same signification. Shakespeare uses the word again in *Troilus and Cressida* :

" ———— and Diomede

" Stand fast, and wear a *castle* on thy head."

WARBURTON.

" Dr. Warburton's proof (says the author of the *Revisal*) rests wholly on two mistakes, one of a printer, the other of his own. In Shelton's *Don Quixote* the word *close castle* is an error of the press

O, none of both but are of high desert :
 My hand hath been but idle ; let it serve
 To ransom my two nephews from their death ;
 Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whose hand shall go along,
 For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more ; such wither'd herbs as
 these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
 Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,
 Now let me shew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you ; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt Lucius, and Marcus.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron ; I'll deceive them both ;
 Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
 And never, whilst I live, deceive men so :—

prefers for a *close casque*, which is the exact interpretation of the Spanish original, *celada de encaxe* ; this Dr. Warburton must have seen, if he had understood Spanish as well as he pretends to do. For the primitive *caxa*, from whence the word, *encaxe*, is derived, signifies a *box*, or *coffer* ; but never a *castle*. His other proof is taken from this passage in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ ——— and Diomedes

“ Stand fast, and wear a *castle* on thy head.”

wherein Troilus doth not advise Diomedes to wear a helmet on his head, for that would be poor indeed, as he always wore one in battle ; but to guard his head with the most impenetrable armour, to shut it up even in a *castle*, if it were possible, or else his sword should reach it.”

After all this reasoning, however, it appears that a *castle* did actually signify a *close helmet*. So, in Holinshed, vol. II. p. 815 :
 “ ——— Then suddenlie with great noise of trumpets entered sir Thomas Knevet in a *castell* of cole blacke, and over the *castell* was written, The dolorous *castell*, and so he and the earle of Essex, &c. ran their courses with the king &c.” STEEVENS.

510 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

But I'll deceive you in another sort,
 And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass. [*Aside:*
[He cuts off Titus's hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus again.

Tit. Now, stay your strife; what shall be, is dis-
 patch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
 Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
 From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
 More hath it merited, that let it have.
 As for my sons, say, I account of them
 As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
 And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,
 Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—
 Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy [*Aside:*
 Doth fat me with the very thought of it!
 Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
 Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O hear!—I lift this one hand up to heaven,
 And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
 If any power pities wretched tears,
 To that I call:—What, wilt thou kneel with me?
 [*To Lavinia:*

Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers;
 Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
 And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
 When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O! brother speak with possibilities,
 And do not break into these deep extremes^s.

Tit.

^s *And do not break into these two extremes.*] We should read, in-
 stead of this nonsense:

———woe-extremes.

i. e. extremes caused by excessive sorrow. But Mr. Theobald, on
 his own authority, alters it to *deep*, without notice given.

WARBURTON.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, bringing in two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand, thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*

Mar. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a
wound,

It is *deep* in the old quarto of 1611, and the folio. i. c. in all the old copies which have been hitherto seen. JOHNSON.

And

And yet detested life not shrink thereat !
 That ever death should let life bear his name,
 Where life hath no more interest but to breathe !

[*Lavinia kisses him.*]

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
 As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an
 end ?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery : Die, Andronicus ;
 Thou dost not slumber : see, thy two sons' heads ;
 Thy warlike hand ; thy mangled daughter here ;
 Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
 Struck pale and bloodless ; and thy brother, I,
 Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah ! now no more will I controul thy griefs :
 Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
 Gnawing with thy teeth ; and be this dismal sight
 The closing up of your most wretched eyes !
 Now is a time to storm, why art thou still ?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha !

Mar. Why dost thou laugh ! it fits not with this
 hour.

Tit. Why I have not another tear to shed :
 Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
 And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
 And make them blind with tributary tears ;
 Then which way shall I find revenge's cave ?
 For these two heads do seem to speak to me ;
 And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
 'Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
 Even in their throats that have committed them.
 Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
 You heavy people, circle me about ;
 That I may turn me to each one of you,
 And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
 The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head ;
 And in this hand the other will I bear :

La-

Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things¹;
 Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
 As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;
 Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
 Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
 And, if you love me, as I think you do,
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manet Lucius.

Luc. Farewel, Andronicus, my noble father;
 The woful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome!
 Farewel, proud Rome! 'till Lucius comes again,
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
 Farewel, Lavinia, my noble sister;
 O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been!
 But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
 But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
 And make proud Saturninus and his emperess
 Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
 Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
 To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

[*Exit Lucius.*]

¹ *Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things;*] Thus the folio, 1623. The quarto 1611 thus:

And Lavinia thou shalt be employ'd in these arms.

STEEVENS.

S C E N E II².*An apartment in Titus's house.**A banquet. Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young Lucius, a boy.*

Tit. So, so; now fit: and look, you eat no more
 Than will preserve just so much strength in us
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
 Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
 And cannot passionate³ our ten-fold grief
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
 Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
 And when my heart, all mad with misery,
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
 'Then thus I thump it down.—
 Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!

[To Lavinia.]

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
 Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
 Wound it with fighting, girl, kill it with groans;
 Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
 That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
 May run into that sink, and soaking in,
 Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

² This scene, which does not contribute any thing to the action, yet seems to have the same author with the rest, is omitted in the quarto of 1611, but found in the folio of 1623.

JOHNSON.

³ *And cannot passionate, &c.*] This obsolete verb is likewise found in Spenser:

“Great pleasure mix'd with pitiful regard,
 “That godly king and queen did passionate.”

STEEVENS.

Mar.

Mar. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee doat al-
ready?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.

What violent hands can she lay on her life?

Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,

How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?

O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;

Lest we remember still, that we have none.—

Fye, fye, how frantically I square my talk!

As if we should forget we had no hands,

If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—

Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—

Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—

I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—

She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,

Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks⁴:—

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;

In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,

As begging hermits in their holy prayers:

Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,

But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,

And, ⁵ by still practice, learn to know the meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep la-
ments;

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,

Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,

⁴ — mesh'd upon her cheeks.] A very coarse allusion to brew-
ing. STREEVENS.

⁵ — by still practice —] By constant or continual practice.

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:

A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother; Get thee gone;
I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother⁶?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
⁷ And buz lamenting doings in the air?
Poor harmless fly!

That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd
him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the emperess' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,

⁶ — *a father and mother?*] *Mother* perhaps should be omitted, as the following line speaks only in the singular number, and *Titus* most probably confines his thoughts to the sufferings of a father. STEEVENS.

⁷ *And buz lamenting doings in the air.*] *Lamenting doings* is a very idle expression, and conveys no idea. I read
————— dolings —————

The alteration which I have made, though it is but the addition of a single letter, is a great increase to the sense; and though, indeed, there is somewhat of a tautology in the epithet and substantive annexed to it, yet that's no new thing with our author.

THEOBALD.

There is no need of change. *Sad doings* for any unfortunate event, is a common though not an elegant expression.

STEEVENS.

Come

Come hither purposely to poison me.—

There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.

Ah, firrah!—yet I think we are not brought so low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on
him,

He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—

Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Titus's house.

*Enter young Lucius, and Lavinia running after him; and
the boy flies from her, with his books under his arm.
Enter Titus and Marcus.*

Boy. Help, grandfire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine
aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth she
mean:—

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:

Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's oratory^s.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit of phrenzy do possess her :
For I have heard my grandfire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad ;
And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow ; That made me to fear ;
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth :
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly ;
Causeless, perhaps : But pardon me, sweet aunt :
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means
this ?

Some book there is that she desires to see :—
Which is it, girl, of these ? Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd ;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, 'till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus ?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more
than one.

Confederate in the fact ;—Ay, more there was :—
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so ?

^s —Tully's oratory.] Thus the moderns. The old copies
read—Tully's oratour ; meaning perhaps, Tully De oratore.

Boy. Grandfire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphosis;
My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! soft, how busily she turns the leaves!
Help her: What would she find? Lavinia, shall I
read?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother see; note, how she quotes the
leaves?

Tit. Lavinia, were't thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but
friends,——

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit down
by me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here;—look here, Lavinia:

*[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it
with his feet and mouth.]*

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou can'st,

* —— how she quotes the leaves.] To quote is to observe. See
a note on *Hamlet*, act II. sc. 2. STEEVENS.

This after me, when I have writ my name
 Without the help of any hand at all.
 Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!—
 Write thou, good niece; and here display at last,
 What God will have discover'd for revenge:
 Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
 That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it
 with her stumps, and writes.*

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath
 writ?

Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
 Performers of this hateful bloody deed?

Tit. — *Magne Dominator Poli*¹,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I
 know,

There is enough written upon this earth,
 To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
 And arm the minds of infants to exclams.
 My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
 And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
 And swear with me,—as with the woeful feere²,

And

¹ *Magne Regnator Deum* &c. is the exclamation of *Hippolitus* when *Phædra* discovers the secret of her incestuous passion in *Seneca's* tragedy. STEEVENS.

² *And swear with me, as with the woeful feere,*] The old copies do not only assist us to find the true reading by conjecture. I will give an instance, from the first folio, of a reading (incontestibly the true one) which has escaped the laborious researches of the many most diligent critics, who have favoured the world with editions of Shakespeare. In *Titus Andronicus*, Act iv. Scene i. Marcus says,

*My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia kneel;
 And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
 And swear with me, as, with the woeful peer,
 And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
 Lord Junius Brutus swear for Lucrece' rape—*

What meaning has hitherto been annexed to the word *peer*, in this passage,

And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
 Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
 That we will profecute, by good advice,
 Mortal revenge upon these traiterous Goths,
 And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.
 But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:
 The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
 She's with the lion deeply still in league,
 And lulls him while she playeth on her back,
 And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
 You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
 And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
 And with a gad of steel will write these words,
 And lay it by: the angry northern wind

passage, I know not. The reading of the first folio is *feere*, which signifies a *companion*, and here metaphorically a *husband*. The proceeding of Brutus, which is alluded to, is described at length in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, as putting an end to the lamentations of Collatinus and Lucretius, the husband and father of Lucretia. So, in *Sir Eglamour of Artoys*, fig. A 4,

“Christabell, your daughter free

“When shall she have a *feere*?” i. e. a husband.

Sir Tho. More's *Lamentation on the Death of Q. Elizabeth, Wife of Hen. VII.*

“Was I not a king's *feere* in marriage?”

And again:

“Farewell my daughter Katherine, late the *feere*

“To prince Arthur.” TYRWHITT.

The word *feere* or *pbeere* very frequently occurs among the old dramatic writers and others. So, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, Morose says:

“—her that I mean to chuse for my *bed-pbeere*.”

Again, in *The noble Kinsmen*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“———*play-pbeeres*.”

And in Spenser, F. ii. B. 5:

“———some fair frannion, fit for such a *pbeere*.”

Again, in the tragedy of *Soliman and Perseda*:

“When didst thou with thy sampler in the sun

“Sit sewing with thy *feres*.”

Again in *Hycke Scornee*:

“What Frewyll, mine own *feere*?” STEEVENS.

Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into my armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the emperers' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou'lt do my message, wilt thou
not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosom, grand-
fire.

Tit. No, no, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another
course.

Lavinia, come:—Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassionate him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield:
But yet so just, that he will not revenge:—

³ Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*]

³ *Revenge the heavens*—] We should read:

Revenge thee, heavens!——— WARBURTON.

It should be:

Revenge, ye heavens!———

Ye was by the transcriber taken for *ye*, the. JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading is right, and signifies—*may the heavens*
revenge &c. STEEVENS.

I believe we should read

Revenge then heavens. TYRWHITT.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Changes to the palace.

Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius, at one door: and at another door, young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver to us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;—
And pray the Roman gods, confound you both.

[*Aside.*]

Dem. Gramercy⁴, lovely Lucius; What's the news?

Boy. That you are both decypher'd, that's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it please you,

My grandfire, well-advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both, [*Aside.*] like bloody villains. [*Exit.*]

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round about?

Let's see;

⁴ Gramercy,——] i. e. grand merci; great thanks.

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu :*

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well :
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just;—a verse in Horace;—right, you
have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an afs !

Here's no fond jest : the old man hath found
their guilt;

And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with
lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the
quick. [*Aside.*]

But were our witty emperess well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.

But let her rest in her unrest a while.—

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height ?

It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius ?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly ?

Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacketh but your mother to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand
more.

Dem. Come, let us go ; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils ; the gods have given us
o'er. [*Aside.* Flourish.]

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish
thus ?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem.

Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Nurse. Good-morrow, lords:

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all.
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our emperess' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;—
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she is brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God

Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joyful
issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The emperess' sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so base a
hue?—

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure?

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou

Can'st not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother's.

^s Villain, I have done thy mother.] To do is here used obscenely. So, in Taylor the water poet's character of a *Prostitute*:

“She's *facile fieri* (quickly wonne)

“Or, const'ring truly, easy to be done.” COLLINS.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man, but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. ⁶ I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's
point:

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scymitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey, out of his father's hands.
What, what; ye sanguine shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
⁷ In that it scorns to bear another hue:
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

⁶ *I'll broach the tadpole*—] A *broach* is a *spit*. I'll *spit* the tadpole. JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

“ I'll *broach* thee on my steel.”

Again, in Greene's *Pleasant Discovery of the Cosenage of Colliers*, 1592: “ —with that she caught a *spit* in her hand, and swore if he offered to stirre she should therewith *broach* him.” COLLINS.

⁷ *In that it seems to bear another hue:*] We may better read:

In that it scorns to bear another hue. JOHNSON.

Scorns is the reading of the first folio, and should undoubtedly be inserted in the text. TYRWHITT.

Although she lave them hourly in the flood.—

Tell the emperess from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:

This, before all the world, do I prefer;

This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her
death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why there's the privilege your beauty bears:

Fye, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart!

Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer^s:

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;

As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*

He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;

And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,

He is enfranchis'd and come to light:

Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,

Although my seal is stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the emperess?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe to thy advice;

Save you the child, so we may all be safe.

^s ——— another leer:] *Leer* is complexion, or hue. So, in
As you like it: “—— a Rosalind of a better *leer* than you.” See
Mr. Tollet's note on act IV. sc. i. In the notes on the *Canterbury*
Tales of Chaucer, late edit. vol. IV. p. 320. *Lere* is supposed to
mean *skin*. So, in *Isambas*, MS. Cott. Cal. 11. fol. 129:

“His lady is white as wales bone,

“Here *lere* brygte to se upon,

“So faire as blosme on tre.” STEEVENS.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you :
Keep there: Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the ground.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his ?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords; When we all join
in league,

I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lions,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But, say again, how many saw the child ?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else, but the deliver'd emperess.

Aar. The emperess, the midwife, and yourself :—
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away⁹ :
Go to the emperess; tell her this I said :—

[*He kills her.*]

Weke, weke! —so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst
thou this?

Aar. O lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy :
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours ?
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to-bed ;
His child is like to her, fair as you are :
¹ Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all ;

⁹ *Two may keep counsel when the third's away :*] This proverb introduced likewise in *Romeo and Juliet*, act II. STEEVENS.

¹ *Go pack with him, —*] *Pack* here seems to have the meaning of *make a bargain*. Or it may mean, as in the phrase of modern gamesters, to act collusively.

And mighty dukes pack knaves for half a crown. POPE.

To pack is to contrive insidiously. So, in *K. Lear* :

“ ——— snuffs and packings of the dukes.” STEEVENS.

And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
 And be received for the emperor's heir,
 And substituted in the place of mine,
 To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
 And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
 Hark ye, my lords; ye see, I have given her physick,

[*Pointing to the nurse.*

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
 The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
 This done, see that you take no longer days,
 But send the midwife presently to me.
 The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
 With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
 Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee. [*Exeunt.*

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
 There to dispose this treasure in my arms,
 And secretly to greet the emperess' friends.—
 Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I bear you hence;
 For it is you that put us to our shifts:
 I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
 And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
 And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
 To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

A street near the palace.

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen with bows; and Titus bears the arrows with letters on the ends of them.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsmen, this is the
 way:—

Sir boy, now let me see your archery;

Look, ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight :
Terras Astrea, reliquit :—be you remember'd Marcus.—
 She's gone, she's fled.—Sirs, take you to your tools.
 You, cousins, shall go found the ocean,
 And cast your nets; haply, you may find her in the
 sea;

Yet there's as little justice as at land :—
 No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
 'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
 And pierce the inmost centre of the earth;
 Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
 I pray you, deliver him this petition :
 Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid;
 And that it comes from old Andronicus,
 Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
 Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,
 What time I threw the people's suffrages
 On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
 Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
 And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;
 This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
 And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
 To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
 By day and night to attend him carefully;
 And feed his humour kindly as we may,
 'Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
 Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
 Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
 And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters,
 What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you
 word,

If you will have revenge from hell, you shall :
 Marry, for justice, she is so employ'd,

He

He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you needs must stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—

Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;

² Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can
bear :—

And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you:—Here, *ad Apollinem*:—

Ad Martem, that's for myself;—

Here, boy, to Pallas:—Here to Mercury:—

To Saturn, and to Cælus³; not to Saturnine,—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid:

O' my word, I have written to effect;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court⁴!

² *Yet wrung with wrongs,* ———] To *wring* a horse is to press or strain his back. JOHNSON.

³ *To Saturn, and to Cælus,* ———] The quarto and folio read : ——— to *Caius*. Mr. Rowe first substituted *Cælus* in its room.

STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— *shoot all your shafts into the court:*] In the ancient ballad of *Titus Andronicus's Complaint*, is the following passage :

“ Then past reliefe I upp and downe did goe,

“ And with my tears wrote in the dust my woe:

“ *I shot my arrowes towards heaven hie,*

“ And for revenge to hell did often crye.”

On this Dr. Percy has the following observation: “ If the ballad was written before the play, I should suppose this to be only a metaphorical expression, taken from the Psalms: “ *They shoot out their arrows, even bitter words,* Ps. 64. 3.” *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, vol. I. p. 228. third edit. STEEVENS.

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said,
Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap, give it to Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon^s;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord; when Publius
shot,

The bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the emperers' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship
joy!

Enter a Clown, with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clown. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he
hath taken them down again, for the man must not be
hang'd 'till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank
with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

^s —*I am a mile beyond the moon*;] The folios 1623 and 1632,
read:

—————*I aym a mile beyond the moon.*

To "cast beyond the moon," is an expression used in Hinde's
Eliosto Libidinoso 1606. Again, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594:
"Rifio hath gone beyond himself in casting beyond the moon."
Again, in *A Woman kill'd with Kindness*, 1617:

"—————I talk of things impossible,

"And cast beyond the moon." STEEVENS.

Clown.

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, fir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clown. From heaven? alas, fir, I never came there: God forbid, I should be so bold to pres^s to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs⁶, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Mar. Why, fir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, fir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the emperor: By me thou shalt have justice at his hands. Hold, hold;—mean while, here's money for thy charges.

Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clown. Ay, fir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, fir; see you do it bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, fir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it. Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration; For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—

⁶ —the tribunal plebs,——] I suppose the Clown means to say, *Plebeian tribune*, i. e. tribune of the people; for none could fill this office but such as were descended from *Plebeian* ancestors.

And when thou hast given it the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Cloven. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go:—Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

The palace.

Enter Emperor, and Emperess, and her two sons; the Emperor brings the arrows in his hand, that Titus shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus over-borne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of egal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,
However the disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath past,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks[†],
His fits, his phrenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress;
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
Sweet scrolls, to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this, but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were,
But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:

† — *his wreaks,*] i. e. his revenges. STEEVENS.

But he and his shall know, that justice lives
 In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
 He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, most lovely Saturnine,
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
 The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd his
 heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
 For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become

[*Aside.*

High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
 Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? wouldst thou speak with us?

Clown. Yes, forsooth, an your mistryship be em-
 perial.

Tam. Emperers I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clown. 'Tis he.—God and faint Stephen, give you
 good den:

I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons
 here. [*The Emperor reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clown. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, firrah, you must be hang'd.

Clown. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought
 up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit.*

Sat. Despightful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device proceeds:

May this be borne?—as if his traiterous sons,

That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,
 Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?—
 Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
 Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:—
 For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;
 Sly frantick wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
 In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

² *Enter Æmilius.*

Sat. What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had
 more cause!

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
 Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
 They hither march amain, under conduct
 Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
 Who threats, in course of his revenge, to do
 As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
 These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
 As flowers with frost, or grafs beat down with storms.

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:

'Tis he, the common people love so much;

Myself have often over-heard them say,

(When I have walked like a private man)

That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,

And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not our city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius;

² *Enter Nuntius Æmilius.*] Thus the old books have described this character. In the author's manuscript, I presume, it was writ, *Enter Nuntius*; and they observing, that he is immediately called Æmilius, thought proper to give him his whole title, and so clapped in *Enter Nuntius Æmilius*.—Mr. Pope has very critically followed them; and ought, methinks, to have give his new-adopted citizen Nuntius a place in the *Dramatis Personæ*.

THEOBALD.

And

And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,

And is not careful what they mean thereby;

Knowing, that with the shadow of his wings,

He can at pleasure stint their melody:

Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.

Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,

I will enchant the old Andronicus,

With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,

Than baits to fish, or ³ honey-stalks to sheep;

When as the one is wounded with the bait,

The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:

For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear

With golden promises; that were his heart

Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,

Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—

Go thou before, be our embassador: [*To Æmilius.*

Say, that the emperor requests a parley

Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:

And if he stand on hostage for his safety,

Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;

And temper him, with all the art I have,

To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.

And now, sweet emperor, be blith again,

And bury all thy fear in my devices.

³ ——— honey-stalks to sheep;] Honey-stalks are clover-flowers, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover, and die. JOHNSON.

Sat. Then go successfully ⁴, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The camp, at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Lucius and Goths, with drum and soldiers.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our fight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great An-
dronicus,

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Omn. And, as he saith, so fay we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading Aaron, with his child in his arms.

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,

⁴ —*successfully*,—] The old copies read: —*successantly*.

5 To gaze upon a ruinous monastery ;
 And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
 Upon the wasted building, suddenly
 I heard a child cry underneath a wall :
 I made unto the noise ; when soon I heard
 The crying babe controul'd with this discourse :
Peace, taxony slave ; half me, and half thy dam !
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor :
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the babe,—
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth ;
Who, when he knows thou art the emperess' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
 With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
 Surpriz'd him suddenly ; and brought him hither,
 To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth ! this is the incarnate devil,
 That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand :
 This is the pearl that pleas'd your emperess' eye ;
 And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
 Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
 This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?
 Why dost not speak ? What ! deaf ? No ! not a
 word ?

A halter, soldiers ; hang him on this tree,
 And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

5 *To gaze upon a ruinous monastery.*] Shakespeare has so perpetually offended against chronology in all his plays, that no very conclusive argument can be deduced from the particular absurdity of these anachronisms, relative to the authenticity of *Titus Andronicus*. And yet the *ruined monastery*, the *popish tricks*, &c. that Aaron talks of, and especially the French salutation from the mouth of Titus, are altogether so very much out of place, that I cannot persuade myself even our hasty poet could have been guilty of their insertion, or would have permitted them to remain, had he corrected the performance for another. STEEVENS.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the fire for ever being good.—
First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A fight to vex the father's soul withal.

⁶ Get me a ladder.

Aar. Lucius, save the child;
And bear it from me to the emperess.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more; But vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on; and, if it please me which thou
— speak'st,

Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason; villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no
— god;

That granted, how can'st thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not:
Yet,—for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—
Therefore I urge thy oath;—For that, I know,

⁶ *Aar.* Get me a ladder. *Lucius, save the child.*] All the printed editions have given this whole verse to Aaron. But why should the Moor here ask for a ladder, who earnestly wanted to have his child saved? THEOBALD

Get me a ladder, may mean, bang me. STEEVENS.

An idiot holds his bauble⁹ for a god,
 And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;
 To that I'll urge him:—Therefore, thou shalt vow
 By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
 That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,——
 To save my boy, nourish, and bring him up;
 Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the em-
 peress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,
 To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
 'Twas her two sons, that murder'd Bassianus:
 They cut thy sifter's tongue, and ravish'd her,
 And cut her hands off; and trimm'd her as thou
 saw'st.

Luc. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that
 trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd;
 and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was the tutor to instruct them:
 That coddling spirit¹ had they from their mother,
 As sure a card as ever won the set;
 That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
² As true a dog as ever fought at head.—

Well,

⁹—his bauble—] See a note on *All's Well that ends Well*, act IV. sc. 5. STEEVENS.

¹ That coddling spirit—] i. e. that love of *bed-sports*. *Cod* is a word still used in Yorkshire for a *pillow*. See Lloyd's catalogue of local words at the end of Ray's *Proverbs*. COLLINS.

² As true a dog as ever fought at head.—] An allusion to bull-dogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front, and seizing his nose. JOHNSON.

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
 I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
 Where the dead corps of Bassianus lay :
 I wrote the letter that thy father found,
 And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
 Confederate with the queen, and her two sons :
 And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
 Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it ?
 I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand ;
 And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
 And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
 I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
 When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads ;
 Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
 That both mine eyes were rainy like to his ;
 And when I told the emperess of this sport,
 She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
 And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

Goib. What ! canst thou say all this, and never blush ?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds ?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,
 Few come within the compass of my curse)
 Wherein I did not some notorious ill :
 As kill a man, or else devise his death ;
 Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it ;
 Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself :
 Set deadly enmity between two friends ;
 Make poor men's cattle break their necks ;
 Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears.

So in a collection of Epigrams by J. D. and C. M. printed at Middleburgh, no date :

“ —amongst the dogs and beares he goes ;

“ Where, while he skipping cries—*To head, to head, &c.*”

STEEVENS.

Oft

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
 And fet them upright at their dear friends' doors,
 Even when the sorrow almost was forgot ;
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
 Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.

Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
 As willingly as one would kill a fly ;
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil³ ; for he must not die
 So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
 To live and burn in everlasting fire ;
 So I might have your company in hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue !

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no
 more.

Enter Æmilius.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome ?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the
 Goths,

The Roman emperor greets you all by me :
 And, for he understands you are in arms,
 He craves a parley at your father's house ;
 Willing you to demand your hostages,
 And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What says our general ?

³ *Bring down the devil ;—*] It appears, from these words, that the audience were entertained with part of the apparatus of an execution, and that Aaron was mounted on a ladder, as ready to be turned off. STEEVENS.

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Titus's palace in Rome.

Enter Tamora, Chiron, and Demetrius, disguis'd.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus ;
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminat strange plots of dire revenge ;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

[They knock, and Titus opens his study door.]

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation ?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door ;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect ?
You are deceiv'd : for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down ;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No ; not a word : How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord ?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou wouldst talk
with me.

Tit. I am not mad ; I know thee well enough :
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines ;
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care ;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night ;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud emperess, mighty Tamora :
Is not thy coming for my other hand ?

Tam

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora ;
 She is thy enemy, and I thy friend :
 I am Revenge ; sent from the infernal kingdom,
 To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
 By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
 Come down, and welcome me to this world's light ;
 Confer with me of murder and of death :
 There's not a hollow cave, nor lurking-place,
 No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
 Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
 Can couch for fear, but I will find them out ;
 And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
 Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge ? and art thou sent to me,
 To be a torment to mine enemies ?

Tam. I am ; therefore come down, and welcome
 me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
 Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands ;
 Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
 Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels ;
 And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
 And whirl along with thee about the globes.
 Provide two proper palfries, black as jet,
 To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
 And find out murderers in their guilty caves :
 And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
 I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
 Trot, like a servile footman, all day long ;
 Even from Hyperion's ⁺ rising in the east,
 Until his very downfall in the sea.
 And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
⁵ So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam.

⁴ — *Hyperion's* —] The folio reads *Epton's*; the quarto *Epeon's*; and so Ravenscroft. STEEVENS.

⁵ *So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.*] I do not know of any instance that can be brought to prove that *rape* and *rapine* were

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine, and Murder: therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance on such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the emperess' sons they
are!

And you, the emperess! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.

O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:

And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit Titus from above.*]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful house;—
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too:—
How like the emperess and her sons you are!

ever used as synonymous terms. The word *rapine* has always been employed for a *less fatal kind of plunder*, and means the violent act of deprivation of any good, the honour here alluded to being always excepted. I have indeed since discovered that Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. V. fol. 116. b. uses *ravine* in the same sense:

“ For if thou be of suche covine,

“ To get of love by *ravyne*

“ Thy lust, &c.”

STEEVENS.

Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor :—
 Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
 For, well I wot, the emperess never wags,
 But in her company there is a Moor ;
 And, would you represent our queen aright,
 It were convenient you had such a devil :

But welcome, as you are. What shall we do ?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus ?

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Cbi. Shew me a villain, that hath done a rape,
 And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand, that have done thee
 wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome ;
 And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
 Good Murder, stab him ; he's a murderer.—
 Go thou with him ; and, when it is thy hap,
 To find another that is like to thee,
 Good Rapine, stab him ; he is a ravisher.—
 Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court
 There is a queen, attended by a Moor ;
 Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
 For up and down she doth resemble thee ;
 I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
 They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we do.
 But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
 To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
 Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
 And bid him come and banquet at thy house :
 When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
 I will bring in the emperess and her sons,
 The emperor himself, and all thy foes ;
 And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
 And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
 What says Andronicus to this device ?

Tit. Marcus, my brother !—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius ;
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Goths :
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are :
Tell him, the emperor and the emperess too
Feast at my house ; and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love ; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me ;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*to her sons.*] What say you, boys ? will you
abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest ?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him 'till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me
mad ;

And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam. [*Aside.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewel, Andronicus : Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit Tamora.*

Tit. I know, thou dost ; and, sweet Revenge,
farewel.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd ?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine !

Enter

Enter Publius, and Servants.

Pub. What is your will ?

Tit. Know you these two ?

Pub. The emperers' sons,
I take them, Chiron, and Demetrius.

Tit. Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much de-
ceiv'd ;

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name :
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius ;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them :
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it : therefore bind them sure ;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit Titus.*

Chi. Villains, forbear ; we are the emperers' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are com-
manded.—

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word ;
Is he sure bound ? look, that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia with
a bason.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia ; look, thy foes are
bound :—

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me ;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius !

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with
mud ;

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.

You kill'd her husband ; and, for that vile fault,

Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death :

My hand cut off, and made a merry jest :

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more
dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,

Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
 What would you say, if I should let you speak?
 Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
 Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
 This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;
 Whilst that Lavinia 'twixt her stumps doth hold
 The bason, that receives your guilty blood.
 You know, your mother means to feast with me,
 And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad,—
 Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,
 And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;
⁶ And of the paste a coffin will I rear,
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
 Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
 For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
 And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:
 And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,
 Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
 And with this hateful liquor temper it;
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
 Come, come, be every one officious
 To make this banquet; which I wish might prove
 More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast.

[*He cuts their throats.*]

So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
 And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁶ *And of the paste a coffin*—] A *coffin* is the term of art for the cavity of a raised pye. JOHNSON.

S C E N E III.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths, with Aaron prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune
will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
'Till he be brought unto the emperor's face,
For testimony of these foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—

[Exeunt Goths, with Aaron.]

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.— *[Flourish.]*
The trumpets shew, the emperor is at hand.

Sound trumpets. Enter Saturninus and Tamora, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than
one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, ' break the
parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated.

'The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

' —break the parle;] That is, begin the parley. We yet say,
he breaks his mind. JOHNSON.

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
 For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome :
 Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your
 places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys.*

A table brought in. Enter Titus, like a cook, placing the meat on the table, and Lavinia, with a veil over her face.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord ; welcome, dread queen ;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths ; welcome, Lucius ;
 And welcome, all : although the cheer be poor,
 'Twill fill your stomachs ; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus ?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
 To entertain your highness, and your emperess.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you
 were.

My lord the emperor, resolve me this ;
 Was it well done of rash Virginius,
 To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
 Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd ?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord ?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her
 shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual ;
 A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
 For me, most wretched, to perform the like :—
 Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee ;
 And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die !

[*He kills her.*

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind ?

Tit.

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.

I am as woeful as *Virginus* was :
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage ;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravished ? tell, who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat ? will't please your high-ness feed ?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus ?

Tit. Not I ; 'twas *Chiron*, and *Demetrius* :

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye ;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred ^s.

'Tis true, 'tis true ; witness my knife's sharp point.
[*He stabs Tamora.*

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.
[*He stabs Titus.*

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed ?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Lucius stabs Saturninus.*

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of
Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl

^s *Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.*] The additions made by *Ravencroft* to this scene, are so much of a piece with it, that I cannot resist the temptation of shewing the reader how he continues the speech before us :

“ Thus cramm'd, thou'rt bravely fatten'd up for hell,

“ And thus to Pluto I do serve thee up :”

[*Stabs the emperess.*

And then—“ *A curtain drawn discovers the heads and hands of Demetrius and Chiron hanging up against the wall ; their bodies in chairs in bloody linen.*” STEEVENS.

Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
 O, let me teach you how to knit again
 This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
 These broken limbs again into one body.

Goth. ° Let Rome herself be bane unto herself;
 And she, whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
 Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
 Do shameful execution on herself.

Mar. But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
 Grave witness of true experience,
 Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
 Speak, Rome's dear friend; as erst our ancestor,

[*To Lucius,*

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
 To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
 The story of that baleful burning night,
 When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king Priam's Troy;
 Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
 Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
 That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
 My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
 Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
 But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
 And break my very utterance; even in the time
 When it should move you to attend me most,
 Lending your kind commiseration:
 Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
 Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
 That cursed Chiron and Demetrius

° *Goth.*] This speech and the next, in the quarto 1611, are given to a *Roman lord*. In the folio they both belong to the *Goth*. I know not why they are separated. I believe the whole belongs to *Marcus*; who, when *Lucius* has gone through such a part of the narrative as concerns his own exile, claims his turn to speak again, and recommend *Lucius* to the empire. STEEVENS.

Were they that murdered our emperor's brother ;
 And they it was, that ravished our sister :
 For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded ;
 Our father's tears despis'd ; and basely cozen'd
 Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel
 out,

And sent her enemies unto the grave.
 Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
 To beg relief among Rome's enemies ;
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
 And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend :
 And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood ;
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
 Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.

Alas ! you know, I am no vaunter, I ;
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
 That my report is just, and full of truth.
 But, soft, methinks, I do digress too much,
 Citing my worthless praise : O, pardon me ;
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak ; Behold this
 child,

Of this was Tamora delivered ;
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes ;
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,
 And as he is, to witness this is true.
 Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Ro-
 mans ?

Have we done aught amiss ? Shew us wherein,
 And, from the place where you behold us now,
 The poor remainder of Andronici

Will,

Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.

Speak, Romans, speak : and, if you say, we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æm. Come, come, thou reverend man of
Rome,

And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor ; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Mar. Lucius, all hail ; Rome's royal emperor !
Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house ;
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life,
Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor !

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans ; May I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe !
But, gentle people, give me aim a while,—
For nature puts me to a heavy task ;—
Stand all aloof ;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk :—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kisses Titus.*

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son !

Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips :
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them !

Luc. Come hither, boy ; come, come, and learn
of us

¹ *Thanks, gentle Romans ;—*] It should seem from the beginning of this speech of Lucius, that the first and last lines of the preceding one ought to be given to the concourse of Romans who are supposed to be present. STEEVENS.

To melt in showers : Thy grandfire lov'd thee
well :

Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow ;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy ;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so :
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe :
Bid him farewell ; commit him to the grave ;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandfire, grandfire ! even with all my
heart

'Would I were dead, so you did live again !—
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping ;
My tears will choak me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Romans, with Aaron.

Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes ;
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish
him ;

There let him stand, and rave and cry for food :
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom :
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth².

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury
dumb ?

² —to see him fasten'd in the earth.] That *justice* and *cooking* may go hand in hand to the conclusion of this play, in Ravenscroft's alteration of it, Aaron is at once *rack'd* and *roasted* on the stage.

I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
 I should repent the evils I have done;
 Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
 Would I perform, if I might have my will:
 If one good deed in all my life I did,
 I do repent it from my very foul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor
 hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave:
 My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
 Be closed in our household's monument.
 As for that heinous tyger, Tamora,
 No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,
 No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
 But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey:
 Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
 And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
 See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
 From whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
 Then, afterwards, to order well the state;
 That like events may ne'er it ruin.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THIS is one of those plays which I have always thought, with the better judges, ought not to be acknowledged in the list of Shakespeare's genuine pieces. And, perhaps, I may give a proof to strengthen this opinion, that may put the matter out of question. Ben Jonson, in the introduction to his *Bartholomew-Fair*, which made its first appearance in the year 1614, couples *Jeronymo* and *Andronicus* together in reputation, and speaks of them as plays then of twenty-five or thirty years standing. Consequently *Andronicus* must have been on the stage before Shakespeare left Warwickshire, to come and reside in London: and I never heard it so much as intimated, that he had turned his genius to stage-writing before he associated with the players, and became one of their body. However, that he afterwards introduced it a-new on the stage, with the addition of his own masterly touches, is incontestible, and thence, I presume, grew his title to it. The diction in general, where he has not taken the pains to raise it, is even
 beneath

beneath that of the Three Parts of *Henry VI.* The story we are to suppose merely fictitious. Andronicus is a sur-name of pure Greek derivation. Tamora is neither mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor any body else that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors, any wars with the Goths that I know of: not till after the translation of the empire, I mean to Byzantium. And yet the scene of our play is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the capitol. THEOBALD.

All the editors and critics agree with Mr. Theobald in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the stile is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre, which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience; yet we are told by Jounson, that they were not only borne, but praised. That Shakespeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it *incontestible*, I see no reason for believing.

The testimony produced at the beginning of this play, by which it is ascribed to Shakespeare, is by no means equal to the argument against its authenticity, arising from the total difference of conduct, language, and sentiments, by which it stands apart from all the rest. Meres had probably no other evidence than that of a title page, which, though in our time it be sufficient, was then of no great authority; for all the plays which were rejected by the first collectors of Shakespeare's works, and admitted in later editions, and again rejected by the critical editors, had Shakespeare's name on the title, as we must suppose, by the fraudulence of the printers, who, while there were yet no gazettes, nor advertisements, nor any means of circulating literary intelligence, could usurp at pleasure any celebrated name. Nor had Shakespeare any interest in detecting the imposture, as none of his fame or profit was produced by the press.

The chronology of this play does not prove it not to be Shakespeare's. If it had been written twenty-five years, in 1614, it might have been written when Shakespeare was twenty-five years old. When he left Warwickshire I know not, but at the age of twenty-five it was rather too late to fly for deer-stealing.

Ravenscroft, who in the reign of Charles II. revised this play, and restored it to the stage, tells us, in his preface, from a theatrical tradition, I suppose, which in his time might be of sufficient authority, that this play was touched in different parts by Shakespeare, but written by some other poet. I do not find Shakespeare's touches very discernible. JOHNSON.

There is every reason to believe, that Shakespeare was not the author of this play. I have already said enough upon the subject.

Mr. Upton declares peremptorily, that it ought to be flung out of the list of our author's works: yet Mr. Warner, with all his laudable zeal for the memory of his *school-fellow*, when it may seem to serve his purpose, *disables* his friend's judgment!

Indeed, a *new argument* has been produced; it must have been written by Shakespeare, because at that time *other people* wrote in the *same manner*!

It is scarcely worth observing, that the original publisher † had nothing to do with any of the rest of Shakespeare's works. Dr. Johnson observes the copy to be as correct, as other books of the time; and probably revised by the author himself; but surely Shakespeare would not have taken the greatest care about *infinitely the worst* of his performances! Nothing more can be said, except that it is printed by Heminge and Condell in the *first folio*: but not to insist, that it had been contrary to their interest to have rejected any play, usually call'd Shakespeare's, though they might *know* it to be spurious; it does not appear, that their *knowledge* is at all to be depended upon; for it is certain, that in the first copies, they had intirely omitted the play of *Troilus and Cressida*.

It has been said, that this play was first printed for G. Elves, 1594. I have seen in an old catalogue of *tales*, &c. the history of *Titus Andronicus*. FARMER.

I have already given the reader a specimen of the changes made in this play by Ravenscroft, who revived it with success in the year 1687; and may add, that when the empress stabs her child, he has supplied the Moor with the following lines:

“ She has out-done me, ev'n in mine own art,
“ Out-done me in murder—kill'd her own child—
“ Give it me—I'll eat it.”

It rarely happens that a dramatic piece is alter'd with the same spirit that it was written; but *Titus Andronicus* has undoubtedly fallen into the hands of one whose feelings were congenial with those of its original author.

In the course of the notes on this performance, I have pointed out a passage or two which, in my opinion, sufficiently prove it to have been the work of one who was acquainted both with Greek and Roman literature. It is likewise deficient in such internal

† The original owner of the copy was John Danter, who likewise printed the first edition of *Romeo and Juliet* in 1597, and is introduced as a character in the *Return from Parnassus*, &c. 1606.

STEEVENS.

marks as distinguish the tragedies of Shakespear from those of other writers; I mean, that it presents no struggles to introduce the vein of humour so constantly interwoven with the business of his serious dramas. It can neither boast of his striking excellencies, nor his acknowledged defects; for it offers not a single interesting situation, a natural character, or a string of quibbles, from the first scene to the last. That Shakespear should have written without commanding our attention, moving our passions, or sporting with words, appears to me as improbable, as that he should have studiously avoided disyllable and trisyllable terminations in this play, and in no other.

Let it likewise be remembered that this piece was not published with the name of Shakespear, 'till after his death. The quarto in 1611 is anonymous.

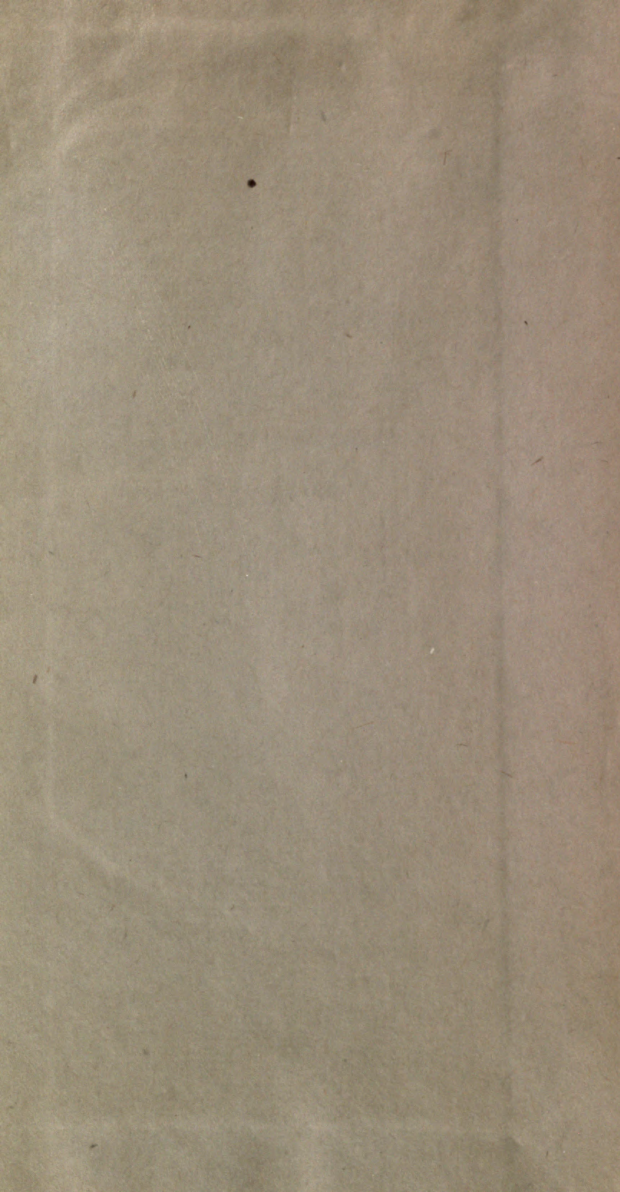
Could the use of particular terms employed in no other of his pieces, be admitted as an argument that he was not its author, more than one of these might be found; among which is *palliamment for robe*, a Latinism which I have not met with elsewhere in any English writer, whether ancient or modern; though it must have originated from the mint of a scholar. I may add that *Titus Andronicus* will be found on examination to contain a greater number of classical allusions &c. than are scattered over all the rest of the performances on which the seal of Shakespear is undoubtedly fixed.—Not to write any more *about and about* this suspected thing, let me observe that the glitter of a few passages in it has perhaps misled the judgment of those who ought to have known that both sentiment and description are more easily produced than the interesting fabric of a tragedy. Without these advantages, many plays have succeeded; and many have failed, in which they have been dealt about with the most lavish profusion. It does not follow, that he who can carve a frieze with minuteness, elegance, and ease, has a conception equal to the extent, propriety, and grandeur of a temple. STEEVENS.

It must prove a circumstance of consummate mortification to the living criticks on Shakespear, as well as a disgrace on the memory of those who have ceased to comment and collate, when it shall appear from the sentiments of one of their own fraternity (who cannot well be suspected of asinine tastelessness, or Gothic prepossessions) that we have been all mistaken as to the merits and the author of this play. It is scarce necessary to observe that the person exempted from these suspicions is *Mr. Capell*, who delivers his opinion concerning *Titus Andronicus* in the following words: “To the editor’s eye [i. e. his own] *Shakespear stands confess’d*: the *third act* in particular may be read *with admiration* even by the most delicate; who, if they are not without feelings,

may chance to find themselves touch'd by it with such passions as tragedy should excite, that is—terror and pity.”—It were injustice not to remark that the grand and pathetic circumstances in this *third act*, which we are told cannot fail to excite such vehement emotions, are as follows.—Titus lies down in the dirt.—Aaron chops off his hand.—Saturninus sends him the heads of his two sons and his own hand again, for a present.—His heroic brother Marcus kills a fly.

Dr. Capell may likewise claim the honour of having produced the *new argument* which Dr. Farmer mentions in a preceding note. MALONE.

END OF VOLUME THE EIGHTH.



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